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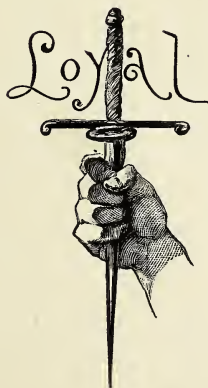


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New Series, Vol. 30



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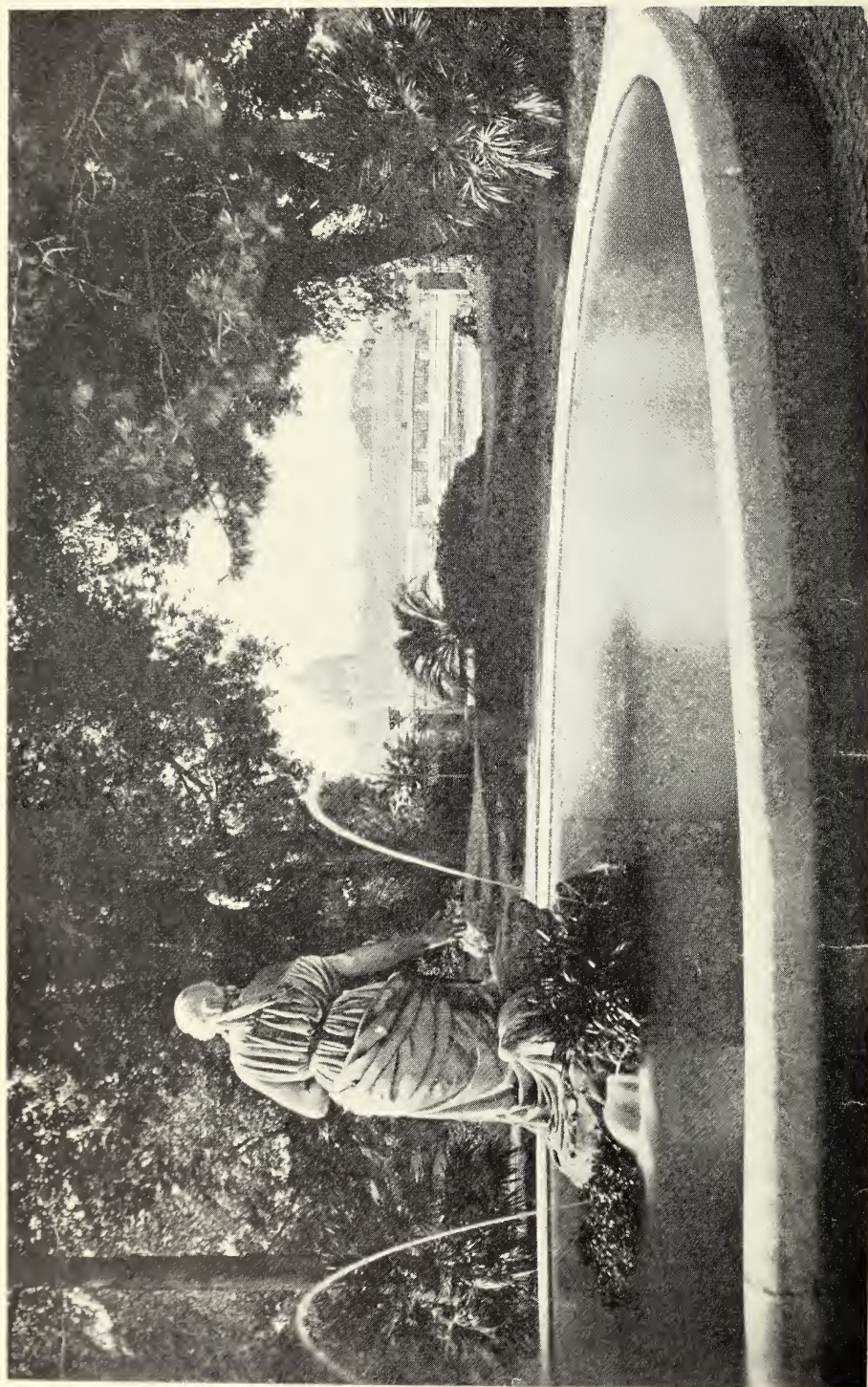
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THE FOUNTAIN OF MOSES ON THE PROMENADE ON THE PINCIAN HILL, ROME, ITALY

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

March, 1904

VOLUME XXX

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

NUMBER I

The Pleasure Gardens of Rome

By FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK

THE Italians are essentially a pleasure loving people. Centuries of the highest development of art, literature and music have formed in them love of all that it is bright and beautiful. This is demonstrated by their fondness for brilliant colors and their delight in the sunshine which is so freely bestowed upon their country. In Rome, it is seldom that rain falls more than a few hours at a time, and rarely is one prevented from being out in the air at some hour of the day. All this leads to a life of pleasure and enjoyment, and even the stranger within the gates of the "Eternal City" feels an uncontrollable longing to leave the gloomy palaces, with their vaulted ceilings and bare floors, and hasten out into the numerous gardens and parks with which the city has been from time immemorial so abundantly supplied.

When one thinks of the glories of Rome two thousand years ago, in the midst of the utmost luxury, when magnificent baths and spa-

cious gardens were provided for the enjoyment of all, even the humblest, one can no longer wonder at the unusual provision in modern Rome for life "Al fresco". Here are small parks, where comfortable benches invite the passerby to rest and breathe in the delicious air, while basking in the warm sunlight; fountains falling into ancient sarcophagi, carved by hands long since laid away in eternal rest, cool the heated air, and gay flowers of scarlet and purple and blue are artistically arranged to charm the eye and delight the senses. Not only are there many of these resting places, but the Villas, surrounded by large grounds, are thrown open to the public, by the laws of the city. When the present Prince of the family of the Doria-Pamphili came into possession of the magnificent property which lies on the Janiculum Hill, outside of the city gates, he positively refused to allow his fellow citizens to make use of his beautifully kept parks and breathe the pine-scented



A BIT OF OLD ROME



IN THE VILLA BORGHESI

air of his broad lawns. But the law was brought to bear upon him, and, although he was limited to the time for the admission of the public to Fridays and Mondays, from one o'clock to sun-down, he has been obliged to throw the gates open. This villa is a most delightful pleasure garden for the people. On the days appointed, long lines of carriages are seen winding up the Janiculum Hill, past the ancient Church of San Pietro in Montorio,

through the carefully cultivated park just below the fountain of San Paolo, whose waters dash out with enormous force, going on down the hill to turn several mills on the banks of the River Tiber. They pass the borders of the spacious grounds reserved for the statue of the great General Giuseppe Garibaldi,—sitting on his bronze horse, with his face turned toward the Vatican Palace beneath him,—and on, on, through the gate in the Au-

relian Wall, passing the tablet which records that on this spot Garibaldi's troops met the Papal troops in 1849, until the carriage rolls into the park, under the shade of tall trees and beneath broad reaches of smooth grass, dotted with daisies. The Prince desires that only two-horse carriages be driven through his premises, so the humbler vehicles must be left at the gate-way. Here, under the umbrella pines, one may wander for hours, following winding paths, cunningly devised so as to disguise the fact that the distances are short. Fountains spring up in shady nooks and wild flowers blossom among the old bits of Roman ruins. The Villa itself is not remarkable ; but all Romans are thankful to those Princes who many years ago chose this lovely place for their residence and gave to their fellow men an opportunity to enjoy with them the cool air, the velvet turf and the miniature lakes, bordered by willows.

Another Villa which is open on Thursdays, lies on the old Coelian Hill, above the Church of Gregory the Great, from the steps of which he sent out the Monk Augustine and his little band of brethren to evangelize Britain. Near the entrance to the Villa stands the Church of St. Stephen, ornamented with paintings of the cruel tortures inflicted upon the martyrs of old. Luckily for the peace of mind of tourists, this church is not often visited, and is only open for service on one or two days in the year. The pictures are too realistic to be pleasant. In the Villa Mattei are walks bordered by tall boxwoods trimmed into elaborate designs; flower beds full of lovely blossoms and old statues and pieces of sar-

cophagi, green with the moss of ages. Here, Rome lies spread out before one, its towers and domes rising into the clear air, that air of Italy which seems to cover with glory even the ugly bits of architecture, and tinges with romance every dark corner or ivy-green wall. The river flows like a silver cord far below, the cross upon St. Peter's glistens and sparkles, while the broad Campagna, tinted with rose and dull brown, stretches into the distance, until it touches the surrounding circle of mountains, half hidden by the faint blue haze of late afternoon. It is a scene never to be forgotten, this view of Rome from the Villa Mattei.

But the park most frequented by Romans is that belonging to the Villa Borghese, outside of the Porto del Popolo, now called Villa Umberto I., in memory of the assassinated monarch. The grounds are open free. For many years the Villa was the property of Prince Borghese, but during the past year, the young King, Victor Emmanuel III., has bought it and has presented it to the city. The plan is to join the park to the Pincian Hill. If this is done,—and I believe the estimates for the work are already before the authorities,—Rome will possess one of the most beautiful parks in the world. It will not be so large as those of London, nor as the Bois de Boulogne, but it will be so interesting on account of its associations, in fact, so typically Italian in every way, that it will prove to be one of the most attractive places on the tourist's list. A statue of King Humbert is to be placed in the park.

On Thursday afternoon, when the school children are out in full force,—for Thursday is the holiday



AMONG THE ILEX TREES

in Italy,—when the nurses in their gay dresses, with white ribbons floating from their large caps, and gold and silver pins decorating their glossy hair, carry infants under the shade of the tall trees, when hundreds of carriages drive through the gates, along the roads leading past woods and flowers, coming into the deep shadows of the ilexes, large with the growth of centuries,

and biscuits are dispensed at small round tables, many women and children sit. Down by the miniature temple, near the tall cypresses, by the fountain, under the pine trees which cast long shades on the soft grass, everywhere, are the children, laughing, playing and enjoying themselves after a week of hard study. Ah ! the Villa Borghese ! What a boon it is to Rome ! in the



THE TALL CYPRESSES

or past fountains green with age, the Villa Borghese presents a very gay appearance. Out in the fields, where cows are grazing peacefully, a group of young Seminarists are playing ball. Their long robes do not seem to impede their movements and they are as eager over their game as boys of any other country. At the "Latteria," where fresh milk, cream, fruit in its season

heat of summer it is a blessing to the poor and rich alike, and in July and August, when the foreigners have forsaken the city for some cooler clime, the Romans take possession of their parks, and, as the sun goes down, a ball of fire, they begin to come into the Villa Borghese, where the fresh breezes blow and the stately pines rear their heads toward a cloudless, starlit sky.

There are two other large and beautiful gardens in Rome which are not open to the public. These are the Quirinal Palace garden, and the one belonging to the Vatican. When the new King came to the throne, he selected for his residence,—his “Home,” as he said he wished it to be called,—the “Palazzina,” a part of the large Quirinal Palace which has not been used for many years. This was newly decorated in the best English style, after designs selected by their Majesties, and from the private rooms of the Queen, a terrace was built, overlooking the garden. On the terrace were placed hundreds of flowering plants, making it almost a continuation of the rose-covered arbors below. Here the King and Queen and little Princesses, Yolande Margherita and Mafalda, walk among the blossoms ; but the inquisitive eyes of the people may not penetrate here, and only from hearsay does one know of the beauties of this garden, hidden behind high, gray walls.

The Vatican Garden may, however, be visited occasionally, if a special permit is obtained, and I had the pleasure of going into it not very long ago. It is peculiarly lovely because here nature has been allowed to wander at will, and the woods are wild and untrimmed, a relief to the eye after the conventional gardens of the city. The birds sing sweetly in the depths of the woods and tiny streamlets trickle softly over the beds of moss. Until entering this quiet, peaceful spot one would not imagine that Rome, with its bustling, restless population, contained such a haven of rest. It is many years since the Popes laid out this park, and built a small villa in the midst of the

trees, to which they could retire when weary of the round of state life. Since Pope Pius IX. laid down the reins of temporary power, this villa has been used for the summer home of the pontiff. It is a small building, containing not more than a dozen rooms in all, but connecting with a tower in which there is a large reception room. Here the Pope receives his ministers and transacts business. When the heat of summer comes on, he withdraws to this villa and, in the midst of the trees and birds of the park, spends two months or more, as it pleases him.

The park which is best known to all visitors to Rome is the “Pincio,” carefully laid out on an elevation overlooking the city. So ingeniously has it been planned that one does not realize the very limited space which it covers. The most effective approach is from the Piazza del Popolo. The road winds back and forth, upward between the cacti and palms until it turns into the Pincio, and then continues a circuitous, serpentine route around the summit of the hill.

Not the least interesting part of this well-known park is its history. Here, centuries ago, Lucullus had his famous Gardens, full of the greatest luxury. Near here was his Villa where he entertained emperors and the high and noble of those days at feasts so elaborate that their cost can scarcely be estimated. In these gardens were held orgies unmentionable, so we are told by the historians, and amid the flowers and palms of his gardens, who knows what plots have been laid, what schemes formed for the pulling down of the mighty from their seats of power, and placing there some favorite of the people?

Lucullus passed away, and later, Claudius came to the throne, with a wicked woman, Messalina, for his wife. Claudius was indolent, fond of pleasure and not given to watching the deeds of his beautiful wife. Messalina cast her eyes upon this garden, then the property of a Roman noble, and determined to have

first, he was incensed ; then his natural indolence overcame him, and possibly his love for Messalina still possessed his heart, for he entered Rome, went directly to his palace and sat down to eat his dinner, without giving orders for the arrest of his wicked wife. But Messalina was not to escape so



IN THE VATICAN GARDENS

it for her own. Like Jezebel of old, she made a plan to get possession of the Gardens, and caused the owner of them to be put to death. Messalina immediately called the gardens her own and went to them to spend most of her time. She carried on wild revels there, the news of which, in time, came to the ears of her husband, who was then on his way from Ostia, by the sea. At

easily. The words of the Lord, through the Prophet Elijah, to Ahab, when he was going to take the vineyard of Naboth are particularly applicable to Messalina. "Thus saith the Lord, 'In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine.'" An enemy of Messalina, wishing to end her life, went to her villa on the Pincian Hill, and, with-

out any orders from his master, forced the Empress to fall upon the sword and thus end her terrible career.

So charming are these gardens upon the Pincian Hill that one does not remember long the awful tragedies which have been enacted here. The light, the mirth, the music and merry faces of the children serve to remove from the mind the sad impressions made by the history of the

possible, and they are certainly successful.

Let us go there on a clear, beautiful afternoon, about four o'clock, and, sitting near the wall of roses, watch the people as they pass by. Here they come, in carriages and on foot ; of every nationality. The Turk with his fez, doubtless the Ambassador from the Sultan's domains ; the Greek minister lying back on the cushions in his luxuri-



WHERE NATURE REVELS

place. Lucullus is gone, Messalina is gone, and the long line of emperors has passed away, with the record of bloodshed and horror. Christ has come to earth, and has brought love and light and peace. So we wander along the flower-bordered paths, listening to the flow of liquid Italian falling from the lips of the hundreds of persons who are almost always to be found here, and seeing what the Italian pleasure gardens really consist in. They are made for the purpose of passing away one's time as agreeably as

possible ; the group of American ladies, with the red-covered Baedeker well in evidence ; the family of the English clergyman, father and mother and four rosy-faced daughters ; all are here. And between them and all around are the handsome Italians, with smiling faces, long moustaches, and delicate hands making graceful gestures to save superfluous words.

The musicians strike the first notes and the Municipal Band plays loudly, while the carriages draw up on the other side of the benches



A PALM OF A HUNDRED YEARS

where the ordinary people sit, and all listen quietly to the overture. Occasionally a gentleman leaps from his carriage and, going to the side of a couple of elegantly dressed ladies, holds an animated conversation with them. Indeed, this is the afternoon reception for the Romans. Everybody in society is here, and there are many exchanges of compliments and many solicitous inquiries about the health of each individual member of the various families.

The music ceases, and the coachmen drive their horses forward, around the circle of Pincian Hill. The Water Clock tells the time of day above the heads of a flourishing brood of little ducks, and two graceful white swans glide in a dignified manner across the tiny pond. The German priests, robed in scarlet, move about under the trees,

adding another touch of color to the gorgeous scene. Hark ! the band begins again ! This time it is the "Victor Emmanuel March." A high cart comes around the curve, and in a flash the King, driving with the sweet-faced Queen seated by his side, whirls by, received with respectful salutations from all the crowd.

The last piece is being played and the carriages go swiftly down toward the Corso. The sun is getting low, and St. Peter's dome is resplendent in silver gleams of light. Monte Mario lies like a mass of emerald on the right. The birds are singing in the Villa Borghese, below the steep wall of the Pincio. One by one the people go away, and twilight falls over Rome, that pleasure-satiated, beautiful city, lying as a gem, encircled by a border of amethystine mountains.

Compensation

By CLARENCE H. URNER

The dewdrop on the wilding bloom,
Afar from earthly pomp withdrawn,
Feels not the lonesome desert's gloom,
For in its clasp it holds the Dawn.

Darkest America

By KELLY MILIER

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THERE is much speculation as to the ultimate destiny of the Negro population in the United States. History furnishes no exact or approximate parallel. When widely dissimilar races are thrown in intimate contact, it is inevitable that either extermination, expulsion, amalgamation, or the continuance of separate racial types will be the outcome. So far as the present problem is concerned, extermination and expulsion have few serious advocates, while amalgamation has no courageous ones. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the two races will preserve their separate identity as co-inhabitants of the same territory. The main contention is as to the mode of adjustment, whether it shall be the co-ordination or subordination of the African.

All profitable speculation upon sociological problems must be based upon definitely ascertained social tendencies. It is impossible to forecast coming events unless we stand within the pale of their shadow. The Weather Bureau at Washington, discerning the signs of air and cloud and sky, makes probable predictions of sunshine or storm. Such predictions are not for the purpose of enabling us to affect or modify approaching events, but to put ourselves and our affairs in harmony with them. Sociological events have the inevitableness of natural law, against which speculations and prophecies are as unavailing as against the coming of wind

and tide. Prescient wisdom is serviceable only in so far as it enables us to put ourselves in harmony with foreknown conditions. Plans and policies for the solution of the race problem should be based upon as full a knowledge of the facts and factors of the situation as it is possible to gain, and should be in line with the trend of forces which it is impossible to subvert. Social tendencies, like natural laws, are not affected by quackery and patent nostrums. Certain of our sociological statesmen are assuming intimate knowledge of the eternal decrees, and are graciously volunteering their assistance to Providence. They are telling us, with the assurance of inspiration, of the destiny which lies in store for the black man. It is noticeable, however, that those who affect such familiarity with the plans and purposes of Providence are not usually men of deep knowledge or devout spirit. The prophets of evil seem to derive their inspiration from hate rather than love. In olden times when God communicated with man from burning bush and on mountain top, He selected men of lowly, loving, loyal souls as the chosen channel of revelation. To believe that those who breathe out slaughter and hatred against their fellow-men are now his chosen mouth-piece is to assume that Providence, in these latter days, has grown less particular than aforetime in the choice of spokesmen.

The most gifted of men possess

very feeble clairvoyant power. We do not know the changes that even a generation may bring forth. To say that the Negro will never attain to this or that destiny, requires no superior knowledge or foresight except audacity of spirit and recklessness of utterance. History has so often changed the "never" of the orator into accomplished results, that the too frequent use of that term is of itself an indication of heedlessness and incaution. It is safe to follow the lead of Dr. Lyman Abbott, and limit the duration of the oratorical "never" to the present generation. When, therefore, we say that the Negro will never be expelled or amalgamated, or that he will forever maintain his peculiar type of race, the prediction, however emphatically put forth, does not outrun the time which we have the present means of foreseeing. The fortune of the Negro rises and falls in the scale of public regard with the fluctuation of mercury in the bulb of a thermometer ranging alternately from blood heat to freezing point. In 1860, he would have been considered a rash prophet who should have predicted that within the next fifteen years colored men would constitute a potent factor in state legislatures and in the national Congress. On the other hand, who, in 1875, would have hazarded his prophetic reputation by predicting that during the following quarter of a century the last Negro representative would be driven from places of local and national authority, and that the opening of a new century would find the last two amendments to the Constitution effectually annulled? No more can we predict what change in public feeling and policy the remote or

near future may have in store. But of one thing we may rest assured, the coming generations will be better able than we are, to cope with their own problems. They will have more light and knowledge, and, let us hope, a larger measure of patience and tolerance. Our little plans of solution that we are putting forth with so much assurance and satisfaction will doubtless afford ample amusement in years to come.

"We call our fathers fools,
So wise we grow
Our wiser sons, no doubt will
Call us so."

The late Professor Freeman, in his "Impressions of the United States" suggests a unique solution of the race problem: viz.—let each Irishman kill a Negro and get hanged for it. In this way America would be speedily rid of its race problems, both Ethiopic and Celtic. We read this suggestion and smile, as no doubt the author intended we should. And so we smile at the panacæas and nostrums that are being put forth with so much ardor of feeling. Many such theories might be laughed out of existence if one only possessed the power of comic portrayal. While we muse, the fire is burning. But alas, we lack the discernment to read aright the signs of the times.

Physical population contains all the potential elements of society, and the careful student relies upon its movement and expansion as the controlling factor in social evolution. It is for this reason that the federal census is so eagerly awaited by those who seek careful knowledge upon the race problem in America. There are certain definitely ascertainable tendencies in

the Negro population that seem clearly to indicate the immediate, if not the ultimate destiny of that race. Amid all the conflicting and contradictory showings of the several censuses since emancipation, there is one tendency that stands out clear and pronounced: viz.—the mass center of the Negro population is moving steadily toward the Gulf of Mexico. Notwithstanding the proffer of more liberal political and civil inducements of the old abolition states of the North and West, the mass movement is in the Southerly direction. The industrial exclusion and social indifference of the old free states are not inviting to the African immigrant, nor is the severe climate congenial to his tropical nature. The Negro population in the higher latitudes is not a self-sustaining quantity. It would languish and gradually disappear unless constantly reinforced by fresh blood from the South. Although there has been a steady stream of immigration for the past forty years, yet 92 per cent of the race is found in the states which fostered the institution of slavery at the time of the Civil War. The thirty-one free states of the North and West do not contain as many Negroes as Alabama. There is no likelihood that the Negro population will scatter itself equally throughout the different sections of the country. We should not be misled by the considerable Northern movement of the last census decade. This period was marked by unusual unrest in the South, and many of the more vigorous or more adventurous Negroes sought refuge in the cities of the North. But evidently this tendency is subject to sharp self-limitation.

In the lower tier of the Southern

States, comprising Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, there has been a steady relative gain in the Negro population, rising from 39 per cent of the entire race in 1850 to 53 per cent in 1900. On the other hand the upper tier including Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, showed a decline from 54 to 37 per cent during the same interval. The census shows an unmistakable movement from the upper South to the Coast and Gulf States. The Negro constitutes the majority of the population in South Carolina and Mississippi, and also in Louisiana, outside of the City of New Orleans. The colored race forms the more numerous element in the group of States comprising South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, a contiguous territory of 290,000 square miles. Within this region the two races seem to be growing at about the same pace. During the last decade the Negro rate of increase exceeded the white in Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, but fell below in South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana.

But the State as the unit of area, gives us a very imperfect idea of the relative and general spread and tendency of the Negro element. The movement of this population is controlled almost wholly by economic and social motives, and is very faintly affected by State boundaries or political action. The Negro is segregating in the fertile regions and along the river courses where the race was most thickly planted by the institution of slavery. This shaded area extends from the head of the Chesapeake Bay through

Eastern Virginia and North Carolina, thence through South Carolina, middle Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi to the Mississippi River. Leading off from the main track, there are darkened strips of various width, along the Atlantic Ocean through Eastern Georgia and Northern Florida and along the banks of the Chattahoochee, Alabama, Mississippi, Sabine, and Brazos Rivers leading to the Gulf of Mexico. The South is dotted with white belts as well as with black ones. Western Virginia and North Carolina, the Southern and Northern extremes of Georgia and Alabama, and the peninsula part of Florida are predominantly white sections. There are scores of counties in which the Negro does not constitute ten per cent of the population. The Negro element not only does not tend to scatter equally throughout the country at large, but even in the South it is gathering more and more thickly into separate spaces. The black belts and white belts in the South are so interwoven as to frustrate any plan of solution looking to political and territorial solidarity. The measures intended to disfranchise the Negro in Eastern Virginia operate against the ignorant whites in the Western end of the State. The coming political contest in the South will not be between whites and blacks, but it will be over the undue power of a white vote based upon the black majority. The black counties are the more populous, and therefore have greater political weight. The few white voters in such counties are thus enabled to counter-balance many times their own number in the white districts. This gives rise to the same dissatisfaction that comes from the North be-

cause the Southerner's vote is given added weight by reason of the black man whose representative power he usurps. A closer study of the black belts reveals the fact that they include the more fertile portions of the South. The master settled his slaves upon the rich, productive lands, and banished the poor whites to the thin and barren regions. These belts are best adapted to the culture of cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar cane, the staple productions in which the South has advantage over other sections of the country. The Negro by virtue of his geographical distribution holds the key to the agricultural development of the South.

A clearer idea of the distribution of the Negro population can be gotten by taking the county as the unit of area. The number of counties in which the Negroes outnumber the whites has risen from 237 in 1860 to 279 in 1900. This would make a section as large as the North Atlantic division of States. Within these counties there are, on the average, 130 Negroes to every 100 whites. In 1860 there were 71 counties in which the Negroes were more than twice as numerous as the whites, which number had swollen to 108 in 1900. The region of total eclipse shows a tendency to spread much more rapidly than the penumbra surrounding it. The average number of Negroes in these densely black counties is about three to one. In some counties there are from ten to fifteen Negroes to every white person. The future of such counties, so far as the population is concerned, is too plainly foreshadowed to leave the slightest room for doubt.

There seems to be some concert of action on the part of the afflicted

States. The Revised Constitutions have followed with almost mathematical exactness, the relative density of the colored element. The historic order has been Mississippi, South Carolina, Louisiana, North Carolina, Alabama and Virginia. Georgia and Florida have not followed suit, for the simple reason that they do not have to. But political action does not affect the spread of population. The Negro finds the South a congenial habitat. Like Flora and Fauna, that race variety will ultimately survive in any region that is best adapted to its environment. We can no more stop the momentum of this population than we can stop the oncoming of wind and wave. To the most casual observer, it is clearly apparent that the white race cannot compete with the Negro industrially in a hot climate and along the miasmatic low lands. Where the white man has to work in the burning sun, the cadaverous, emaciated body, drooping spirit, and thin, nasal voice bespeak the rapid decline of his breed. On the other hand the Negro multiplies and makes merry. His body is vigorous and his spirit buoyant. There can be no doubt that in many sections the Negro element is gradually driving out the whites. In the struggle for existence the fittest will survive. Fitness in this case consists in adaptability to climatic and industrial environment. In the West Indian archipelago the Negro race has practically expelled the proud Caucasian, not, to be sure, *vi et armis*, but by the much more invincible force of race momentum. This seems to be the inevitable destiny of the black belts in the South. For example; in the State of Georgia the number of counties in which the Negro popu-

lation more than doubles the whites, was 13 in 1860, 14 in 1870, 18 in 1880, 23 in 1890, and 27 in 1900. In the same interval the counties in which the Negro constitutes the majority had risen from 43 to 67. This does not imply that the white population in the Southern States is not holding its own, but the growth of the two races seems to be toward fixed bounds of habitation.

Numerous causes are co-operating toward this end. The white man avoids open competition with the black workman and will hardly condescend to compete with him on equal terms. Wherever white men and women have to work for their living, they arrogantly avoid those sections where they are placed on a par with Negro competitors, and if indigenous to such localities, they often migrate to regions where the black rival is less numerous. For this reason European immigration avoids the black belts as an infected region. The spectacle of black and white artisans working side by side at the same trade, of which we used to hear so much, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The line of industrial cleavage is almost as sharp as social separation. The white man does not desire to bring his family amidst a Negro environment. The lynchings and outrages and the rumors of crime and cruelty have the effect of intimidating the white residents in the midst of black surroundings, who move away as rapidly as they find it expedient to do so. Only a few Jewish merchants and large planters are left. The large plantations are becoming less and less profitable, and are being broken up and let out to colored tenants, to enable the landlord to move to the city, where he finds more congenial social en-

vironment for himself and children.

The rise and development of manufacturing industries in the South also adds emphasis to the same tendency. The poor whites are being drawn off in considerable numbers from the rural districts as operatives and workmen along lines of higher mechanical skill. In the black belts the Negro is protected by the masses around him. One may ride for hours in many portions of the South without meeting a white face. The great influx of Negroes into the large cities comes from regions where the Negro is thinly scattered among the whites, rather than from the regions of greatest density. These factors, operating separately and co-operating conjointly, will perpetuate these black belts of the South. The bulk of the Negroes seems destined to be gathered into these dark and dense areas.

If, therefore, we are accorded so large a measure of prevision, it is the part of wisdom to arrange our plans in harmony with the social movement which we have not the power to subvert. The first essential of a well ordered society is good government, which affords satisfaction to the people living under it. The Negroes in the South are not satisfied with the present mode of government, not only because it was not formulated in harmony with their sensibilities, but because of its lamentable failure to protect life and property. Perhaps there is no other government of European type which so ruthlessly disregards the rights and feelings of the governed since the effacement of the Boer republics in South Africa. The first need of the South is a brand of statesmanship with capacity to formulate a scheme of government which will

command the hearty good will and cheerful co-operation of all the citizens, and at the same time leave the controlling power in the hands of those best qualified to wield it. This is the desideratum devoutly to be wished. The amiable African can be ruled much more effectively by the wand of kindness than by a rod of iron. Strange to say, Southern statesmanship has never seriously tested this policy. European powers in control of tropical races have found that reconciliation is essential to effective control. The inferior element must feel that they are a constituent part of the governmental order and are responsible for the maintenance, authority and discipline. But Southern statesmanship has been characterized by broken pledges and bad faith and open avowal to humiliate a third of the population. The democratic party claimed to have won the election in 1876, upon a platform which, in clearly avowed terms, accepted the amendments to the Constitution of the United States. But the democratic states forthwith proceeded to revise their Constitutions with the undisguised purpose of defeating the plain intentment of these amendments. This on the plea that if the Negro were eliminated from politics, the government should be equitable and just, guaranteeing to all, equality before the law. But, as soon as these plans are adopted, the very statesmen who were most instrumental in bringing them to pass are urging more drastic and dreadful measures. They are demanding the repeal of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, which, by indirect tactics, they have already annulled. Has the Negro any reason to feel that the demanded appeal would stop this

reactionary movement? There can never be peace and security and permanent prosperity for whites or blacks until the South develops a brand of statesmanship that rises above the pitchfork variety.

The next great need of these black belts is moral and industrial regeneration. This can be effected only through the quickening touch of education. Outside help is absolutely necessary. These people unaided can no more lift themselves from a lower to a higher level than one can sustain the weight of his body by pulling against his own boot straps. The problem belongs to the nation. Ignorance and degradation are moral blights upon the national life and character. It is wasteful of the national resource. The cotton area is limited, and this fabric will become more and more an important factor in our national, industrial and economic scheme. And yet thousands of acres of these valuable lands are being washed away and wasted annually by ignorant and unskilled tillage. The nation is contemplating the expenditure of millions of dollars to irrigate the arid regions of the West. But would it not be a wiser economic measure to save the cotton area of the South through the enlightenment of the peasant farmers? The educational facilities in the black counties outside of the cities are almost useless. The reactionary current against the education of the Negro in the South is deep and strong. Unless the nation, either through statesmanship or philanthropy, lends a helping hand, these shade places will form a continuing blot upon the national escutcheon. There should be better school facilities and social opportunities, not only as a means of their own better-

ment, but in order that contentment with the rural environment to which they are well suited may prevent them from flocking into the cities, North and South, thus forming a national municipal menace.

The Negro's industrial opportunities lie in the black belts. He occupies the best cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar lands of the South. The climate shields him from the crushing weight of Aryan competition. Agriculture lies at the base of the life of any undeveloped race. The manufacturing stage is a later development. The exclusion of the Negro from the factories is perhaps a blessing in disguise. The agricultural industries of the South are bound to become of greater and greater national importance and the Negro is to become a larger and larger industrial factor. The cotton area is limited, but the demand for cotton stuffs increases not only with the growth of our own national population, but with the expansion of our trade in both hemispheres. A shrewd observer has suggested that the time seems sure to come when a pound of cotton will be worth a bushel of wheat. When cotton regains its ancient place and again becomes king, the Negro will be the power behind the throne.

It is interesting to notice from the last census the extent to which Negroes are owning and managing their own farms. The large estates are being broken up into small farms and let out to Negro tenants at a higher rate of annual rental. This is but the first step toward Negro proprietorship. There is a double field for philanthropy. First, to furnish school facilities so that the small farmer may become intelligent and skilled in the conduct of his affairs; and second, to

make it possible for him to buy small tracts of land. The holders of the old estates do not care to atomize their plantations, but would gladly dispose of their entire holdings. There is a vast field for philanthropy with the additional inducement of five per cent. Already such attempts have been made. Hon. George W. Murray, the last Negro Congressman from South Carolina, has disposed of 60,000 acres of land in South Carolina in small holdings to Negro farmers, and is equally enthusiastic over the commercial and philanthropic aspect of the enterprise. Some Northern capitalists have undertaken a similar movement in the neighborhood of Tuskegee Institute, which promises to have far-reaching effect upon the betterment of black belt conditions. There are also indications of Negro villages and industrial settlements to afford better social and business opportunities. Colored men of ambition and educa-

tion will be glad to seek such communities as a field to exploit their powers. The secret and method of New England may thus be transplanted in these darksome places by the sons of Ethiopia. Thus those that now grope in darkness may yet receive the light.

Mr. John Temple Graves has, in a recent, notable utterance, advocated the separation of the races, and has elaborated his doctrine with great rhetorical pains. But mass movement of the Negro race seems clearly to indicate immediate, if not the ultimate outcome to be separateness rather than separation.

No one can tell what the ultimate future of the Negro is to be; whether it is to be worked out in this land or on some distant continent. We may, however, be permitted to foretell the logical outcome of forces now at work, without assuming the prophet's prerogative.

Sarracènia Purpùrea

By INA LORD McDAVITT

As some old castle of the feudal barons

Seemed to the traveller, in his pilgrimage,

Like some great inn, where he might rest, and wage

His battles over, for a dole of bread;

But once within, did find it tenanted

By thieves and robbers, and his purse despoiled;

So thou dost lay a bait of honey, sweeter

Than charmed nectar to the wandering fly,

Who, once within, doth find his struggles futile,

And fares no more his way beneath the sky.

When the Rose Bloomed

By EDITH RICHMOND BLANCHARD

MISS Lucrece was busy among her roses. Tall old bushes laden with bloom, lined either side of the brick walk which led up to her small white house, and here and there between these fragrant veterans, low tea-rose clusters peered out and offered their small sweet wares. Sometimes a long green briar, swaying in the soft air, would lean and catch at Miss Lucrece's muslin skirt as though fearing lest she should overlook its especial treasure of loveliness. Sometimes a down-dipping, heavy-headed blossom would beat gently against her cheek, leaving upon it the kiss of the morning dew.

They were old friends, Miss Lucrece and the roses. Years ago, when she was a little girl, their tallest sprays had hung just a span's breadth above the golden glint in her dark curls, and they still nodded just a span's breadth over the locks whose golden glint had long since softened into a silver shimmer. Miss Lucrece had never grown up to the roses. They had watched over her so many days, so many years, that it was as though they shared with her the same gentle spirit of protection which they felt for the tea-roses at their feet.

Indeed Miss Lucrece was very like a tea-rose herself, so small, so delicate, so sweet in an old-fashioned way. As the spirit of remembered Junes seems to steal over one when one breathes the fragrance of that dainty yellow flower,

so when one saw Miss Lucrece, one's mind instinctively filled with vague tender thoughts of those lovely lost summers when she was a girl, when the gold glint was still in her hair, when the now faint pink in her cheeks was but a shade paler than her small red mouth, when her dark eyes sparkled instead of softly glowing.

She was as different from her contemporaries in the little village of Meadowvale where she lived, as her lavender muslins and clinging grey wools were different from their purple cambrics and stiff black silks. Even her name set her apart. There were Lucretias in plenty, it was a favorite name in the place,—there was but one Lucrece—a queer heathen sounding name the towns folk thought it, and, loving Miss Lucrece most loyally, they regretted this defect. They had been very proud of her in the gay old days when "Lovely Lucrece Hamilton" was the name on every young gallant's lip, and that pride was not yet submerged in the gentle affection with which every one thought of her now that she was "Miss Lucrece," living alone with her old servant Martha and her roses.

Perhaps Meadowvale held her all the dearer because there were two mysteries about her which had been the source of endless conjecture and had never yet been solved.

One mystery was Miss Lucrece's reason for remaining single. There had been so many lovers at her

door, and all Meadowvale had been sure at one time that either Squire Wood's eldest son, Holt, or the young lawyer, Basil Hunting, would be the favored one. But Holt Wood had died at sea years ago, and Basil Hunting had left Meadowvale about the same time, and had become one of the famous judges of the state. Rumor said that he had married late in life and that his wife had died, but all that Meadowvale was sure of, was that a few years ago he had come back to his native town and opened the old Hunting house where he lived with his two servants, elderly like himself. One of these was a staid old fellow in bright blue coat and brass buttons, who was said to have been the Judge's butler in his city home; and the other was a sister of Miss Lucrece's Martha, who had by some strange coincidence become lodged in the Judge's household, and who regaled her master with the same dainty concoctions for which Miss Lucrece's table had long been famous. Between Miss Lucrece and the Judge themselves, nothing passed less formal than the low bow and quaint curtesy which they exchanged on meeting.

The other mystery had to do with one of the rosebushes that bordered Miss Lucrece's front walk. It was not one of the very old ones set out by her father, though it dated back to the days of her girlhood. It stood green and tall near the doorstep at the end of the row, but not one flower had it borne, and Meadowvale's practical mind could not understand why such a worthless thing should be preserved. Once when Miss Lucrece had hired a new gardener he had spoken to her of removing it, and had even thrust his spade into the soil about its

roots in pursuance of his suggestion, but Miss Lucrece had snatched the spade quickly away; with her own small hands she had smoothed over the wound its blade left in the earth and her eyes were filled with tears as she told him that never so long as she lived must that rose bush be disturbed.

Always, when Miss Lucrece had filled her garden basket with roses from the other bushes, she would stop by this one for a moment before she went in; sometimes gathering a spray of the shining leaves, since in them lay all its beauty.

She was standing there this morning in the shadow flecked sunlight. The basket at her feet was a pink puff of bloom, but she turned away from its mass of musky fragrance and touched the flowerless branches of the rose bush caressingly with small white hands.

"You are sorry that you have nothing for me," she said, softly, "Yes, I know that you would have gladly given me roses if you could, but there was a mistake, such a dreary mistake somewhere, and you can give me nothing, though I love you best of all. I used to be angry with you, so angry that you would not let me have one tiny bud when I was sure you knew why I wished it. I am not angry with you any more. One grows patient after many years. He did not go by this morning nor yesterday. I am wondering—" Miss Lucrece stopped suddenly. One little hand went fluttering to her heart, the other caught at a low branch which a sudden gust of wind had blown into view. She drew it tremblingly into the sunlight regardless of the thorns that pricked her soft palm. Under the silver-lined leaves, wholly hid-

den by them until now, hung a rose, a half blown rose, its great velvety petals tinged with the merest blush of pink where they met the green, but white as snow flakes where they clung still folded above the golden heart within.

"Why it's white!" Miss Lucrece said softly, "It's white and we thought,—he told me it would be red. 'Like your lips, Lucrece, and I am to have the first one' he said when we planted it here in the moonlight years ago."

Miss Lucrece framed the flower gently between her hands as though it were a little face. Her voice was as low as the voices of the pigeons cooing under the eaves, and full of sobbing notes as were theirs.

"You were long in coming, dear first rose, that I have waited for such a weary while. You did not come when you might have done so much to help the pain that has long ceased to be so hard to bear. The first one, so you are not mine after all, but his. It was fifty years ago and perhaps he would not remember. Fifty years, and it is not red but white, and I am not the Lucrece that used to be, but an old, old woman, Basil, an old, old woman. Perhaps you would not know what it meant, perhaps you have forgotten. If only I might keep it myself, I would love it so, but I promised, I promised the first one to you."

She was not talking to the flower now. Though she still held it between her hands, her eyes looked over it as though at some one standing just beyond. The next moment a child's laugh in the road came crashing in upon her dream and rent its shadowy web. With a little gesture of confusion she put both hands before her face and went in

out of the sunlight. Through the cool hall up the narrow whispering stairs to her own chamber she went with the shreds of the dream mist still in her eyes. The smell of the roses came eddying into the room with every gust that stirred the white curtains at the open window, and their fragrance blended with the vague breath of old lavender that has long lain amid cool sweet linen.

There was as it were a gentle aloofness about the room, not unlike Miss Lucrece herself. On that low white bed she had slept the deep child-sleep, the silent gap between the days of busy play; there she had dreamed the dear bright dreams of girlhood; there she had watched, as a woman, the long nights which follow when the dream web ravel and fades at last. The oval mirror over the dressing case had seen so many faces look into it, so many Miss Lucreces, that had slipped away to give place to the gentle presence that it now knew. There was a little rose-wood box on the dressing case under the mirror and Miss Lucrece drew it toward her and slowly turned the tiny key which made it fast. Within on the velvet lining, half hidden by the length of faded blue ribbon from which it once had hung, lay a gold locket from whose crystal heart the half faded photograph of a man's face looked out with clear young eyes. The hair lay in a soft dark sweep over the broad forehead and the chin was held high above the deep black stock. On the lips still hovered the shadow of a smile brought by some fleeting fancy which passed but left its imprint evermore.

Miss Lucrece bent low over the tiny frame as she held it to the light.

"Basil," she said softly, "Basil, our rose has blossomed at last. The first one, the one I promised should be yours. I cannot keep it, and yet how can I send it to you now? If only I could be sure that you still care, still care as I do and as you used to before the dreary mistake that ended all. Oh, Basil, you were so blind, so blind, why could you not see!"

The cool fragrant bedchamber suddenly faded from Miss Lucrece's sight. She was back in the garden again sitting on the doorstep in the twilight of a summer day. She wore no longer this soft pale muslin, but a quaint white gown and there was a red rose in her hair. There was some one beside her, and his eyes, as they sought hers, were dark with a deep wonderful meaning that thrilled her heart into glad unrest. She lifted her hand to her lips to hush the outcry that trembled there and her quick gesture caught from its hiding amid the soft folds on her breast, a long loop of blue ribbon from which hung a golden locket. Before she could seize and hide it again, the man beside her had caught a glimpse of the pictured face it held. He leaned toward her in the dusk.

"Who is it, Lucrece?" he said.

The spell of his glance bewildered her. All thoughts save one were blotted out.

"It is the man I love, Basil," she answered, and then at the sudden realization of her confession buried her hot face in her hands.

There was a moment's silence. When he spoke his voice sounded strangely harsh and strained.

"Will you let me see the man you love, Lucrece?"

But she did not raise her head. "I cannot, Basil, I cannot," she

cried in an agony of maiden shame.

She heard him take one step away from her and stop.

"Do you really love him then, Lucrece? Are you sure you cannot let me see the picture?"

She longed to go to him, to draw him back to her again, but her gentle reticence proved suddenly too strong a bond. How could she reveal the secret of her love before he had sought it!

"I cannot, Basil, I cannot," she repeated.

She lifted her face to meet his and stretched out her hand with a little pleading gesture, but he had turned away with her first words. The gate clicked noisily in the stillness. He was gone.

She turned and went into the house groping as though in darkness, though the moonlight flooded the hall. Over and over through the long nights, the long days that followed, she comforted herself with one phrase which echoed in her mind with persistent pain and hope. "He thought it was Holt, but when Holt comes home, it will all be made plain."

"When Holt comes home." Miss Lucrece felt again the quick stab of sorrow and despair which came that day when she learned that that return would never be. There had been selfish tears amid the bitter ones she shed for the dead lover; but among old regrets a new hope had blossomed in her heart.

"When I send him his rose, the first rose, he will understand," she told herself, and waited for the flower that would give her back her joy:—waited how long! And now the rose had come at last—after fifty years, and had he ceased to care?

There was a sound of footsteps

on the stairs, and of low rapping on the chamber door. Miss Lucrece started to her feet. "Come in, Martha, come in," she called. "Why, Martha, is anything the matter? What has happened?"

The old maidservant stood awkwardly on the threshold, rolling her apron string about her finger. Her eyes were red and filled again with tears as she spoke.

"It's Judge Hunting, marm. Hannah's just been over telling me. She's known he was sick for some time now, though he wouldn't own up to it. He's been up and dressed every day, but the last two mornings he hasn't gone out as he generally does and last night he was took bad. Hannah and Thomas were up all night with him. The doctor couldn't get to him till nearly morning and he was out of his head most of the time. He kept calling and calling, one name over and over, Hannah said, till it nearly broke her heart to hear him. I don't know as she ought to have asked me what she did or as I ought to have said I would, but she seemed to think it would comfort him so, and he's all alone except for Thomas and Hannah, so,— so I,— Oh, Miss Lucrece, it was your name he was saying."

Martha raised her eyes to her mistress's face for the first time since she had begun to speak and wondered at the strange light that shone there. It was as though some one had brought her good news instead of ill. Her voice had almost a note of gladness in it.

"Tell Hannah I will go to him," she said.

* * * *

Old Judge Hunting sat alone, in his great winged arm chair by the west window of his room. In spite

of the doctor's cautions, and the protestations of Thomas and Hannah he had insisted upon being up and dressed as usual, though even they did not know what effort it had cost him and how weary he felt as he sat with fine white head thrown back among the cushions and heavy hands idly resting on the broad chair arms. There were books on the stand beside him, but they had grown strangely tiresome to hold of late, and they lay untouched and unheeded. He laughed softly as he remembered the look on the doctor's face when it had first dawned out of the troubled visions of the night. It was really not worth while to read any more, and the afternoon sunlight was so rich in dreams—in one dream that changed and changed but was ever the same. He sent the restless shuttle of his thoughts back and forth across the golden warp of light and wove the bright threads of his fancy into its gold.

He was too happy at his weaving to hear the sound of footsteps, of gentle tapping at his door. Miss Lucrece waited for a moment on the threshold and then came softly across the room to his side. Still he did not heed her and she hesitated in the shadow of his chair. The faint color deepened in her cheeks and one hand tremulously sought her heart, but when she spoke her voice was clear though very low.

"Basil," she said, "I have come to bring you your rose."

She held out the great velvety white flower and stood smiling gently at him as he turned quickly and gazed at her from wondering eyes. Slowly he stretched out one hand to meet hers, very slowly as if he feared she would fade away be-

fore he touched her, but the little hand with its fragrant offering yielded soft and cool to his fevered clasp.

"Lucrece—Lucrece! You, Lucrece?"

Miss Lucrece sank on the footstool at his feet.

"It is fifty years, Basil, fifty years, and this is the first rose. You remember how I promised it to you, you remember, Basil?"

"I remember everything, Lucrece, but it does not matter now."

He lifted her hand with the rose to his lips but she drew it gently back to her again and touched the flower petals softly with the other hand.

"It is white, Basil. You know you thought it would be red. I wanted to keep it in spite of my promise; you see I did not know that you still cared. It is so many years."

He laughed, a queer low laugh, repeating her words as if to himself.

"So many years, and I have cared all of those many years, Lucrece. You do not know, you cannot know how I have cared."

Miss Lucrece's eyes grew bright with the same glad radiance that Martha had seen in them that morning. She drew something from the bosom of her dress and held it on her outstretched hand before him.

"Look, Basil," she said.

He bent his head to look as she directed but he turned quickly away, pushing her hand back almost roughly.

"Not now, not again, Lucrece. He has had you all these years, must he come between us still?"

Miss Lucrece put aside the detaining fingers and held out the object once more.

"But look, Basil," she pleaded.

The sunlight played on the gold frame and on the handsome young face that gazed up into the Judge's own. He caught his breath and his voice trembled when he spoke.

"It is my picture, Lucrece."

She stooped to kiss it lest he see her tears.

"Yes, it was always yours, there was never any other, Basil. I could not tell you. I was ashamed to have said so much, and I thought when Holt came back you would know. But he did not come, and the rose I thought to send you did not bloom. We have both waited long for the rose, Basil, but it is very lovely now."

She smiled up into his low bent face, and, as she smiled, the lines of regret and pain imprinted there faded wondrously.

"Yes, it makes up for all, Lucrece," he answered.

Through the long still afternoon they sat together side by side, hand in hand, the old lovers. There were many things to say that had long sought for utterance, lost confidences of fifty years to be shut away in two waiting hearts. When the sunlight began to fail them and she rose to leave him, he caught at her dress and drew her back, but he did not speak. It was his eyes that spoke for him and her eyes read their message. The color started to her old cheeks but she bent low above him.

"Lucrece, Lucrece,—” he repeated as he kissed her.

* * * *

Miss Lucrece was in the garden among her roses when Martha came to find her the next morning, came stumbling through the wet grass with one crumpled corner of her

apron held to her streaming eyes.

A bird high up in a tree by the roadside was pouring out its little heart in the glad joy of living, and to Miss Lucrece the song seemed in some strange way to blend with Martha's sobbing speech as she told her story.

Told how on the evening before when old Thomas and Hannah went to their master's room to see that he was comfortable for the night, they had found him sitting among the moonlight shadows in his great armchair by the window. There was a white rose clasped be-

tween his hands and on his face was a smile, a smile so happy that they thought he dreamed.

Miss Lucrece stood silent in the path till the sound of Martha's footsteps died away. There was a mist in her eyes, but the mist did not utterly veil the glad calm that dwelt behind it. She went slowly to the rosebush at the end of the walk near the step and pressed her face against its cool green leaves.

"It is such a little while, such a little while to wait," she said softly. "We had waited so long before, and now we know."

The Middleman

By ELLIOT WALKER

"I GUESS I'll have to give up, Rachel. Every day tacks on a little more worry, a little more debt, and I'm just about crazy with it. I've been floundering along for months, getting in deeper and deeper. There is no way out that I can see except to quit while we still have a roof over our heads. If we had to leave the old house, it would half kill us, wouldn't it?"

Cyrus Hayden's deep voice, strong at the beginning of his speech, rose to an almost childish treble at the end, faltered and broke piteously.

His wife, thin, and possessing rather belligerent eyes, scanned the woeful countenance sharply, before replying. Her sewing slid from her slender knees to the worn, old-

fashioned sitting-room carpet. She picked it up with a firm hand.

"No," said she. "It wouldn't. Steady, Cyrus. What's the matter with you?"

"Matter," groaned the man. "You should know it all, I suppose. I can't keep on trying to do business the way things are running. I'm behind on what I owe and I cannot begin to collect enough to meet my bills, and that means a shut-down on the part of the packing company. That is, I get no more meat. I've had one notice; next week I'll get another, then good-bye Hayden's Market."

"But why can't you make it pay? Your father did. I know you've been worrying lately but I supposed things were going right. You have

a good trade, and other butchers seem to get along. Brace up, Cyrus! I don't believe it is as bad as you make out. You did first rate at first. Only a few months ago you told me you had seventeen hundred dollars on your books."

Rachel, optimistic always, smiled encouragingly.

"That's it," muttered Cyrus. "It's on my books still. I can't get it. If I could I'd be safe enough."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayden, "you are too easy with people, just as your father was. They owe you the money, don't they? Go to work and make them pay up."

Her husband gave an impatient sigh, shrugging his broad shoulders. "You don't understand," he said, irritably. "It's useless to talk business with you, Rachel. You never *did* understand. That's why I never say anything until the last minute, but I tell you now that I'm in a bad way, and I'm going to finish up before matters grow any worse. I'll get enough from these old accounts to square myself, and then what?"

"Oh, you will easily find something else, I guess, and I'll be glad to have you, Cyrus. You know I've always hated to have you in the market—a man of your appearance and education. Of course, it will be a great deal better. Some nice office position with a steady salary is what you are fitted for. I always said so. I've been a butcher's wife for five years, dear—now I'm willing to go up a peg. Can't you get a place in one of the Banks? Banking is such a genteel occupation."

Again the man sighed and his face grew red. "It was father's business," he said. "Father built it up from nothing and was mighty proud of it. He just doted on his customers. I honestly think he imagined

the best people in town couldn't exist without him. He knew exactly what they liked. Why, I've known him to fret himself sick over little complaints. And every one loved him. I'll never forget the day old Judge Parlow came raging into the store. 'Where's Zack?' said he. 'Out,' said I. 'He'll be right in. What's the trouble, Judge?' 'Trouble,' said he, 'that roast was the toughest—well—I'll talk to *him!*' and just then father came back. It seems that confounded boy (you remember Pete) had delivered Mrs. Dickey's order at Parlow's. She ran a cheap place and used to pick out pieces that would last, and the Judge got a beauty. Father had that minute learned of the mistake from Mrs. Dickey, who had complained she ordered twelve pounds and only got eight, although it was nice tender beef, and he was in a state—pretty near crying. Well, he marched right up to the Judge and looked at him. Swallowed three or four times but he couldn't say a word, he felt so bad. I can see him now, his nose twitching and his big round eyes appealing like a great dog's, who knows he is going to be licked for a thing he didn't mean to do.

"Rachel, the Judge sensed it in a second. The thunder cloud in his face cleared into the funniest grin I ever saw, and he put his hand on father's fat shoulder. 'Zack,' said he, 'I merely stopped in to say that my teeth ain't what they were when we divided that chunk of hardtack the night after Chancellorsville,' and with that he turned and went out.

"Father stood still for about a minute, breathing hard. Then he said to me, 'Cy, don't you ever forget yourself and send the Judge's bill. When I'm gone and you're

running the shop, remember, whatever happens.' Then he slipped out of the back door and got a drink, I guess. He allowed himself one a month on special occasions and that must have been one of 'em.

"Dear me! To think of those two good old men, both dying the same week—and the Judge didn't leave very much."

The butcher's face sobered from the jollity brought by his remembrance.

"I'm glad father's dead," he flung out savagely. "This state of things would have broken his heart. He loved his shop and the folks he sold, and he would have gone up just as I'm doing. We're the old kind. I can't hammer money out of the trade he left me and I can't refuse to sell them. They are honest—they're good for it, but everything's cash nowadays and it is hard to mouth with lots of the best people. Some pay every six months, some quarterly—when they get their income. I have to pay every Monday or be frozen out. A fellow can't borrow at the banks without security and I've reached my limit. No, it's impossible to carry my trade any longer. I've got to quit—I've got to."

He was talking to himself, now, and pacing the floor. His head sank on his breast, his hands clinched; a good-looking, well-built man of twenty-seven, with nothing in his neat appearance to indicate a calling more or less associated with gory fancies. Many had wondered why Cyrus, after passing through the public schools with credit, and studying for a year at a business college, had chosen to take up the humble occupation of his father. He certainly was fitted for more ambitious endeavor.

Zachary had put it squarely before him from a practical standpoint. "The shop is established, Cy," he had said. "There's money in it for you the very first day you step in and you're independent with a chance ahead. It means that in a few years you can marry some nice gal, have a comfortable home of your own, and hold your nose up with anybody; it means an honest living, friends, comforts, hard work and wearin' an apron. You won't have to do any slaughterin', and it's a healthy way to live. Think it over, son. If you'd rather do something else, I'll back you to my last dollar, but some day I'll go quick, the doctor says, and it won't hurt my feelings any to feel the old shop is going to stay in the family."

Cyrus thought it over and decided on the apron and independence. Later he decided on the "nice gal" and took her to the house of Zachary who, long a widower, was greatly pleased with the arrangement and prayed to be a grandfather.

This prayer being happily granted after two years, the kindly old fellow passed a twelve month of bliss (for he minded not wails and household disturbance) and died with the baby in his arms and the croon of an old war lyric on his lips. He left a wide circle of sincerely sorrowing friends, and the business to Cyrus.

Two years more and this chapter opens. Little Zach had thrived. The business hadn't. Rachel was a cheerful and contented although a somewhat ambitious wife. Cyrus was a badly worried young man.

As he turned in his uneasy walk, the woman spoke gently. "I'm sorry I didn't know before. Maybe I could have helped in some way. With no rent to pay, no meat bills and you trading accounts with the

grocer, we don't spend much, except Bridget's wages—and clothing is cheap. I can let the girl go, Cyrus—and do my own work."

"Not yet," answered her husband, desperately. "You've Zach to look after and you're none too strong. Don't think of it, Rachel."

"Who owes you the most? It does seem as though we ought to get what belongs to us. There must be a way."

Hayden shook his head dubiously. "No use in thinking so," he grunted. "Oh! there is a whole string of them. The Macons, the Pilasters—old lady Parlow—but then I don't count her, although it's the biggest of all."

"How much is her bill?"

"About a hundred and sixty."

"What?"

"I can't help it," said Cyrus, apologetically. "She wrote me a note the first of January saying that she had intended sending me some then, but she couldn't conveniently. I hadn't asked her for it. It's on her mind, evidently."

"I should think it would be," snorted Rachel. "What does she keep that big house for if she can't pay her bills. It must be an enormous expense. If she hasn't money what does she live on, I'd like to know?"

"Meat, I guess," responded Cyrus with a woeful smile. "And on the interest of her debts. Bless me! She is a fine old lady though."

He picked up his hat as the hall clock struck two. "Got to get back to the shop," he exclaimed. "Gracious! I've been loafing around for an hour, but it doesn't make much difference."

Kissing his wife sadly, he went slowly out, unheeding her parting injunction not to be cast down.

Walking on to the busier streets, Cyrus paused to greet a friend—a tall man with a clean shaven, whimsical, pursed-up mouth. "Hullo, Sam," he accosted heartily.

"Hullo Cy! How's biz?"

"Good!" returned Cyrus with quick mendacious business diplomacy. "How's groceries?"

"Fine!" They studied each other's masks for a few seconds, then nodded significantly.

"I'm going to close up, old man," observed Cyrus, lightly. "It doesn't pay. Rachel wants me to try something else. It's got to come, you know."

"I know." The pursed lips gathered in a knot. "I see my finish in about a year, Cy. We middle men ain't in it any longer. Best thing you can do. Kind of hard to give up though, eh?"

"O—oh! no!" drawled Hayden. "I'll be glad to leave the old shop. Let her go. What's the use of feeling bad?"

"Come off! come off!" said the older man, impatiently. "Let's talk this thing over. I'm in the same boat. Won't sink yet awhile, but the leak's started. What is going to become of us fellows eventually?"

"Give it up," replied Cyrus, wearily. "There will be quite a crowd of us, Sam. I'm afraid the odd jobs won't go 'round. What's your idea of the future?"

"It's definite," said the other. "We will go up or go down together, according to individual ability, and it's going to be easier to sink than to rise. Cy, the thousands of good men who make their living between the producer and the consumer are all on the way to be wiped out. Then what? Why, Jones gets a job watching in a factory, and his child-

ren go to work in it. There's Mr. Jones and his family to help swell the laboring classes. And Smith, who is single and has a friend at court, sheds his old feathers and gets in; hugs right up to the big ones, and stands 'pat.' Oh! he's all right. One man in luck through no virtue of his own to rank with the capitalistic class. Where one will go up, a half dozen will drop and degenerate. It's being done to-day. By Harry! I'm thinking hard, Cy. I've a wife and four little ones. All the Quilberrys have been small fry in business but they have lived decently and been somebody. Are my children to eke out an existence in a blamed mill and be nothing—along with a gang of cheap help—they—the grandsons and granddaughters of General Quilberry, a man who left his little grocery when Lincoln called him—went in a private and came out a Brigadier. No! By Thunder! this is their country and God meant 'em to have a chance in it. Shall they be ground down in this land of Freedom to the level of slaves because a gang of magnates say they shan't do what their grandfather and their father did? No! this thing will turn, Cyrus Hayden. Our babies will turn it if we can't. You cannot kill blood. You cannot break the spirit of inheritance."

The man was white with excitement. Cyrus stared at him. "Well, Sam," he exclaimed. "What's got into you?"

"Just what will get into *you*, if you'll think!" cried Quilberry. "We've got everything for our children but a chance,—men like you and me, Cy. Schools, libraries, everything to make good men and women of them—and then, what? Nothing to do? Can my boy go into trade

as I did? Can yours? Will my little Jennie go through the High School and then scratch for bread and butter tending some dirty machine from morning to night?"

Cyrus began to look disturbed. "I—I—hope not," lamely.

"She may," growled Quilberry, fiercely. "If anything should happen to me, she may. Not while I live though. Under different conditions she might marry a successful retailer and have a happy home and bring up boys to carry on the old man's business. Does that go through your hide?"

"Rather!" said Cyrus. "Still, I think you make too much of it, Sam. If I could collect what is due me and sell for cash, I would go on well enough, but I've a credit trade, same as you."

"And why not? Credit is the basis of almost every achievement. Who borrows? Who gets trusted? The Government. The City. The Church. The great enterprises. The business of every country is done mainly on credit. It has to be. But if you can't get it, you can't give it. That's your fix. See now what has brought this about, and what in my mind will follow. The combinations are aiming at strictly cash transactions. What is the source of demand? The home, generally speaking. The producer intends to sell the consumer direct, just as soon as possible, and for cash. It will put the home in the position of a man with absolutely no credit. The householder will live simply hand to mouth. He will have to get money, or no food. Every employer will know this. Will wages increase? Not where people are hungry and are willing to work for a pittance. The retailer, the best friend the people ever had,

will be gone. He will be one of the two classes—the cash sellers or the cash buyers. Everything is coming into line, Cyrus, it is swinging right along.”

“But won’t it be cheaper for folks in the end, Sam? That is what they say. People will live within their means, then.”

“Credit is means, confound it! Who says it will be cheaper? The trusts. Cheaper for them, yes. With the middle man out it ought to be. They can fix prices as they please, then. Can’t you see that the retail man is and always has been the bulwark that stands between the producer and the consumer. He holds down prices for the people. All he wants is his margin of profit. His trade won’t pay more, neither will be. And he trusts his customers when they are hard up. He takes a personal interest in them and they in him—they are neighbors, friends—and when the middle man is no more, you’ll see a crowd of mourners. It will be like buying stamps at the postoffice, if you have two cents, they give you permission to lick one stamp. Can you mail another letter—an important one? When you get two cents more, you can. Go out and try to borrow it. You’ll see nothing but heels, and those hurrying. There is some humanity in credit. There is none in cash. It’s going to knock all decent feeling out of business. It won’t be ‘Let him have it, he is straight and will pay.’ It will be ‘Has he the money in his paw? If not, tell him to go to the devil and whistle for his grub.’”

As Mr. Quilberry paused for breath, Cyrus looked thoughtful. “I swear, Sam,” he said, “I believe father would say you were right. He’d like that about trusting people

and the friendship part. I do, myself, but it has never seemed real good business. If everyone would settle to-day, I’d feel better about it.”

“They can’t,” resumed his companion, recovering. “And for this reason. The net is narrowing about them in a hundred little ways. They are being pinched. Their credit is getting whittled down, and they are afraid to let go a cent for fear the wrong man will get it—or else they pay out every penny the minute it comes in. And we, Cy,” he added bitterly, “are the wrong men, I’m afraid. We’re the old sort. Speaking of your father, why I don’t believe he ever lost a dollar by waiting—and he never refused to fill an order. No wonder he had friends. He’s carried people along over hard times, and I’ve heard more than one man say that Zach Hayden would get his money if he had to steal it for him. And he always did get it, some time. I’m afraid he would have gone under, though, by this. These new retail dealers are a different set. It’s straight cash with them as it must be with us all—and I hope they will make it pay. Trouble is that little by little accounts get started, and by and by they too will drop out, leaving only the big stores and agents. Anything in view, Cy?”

“Not yet. I must be trotting, Sam. Good-bye. Glad I met you.”

“Good-bye, Sam. If I hear of a job I’ll let you know.”

Quilberry watched the stalwart form swing down the street and stroked his long nose in reflection.

“Too bad!” he muttered. “I get better terms than he, and can hang on yet awhile. Cy isn’t the kind to rise in a big business; too much like old Zach—easy, sympathetic and

independent, but a man all through. I'd like to know if us middlemen do not represent a good part of the real backbone of the community, anyway? Wipe us out and what's left? The rich, growing richer, and the poor, growing poorer. We have done our share in making the country; now we can take a back seat."

And Cyrus Hayden, hurrying on, said to himself: "I never knew Sam to speak out like that before. Right or wrong, he was in earnest, and I guess I'll figure to wind up my affairs at once."

At that moment, Rachel, somewhat flushed, was being ushered into the presence of Judge Parlow's widow. The sweet-faced, dignified old lady was no unfamiliar figure, but Rachel had never met her personally. And her quick impulse to show Cyrus that she could be a practical collector faded to a shudder of dismay as the portly butler waved her into the apartment of simple luxury, and her feet felt clumsy and out of place in the soft, sinking carpet. A huge portrait of the departed magistrate eyed her severely from the wall. A green parrot in a habitation of gilded comfort, raspingly remarked: "Tut! tut! don't do that!" in exact imitation of the Judge. A desire to flee clutched the spirit of Mrs. Hayden, but she held herself bravely and smiled.

The smile of Rachel was extremely pleasing and counteracted the aggression of her look, which, by the way, was no indication of character; merely a brow contraction caused by slightly defective vision.

"Ah, sit down, my dear," greeted Mrs. Parlow, gazing alternately at Rachel and her card. "Mrs. Hayden. Yes, very glad to see you."

"Tut! tut!" from the parrot.

The caller drew a long breath. "I—I have come," she commenced with hesitation, "to—to ask—"

"Don't say that!" interrupted the parrot harshly.

Poor Rachel's carefully concocted speech vanished from her brain. She looked distressedly from the mistress to the marplot and gasped.

"To be sure!" said her hostess. "He does annoy strangers sometimes with his chatter. I don't mind him." Then pressing an electric button by her chair, she whispered to the maid who instantly responded, "Remove Paul."

Paul being removed with shrieks of protestation, the old lady settled comfortably. "Now, my dear," she said, "you were about to ask—?"

Rachel cleared her throat resolutely. "I know it is out of the way," she said tremulously, "and I'm sure I don't know what you'll think Mrs. Parlow, but my husband is awfully worried about his business, and I—I've come to see if you could help him out."

Her companion stared. "Why, why," she uttered, adjusting her spectacles, "I do not quite comprehend. Mr. Hayden has never asked me for money."

"I know it," burst out Rachel. "His father told him to never send you a bill—he—"

"I see—I see," put in the other. "The Judge thought highly of Zachary Hayden. Why? Zachary was in my husband's regiment, my dear—they were real friends. How often he spoke of him in his last days. 'That man was a lion in a fight, Mary,' he'd say, 'and after a battle he was like a woman among the wounded, friend or foe.' He would cut the very clothes from his back to tie up their hurts. Many a man has blessed him with his dying

breath—' the old woman wiped her glasses. "Yes," she went on, "and when the Judge was taken, Zachary was one of the first to call. I recollect now—he was, and I saw him. He wept, I think—yes, I remember his great red handkerchief. It was pitiful to see such a big strong man so affected. And shortly after I heard he was dead, too. Dear me! Sad days. Sad days." 18081

She was far from mundane affairs as her faded eyes rested lovingly upon the stern features in the great gilt frame. Rachel arose. "I guess I'd better be going," she remarked a bit thickly. "Another time—"

"Oh! What was it? Don't go, my dear. Sit down again. Let me see. You spoke of it's being convenient for Mr. Hayden—Cyrus I've always called him—to receive a check."

"That was it. But no matter just now. He doesn't know I came. It worried me to have him so upset, and I started out without thinking, hoping I might help him."

Mrs. Parlow pulled at her rings, looking greatly distressed. "My dear," she observed sorrowfully, "my bank account is overdrawn. I haven't a dollar in the house. What shall I do? Next month I have my remittance and Cyrus will get what is due him, although I haven't the faintest idea of the amount."

"It's all right," said Rachel, getting up again. "The only trouble is that he has to settle with the men who supply him, next Monday, or go out of business. It may be for the best."

"Go out of business!" ejaculated the widow sitting very erect. "He musn't think of it. Where will I get my meat?"

Rachel laughed weakly. "There

are other markets," she answered.

"I won't trade with them," cried Mrs. Parlow. "Indeed, the way matters are going on is ridiculous. Everyone wants their money and I've lately been horribly pestered for trifling bills that I never used to think of paying until it was perfectly convenient. I fail to understand it. Of course, I settle them at once, but it's very annoying to be dunned, and now I have overdrawn my account and have nothing for Cyrus. It's a shame. Even Mr. Quilberry, my grocer, has importuned me.

"Has he? Cyrus said he was having a hard time, too, and it wouldn't surprise him if Sam Quilberry went to the wall some day."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Parlow with a start.

A bright color rose in the wrinkled cheeks. "I wish to see Cyrus to-night," she said sharply. "Be sure and tell him. Come and see me again, my dear, and bring your little girl."

"He's a boy," replied Rachel, laughing, and departed leaving her entertainer perusing the Judge's picture with a curiously decided expression.

"Get anything, Cyrus?" inquired his wife, when he returned from his call that evening.

The man sat down heavily. "I can't talk to-night, Rachel," he said hoarsely. "They say that when the Judge had a difficult case he used to consult with the old lady. I believe it. I told her everything, even to giving her a list of my debtors. Now, I'm going to bed."

During the three fine days ensuing, old Mrs. Parlow was noticed to drive about town at all hours.

Saturday morning Hayden met Quilberry, whose pursed mouth wore a cheerful grin. "What's

struck people, Cy?" he greeted. "I'm getting receipts to beat all. Little checks, big checks—good accounts and bad. Mrs. Judge Parlow has settled in full."

"She has settled *me*," returned Cyrus, and his eyes, so like his father's became misty. "I've just mailed my draft to the shippers. What's more, I've a thousand in the bank—and I'm going on. Yes, Sam, but it will be a cash business—ahem! with some exceptions. That is what she advised when she lent me the money."

"She? Who?"

"Why, Mrs. Parlow. I'm blessed if the old lady hasn't interviewed folks right and left. What is more she sold a bond in order to square up. I guess your receipts are due to her. Said she thought a lot of you, Sam."

Mr. Quilberry gave a long whistle of astonishment. "Say anything else?" he inquired.

Cyrus ventured a laugh, which was half a sob. "Only that she was sure that people didn't want the middleman to go," he replied.

Mist

By ELLEN FRANCES BALDWIN

A morning mist hangs over all
In folds serene—a silver pall.
The many hills themselves seclude—
Lone anchorites in solitude.
The sun gleams palely through the mist,
Like longing face unloved—unkissed.
The river flows toward mystery;
As summoned soul upon its way.
The trees within the forest vast
Seem shrouded wraiths from out the past.
O'er muffled nature falls no song;
The birds in silence flit along.

No pall of mist but what shall rise,
That we may see the hidden skies;
In noble strength the hills stand forth,
Toward east and west, toward south and north;
The pallid sun, like one love-kissed,
Shall smile as if there ne'er was mist;
The river flow to meet the sea,
With never look of mystery;
The stately trees, like kings and priests,
Shall stand, from clinging shroud released;
And song be heard and singer seen,
'Mid sunshine's gold and woodland's green;
While benediction over all,
The Unseen Presence seem to fall.



KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS—PUPILS AT BEREA COLLEGE, BEREA, KY.

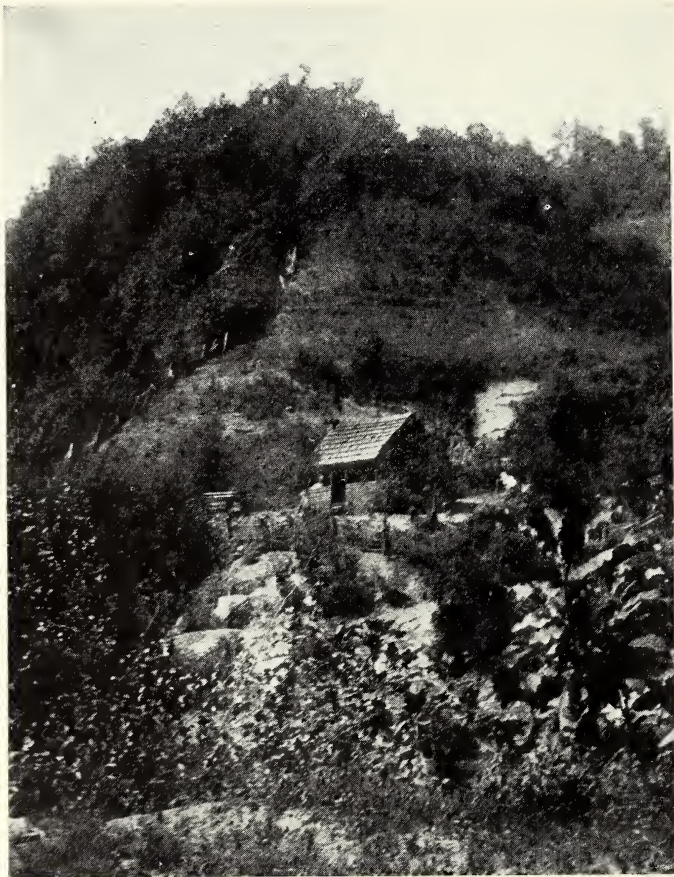
In the Kentucky Mountains

Colonial Customs That Are Still Existing in That Famous Section of the Country

By LILLIAN WALKER WILLIAMS

“FILL 'em plum full o' whiskey; that cures 'em. Why, when I was a young un I wus bit by a rattler and wus mightily afeard of tellin' maw. I know'd she'd guv me a whippin', but I got powerful sick and she jest know'd what wus the matter and filled me plum full o' whiskey. Ther snake? Why, I killed him, and cut off his rattles. Must *allus* kill ther snake. Now's their fust time I wus ever on ther cars. Be'n up along ter see Reuben's mammy. Reuben 's be'n on 'em lots. He told

me, 'Now don't yer be lookin' out ther winder or yer 'll git hurt;' but I say, if yer don't look about, yer don't see nothin', and I 'low I'm goin' ter see. Where 'd you'uns come from? We'uns live ten mile on yon side ther mountain. Yes, I allus walks to an' fro. We'uns got a nice cabin and field o' corn. I scattered two papers o' cabbage seed in ther plantin'. What we'uns goin' ter do with our crop? Sell it! 'Pears like heaps of folks don't know enough ter git ready fer ther time they 'll git hungry; then them



*MOUNTAIN HOME—ONE ROOM CABIN WITH PORCH

folks what don't hev, 's got ter buy."

I had long wished to visit the mountaineer in his home: my dream was about to be realized. We were on a little train which slowly climbed a mountain railroad, built for carrying coal and, incidentally, the public. The mercury stood at 100 degrees, and the trip was becoming wearisome, when I was aroused from a reverie of the land and people of John Fox by the consciousness of being watched.

Across the aisle a pair of bright, intelligent eyes were studying me. Without hat, and with hands bare, I did not meet the social requirements of this mountain maid, for over her sunny hair was the picturesque sunbonnet of that country, and woollen mitts covered her hands to the knuckles. The sudden stopping of the train gave us a common interest, and an opportunity of entering into conversation which I was not slow in seizing. Only too soon we parted, and as I extended

*When paths lead into the woods, as in this picture, it is supposed that some kind of business is carried on at the other end of the path. The government officers often find it to be a "moonshine still."

my hand to express the good-bye of a New Englander, she put her arm around my neck and said: "Go home with me, won't yer?" Warm-hearted and trusting, ready to share his home if you treat him justly, ready to shoot if you play him false, is the Kentucky mountaineer.

The terminus of the railroad,

stopped over night in a typical mountain town a mile from the railroad. Arriving at a pleasant hotel, surrounded with flowering vines, "mine host" greeted us most cordially. Here among others we found the "Col. Carter" (made historic by Hopkinson Smith), an old-time Southern gentleman; also a mine-



A MOUNTAIN STABLE—THE LOWER PART IS FOR THE ANIMAL, THE MIDDLE IS A CORN-CRIB,
AND THE TOP IS FOR HAY OR CLOVER

which extended a hundred miles into the mountains, was only the starting-point of our trip. Before we reached our destination, fifty miles more over five mountains and up several river-beds must be travelled in carriage, on mule-back, or afoot, through a land unknown to steam or electricity. In order to make the journey in two days, we

owner and coal expert, full of anecdote and mountain experiences, and a revenue officer just returned from breaking up illicit distilleries, whose hair-breadth escapes were more fascinating than fiction.

The next morning a rather startling conversation awakened us. We were to start at "sun up" for the most interesting trip we had

ever taken. "Why, jedge," I heard our driver saying, "I haint never seed no sech roads, all gullied out an' nuth'er places filled in, till plum sure to be fallen someways."

"Where's that, Uncle Jim?"

"Why, yon side o' wild cat."

"What side?"

"Why, yon side, yon side."

This was to be our route, and the prospect was not encouraging. The judge of the district court was not expecting re-election, for, as one politician expressed it, "He ain't wuth nothin' fur keepin' the roads goin'; he ain't be'n along sence he gin inter office."

Before the town awoke we were winding up the river bed into the mountains, surrounded by dense forests with distant glimpses of successive blue ranges. Travel is only possible where the rivers are low enough for their beds to form the highway. Even then it is somewhat dangerous to be caught on the way. We saw the river rise several feet in a few hours, fed by a passing thunder storm. The only "roads" are across the mountains and are wide enough for but one wagon, with an occasional "turn-out." At one place we happened to meet a heavily loaded wagon. The mountain, hundreds of feet above us on one side, and hundreds below on the other, presented a problem. With the calmness that characterized Uncle Jim,

our weather-beaten driver, he said: "Now, I ain't nuthin' ter say, but ef you'uns wants ter git out, yer can." From a distant point I saw our vehicle almost literally carried around the other wagon, where the foothold was but scant.

Burr-r-r, burr-r-r! came from a cabin, as we journeyed, and on opening the door, the pages of history were turned back a hundred years. Before us was a beautiful Priscilla singing to the music of the spinning-wheel, and swaying with that graceful motion that accompanies it. The soft brown hair drawn from her oval face was confined in a loose coil by the "tuck comb" of the mountains. She was gowned in "linsey woolsey," the thread of which she had spun after her grandmother had carded the wool, and her mother had woven it on a wooden loom, common in New England a century ago. With justifiable pride they showed us the "kiver-lids" of blue and white; the same patterns we prize in our "heir-looms," the towels, the flax for which they had raised, and blankets and cloth of their weaving.

People of the outside world seldom penetrate these forests. Here generations live and die without hearing the whistle of steam or seeing a modern invention. We are in the land of "our contemporary ancestors."

In Kentucky a majority of the



GOING TO MARKET

mountain families may be traced back to rural England, by distinct English traits, legends, and even songs. We find survivals of Saxon speech. The Saxon pronoun "hit" holds its place almost universally. Strong past tenses—*holp* for *helped*, *drug* for *dragged*, and the like—are heard constantly.

The houses, with few exceptions, are of logs, many having but one room twelve feet square and windowless. Often when there is a window it has a wooden shutter instead of glass. Frequently, when the house is enlarged, instead of the second room being joined to the first, it is built at a distance of twelve feet and the roof extended to the first cabin. Thus a third open room or court is formed. This is called the "dog run," but in reality is the family sitting room.

The love of pets among the people is universal, and I saw few places where the aesthetic taste of the woman was not shown by a flower-bed. Stately hollyhocks almost reached the eaves of the houses, trumpet-vines tossed their flaming blossoms on roof and chimney, and smaller blooms pushed their heads through fences which were festooned in vines. There was one house, where the beautiful flowers bordering the path and clustering about the cabin, were planted by a little boy so crippled with rheumatism he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees to "tend" them. He said, "'Pears like I can't live without a blossom-bed, I hev such a sorry time with rheumatiz." The perseverance of this child is one of the characteristics of the mountaineers. As a class, they overcome almost unsurmountable obstacles to accomplish what they desire. One boy heard of the steam cars; he

"aimed ter know jest what hit wus like," so he walked fifty miles to a town through which the railroad passed, obtained work and stayed a month in order to see the cars every



A MOUNTAIN STUDENT AT BEREA COLLEGE
—SUIT IS OF HOME MADE JEANS—HIS SISTERS ARE FAMOUS FOR MAKING BED-SPREADS

day. A girl wanted to go to school, and she said, "If yer 'll only let me go, I'll put my things in a meal sack and walk thar; I'd ruther do that

than not git to go." Walking there meant over the mountains forty miles. Many children walk ten miles a day to a little log school-house.

The same quality of determination is shown in making their marbles. A piece of limestone somewhat larger than the desired marble is chosen. The edges are knocked off as much as possible, then it is put into the split end of a stick. This is held and rolled between the palms of the hands, with the stone revolving against a harder rock, until the marble is complete, and as round as if manufactured from clay. The girls make their jumping-ropes of the bark of grape vine.

A house raising or "working" is most interesting, and an exact counterpart of those described in books. When the location is chosen, the trees are "banded," and the largest left standing. We saw acres of magnificent trees killed in this way. Most cabins are built by the side of streams and in the open.

This is a land of feuds, and trees might hide an enemy. While walking over a mountain, the gentlemen of the party pushed ahead, while I stopped at a spring. Presently a mountaineer came up and eagerly inquired, "Who's that man?" My explanation seemed satisfactory, as, soon there came along a team driven by a man of energetic appearance. With him was a young, sad-eyed woman. The usual "how-dye" was exchanged, and after they passed I saw a reason for the anxious question, for on his back was a shoulder holster which held a large pistol so placed that it could be instantly seized. As he drove and looked cautiously up the mountain road, the woman looked backward. The pathos of the mountain

feud was brought home to me. Mothers, sisters, wives, watch for the ambushed enemy; they see their dear ones shot, they expect them to be brought home dead. We met one man whose dearest friend was shot by his side from ambush. He begged not to be left to die alone, and all through the night this man held his hand as his friend's life ebbed away.

As there are no valleys, the mountain sides are cultivated. Some are so steep, it is said, that after two plantings the soil is washed away and carried off by the swift streams. The women, assisted by the children, plough, plant, hoe and garner the crops. They milk, feed the cattle or sheep, shear, wash the wool, card, spin, color, spool and weave it. They wash and iron, sew and cook, and when a neighbor is sick they nurse him. They do not have the latest inventions with which to work. In some places the utensils are made of wood. The wash-bowl is scooped from the end of a log, and is emptied by brushing out the water with the hand. The washing is done at the "branch," the clothes are battled with a paddle, the tub being a hollowed out log. Boats are made in the same manner. Candles, and sometimes lamps, are in use, but in many places a "pine knot," pointed at one end, and stuck between the logs in the side of the room, furnishes the only light. Besides weaving, the women make artistic willow and splint baskets, and beautiful hats, of the inside bark of the horse-chestnut tree.

"How can you tell the time away here in the mountains?" I asked. "Why, we'uns use sun time." Houses are built to "cast a time shadow." The older people keep

January 6th as old Christmas, for they, like the Russians, have not adopted the Gregorian Calendar, which England and the colonies adopted 150 years ago. The young people often have their festivities on New Christmas, December 25th.

On account of the sparse settlement, funerals are rarely or never held at the time of burial. Possibly

ly that world outside the mountains. The custom still prevails of covering the graves with little houses.

Of all colonial customs, the most interesting to me was the "live ember." A hot July day, calling at a cabin, we found the "live coal" kept. A custom inherited was too strong to be overcome, and to this fact I am indebted for the choicest



A MOUNTAIN GIRL WITH FANCY WORK

after years have elapsed and several of the family have passed away, the circuit "preachers" gather for the "funeral occasion." It is a great day. Preparations of pies and fried chicken are made, and from all the country round friends gather to hear the preachers discourse, not only on the shortness of life, but the wickedness of the world,—special-

memento of my trip—a water-color painted on the spot. The smoky walls, and stone fireplace, the gleam of fire and the memory of the woman's hearty welcome, a vivid picture of domestic life in the mountains, are mine. To her the picture gave the old place a new look, for she "aimed ter keep hit goin'," she "didn't know hit wus so pretty."

The "blind tiger" causes more trouble in the mountains than all the wild beasts. It is a cabin, at the single high window of which one may be served by an invisible bartender. Place the sum of money you wish to spend in whiskey on the window-sill, retire from the lo-

help feeling that Uncle Sam could clear the mountains of illicit distilling at less expense if he would establish in their fastnesses, industrial schools and send good social settlement workers instead of internal revenue officers. Teach the people the use of their hands and



*A MOUNTAIN POST OFFICE

cality, return and you will find in the window the quantity called for by your piece of silver. The mountain "still" is responsible for the "tiger," and usually for the feud. As I look at it, somebody is responsible for the still. I can't help sympathizing with the moonshiner. I can't help thinking somewhat as he does about his own corn, and I can't

help feeling that Uncle Sam could clear the mountains of illicit distilling at less expense if he would establish in their fastnesses, industrial schools and send good social settlement workers instead of internal revenue officers. Teach the people the use of their hands and

"That the native vigor and capacity of these people has been obscured but not extinguished is shown by the record of those few individuals who have made their way to the region of larger opportunities. Stonewall Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Admiral Farragut, Munsey, the great Metho-

*It may be interesting to know, in this connection, that the mail is carried in saddle-bags thrown across a horse, there being no roads over which wagons can pass all through the year. As it is impossible to travel more than fifty miles a day, a man leaves the town at the terminal of the railroad and travels twenty-five miles. At this point he is met by a man who has come a distance of twenty-five miles from the mountains. They exchange saddle-bags of mail, and each returns to his starting place, distributing the mail at the several post-offices he passes.

dist orator of Baltimore, are examples of the sterling abilities of the mountain people."

The mountaineer is bound to have whiskey even if he has to make it with an iron kettle, a half barrel upturned over it, and a small copper tube for condensation. This copper tube is the part the revenue officers destroy when "breaking up a still."

They pick it full of holes, using a pick that is called a "little devil." That these stills are numerous is illustrated by the story of a revenue officer who alighted at a station and wishing to find a government still, accosted a native with, "My friends, which road leads to the still?"

"Wal, stranger, take most eny road and hit 'll bring you thar."

Queen Catharine's Land

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

DAME Nature must have been in a prodigal—or was it a reckless?—mood, when she fashioned New York State; certain it is that, after completely encircling it with natural gems, she seems to have jumped up and spilled her remaining treasures, helter skelter, out of her apron, here a vista, there a mountain, now a long row of little lakes like pearls on a string, the whole so fascinating, so enchanting, that you may look long and never find another region of its size that equals it in quiet loveliness.

Nor has this country all been "spied out." It is full of delightful surprises, by-ways in the usual routes of travel, so that, should you enter by Hendrick Hudson's doorway in New York Harbor, and sail up the Hudson past the pillared Palisades, the blue-peaked Catskills and hills, rolling to the scarcely less picturesque Mohawk; should you continue to historic Lake George and Lake Champlain; should you push

on from there through the pine-scented Adirondacks, past the siren band of the Thousand Islands, till borne on Erie's broad bosom you reach the torrent of Niagara itself, still something remains. There is a beautiful valley far inland, as calm and sweet and fairylike as the garden of an enchanted palace and this valley is "Queen Catharine's Land."

It is more than a century since the vicissitudes of war first revealed Catharine Valley to the white man. In 1779, after the Massacre of Wyoming, General Sullivan marched his army up the Susquehanna on their terrible mission of extermination, fought the battle of Newtown, where Elmira now stands, and from there followed Catharine Creek till it emptied into Seneca Lake.

It was the first day of September, the very anniversary of that march, that we stood on the hill, a mile south-west of the village of Montour Falls, and saw Catharine Valley spread out below us. It extended

for miles, a mere strip of vivid green between the deeper green of the forest-covered hills that rise five hundred feet on either side, while back and forth, in and out, a flashing silver line in the sunshine, weaves Catharine Creek, threading its way through the weeds and gay marsh blossoms to the broader silver expanse of Seneca Lake.

rine Creek stood the town of Catharine Montour.

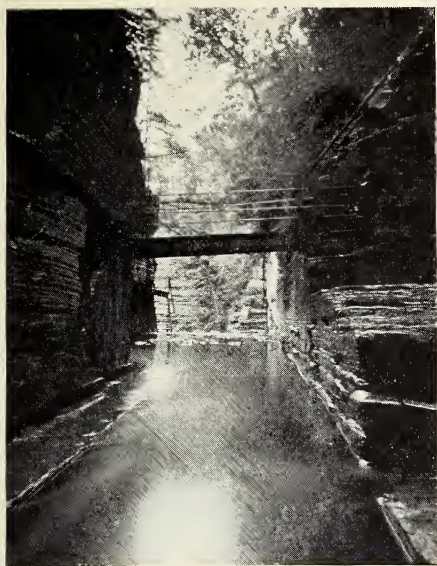
Catharine Montour, or Queen Catharine, as she was called, was one of the most romantic characters in American history. She has been the heroine of many a romance, and the historian, as well as the novelist, has sometimes allowed her to fire his imagination. The authenticated



CATHARINE VALLEY

On our right, a line of trees followed one of the gorges, which are so common in this locality, and the creek made a curve, as if to meet its descending stream.¹ This is Havana Glen, once the hiding and rallying place of the Seneca Indians; indeed, one square opening in the rocks is still called the "Council Chamber." At the entrance of the glen, built on either side of Catha-

facts of her history are all too few. She was the daughter of a French Governor and the Indian Princess, Margaret Montour, a granddaughter of Madam Montour, so famous in early Pennsylvanian history, and, if tradition can be credited, a great granddaughter of the famous Frontenac. It is certain that she inherited royal blood from the old world as well as the new.



COUNCIL CHAMBER, HAVANA GLEN

In her childhood she was captured by a war party of Senecas and carried to this town three miles south of Seneca Lake. When she became a woman she married their fiercest war-chief, Telenemut, and after his death in battle, ruled the tribe herself. She not only superintended the planting of grain and raising of horses and cattle, but attended the war councils of the Six Nations and even accompanied some of the chiefs to Philadelphia to lay some Indian grievance before the Continental Congress.

There are many stories of the firmness and wisdom with which she ruled her treacherous, vacillating people. Those who saw her told much of her physical charms, her great lustrous eyes, her hair, like the purple grape in color, but silky and fine, the straight sensitive nose and full curved lips; but, most of all, the sweet voice and dignity of bearing, well becoming a queen. She spoke French and English as

well as several Indian dialects, and the idle beauties at Philadelphia found her interesting as well as amusing. They petted and flattered her, and long years afterward, told their grandchildren of the days before the Revolutionary War, when they had entertained a real Indian Queen.

When Sullivan's army drove her people from their homes and destroyed their village, she fled to Ft. Niagara and spent the winter of 1779 there, as a prisoner. She was treated with respect and consideration by the soldiers, but after her release, she crossed into Canada and when last heard of in 1790, was still living near the Canadian border.

She must have had a strong and unusual personality to so impress herself, not only on her savage tribe, but on the surrounding region. Catharine Valley has had many fair women, but the only one whose name is perpetuated is Catharine Montour, the half-breed queen of a practically extinct race. It is interesting to notice how often her name is on the lips of those who have never so much as heard of her existence. The township is named Catharine—*Cathareen* the country folk pronounce it—and there is Catharine Valley and Catharine



CATHARINE CREEK

Creek; on the banks of the creek is a dilapidated barn-like building, once intended for school purposes, that is interesting to us because it is called "Queen Catharine's Hotel;" there is also a township named Montour, beside the waterfall called Montour Falls and the village of the same name.

We turned and looked far down the valley to the south, where the hills met in the blue haze. It was



MONTOUR FALLS

there Sullivan's men came down, but not in the blue and gold of the September day; they were approaching the very stronghold of the Senecas and took up their line of march after the sun had set. It was an unknown country and the banks of the Catharine Creek were an almost impassable swamp, a very slough of despond to the heavy-laden, discouraged men. Together with the weary pack-horses, loaded with ammuni-

tion and tent equipments, but all too little provision, they floundered along till midnight, almost forgetting their fear of ambuscade in the present misery of the quagmire beneath their feet. "A march through roads that cannot be described," wrote Major John Burrows in his journal. "A most horrid, thick, miry swamp," recorded another officer.

They spent the whole night struggling, wading, floundering along, with Catharine Creek apparently always in front of them. It turned and doubled and impeded them as if in alliance with their savage foes. No one knows how many times they crossed and recrossed it; some say nine, some fifteen, some thirty times. Now it is as merry a little river as Dr. Van Dyke ever found in his travels, and as we stood on its bank and watched its current, it was hard to believe that it was the same stream that flouted and tormented those disheartened men till some were ready to lie down with their exhausted horses and give up the struggle. Indeed we found it so enticing, as it rippled on its winding course, that we yielded to its persuasion and followed along its bank. In and out it went; the willows hung low, almost dipping their slender branches in its waters, the golden rod and purple asters nodded to each other from either shore, the bright flecks of sunshine showed the stones in its bed and all the time it was humming the cheeriest of little songs. How we did wish we could understand what it was saying, for surely it must often babble of those old days when Queen Catharine's lodge stood on its bank and her Seneca husband guided his birch canoe down its course to the lake three miles away.

But if Catharine Creek keeps its secrets, a record, though a more prosaic one, remains. Before the days of daily papers, every one kept a journal and some of those written by Sullivan's soldiers have been carefully preserved. Quaint old records they are with here and there a refreshing touch of humor. Major Jeremiah Fogg, for instance, deserves a more fitting name, for he lights up his accounts by many vivid bits of description. He tells us, among other things, that "the surrounding country was as uneven as a sea in the tempest" and was seamed by "prodigious gullies."

The army spent the second of September in camp and evidently they took the opportunity to write up their journals. They all record the terrors of the night in Bear Swamp and the day's rest at Catharine's town. Each one varies the name to suit his individual taste. They write it Katareen's Town, French Cathrene, Queen Catharene's Castle, French Catherone's Town and Cheoquock, and there are almost as many ways of spelling Catharine as there are writers. The Indian name of the village was Sheoquoga.

We learn from these journals that the village consisted of forty or fifty houses and as each house was a "long house," that is built to shelter five or six families, there must have been several hundred Indians in the settlement. These houses were not rude wigwams of bark or skins stretched on poles, but substantial dwellings: indeed, we are told that "the Queen's Palace was a gambril ruft house about 30 feet long and 18 feet wide." Neither was the village surrounded by forests as we might imagine, but by fields of corn and by "apple and peach trees fruited deep."

The soldiers heard the barking of dogs as they approached and the fires were still burning, but the town was deserted except for one old squaw, too feeble to go with the others. She was a veritable "find" for the annalists and no one who brought his record down to September second failed to use her as material. Major Fogg dubbed her "Madam Sacho," and said she was a "full-blooded, antediluvian hag." They made various guesses as to her age and Lieutenant Beatty, who evidently believed "a woman is as old as she looks," boldly pronounced her to be a hundred and twenty years old at least. They treated her kindly, however, building a little hut for her in a secluded place and leaving her some bacon, a bag of meal and some of their few remaining biscuits, though not an officer under the rank of a field officer had tasted any since leaving Tioga. The same Lieutenant Beatty remarks, a little grudgingly perhaps, "I suppose now she will live in splendor."

In turn she told them, and truthfully, as they afterward learned, that Col. Butler had been there a few days before stirring up the tribe; that the women had begged to remain in their homes, but had not been permitted to do so for fear they would be captured and held as hostages; that they had been sent away in the morning, but that the braves had waited till they could hear the march of the army and the voices of the soldiers.

Some say that Queen Catharine lingered behind and hid under the "Rushing Waters" that are now called for her, Montour Falls. They may be seen from almost any point in the village, rushing from one of Major Fogg's "prodigious gullies." The stream starts high up in the

western hill and, reaching its brink two hundred feet above the town, plunges down only to rise again half its height in mist that catches the sunlight and reflects all the rainbow's tints. When it first flashed its spray before the dazzled eyes of Sullivan's soldiers, one of them, at least, believed it to be the great Niagara of which he had heard the trappers tell. If you creep close to the edge you can see the cavern under the fall where the fugitive queen concealed herself, or rather,—though not quite the same thing to be sure—where tradition says she was hidden.

But the sun was already setting on the western hill, for, alas, it does not stand still even in this enchanted land, and we reluctantly turned from the site of Queen Catharine's town to follow a little further the path she took when she bade a last farewell to the village that still bears her name. On the one side, the mountain's rose precipitously two

hundred feet from the well-trodden road; on the other side, Catharine Creek ever wound in and out, as if guiding us to the broader pathway down which Queen Catharine disappeared. At last Seneca Lake lay before us, like a second heaven with its white mass of reflected clouds.

We looked far down its smooth expanse till the blue hills were blurred into the rosy haze of the September sunset, and, as we gazed, a vision came of that September dawn, more than a century ago. We seem to hear the dirge of a departing race. From the southern shore a flotilla of canoes shot out and, leading them in the royal canoe, the eagle's feathers in her hair, the robes of beaver and martin beneath her feet, Queen Catharine sat, a fugitive but still a queen, like Arthur of old "going a long way," while in fancy, we stood as stood Sir Bedivere,

"Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge
of dawn
And on the mere the wailing died away."

Understanding

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

One only heard the beating rain,
The low wind stir the grass,
A vagrant bee drone drowsily,
A lilting robin pass.

But one heard, laughing from the sky,
And singing from the sod,
And whispering from each least thing,
The messages of God!

First Admiral of New England

By ALEXANDER CAMERON

WITH the rise of the Tudors in England, her navy took definite shape and became of acknowledged importance. It is true she had possessed at various times quite formidable fleets. Three hundred years earlier, under the great Plantagnet, two hundred vessels had been used to convey her army to the crusade in the Holy Land, and for generations the ceaseless wars between France and England had necessitated some means of transporting soldiers across the Channel. But it was due to the first Tudor king that any amount of thought was given to systematically strengthening the very small collection of miscellaneous vessels that by courtesy might be considered the Royal Navy of England.

In those early days England did not dream of becoming the successful rival of Spain, who was unquestionably the mistress of the seas, but her attempt at a navy gave Bartholomew, the younger brother of Columbus, when efforts elsewhere had been futile, the suggestion to appeal to Henry the Seventh to furnish ships and money for the Cathay project. The king turned a deaf ear to his entreaties and thus lost to England the opportunity of discovery that finally became the glory of Spain. Columbus, in pursuing the theory of the shorter route to Cathay, discovered a world of which he had never dreamed and

the magnitude of his discovery he never realized. No more did Europe. For over a century the belief in the existence of the passage that led directly to the treasures of the East was unshaken, and even in the face of accumulating testimony that overthrew the old theory, the world was slow to learn that it was America, not China, that had been discovered.

During these years England forged steadily ahead; her power upon the sea was growing. Henry the Eighth is accredited with planning a methodical arrangement for the government of the navy, and he could boast four men-of-war and fifty-three other vessels, in all. Under his daughter, Mary, the navy was permitted to go to ruin; her reign, however, was short, and when the last of the Tudors wielded the sceptre, Elizabeth's navy was one to be feared, not on account of the number or superiority of her vessels, but in the quality of the men who manned them, winning for her the proud title of "Restorer of Naval Power and Sovereign of the Northern Seas." Her dauntless seamen were inspired by four motives, war, discovery, commerce, and colonization. Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Frobisher, each have added to England's fame, while the united efforts of all made possible the defeat of the Armada. Their life work called forth some of the noblest qualities of manhood, for it was an age of

fearlessness and adventure, an age of ambition and courage, of steadfastness and patient endurance, this golden age of Elizabeth. True, these men had many faults, but they were heroes, and the age of hero-worshippers has never passed. If we admit that a child's education begins a hundred years before he is born, then we must look to many influences such as these, to appreciate the forces that shaped the life of one man and the destiny of a continent.

At Willoughby, in the county of Lincoln, there lived a well-to-do farmer by the name of George Smith, to whom was born in the year 1579 a child to be known to future generations by the prosaic name of John Smith; but the name is the only thing about him that is prosaic, for his was a life full of stirring events, crowned by noble achievement. As a child he dreamed dreams, the life upon the sea attracted him and, fired by the example of the men of his day whose adventures were repeated again and again in every home in England, he ran away from the merchant of Lynn to whom he had been apprenticed since his father's death, and at the age of fifteen went to France in attendance on Lord Willoughby's second son, and there he first began to learn the life of a soldier. But it was not long ere Henry of Navarre agreed to the Peace of the League, against which he had struggled for so many years, and civil war was at an end in France. Smith then drifted to the Low Countries, where for four years he fought for the Protestant cause before he returned to his old home in Lincolnshire.

No doubt he became the hero of

the hour, but the interested rustics evidently wearied him, for, as he expresses it, he was "glutted with too much company," so with one servant he retired to the woods, where "by a faire brooke he built himself a pavilion of boughs;" here, with the exercise of horse, lance, and ring, and with two books, "Marcus Aurelius and Macheavillie's Arte of Warre," he passed some little time in rest and study. But such a spirit as Smith's could not remain long inactive; he was only nineteen, with all the inexperience, over-confidence, and enthusiasm of youth. The thought of the slaughtered Christians appealed to the poetic and chivalrous side of his nature, and he determined to try his fortunes against the Turks.

His first experience was to make the acquaintance of some Frenchmen, who, seeing in him an easy victim, represented themselves as also eager to fight the Turks and begged him to join their party; when they lured him to France they promptly robbed him and left him to make his way as best he could to Marseilles, where he took ship for Italy. The other passengers were all Roman Catholics on their way to the Eternal City, and when a severe storm arose and he was discovered to be the only Protestant aboard, it was decided to follow the example of the ancient mariners of Joppa, and cast the offender into the sea. No great fish was provided for his transportation, but he was not far distant from the deserted little island of St. Mary's, and being an expert swimmer reached the shore. Fortunately in this uninhabited spot he was destined to remain only twenty-four hours before a passing French vessel was

hailed and took him on board; then came a cruise in the Mediterranean, terminating in a fight with a Venetian vessel, more than twice the size of the French, in which the latter was victorious, and as Smith was conspicuous for his valor, he obtained a corresponding share of the spoils.

Meanwhile the armies of Rodolph of Germany were waging war with the Turks under the Third Mahomet. Smith after reaching Italy, made a leisurely journey to Gratz in Styria, the residence of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, afterwards Emperor of Germany. Here he was soon introduced to several persons of distinction in the imperial army and was fortunate in attaching himself to the staff of the Earl of Meldritch, a colonel of cavalry. The year 1601 was nearly closed, and the advantage of the conflict had so far been with the Turk. Hungary had been the battlefield, and many of the strongest fortresses were taken, and the crescent was waving triumphant as far even as Canissia on the border of Styria. This was no time for one who merely sought the spoils of war to join the Christians, yet, young as he was, our soldier of fortune offered his free lance with so much heartiness and such evident love of the science of war, that he attracted the attention of those highest in command, who listened to his various plans for conducting the campaign with a sense of good-natured amusement, that quickly gave place to the feeling that here might be a budding genius. And so it proved.

The Turks had moved on as far as Olympach and were besieging that important place with twenty thousand men. Baron Kisell, with the cavalry

of Meldritch, ten thousand men in all, had gone to the relief of Lord Ebersbaught, but unless the besieged and the relieving party could act in unison nothing could be effected. Smith told Kisell that one day he had discussed with Lord Ebersbaught the subject of telegraphing by means of torches, a practice that had once been used by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Permission was given him to attempt this means of communication, and that night on the mountain, Smith built three fire signals to which Ebersbaught, keenly on the alert for aid, replied in like fashion. The message was carefully spelled out, the number of torches displayed at one time corresponding to the letter of the alphabet. "On — Thursday — night — I — will — charge — on — the — east — at — the — alarm — sally — you," and Lord Ebersbaught answered: "I — will."

Smith unfolded another plan to divide the strength of the Turks and to render half their force useless. The Turkish army lay on both sides of the river; behind one of these divisions he arranged at stated intervals "two or three thousand pieces of match," connected by lines, and "armed with powder," this was to be fired before the alarm and would thus seem so many musketeers. This manœuvre kept half of the Turks chained to the spot, where they awaited in vain the full charge of Kisell's forces, while Ebersbaught made a successful sally from the town. The Turks were slain in great numbers and the siege was raised. Smith received well-earned honor and reward, and was given a command of two hundred and fifty horse, and, though but twenty

years old, he had won his way to recognition with only his clear intellect, undaunted bravery, and single-heartedness of purpose.

His next commendable plan was the adoption of the "Fiery Dragon," round earthen pots filled with gunpowder and bullets; these bombs were thrown into the besieged town of Alba Regalls with great effect, not only slaughtering the Turks, but setting the place on fire. Finally this stronghold fell. The campaign was pressed with unremitting zeal till the Christians were before the walls of Regall, a city of the mountains which was regarded by the Turks as absolutely impregnable. Meldritch was determined upon its fall, and his cannon were dragged through almost inaccessible passes and his troops stationed on the table-land of the mountain. Regall, confident in its own strength, laughed at the slow steady efforts of the besiegers and tauntingly sent a challenge from Lord Turbishaw to the Earl of Meldritch, stating that as the Turks feared that the Christians would have no opportunity of affording amusement to the ladies, they begged that one of their captains would come forth to single combat, the victor to possess the head, the horse and the armor of the vanquished. Such eagerness to accept prevailed among the Christians that the choice had to be made by lot, and John Smith was the lucky man. On the appointed day the Turks, with their fair ladies, took an advantageous position on the walls of Regall, while on the table-land was drawn up the Christian army, displaying every banner and holiday device that was theirs. It was all conducted in the manner of

a hundred years before, Turbishaw, gorgeous in armor, as the challenger, arriving first on the field, preceded by a "noise of howboys to announce his coming." "On his shoulders were fixed a paire of great wings compacted of eagle's feathers, within a ridge of silver, richly garnished with gold and precious stones." Smith was dressed very simply, but his old training in the woods of Lincolnshire with horse, lance and ring gave him such skill that at the first encounter his lance pierced the eye and penetrated to the brain of Lord Turbishaw, before that nobleman could inflict upon him a single blow. The intended amusement for the Turkish ladies was turned to bitter lamentations when the body of the commander of Regall was laid at their feet.

But the fury of Gualgo, Turbishaw's dearest friend, knew no bounds and breathing vengeance against Smith, he sent him a challenge, offering his own head to win back that of Turbishaw. Smith gladly accepted his offer and the next day the combat was repeated. The result was defeat for Gualgo; his head was the forfeit, and again Regall's gates opened to receive the body of her dead champion.

Nothing more was heard from the city suggesting further amusements, but after some little time Smith himself took the initiative and sent a most courteous message, addressed to the ladies of Regall, saying that he would be delighted to return to them the heads of their knights, and his own, as well, if they would send a champion to win the prize. A third time the contest of valor was made and a

third time Smith was successful, and Mulgro met the same fate that had befallen his two friends.

But individual acts of prowess, although very cheering to the army, could accomplish nothing in the face of the overpowering force of Crim Tartars the Christians were soon to meet in November, 1602, in Rothen-thurm, a pass in Transylvania. There they were utterly defeated and the victor of Regall was left wounded on the field. His rich dress saved him, however, for it argued he would be worth a ransom. His wounds were carefully tended and he was bought as a slave by Bashaw Bogall, who destined him as a present to his "faire mistress," Charatza Tragabigzanda, and by "twentie and twentie chained by the neckes" the conquered Christians marched to Constantinople. Charatza could speak Italian; Smith had also acquired some familiarity with that language, and his dignity, bearing and accomplishments attracted the "faire mistress," who, as Smith expresses it, showed him "compassion." But the pity soon grew to love, and fearful lest her mother should discover it, she appealed to her brother, Timour Bashaw, of Nalbritz, on the Don, in Tartary, to take Smith under his protection and treat him as an honored prisoner of war. Charatza was still under the control of her mother and not yet free to act as she chose, but, alas, for her well-laid plans. In a letter to her brother her interest in the prisoner was too evident, her secret was revealed, and the haughty Turk, while accepting Smith, determined to countenance no such love affair on the part of his sister. Ac-

cordingly, for about six months, Smith's life was as hard as the Bashaw could devise. He was treated worse than the lowest slave, and every time the Bashaw visited his grange where Smith was at work, he never failed to administer a flogging to his sister's unhappy lover. But Smith was not the kind of man to endure bondage longer than was absolutely necessary. He had talked of escape to the other prisoners, but found them useless as confederates; the difficulties were too many, their spirits too crushed; so with a patient acceptance of the inevitable present he abided his time.

One day when Smith was doing his appointed work of thrashing corn in rather a secluded place, the Bashaw approached alone on horseback. Dismounting, he advanced to his prisoner and as usual struck him. Quick as a flash the heavy flail descended on the Bashaw's head. The long-suffering prisoner had turned, and before the strong arms ceased their blows the brother of Charatza was dead. Smith then stripped the body and hid it and his own clothes under the straw; he could not unfasten the heavy iron ring, the mark of slavery, from about his neck, but clothed as a Turkish Bashaw and mounted on a Turkish horse, he made a wild dash for the desert and for liberty. It was a desperate flight; for eighteen or twenty days he rode for life, till he reached Ecopolis, a fort on the Don held by the Russians. Here was safety and protection. The governor received him gladly, took off his irons and treated him most kindly; he was also presented to the Lady Callamata, probably the governor's wife, who "largely

supplied all his wants," the governor, moreover, gave him the protection of a convoy to Transylvania. There he met a royal welcome, many of his old friends, his colonel, the Earl of Meldritch, and his general, Prince Sigismundi, who had mourned for him as dead. The Prince, in memory of Regall, gave him a grant of arms (three Turks heads) and five hundred ducats of gold. Smith's cup of happiness was full; as he expresses it in his own words, he was "glutted with content and neere drowned with joy."

A few more experiences, this time in Northern Africa and the Canary Islands, and then Smith set his face towards home. At the time of his return, in 1604, England was eagerly and hopefully determined to colonize in the New World with the ultimate view to a plentiful increase of gold for the mother country. The Spaniards had reaped such a harvest from Peru, Bolivia and Mexico, why should not England find corresponding wealth in Virginia? So far Smith had been a free lance, he had fought for the pure love of adventure, but now, on his return home, patriotism, that had lain dormant, stirred within him, and it was to England and for England's glory that the remainder of his life was given.

Both the Virginia and Plymouth Companies were busy fitting out expeditions to colonize. Smith threw himself heart and soul into the interests of the former, assisting in the work as much as lay in his power and investing £500 as a stockholder. The affairs of this company were governed by thirteen men appointed by the Crown. They selected the local

council for each colony, which chose its own president from among its members. With great lack of wisdom the names of the Council were kept a profound secret; the box of instructions, though given in London, was not to be opened till the little colony of one hundred and five men had reached the New World. In ignorance of who was in command, during the long months of the voyage, dissensions broke out, and Smith, suspected of being one of the leaders, was put in chains. But the man who had endured slavery in Tartary wasted no force in useless fretting, but accepted the humiliating, though temporary, condition with calm patience, for in the young colony he knew that every strong arm would be of value and his freedom would soon come.

They had left England on December 19th, 1606, and on the following 23rd of April, after a voyage of more than four months, the three little vessels were finally driven by a severe storm into Chesapeake Bay, and the point of land at which they touched was so refreshing to the weary travellers that, to give expression to their satisfaction, they called it Point Comfort. The box of instructions was then opened and the seven following men found appointed: Newport, Wingfield, Martin, Smith, Gosnold, Ratcliffe, and Kendall. Smith being in chains was excluded, and the Council elected Wingfield as president. They tarried here but a short time before exploring Powhatan's river, as the Indians called it, but which they named the James, in honor of the King, and established themselves on May 13, 1607, on the site which they

called Jamestown. In some respects the position was favorable, being a peninsula two and one-half miles long, three-quarters of a mile in breadth, and with a strip of land fifty feet wide connecting it with the mainland. Upon this isthmus they built the block house. The harbor, with its six fathoms depth, was all that could be desired, but unfortunately the land was low, marshy, and subject at high tide to encroachments from the river, and malaria lurked in the air.

Though still regarded as a prisoner, Smith was entirely too necessary a man to the success of the enterprise not to be given his personal liberty. Soon Newport with twenty others, including Smith, explored the James River to its falls, where Richmond now stands, the main object being to find the lake or channel that led to Cathay, at the same time to visit the mighty Powhatan, and with numerous gifts endeavor to propitiate the Indians to the presence of the Europeans. The great chief of Virginia accepted the gifts, professed friendship, but determined upon treachery. Newport managed the expedition well, but it is needless to say no short cut to Cathay was discovered, and the Indians proving quite unfriendly he thought it best to return to Jamestown. Soon the infant colony was surrounded by four hundred savages, and it was necessary to disperse them by means of shells from the boats. By the time peace was restored, the ships were ready to return to England, and Wingfield concluded it was an excellent opportunity to get rid of his difficult associate, so he decided to accuse Smith of mutiny and let him be tried before an English

court.* Smith forced his opponent's hand and demanded an immediate trial on Virginia soil, at which trial he was unanimously acquitted and Wingfield ordered to pay £200 damages, which sentence did not tend to endear Smith to the heart of the president.

Smith was now admitted to his rightful place as a member of the Council, and through the influence of the Rev. Robert Hunt, temporary peace was established. Soon Newport returned with the ships to England to report the condition of the colony to the London Company and to await further instructions. The fine of £200 was chiefly in stores and clothing, and was used by Smith to relieve the wretched condition of the colonists. The excessive heat, miserable food, and severe labors were proving fatal to European health; the summer dragged along, fifty died, and the rest were ill, many too ill to work. The Indians were restless and showed daily signs of hostility. Wingfield, who desired only the honors of office and courted no such dangers as were imminent, decided to betake himself, with a few chosen friends, quietly home in the pinnace, and, that Smith might not be grieved at the parting, they did not take him into their confidence. When he accidentally heard of their projected trip, he laid a detaining hand upon the president, and when, a few months later, in Smith's absence on the Chickahominy expedition, a second attempt at flight was made, Ratcliffe, who was now elected to the presidency which Smith had declined, kept Wingfield a prisoner in the pinnace, shot his confederate Ken-

dall, and ordered to be unloaded from the boat the provisions Smith had with such infinite pains secured from the Indians, and that were intended to last the mere handful of colonists throughout the winter.

There is another and a darker tale connected with the shooting of Kendall. It was a well-known fact that Spain, uneasy at England's success upon the seas, was even more uneasy at the thought of her establishing a colony in the New World. Had not his holiness Pope Alexander VI., a native of Arragon, given all this western land of North America to their Most Christian Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella and to their heirs forever, and was the heretic to plant his foot upon these Western shores? Therefore the colony was to be watched closely, and Kendall is accredited with being the paid agent of Spain. Wingfield states that he himself was accused of conspiracy with Spain and his papers were searched, but no treasonable evidence found. The Spanish Ambassador Zuñiga wrote to Philip in September, 1607, that he had secured a "confidential person" in the London Council and some one was also a spy in the colony. No wonder summary action was taken upon Kendall. The situation was not a happy one; there was treachery to guard against from Spain; there was a constant demand from the London Company for either the gold of America or the discovery of a passage by sea to the gold of China; the colonists had but little food; there were hostile savages on every side; those on whom the government of the colony depended were jealous of each other, and, with the exception of

Smith, possessed very little ability to meet the strenuous necessities of the times; worst of all the majority of the colonists were totally unfit for the difficulties of the life before them.

Meanwhile, thinking the colony comparatively quiet, for a time at least, Smith had, with a small party, undertaken the trip up the Chickahominy for the purpose of exploration. After a journey of seventy miles Smith left most of the men in the larger boat, and taking with him in a canoe two of his friends and an Indian went a little further up the stream. Then, leaving the canoe in the charge of the two white men with positive instructions not to come ashore, Smith plunged into the wilderness with the Indian guide. In a very short time, to his perfect amazement, he saw behind every tree there lurked a red skin, and treachery was in the air. Seizing his guide, he used his body as a shield from the arrows of the hostile Indians, and commenced backing towards the river and the canoe, but he dared not look over his shoulder to watch his steps, and soon he found himself sinking into a morass. It was a wretched predicament; surrender was the only sensible course, and Smith was sensible. So with a good grace he yielded to the unavoidable and permitted himself to be taken prisoner without sign of fear. Opechancanough, the brother of Powhatan, to whom he had surrendered, decided to put the courage of the white brave to the test. He was first fastened to a tree and arrows shot painfully near him, to prove his nerve. The chief gloated over the capture of so great a "prince" and had him borne in state from village to village, where

for three days the wildest kind of orgies imaginable were held over the captive. His high courage never flinched, and even as a prisoner he contrived to impress his foes with the superiority of the white race. Intimidations had availed nothing, perchance bribery might win this fearless stranger; he was offered "life, liberty, land, and women" if only he would show them how to get possession of Jamestown. He would not even consider the suggestion, though if he refused he might have to endure the torture, an art of which the Indians were past masters, yet he scorned to betray the men whose necessities and dangers had lain so near his heart. The Indians, however, were in no undue haste to kill the pale face; he had taught them the use of his compass, he should also instruct them in the use of his firearms. Smith gravely advised them to plant the gunpowder in order that they might have a crop next year, and in showing them the use of his pistol was so clumsy as to break it. Thus their pursuit of knowledge in that direction was arrested.

The next destination of the captive was Werowocomico, the capital of Powhatan. Two hundred warriors were there assembled and a large retinue of women, whose custom it was to participate in their councils. That Smith was regarded as no mean prize was evidenced even in trifles, for no less a personage than the Queen of Apamattuck was ordered to serve him. He was provided with food; and then the long consultation of the chiefs began, which finally terminated in the sentence that by lot his

fate was to be decided. And Fate decreed death.

A little child with wide open eyes was watching the scene with eager anxiety. There he lay bound and helpless, that wonderful pale-faced chief who had sailed far over the seas from another world, a world that was a veritable fairy-land to the little princess. Had she not seen the treasures he had brought, bells and beads, hobby horses, and musical instruments, and was this glorious being to be slain before her very eyes, and she utter no protest? She was only between ten and twelve years of age, yet the child plead with her father, the mighty Powhatan, to spare the life of the captive. The powerful chief thrust his little daughter aside and the simple preparations were made. Two great stones were arranged to pillow the head of the victim, Smith was eagerly dragged to the spot, and the clubs of the warriors raised to beat out his brains, when with a child's impetuosity and a woman's wisdom the dauntless little

"Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death; whereat the Emperor was content he should live to make him hatchets and her bells, beads, etc."

Thus Powhatan pictured the future life of Smith, and two days later adopted him as his son. After a few days had elapsed Smith was allowed to return to Jamestown, accompanied by an Indian escort, which was to bring back the guns and grindstone, besides the various trinkets promised Powhatan and others of the tribe. The grindstone was so heavy and the

gun, which had been fired for their benefit, terrified them so, that both those treasures were left behind in Jamestown.

About six weeks had elapsed since Smith left the settlement and again he found the malcontents, headed this time by Ratcliffe, ready to flee. The lazy, shiftless men, with broken fortunes, who left England on a fruitless quest for gold, had no mind to endure the privation of the life before them. The few fortunate ones who could have fled would gladly have loaded the pinnace with provisions and sailed away, leaving their less fortunate comrades to die of starvation or be massacred by the Indians, but Smith inexorably held them to their duty. The power of his presence was so great they dared not disobey him. So they plotted against him, accusing him of being responsible for the death of the two men who had been left in the canoe, and although such a foolish accusation came to naught, for the men could easily have escaped had they but remained in the canoe and followed Smith's instructions, he was held a prisoner. Luckily at this juncture Newport returned from England and liberated both Smith and Wingfield.

The other members of the council became jealous of the regard the Indians had shown for Smith, for Powhatan had created him a Werowance, or chief of the tribe. Smith understood the Indian nature as did none of his contemporaries, moreover he possessed the traits the Indians most admired: cool intrepidity, patience and the cleverness to outwit them. Powhatan was a wily politician, getting the better of the whites in nearly

every dealing with them. Smith alone was his superior and the means of saving the infant colony from utter annihilation. Moreover, in Pocahontas, Smith had a powerful ally. Repeatedly she visited Jamestown, fascinated by the strange sights she saw there, and bringing back with her on each occasion liberal supplies of provisions. But the colonists, most of them careless and self-indulgent, never seemed to appreciate the situation. Smith was giving his all, "his goods he spent, his honor, his faith and his sure intent—but 'twas not in the least what these men had meant—they did not understand."

The winter of 1607-8 was severely cold; the great granaries Smith had built, and by tact and diplomacy in trading with the Indians had succeeded in filling with grain, were totally destroyed by fire, as well as the church and a number of the settlers' homes. This was a terrible calamity, and the exposure and privation that followed caused the death of one-half of the settlement. But in the spring, with the help of one hundred and twenty additional colonists, the church, storehouses, dwellings and fortifications were again rebuilt, and none too soon, for though peace had been concluded in the winter through the efforts of Smith, yet the Indians were once more growing restless and began their depredations by stealing. Smith was again to the fore and in an expedition attacked and defeated the Indians, taking eighteen prisoners. Through them he learned of another conspiracy in his own household, to deliver him into the hands of the Indians that they might put him to death. His enemies in the colony, who

had brought many accusations against him, finally asserted that he exceeded his authority and they resorted to this last cowardly expedient to get rid of him. They could not see that he was abundantly able to defend himself from harm, while they without him could scarcely preserve themselves from utter destruction.

Sick at heart he left them for a while, and that summer he spent in making two exploring expeditions, the first along the Potomac, the second to the mouth of the Susquehanna. He found no gold for the London Company, but he made a close study of the Indian life and also drew up a map of Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, an invaluable addition to the geography of the world. Meanwhile, in the colony, Ratcliffe had been deposed from the presidency and Smith elected in his stead. It was an office he had refused more than once and had never desired. Nor on the other hand did the majority of the colonists, idle, dissipated, "unruly gallants," as Smith termed them, desire him, but they had begun to realize that he was the only man who could save them, that he alone could carry them through the approaching winter. Smith had a strong backing in thirty-eight soldiers, the best men in the colony, who remained through life his staunch friends, and upon whom he could absolutely rely; two of these men had served under his command in Rothenthurm. His first work as president was to strengthen the fort, rebuild many of the houses and establish a weekly drill. Soon a vessel came from London bringing again Newport and between seventy and eighty additional colonists, and also

the most visionary, impracticable orders from the home company. A number of presents were prepared for Powhatan, including a crown sent him by King James, with a bedstead and furnishings. The haughty Indian objected to kneel to receive a crown from England's King; was he not already the ruler of Virginia in his own right? Newport, under the instructions of the London Company, was determined upon discovering gold, and also upon finding Raleigh's lost colony; both of these misdirected efforts only exhausted the strength of his men and accomplished nothing.

One of Smith's strongest points lay in the fact that he was quick to recognize actual conditions, while most of his countrymen, either in Virginia or London, clung to a theory and wasted their energies in pursuing phantoms. But the London stockholders must get some return for all their outlay of money, and the importance of the very existence of the colony was lost sight of in the lust for gold or its equivalent. So Smith at this time, much against his good judgment, was obliged to take men from the important work of providing for the coming winter, and by the orders from London was forced to manufacture what goods he could. Newport had brought with him a few skilled workmen, and the colonists learned amidst the greatest difficulties to manufacture glass, while others worked at tar, pitch and soap ashes. And none worked harder than Smith himself. Meanwhile winter, with its usual scarcity of food, was approaching, and again Smith started on a foraging expedition. But Powhatan had influenced his people not to trade, and

it was only by heeding the Emperor's request that some carpenters be sent to build a house for his fine bedstead that Smith could succeed in bargaining for any grain. These carpenters were Dutchmen, and thinking it would be very unlikely that Smith could keep the colony alive during the winter, betrayed its weakness to Powhatan in order to save themselves from starvation. Feeling that now Smith was in his power, Powhatan determined to kill the one Englishman whom he feared. Smith's little party after trading with Powhatan was unable to leave that day, for the tide was too low when the corn was brought, and they suspected no treachery. But early that night the little maid Pocahontas made her way to the English camp and told Smith of her father's plan. Forewarned was ever forearmed with him, and again this Indian princess, though but a child, saved his life and that of the colony.

Still there was not enough corn and Smith next tried trading with Opechancanough. This mighty chief first tried to entrap the white man and then sought to kill him, but Smith was too clever and succeeded in taking Opechancanough himself prisoner. Upon his demand for corn it was given and given in abundance, though some of it, they discovered to their sorrow, was poisoned. Next came the news from Jamestown that two of the Council, Scrivener and Gosnold, were drowned, and Smith hastened home with his provisions—and none too soon, for a strong hand was needed in the colony. Through the treachery of the Dutchmen, the Indians were no longer afraid, and were stealing

from the colony everything they could lay hands on. Smith took command of a small fighting party, killed six or seven Indians, took a few prisoners, and burned several wigwams, before he succeeded in intimidating them. Peace was then established, and when the spring time came Smith ordered the first planting of corn that was ever done by the English in America. The live stock, too, was more flourishing in this spring of 1609.

In England, affairs were taking a new turn. The London Company had been re-organized and several vessels had set sail for Jamestown, bringing the old enemies of Smith—Ratcliffe, Martin and Archer. Some consider it an accident, others again regard it as another plan to murder him; be that as it may, when Smith was up the river one hundred miles from Jamestown in an open boat, the bag of gunpowder on which he slept exploded. That he escaped death was miraculous, but the magnificent constitution of the man of thirty conquered the frightful burns, though he was in no condition to remain and endure the hardships in the colony. He bade farewell to Percy, the new governor, who had been elected by the malcontents, and sailed for England, October 4, 1609.

At last he was gone. Their ill-disciplined, reckless natures would brook no prudent restraint. Most of them were so self-centred that they considered only their own individual hardships, with very little thought of the good of the whole. John Smith summed up the situation in one sentence: "Nothing is to be expected thence but by labor," and labor was

the last thing they desired. They longed for gold. The wretched failure of the expeditions under both Raleigh and Granville were caused chiefly by the lack of food; Smith's diplomatic treatment of the Indians procured in a large measure both food and peace. His time had been mainly devoted to obtaining for them the actual necessities of life, but "the excellent things he planned, the work of his heart and hand, were given to the men who did not know, and did not understand." On that weary voyage home, beyond the agony of his physical pain, was the consciousness that though "some of him lived, yet most of him had died" in that fair new land of Virginia. His bright hopes, his noble ambitions, his wise plans for the success of Jamestown were slain by the men who could not be made to comprehend the condition and with the remembrance of those former lost colonies it was with a heavy heart he crossed the seas. Three times England had tried and failed, and if she now retreated, Spain, her hated foe, would unquestionably take possession of North America, as she had of the Southern continent.

Once again in England the report he gave of the colony seriously alarmed the London Company, and provisions and the right kind of men under Lord Delaware were sent as soon as possible to the relief of Jamestown, and none too soon did they arrive, for the miserable, nearly famished sixty survivors of the terrible winter known as "Starving Time," were all that remained of the prosperous five hundred colonists that Smith had left six months before. These sixty wretched men, unable to face

further disaster, had broken up the settlement, and in the pinnace had determined to set sail for home, but with abundant food and additional men, hope revived, and Jamestown again renewed the struggle for existence. Thus whether in Virginia, or in London, John Smith's protecting care was felt. Unknown to himself his life work had been accomplished, his impress had been made on Virginia forever. Though only two years he had been in the colony, he had given a permanency to the settlement, and in the eyes of both the Spaniards and the Indians the position of England was henceforth established.

The London Company did not relish Smith's advice though they followed it, and asked his counsel on more than one occasion. His "rude answer," written several months before his return, stated the distressing condition of the colony and in no honeyed phrases had expressed his opinion of the unreasonable demands of the company. Now his presence was a too constant reminder of their mistakes and they cared to meet him as little as possible. Moreover, the men who had been with him in Virginia, in order to vindicate their own actions, united in denunciations of his; they could prove nothing, but their tongues created the fire, the smoke of which for years enveloped him like a cloud, that burned even more cruelly than the gunpowder. He then wrote and published a book entitled "The Proceedings & Accidents of the English Colony in Virginia," a vindication of his conduct there, and also "A Map of Virginia," as well as books and pamphlets on war, trade and colonization.

He was not alone in the endeavor to clear his name and reputation. About this time, 1612, William Phetiplace and Richard Potts, two of the sixty survivors of that horrible "Starving Time," published a statement in which they speak of Smith. These men did know and understand. They were no politicians or office-seekers; they desired no appointment from the London Company; they merely testified to the character of the man as they had seen him day by day.

"What shall I say? but this we lost him (4th Oct. 1609) that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide & experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, & indignity more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his souldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he either had, or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow or starve than not pay; that loved actions more than words, & hated falsehood & cozenage than death;" whose adventures were our lives, & whose lives our deaths."

A noble vindication truly.

In 1614, restored in health, his desire for an active life reasserted itself. He would not return to Virginia; the memory of wounds received in the house of his friends could not so soon be forgotten, but in the early spring days, in command of two small vessels, fitted out by some merchants of London, he sailed north of his old course to the land which he named New England. This was no colonizing expedition; perhaps Smith had had enough of that at present; gold, copper and whale fishing were his chief objects. He made a careful survey of the coast, and finding neither

gold nor copper, he wisely took the treasures within reach, fish and furs; of the latter an immense quantity. The map he made of New England he presented to Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles the First, who graciously accepted the gift, but changed many of the names. Thus, the Massachusetts cape that in calling Tragabigzanda Smith sought to perpetuate the name of his old love in Constantinople, the prince changed to Cape Ann. Cape James he altered to Cape Cod, and Accomack he changed to Plymouth. The name the prince left untouched was the group of three islands off Cape Ann, which still is known as the "Three Turks Heads," in memory of the three victories before the walls of Regall.

The following year, 1615, he again sailed for New England, and fell in with what appeared to be a pirate vessel, but these "pirates" were mostly English soldiers who had been stranded off the coast of Africa, had stolen the vessel and were making for home, and strange to say, many of them had served under Smith in the Transylvania wars. Smith was offered the command of the vessel, but it was for England that he labored and not for his own personal gain, so he declined the offer of his old soldiers and sailed away to encounter two other pirate ships, but from these he skillfully escaped, only to be captured by a French man of war. To be a prisoner was no novelty for Smith, so he philosophically spent his time in writing an account of his voyages to New England. When in France, many came to his aid, and he mentions Madame Chanoyes of Rochelle, with deep gratitude.

He returned home in December, 1615, and in June of the following year a bit of his old life drifted back to him. Six years had elapsed since he had been in Virginia. Pocahontas, then a child between ten and fourteen years of age, now developed into a blooming woman, had become the wife of John Rolfe, one of the colonists who at this time had returned to England with his bride. Upon learning this news, Smith in a long letter to her Majesty Queen Anne told how this Indian princess had repeatedly saved the colony in Virginia and often at the risk of her own life,

"the lady Pocahontas hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine; and not onely that, but so prevailed with her father, that * * * had the salvages not fed us we directly had starved."

So Smith paved the way for her favorable presentation at Court by Lady Delaware.

Poor Pocahontas,—her life had been a sad one. Her friendship for the whites had antagonized her father and she had been forced to make her home with the King and Queen of the Potomacks, who had treacherously sold her to an Englishman, named Argall, for the price of a copper kettle, and she was carried a prisoner to Jamestown, where the English held her, their best friend, for a ransom, demanding from her father all the English fire arms in the possession of the Indians. Powhatan refused. The following year she had been married, and three years later came with her husband to visit England.

It was some time before Smith met Pocahontas in person; she had been told by his enemies that he was dead, yet it is evident that she and her father

had their doubts of the truth of this, for in her interview with Smith she said,

"they did tell us alwaies you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plimouth, yet Powhatan did command Vittamatomakkin to seeke you, and know the truth, because your countriemen will lie much."

Alas for the reputation of truth and honor among the colonists; in Smith alone the Indians had faith. And now her joy in this interview was great.

"You did promise Powhatan what was yours should bee his, and he the like to you; you called him father being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason so must I doe you. * * * Were you not afraid to come into my father's cuntry and caused feare in him and all his people (but me); and feare you here I should call you father; I tell you then I will, and you shall call mee childe, and so I will bee for ever and ever your countrieman."

She had spoken truly, never again did she see the dusky faces of her own people; she had cast her lot with the English and on English soil she was to die, for when preparing to leave for Virginia, before her ship sailed, she fell a victim to consumption and the gentle spirit of this princess passed away. A little son she left behind her, Thomas Rolfe, whose descendants now are manifold in Virginia. Though the English blood has predominated and has almost wiped away all vestige of the Indian nature, yet it is with pride they trace their ancestry to this noble princess who so bravely aided John Smith to accomplish his great work.

About 1617, the Plymouth Company promised Smith the command of twenty ships to sail the following spring and created him for life

Admiral of New England. But this hope of colonizing was never to be fulfilled. He offered to lead the Pilgrims to the land of promise, but their religious scruples hindered his desire. He was a Protestant of the Church of England, they, Puritans yearning for a freer land than England in which to worship God. Smith's record in Virginia showed that a cross, no matter how rude, had been erected by him in every place he visited in the New World, and the church at Jamestown bore witness of his faith. On that ground alone he was not permitted to be the captain of the *Mayflower*, although he met their ideals in every respect, as he was "from debts, wine, dice, and oaths so free." The Plymouth Company would tolerate no adherent of the Church of England as its founder in the new world, and the New England of which he had been created Admiral he was never to see again, and he who was so able with the sword at last fell back upon the mightier weapon of the pen.

John Smith had never married; no home ties had been his; only in early childhood had he known his parents' loving care; when they had died he eagerly fled from the apprenticeship of the merchant of Lynn, and for years his life had been that of the camp or the sea—strenuous, full of difficulties valiantly met and bravely conquered. And now at the age of thirty-eight, with fourteen years more of life before him, the years that might have been so full of active joy, were to hold for him the bitter sickness of the heart that is known as hope deferred. To a man of his eager activities, with so much work to be done, and he so competent to do it, the restraint was

galling. But the full beauty of his life shone forth when, frustrated in every hope of employment, he did not allow his own sorrows to fill his horizon, but the clear eyes looked out across the sea to that wondrous new land that stood in need of him, and with a generosity and patient helpfulness that was so characteristic, aided others to accomplish the work he was not permitted to do.

In his own words he writes towards the end of his life

"Having been a slave to the Turks; prisoner among the most barbarous savages; after my deliverance commonly discovering & ranging those large rivers and unknown nations with such a handful of ignorant companions that the wiser sort often gave me up for lost; always in mutinies, wants, and miseries; blown up with gunpowder; a long time a prisoner among the French pirates, from whom escaping in a little boat by myself, and adrift all such a stormy winter night; when their ships were split, more than 100,000 lost which they had taken at sea, and most of them drowned upon the Isle of Rhe—not far from whence I was driven on shore, in my little boat, &c. And many a score of the worst winter months have (I) lived in the fields; yet to have lived near thirty seven years (1593—1630) in the midst of wars, pestilence, and famine, by which many a hundred thousand have died about me, and scarce five living of them that went first with me to Virginia, and yet to see the fruits of my labours that well begin to prosper (though I have but my labour for my pains) have I not much reason, both privately and publicly to acknowledge it, and give God thanks?"

Of his voyages he spoke most lovingly as his children, and from this time on till his death in 1631, he occupied his time in writing and distributing his writings through the south and west of England. The earnestness he displayed, the good sense and

practical views he advanced were strong influences in moulding the lives of many who were to make their home in America, and he showed that not "unruly gallants," but steadfast men were needed. His writings possessed in themselves no literary value; their importance lay in their power to turn the current of English thought in the right channel. Never again did England repeat her mistake of demanding that her colonists be forced to become manufacturers before they were capable of self-support or self-protection. The old idea which had hampered former discoverers and had ruined the success of other colonizers gradually gave way. Heretofore, unless the leaders of an enterprise could return with the material success of gold, or find a passage to the riches of China, all their other achievements were considered fruitless and many were misunderstood, misjudged and accounted failures. Smith was not only to be the first to securely establish the Anglo-Saxon race in America, but on his return to London, out of his rich

experience and clear-sightedness he did a great work in helping to destroy the false theories of the English people and in preparing them to justly estimate the goodly heritage that lay before them.

And now, with three hundred years between his life and ours, with a truer perception and clearer vision we can appreciate the debt we owe to him, and this colonist of Virginia, this first Admiral of New England could have no fitter monument than the preservation of the old landmarks at Jamestown. The tides wash over the peninsula as they did of old, and unless means are soon taken to shut out the river, the water will claim every foot of this historic ground and all trace of the first successful colony will be swept away, and Jamestown remain only a memory, while its restoration would stand as a lasting expression of a nation's gratitude to the man whose indomitable courage, patience and sagacity shone forth most brilliantly when the future of that nation was obscured in darkest clouds.



Noted Inns of New England

By MARY H. NORTHEND

THE most modern hotels of the present day cannot compare in importance with the ordinaries or inns that were opened in the early settlement of our country, by order of the General Court, in every town under the direct jurisdiction of the minister and the tithing man. These worthies were given authority to enforce the laws that prohibited the inordinate sale of liquors. As the inns were often required by law to be situated next the meeting house, many a pleasant nooning did our ancestors spend before the hospitable fire; for scant comfort did the footstoves of our forefathers' time give during the long church services in the winter months.

The landlords were men of distinction, being often the local magistrates, and the walls of the inn were posted with items of interest, such as notices of town meetings, elections, new laws, bills of sale and auctions. With these exciting topics before them, the men of the town might sit before the great wood fire and sip their toddy while discussing the news.

The tavern in Ipswich was pre-sided over in 1771 by no less a personage than the granddaughter of Governor Endicott, thus showing that some of the best families in New England were represented in this business, also showing that women were appointed innkeepers in many places by the advice of the General Court, so well did they perform their duties.

The business of inn-keeping was

not a particularly profitable one, as the sale of liquor was at times prohibited, no games were allowed, and the sale of cakes and buns forbidden. Small wonder that the town of Newbury was fined twice in those early days for inability to secure a person to open an ordinary. These houses were primitive affairs, often having but two rooms and a lean-to. Comfort was not expected, and frequently travelers had difficulty in securing beds. One's dinner cost sixpence by order of the General Court, regardless of quality or quantity of food served, the landlord and his wife always acting as host and hostess at the table.

Among the signs that were ordered placed on conspicuous parts of the houses where was provided "good entertainment for him who passes, horses, men, mares, and asses," was one representing a bust of General Wolfe, surrounded by a wreath of scroll work. It was carved by William Davenport of Newburyport, and was partially destroyed by the great fire that swept through that city in 1811, laying the principal part in ashes. A new sign was then painted by Samuel Cole to replace the original one, and it is still used at the same tavern. In Georgetown also, ten miles from Newburyport, a very ancient sign, bearing a portrait of General Wolfe, is in an excellent state of preservation. The house on which it originally hung was built twenty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The original frame of the house still re-



SIGN AT WAYSIDE INN, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS

mains, together with the heavy oak beams and interior panelling. In other respects the building presents a modernized appearance.

Concerning this old sign the following interesting incident is vouched for. Just after the battle of Lexington and Concord, a company of Yankee soldiers were on their way from Ipswich to the seat of war. Passing through Georgetown, they came to the old inn, over the front entrance of which hung the portrait of General Wolfe, swinging in the brisk morning breeze. Up to this time of "unpleasantness" between the mother country and our own, the memory of the brave Wolfe had been revered and loved alike by Englishmen and Americans. But now, in their intense hatred of everything British, the soldiers halted, lifted their old flint locks to their shoulders and riddled with bullets the offending sign. Several passed clean through it, while a few remained imbedded in the wood, and are plainly discernible at the present time.

An old tavern at Medford displayed a sign representing two old men shaking hands and bowing, which gave to the place the name of "The Palaver's Tavern." But it proved so offensive to the innkeeper

that he substituted another and more appropriate design in the form of a fountain pouring punch into a large bowl. This "Fountain Tavern" had substantial platforms in two large shade trees connected with each other and the house by bridges. In these tree nests the traveler might sit through the long afternoon or in the early twilight, cool and remote among the branches, drinking tea; watching horsemen and cartmen, and sturdy pedestrians come and go, and the dashing mail coach rattle up,—a flash of color and noise and life,—pour out its motley passengers, and speedily roll away with renewed patrons and splendor.

Among the several ancient inns standing at the present time, is one in Byfield, Massachusetts, kept by "Old J. P." as he was familiarly known, from the fact that these initials were stamped on the barrels of rum with which his cellar was filled. This tavern of Jeremiah Pearson's was a lively center on Muster days, and many a yarn was spun across the board in Independence Hall, so christened at a dinner given the returned troops after



COLLECTION OF OLD CHINA, WAYSIDE INN, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS

the Revolutionary War. Hither also, the eccentric Timothy Dexter, often wended his way and drank deep of the flowing bowl,—a habit, no doubt, that enhanced his eccentricities.

Copied from one of the favorite signs of England, "The Bunch of Grapes" formerly hung from the tavern of that name on State Street, Boston. It was made of baked clay and had been brought from England. A portion of this sign can be seen in the Essex Institute, Salem,

spirits of the Ohio Company, called their first meeting. At the expiration of the lease, the old land-mark was torn down and a granite structure erected, and nothing now remains for us but the memory of this by-gone splendor.

The Ames Tavern of Dedham, the original license of which was granted in 1658, was kept by the celebrated almanac maker, Nathaniel Ames in 1735. The sign on this tavern was unique and is said to have portrayed some family history.



WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY, MASS

while two bunches of the grapes are stored in a steel vault in the Masonic Temple, Boston, for the Masons take every precaution to preserve this old relic of the inn, in which all the meetings of the oldest benevolent association in New England were held in 1767-8. Here also the first President of the United States stayed. The tavern of "The Bunch of Grapes" was moved to Congress Street, and here General Stark came after his victory at Bennington. Here also General Rufus Putnam and Manasseh Cutter, the moving

In the settlement of his son's (Fisher Ames) estate, a suit was brought into court. This so disgusted the inn-proprietor, that, although the suit was decided in his son's favor, he expressed his dislike by causing the whole court to be painted on a sign board for his tavern. So faithfully were each of the judges represented, they could not fail to be recognized. The august court heard of the proceeding and sent a sheriff to seize the sign. Ames was in Boston at the time, and hearing of their intention, rode post haste to Ded-

ham, reaching the tavern first, and in time to save the sign before the sheriff's arrival. What a thriving business would the sign painters of today have, and where should we find space for the signs, if all men showed their disgust of law suits in this manner?

A sign verse which hung in front of "Mother Red Cap Inn," Holway, England, and which was reproduced on ancient signs in America, savors strongly of our dear old Mother Goose, and possibly these old dames were relatives.

"Old Mother Red Cap, according to her tale,
Lived twenty and one hundred years, by
drinking this good ale;
It was her meat, it was her drink, and
medicine beside;
And if she still had drunk this ale, she
never would have died."

As the settlement of New England increased, the demand for pub-

lic houses became greater, more attention being paid to the preferences of guests. A public parlor became a necessity for the entertainment of private parties, and gradually the tavern became more like a well-to-do private house, where one could receive the best of care.

Although a few of the original New England taverns still exist, many of those now standing are more recent ones built on the same site and bearing the same name. The house at Stockbridge, Massachusetts first built in 1773, and added to from time to time, was on the stage route between Boston and Albany, and was a large and popular hotel when burnt in 1896. In the public room of the present tavern, which was re-built on the old site, is a collection of old-fashioned furniture, crockery and bric-a-brac, con-



INTERIOR OF WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY, MASS



BLACK HORSE TAVERN, SALEM, MASS

sidered by collectors of the antique, the best in the country. What better advertisement could any hotel of our day want than the reputation which these inns have won,—that of hospitality, bountiful store and upright management.

"The Wayside Inn" at Sudbury, Massachusetts, made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" was the assembly place of the soldiers after the Battle of Lexington.

"Wright's Tavern" at Concord calls to mind a thrilling scene when Major Pitcairn, the British commander, stirring a glass of brandy with his bloody finger the morning before the Battle of Concord, boasted that he would thus stir the blood of his enemy before night. A great structure once stood on the site of the present Stearns Building, Salem, Massachusetts, known as the "Tavern with many peaks" later on as "The Ship Tavern." Here was formed the Social Library in 1760. The "Salem Coffee House" was kept in a building near the site of St. Peter's church, while "Thomas

Beadle's Tavern" stood on Essex Street, nearly opposite its present juncture with Pleasant Street. In this latter house were held the preliminary examinations in witchcraft times.

Many Manchester-by-the-Sea people will tell you of one Elizabeth Crafts, an ancient innkeeper of that town, who went to Boston either by packet or on horseback for her goods. She was an industrious woman and sitting on the deck of the vessel one day, knitting, the sail suddenly veered and Elizabeth was knocked overboard. Tradition, that truth teller, says that she kept on with her knitting and took seven stitches under water before being rescued. This remarkable woman also had a romance. A Scotchman, before leaving his native land, dreamed of a fair-haired American girl with a blue ribbon in her hair. That very night Mrs. Crafts, then a young girl, dreamed that she married a sailor. Not long after the lad's arrival in Boston, he spent the Sabbath in Lynn. Entering the meeting house (this act being the

proper thing to do in those days) he saw his dream-girl seated in the choir. He made inquiries, followed her to her home in Manchester, and married her not long afterward. We presume they lived happy ever after, though that was not vouched for.

"Fountain Tavern" at Marblehead was the resort of sea captains and the gentry of the town, and it has

drew rein at the door of the tavern. Sir Harry Faulkland, a young English gentleman who had been sent to superintend the building of the fort and who was also collector of the port of Boston, alighted, and attracted by the maiden's beauty, stopped to speak with her. The acquaintance ripened into a love that pride of race and position prevented from culminating in marriage at



WRIGHT TAVERN, CONCORD, MASS

been rumored that the pirates, who were finally captured in the streets of Marblehead, made this tavern their rendezvous. What better romance could our twentieth century girls have, than that which fell to the lot of Agnes Surriage, a girl of sixteen who was scrubbing the floor of the inn, to be sure, but who was also strikingly handsome. In the autumn of 1742 a coach and four dashed through the streets and

that time. But after long years, through her devotion in saving his life, the thought of class distinction passed away and they were married with the sanction of the Faulkland family. After a brief residence in London, they removed to Boston, where Sir Harry died.

The first temperance inn was opened in Marlboro, New Hampshire, when liquor was of prime importance in all taverns. This inno-

vation was looked upon with disfavor by drivers of stage coaches and loud were their lamentations. Being assured, however, that coffee and tea would be served them, the tavern became one of the most popular in New England, and thus our first coffee house was started many years ago, being heartily recommended by stage drivers.

One of the quaintest and most

make the six-footer duck his head, while the broad fireplaces easily accommodate seven-foot logs. Ancient china, books and prints are here in profusion, and there are canopied bedsteads, claw foot chairs, and two arm chairs once the property of Robert Burns. The paper on the office walls is Shakesperian, old English landscapes are in the hall, while hunting scenes and sports



FERNCROFT INN, DANVERS, MASS

picturesque taverns in all Essex County is "Ferncroft Inn," located on the old Boxford road. The views from the piazzas are unsurpassed in diversity and grandeur. It would indeed puzzle the heads of our modern architects should they attempt to duplicate the architectural designs of this ancient structure that was erected in 1692, with low ceilings and heavy oak cross beams that

of "Merrie England" delight the eye in the dining room. The front of the inn is an exact imitation of the home of Ann Hathaway.

At a bend of the road we come upon a sign used in the beginning of the last century at the old tavern in Topsfield, kept by William Ready. On one side of the sign is a portrait of George Washington, on the other, that of John Quincy Adams.

"The Boynton Tavern" in old Newbury was presided over by a most eccentric man. One of his sons, who was born while the tavern was being torn down, was named Tearing. The second son, coming when an addition to the new inn was under way, received the name of Adding. Mr. Boynton was the inventor of the first silk reel. Groves of mulberry trees were set out in different parts of Byfield, furnishing proper food for the worms. With Tearing and Adding, these groves grew in size and beauty. Several of the trees are in a flourishing condition on a Byfield farm at the present time.

The "West Parish" of Boxford boasted for many years an old tavern that was erected in 1776, where the militia met to be reviewed. The fine country inn, now located in the "East Parish" was refitted from an old tavern, by Deacon Parker Spofford. Here the first post office was kept, mails being brought by the stage coach. The mails were taken to the church and distributed by Mr. Spofford to the people living at a distance. Even in those days the good deacons used drawing cards for church services, it seems.

In the town of Danvers stands the old "Berry Tavern" originally built in 1741. This public house has been maintained continuously from that time, being at the present day a thoroughly equipped hotel. Could

we, for a short time, bring before us pictures of the young farmers on their way to Boston from all parts of New England, on their jumpers, or long sleds, where were heaped the corn, grain, bundles of yarn, homespun cloth, etc., which were to be exchanged for other merchandise; of the severe storms they encountered, making them willing prisoners for a while at these hospitable houses; of the buxom lasses met and oft times made the partner of their joys; and of the merry-makings in the long winter evenings,—would not all this compare favorably with the present mode of enjoyment of our young people, and does it not make us wish for a glimpse of some oldtime inn? for:

"No longer the host hobbles down from
his rest
In the porch's cool shadows to welcome
his guest
With a smile of delight and a grasp of the
hand,
And a glance of the eye that no heart could
withstand.

"When the long rains of Autumn set in
from the west,
The mirth of the landlord was broadest
and best;
And the stranger who paused over night
never knew
If the clock on the mantel struck ten or
struck two.

"Oh, the songs they would sing and the
tales they would spin
As they lounged in the light of the old
fashioned inn;
But a day came at last when the stage
brought no load
To the gate, as it rolled up the long dusty
road."



Our Front Parlor Alligator

By BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "Ronald Carnaquay."

IN those days my father often sent home to us boys rather queer presents. It was just after the war, and he was "travelling" for "Kip and Kidd," boot and shoe people, with whom he was later joined in partnership. My mother had died, two years before, leaving Eph and me to the home-care of Mother's unmarried sister Lydia. She was a faithful, loving aunt to us, but very sensitive and timid, and I fear that some of our pranks seriously shook her nerves.

My own preference, in the way of boyish possessions, was for books, curios, stamps, birds' eggs and the like—such objects as would "stay where you put them"; so I said to Eph; but he scorned my "dead things," and was most pleased with pets, and live creatures of all sorts. So that while Father at times sent me rare stamps, or a book, or a stuffed bird, or an Indian relic, he was more likely to send Eph some boxed-up live insect or animal, like a bird, or a pair of guinea pigs, or—as once happened—two live chameleons.

These presents from Father, who—best of fathers—seemed always to have us in mind, though hundreds of miles away, brought dismay to nervous Aunt Lydia, but filled our youthful hearts with joy, and made us the envy of our schoolmates. So we were a little surprised, but not

alarmed, when one day a telegram came from New Orleans:

"Have sent alligator by express. Do not be afraid.

FATHER."

Well, we were not exactly afraid, but we felt a certain amount of perplexity and anxiety. I had read about ferocious alligators, and how they seized animals or human beings at the brink of some river or lake, and dragged them into the muddy depths; and sometimes they snatched boat-men from boats, or overturned the boats themselves; and then what chance had a man, when in the water with them! So we were eager but uneasy. As for Aunt Lydia, she stood speechless for five minutes, when she read the telegram, and then trembled so that she had to go and sit down in the big arm-chair, where she continued to sit,—removing and wiping and replacing her spectacles on her peaked nose at least five times.

There was, however, another member of our household, who must here be mentioned. It was Uncle Zack, Aunt Lydia's brother; he was by occupation a farmer, or had been one in earlier life, and now came to us on occasional visits. We boys never enjoyed Uncle Zack, partly because he was always preaching to us on our conduct, and lecturing to us on themes which interested him far

more than they did us, and partly because we were expected to black his old-fashioned leather boots, reaching nearly to the knees and pulling on by stout leather straps at the sides.

He was a tall, gaunt man of sixty, with a bald, dome-like head, fringed with greenish-white tufts of hair. He wore spectacles, and stooped as he walked. Slow in movement and impressive in speech, he believed himself an oracle; whereas I fear he was rather a walking dictionary, and a rheumatic one, at that. In other words, he had much learning, but very little practical sense. He knew a great many book-things, but always failed to connect them with daily human needs.

Such, at least, is my judgment of him, as I now recall him, after thirty years have passed away. Possibly this opinion may have been reached by me without sufficient ground, but at least one definite bit of evidence comes up vividly before me as I write. That was during one of Uncle Zack's earlier visits to us, when he explained to us boys the law of centrifugal motion, and led the way, in a lordly fashion, out into the kitchen, where our colored cook, Susannah, was baking. There he laid hold of a two-quart pail nearly full of milk, and,—despite alarmed Susannah's protests,—warning her grandly back with one arm, with the other he set the pail in motion, swinging it, and finally attempting to revolve it, at arm's length, around his head. I remember that he was just saying how simple the experiment was, and that he had done it several times, with-

out spilling a drop, when—bang! The pail struck the gas-bracket, nearly over his head, and down came the white torrent over him and over Susannah's clean floor. His theory was all right, but he failed to apply it to existing conditions, and he had to go dripping to his quarters in the back-parlor, leaving a trail of milk behind him all the way.

So when Uncle Zack, in turn, was handed the alligator telegram, he read and re-read it, as if it had been a Chinese manuscript, and difficult to decipher. He never allowed himself to be caught off his guard,—always held himself up to every occasion, however unexpected. So he presently turned to his sister, and spoke in his loftiest and most reassuring tone. "Lyddy, don't get flustered! I never get flustered. Getting flustered shortens the life, by increasing the heart-beats, and wearing it out before its time. I have read—"

He was going off on some medical studies of his younger days, but recalled himself. "As for this alligator, Robert doubtless has some plan about keeping him, or he wouldn't have sent him. There is Hillside Park. They have animals. Very likely the creature is to be sent there." Then he turned toward us boys and started on a lecture about the alligator and his points of variation from the crocodile; but Eph and I bolted for the door, and left him to make his speech to Aunt Lydia.

Two days later the expressman brought the alligator. We ex-

pected to see him unload a huge box, or perhaps tank, requiring several men to carry it. We had darkly implied this to the other boys. But, instead, the expressman came gaily skipping up the walk, bearing his big record-book in one hand, and a box, not half so large, in the other.

The box contained our alligator. It was a wooden box, perhaps ten inches long, four wide, and four deep, with a bit of wire screen over one end. The alligator was alive, stared at us out of his filmy, expressionless eyes, and occasionally emitted a little sound like the squeak of a small French doll. His long tail looked so much like a handle that we used it as such, and transferred the sluggish creature to the bath-tub, experimentally, and later to a small hand-tub.

Of course all the neighbors were eager to see the little reptile, but they were manifestly disappointed when they gazed upon his diminutive scaly form, in the front parlor, by the window, where we kept him most of the time for readier exhibition. Our boy-friends tempted him with flies and worms and pieces of raw meat, but nobody ever saw the shy little saurian eat. I think he did eat, however, but in the night. He was much more active after night-fall than during the day. He developed an unexpected degree of agility also, during the night. Usually he seemed sluggish and sleepy; but sometimes after dark, we could hear him splashing in the shallow water of his tub, and often, when we brought a light sud-

denly near, he leaped away from it very actively.

Uncle Zack professed to have no fear whatever of the uncanny creature, but I noticed that he never touched him; he often looked on sagely, as Eph deftly handled him, and generally contributed information about the reptile's nature and habits. One day, when a neighbor came in to see the little beast, Eph put him down on the floor, and he lay still, as usual. Uncle Zack was laboriously unloading some of his learning about the "genus" and "species" to which the reptile belonged, when I noticed that "Allie" (as we boys had come to call him) had twisted around, and was walking across the room, in the general direction of my reverend Uncle's slippered feet. Uncle Zack, absorbed in his monologue, did not notice the movement, and was just confuting Cuvier or some other naturalist, when "Allie" reached one of his feet, and proceeded to climb over it. When the little reptile's claws pricked through Uncle Zack's thin sock, the owner thereof forgot both his learning and his dignity, and with some emphatic interjection, sprang to his feet and showed a disposition to even step up into his chair. But he quickly mastered his trepidation, and went on, as well as he could, with his lecture. He seemed relieved, however, when Eph picked up the scaly little monster and popped him back into his tub.

Father did not return from his Southern trip for several weeks. There was no need for his presence,

so far as the alligator was concerned. Evidently the creature was intended for a sort of curio-pet, and as such afforded us all much amusement. We hit upon various names for him, sometimes calling him "Hard-Shell," from his bony exterior, and sometimes "Diogenes," because he "lived in a tub." But "Allie" he was, most of the time; and little as his evil merciless eyes expressed of friendliness, I think he learned to distinguish Eph from the rest of the family.

When father returned, a month later, the alligator was no longer a member of our family; and the cause thereof I must now relate.

One morning, when Eph slipped into the front parlor, as usual, before going to school, to have a look at his queer pet, the creature was not in his tub. Just what had happened we were not sure, but Eph had put a flat stone into the tub the day before, and the distance from the top of this stone to the edge of the tub was not very great. This fact, joined to our knowledge of "Allie's" nocturnal activity, made us suspect that he had climbed over the edge and tumbled out upon the floor. Either that, or somebody had taken him out. Who could have done it? We were quite sure that Uncle Zack would not have handled the creature, and as for Aunt Lydia, she had a horror of him that sometimes threatened hysterics. We began to feel uneasy, after we had looked in vain for him, and Susannah had stated her entire ignorance of his whereabouts. Somehow the situation grew more and

more uncanny, as we failed to find him. "Allie" or "Hard Shell," or "Diogenes"—by whatever name we called him—was a well-conducted member of the household, when in his tub or when under our eye, upon the floor; but when loose, and in hiding, nobody knew where,—that added an element of mystery which was akin to open terror.

We enjoined upon Susannah to say nothing, and to keep a look around, in case the creature hove in sight. Then we hurried off to school, resolved that afterward we would make a thorough search, even moving desks and bureaus, behind one of which he was probably lurking. During the session of school I fear that Eph's thoughts were not on his lessons, and I know that mine were not. At recess, when some boy asked Eph, casually, about "Allie," he received a curt response that puzzled him. Eph's face showed anxiety, and his ruminations took about the same course that mine did. As we left school, at noon, he asked me, in an off-hand way, which poorly concealed his agitation, "How fast did Uncle Zack say those alligators grew? Do you remember?"

I did not remember; but I saw the trend of my brother's disturbed reflections. It evidently struck him, as it did me, that if the alligator were not discovered, he might take to himself some dark haunt in the house, under it or near it, and continuing his nocturnal activities, might support himself, and grow, and grow — and — grow — "How

large, Eph, did Uncle Zack say they sometimes grew to be?"

The prospect was serious, and even thrilling. "Think, Eph, of having a live alligator, a really large one, living somewhere in the house or garden, and ready to spring out at you in the dark—you remember how he could spring—and bite off—O there! Let's not say that! We shall find him, when we get home. Perhaps Susannah has already found him." And homeward we hurried.

Alas, Susannah had not found him, although she had taken a little time from her regular work, to make a superficial search. At this stage of proceedings Aunt Lydia surmised that something was wrong, and asked such penetrating questions that the truth had to be told. When she had the plain truth from Eph, "she did not feel any the better for having it," as Eph remarked. She hurriedly told her brother, and then sank down in her arm-chair, and carefully arranged her feet and clothing on another chair in front of her. "Find that—that—O *find* him!" she exclaimed, in woful tones, not daring even to call poor "Diogenes" by his generic name.

By this time the household was in a demoralized condition. The mystery of the situation greatly enhanced poor "Allie's" supposed powers of injury. My own fancy being tolerably vivid, I pictured our family as haunted, for weeks, months, years, by this little demon, who would remain hidden by day but would wander at night, like

Hamlet's father's ghost, rendering one's bed his sole safety, until—until—until the creature grew large enough to—to jump up upon a bed! bed!

Even if we moved out (thus my fancy ran on) what would happen to the next unsuspecting family coming in? Indeed, would we be morally justifiable in allowing another family to come in, without warning them of the growing and strengthening monster who lurked in the walls or dark cellar-depths of the rather broken-down old house?

Meanwhile we were keeping up a desultory and increasingly nervous search for the animal. But now my uncle came to the rescue. He took charge of the search. It was his great opportunity for leadership. Susannah was scrutinizing her pantry, hardly daring to put her hand in a dark place, even on an upper shelf. We boys were desperately taking down the books from the top row of a book-case, thinking he might have gone in between it and the wall. "There, now, cease that!" said Uncle Zack, with calm dignity. "Such indiscriminate searching will never result in anything. As soon as you have looked in one place, you go into some other room, and the creature very likely slips over and hides in the place you have just left. Those saurians are very clever; I have heard—" Then he checked himself from going into the subject which opened invitingly before him, and arranged a plan of campaign.

"Let us all make thorough search of one room,—this front parlor, let us

say,—and when we are sure he is not here, we will go out and close the door, and lock it, and—”

“What! And leave me in here?” screamed Aunt Lydia, from her fortress of the armchair. “Never! O Zachariah, you wouldn’t, you couldn’t do such a thing.” And she burst into tears and rocked hysterically, until she discovered that her dress was being rocked down toward the floor; then she convulsively gathered it up and softly wept.

“No, Lyddy!” responded Uncle Zack, solemnly, “we will not be unmindful of you. Perhaps you would best go up stairs, now. You—”

“O, I can’t; I can’t;” exclaimed nervous Aunt Lydia. “I never can feel safe until I see that awful monster back in his tub.” But, being morally and physically supported by her dignified and sagacious brother, she did manage to cross the room, and went flying up the stairs, and later was discovered sitting on top of a high chest of drawers, in her room.

“Now,” said Uncle Zack, marshalling his forces,—to wit, Eph and Susannah and myself,—“Now let us take each room in turn. And remember this, for it is best to make an intelligent use of our faculties, that a small alligator like—like *yours*, Eph” (here he showed a retributive tendency toward my brother), “could not possibly climb up to any height above a few inches, at most a foot; so we need not examine any places, upstairs, or any places on this floor, higher than a foot above the floor level.”

Here Susannah, who was furtively turning a picture around, on the wall, hastily desisted, and gave close atten-

tion. Then the search began, although I am compelled to say that Uncle Zack kept well in the centre of the room, and issued his orders with firmness and gravity, while we three tugged and pushed at the furniture, resting not until every article had been moved and every square inch of the floor inspected, and every nook and cranny explored by somebody’s trembling fingers.

No result. The clever little beast was not to be found. He was certainly not in that front parlor. Then we went out, closing the door, and made the same careful search, under our general’s orders, of the other rooms on the floor; last of all Uncle Zack led his brigade into the back parlor, his own room, and there directed operations, repeatedly enjoining upon us that there was no use in searching any spot a foot above the level of the floor. In this, his own room, he did deign to assist a little, taking one or two garments gingerly from the floor, and changing his tall leather boots,—which were standing stolidly in a corner,—to a centre-table, the better to facilitate our search over the entire floor.

So at it we went (on all fours, most of the time), peering and feeling, and making most thorough work of it. But no result; and at length we paused, in breathlessness and perspiration. We looked inquiringly at our uncle, feeling inclined to hold him responsible, as general-in-chief, for the failure of our campaign. Just then he noticed that the side door leading to the garden was slightly open, and a new idea struck him; but, as ever, he showed no unbecoming surprise. “I

am inclined to think," said he, with deliberation, "that the wily creature has gone out through that door," pointing slowly and convincingly to the door, as he spoke. "They are amphibious animals, hence they love the water; and with last night's heavy rain, the water is standing in pools, outside, I have observed; and I believe that the members of the saurian genus often scent water a long distance, and seek it; indeed I once read—"

Here he again checked himself, with an effort, leaving the genus and returning to the particular specimen we were most interested in. "We will all go out into the garden, keeping up the same system we have thus far followed, and, I doubt not, we shall find our recreant pet disporting himself in some shallow pool in the garden."

His face showed traces of satisfaction at his own acuteness, and a faint smile was traceable on his usually compressed lips. "Wait a moment," he said, raising a warning finger to us impulsive boys, "and I will direct the search." Then he glanced at his feet, in slippers, and mindful of his rheumatic tendencies, he stepped across the room and took down hat and cloak and boots, and began to make ready to lead his forces.

One of the boots he put on, without remark; then he put his other foot down into the other boot. Then he sprang about a yard into the air, despite his years and his dignity, emitting an indescribable shriek as he rose, and, as soon as he reached the floor, he began pounding his foot,—in the boot,—upon the floor, with desperate energy, vociferating spasmodically as he did so; and then he fell over on his

bed, exhausted, more dead than alive, but still feebly waving that booted leg in the air.

Eph and I were not slow to guess the truth. Eph, readier than I in an emergency, seized the gesticulating leg, gave a great tug at it, and pulled it off. Then he turned it upside down and all that was left of an eight-inch alligator dropped, in a shapeless mass, to the floor.

Uncle Zack's cries had subsided to moans, but his dignity and his omniscience had quite departed. His poor old nerves had received a severe shock.

When tranquillity at length was restored, my uncle slowly sat up, called for his spectacles, and tried to solve his problem. "How did that alligator climb up to the top of that table and into that boot?" It was utterly contrary to the principle which he had so repeatedly laid down, as a guide to our search.

Then poor black Susannah found a voice. "I—I tink he muss hab clomb in when dey wuz on de floor."

"Not so! Not so, Susannah!" responded my uncle, severely. "I still maintain my general principle, regarding the saurians; he could not have climbed or leaped as high as the top of those tall boots.

"Sartin! Shore!" exclaimed Susannah, "but I 'spect he clomb in when dey wuz a lyin' flat down. I come in, dis mawnin', an' dey wuz a-lying flat, like dey usually is, an' I done stood 'um up, jes' absent-like, in de corner."

Enough said! The mystery was explained. The problem in natural history was solved. The saurian species was still true to its reputed habits; and

the mangled remains were carried out and buried. Uncle Zack slowly recovered his equanimity, Aunt Lydia was

rescued from her perch, in her room, and the family gradually resumed the even tenor of its way.

The Utility of Humour

By ZITELLA COCKE

IN one of her books, but in which one, I frankly confess my present inability to remember, George Eliot has said that there is no greater or more frequent cause of misunderstanding between friends, than a difference of taste in jokes. Who will deny it? Surely not one who has made a study of human nature, or who has had any experience in life, although that experience may have been of the most commonplace character. The comprehension and appreciation of a joke, is, in too many instances, much like orthodoxy and heterodoxy in the crass opinion of the vulgar herd, which, after all, amounts to nothing more nor less than "my doxy" and "your doxy," and every attempt to explain, only becomes another fruitful source of unlimited disputation. There can be no doubt that the man who gets the wrong end of the joke, discovers, for that time at least, the exceeding inconvenience of jesting, and thoroughly realizes the strain upon graciousness and generosity: "For he who does not tremble at the sword, Who quails not with his head upon the block,—

Turn but a jest against him, loses heart:—
The shafts of wit slip through the stoutest mail,

There is no man alive that can live down

The inextinguishable laughter of mankind.—"

and we do not need the poet's pen to inform us of the dread which all men feel of the rash dexterity and conflict of wit. The knife of the surgeon is not more feared than the spear of the jester, or the scalpel of the satirist, who, unlike the surgeon, have not the grace to offer the alleviation of an anesthetic. The well known lines of old Dr. Johnson who was such a Trojan in repartee and in every war of words:—

"Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is the scornful jest."
prove that even this sturdy old fighter was vulnerable to the jester's attack, and we have confirmation of this sensitivity in his speech concerning the noted actor and wit, Samuel Foote, "Indeed, if he mimics or ridicules me, I will break every bone in his body!"

Yet, whatever may be urged against ridicule or humourous invective, the wholesome effect of legitimate humour and merriment cannot be denied, and Sterne was clearly in the right when he said that a taste for humour was a gift from heaven. It is a blessing, a very angel of consolation, without whose

presence the thorny, briary path in this work-a-day world would be uncheered. In the legend of Pandora's box, we are told that Hope was left at the bottom, as a compensation for the many ills to which poor humanity is heir, but I think the most efficient and the most ready anodyne is a sense of Humour. Hope is indeed an inspiration and often a salvation, yet the promise it offers is too often broken, while Humour presents an immediate solace,—a real and present help in time of discouragement and despondency. Let but the unhappy victim have the prehensibles by which to seize upon the proffered good, and he is assured of a temporary, if not a final reprieve. In the annals of English Court-history, we read that a crown was paid to one who had succeeded in making the king, Edward II., laugh—a medicine which was doubtless more valuable and efficacious than a dozen prescriptions from the pharmacopeia. A hearty laugh is medicinal and remedial and Hippocrates believed and declared that a physician should possess a ready humour as a part of the equipment for healing, and Galen informs us that Esculapius, himself, wrote comedies and commanded them to be read to his patients for the promotion of a healthful circulation of the blood. A noted physician of Richmond, Virginia, Dr. Robert Coleman, whose success was eminent, was said to have accomplished as many cures by his wit and humour, as by the drugs he prescribed. His entrance into a sick chamber brought an atmosphere of cheerfulness, which assisted the receptivity of the patient and, to quote the homely comparison of Mother Hubbard's dog, many a friend who left a sick one with the thought that nothing

more was needed but a coffin, returned to find him laughing, and on the high way to recovery. The world is not without illustrious examples and advocates of the excellence and benefit of a hearty laugh. The emperor Titus insisted that he had lost a day, if he had passed it without laughing, and Chamfort was accustomed to tell his friends that the most utterly useless and lost of all days, was the one upon which he had not laughed,—"*Il y a trois medecins qui ne se trompent pas. La gaiete, le doux exercice, et le modeste repas.*"

Yet there is nothing more difficult than an exact definition of humour. When Democritus was asked to give a definition of man, he answered, "It is something we see and know;" and when Dr. Johnson was asked to define poetry, he replied: "Sir, it is easier to see what it is not,—we all know what light is, but it is not easy to tell what it is." And so, it may be said of humour, and an attempt to define it with explicit and logical accuracy would be much like an experiment to make a portrait of Proteus. The Protean forms of humour cannot be photographed or measured upon the Procrustean bed of analysis. The very elusiveness of humour, which is its chiefest charm, defies dissection. Who could ever square the circle of a joke, or postulate a pun?—and it is almost as difficult to establish the boundary line between wit and humour. One who spent no little time in the undertaking, H. R. Haweis, says: "I have lain awake at night, trying to define the difference between wit and humour, and there is none." Whether this be true or not, we know that the essential features are the same in each,—a pretended union or juxtaposi-

tion where exists customary incompatibility. That most accomplished essayist, William Hazlitt, has defined wit by a series of happy illustrations; a prism, dividing the simplicity of our ideas into motley and variegated hues; a mirror broken into pieces, each fragment of which reflects a new light from surrounding objects; or, the untwisting of the chain of our ideas, whereby each link is made to hook on more readily to others than when they were all bound together by habit; but in no comparison, perhaps, has he been more happy than when he calls wit the *fo'lypus* power of the mind, by which a distinct life and meaning is imparted to different parts of a sentence or object after they are severed from each other. Yet, we know it as we know light, when we see it, and realize the effect notwithstanding our inability to formulate it. Humour prefers to laugh with men, while wit laughs at them,—one is the comedy of ignorance, the other of knowledge; one is of the heart, the other of the intellect; one is broad, large-hearted and kindly, while the other is too often cynical and unkind; one is apt to be indefinite, the other cold and definite.

A more concise and thorough definition of wit could hardly be given, than in the famous reply of Dr. Henneker to Lord Chat-ham, who had asked him to define it: "My lord, wit is what a pension would be, if given by your lordship to your humble servant,—a good thing well applied." Here we have the soul of wit,—the "*multum in parvo*," in absolute perfection, yet when we turn from Locke's cumbrous and insufficient analysis of wit to Dr. Johnson's name for it,—"a *discordia concors*,—a combi-

nation of dissimilar images, or a discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike;" or, to the words of Sydney Smith, "The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering things to be similar, in which we did not suspect similarity,"—we have an approximation, at least, to a definition of that which is so happily illustrated in Dr. Henneker's brevity. And Humour, which deals so largely with the imagination and the affections, finds quite as much as wit, hidden analogies in the midst of differences, and if an impromptu reply is the very touchstone of wit, so humour, which is a more subtle essence, must be spontaneous. Schopenhauer speaks its most essential characteristic when he calls it the triumph of intuition over reflection, and Arnold Ruge is equally felicitous when he says it is the ideal, captive by the real. To laugh heartily we must have reality and naturalness. Surely the laughter at strained and unnatural conceits must be that mirth which Scripture describes as the crackling of thorns under a pot. Genuine humour is too delicate to endure the pressure of force, and the rule of the Gospel is very apt to be reversed, since they who seek it, are not likely to find it.

"For every touch that wooed its stay,
Has brushed its richest hues away."

Like the lambent light of the fire, or the play of lighting on a summer sky, wholesome and genuine humour is natural and harmless. The original meaning of the word humour is "moisture," and is not inapt, for as moisture fructifies the earth, so humour humanizes mankind.

How naturally are we attracted to the man who laughs genuinely, and laughs, too, in the right place!

His character is indexed at once: we know where to find him,—the honest laugh does not emanate from the scoundrel. A man may smile and be a villain still, and may laugh grimly and sardonically, or, the loud, unsympathizing, unmeaning laugh may betray the vacant mind; but the laughter which rings with genuineness and appreciation, is the catholic note of sympathy, culture and integrity. And what a teacher is well timed wit, or genuine humour! How it punctures the bladder of conceit, pretence, and hypocrisy! But, unlike those of wit, the shafts of humour wound to heal, and heal without leaving a scar. There is nothing, says Sydney Smith, of which your pompous gentlemen are so much afraid as a little humour. How often a bloated mass of self-complacency and ignorance is reduced to insignificance by the genial rays of wholesome humour! Says an eminent English author: "I will find you twenty men who will write you systems of metaphysics over which the world shall yawn and doze and sleep, and pronounce their authors oracles of wisdom, for one who can trifle, like Shakespeare, and teach the truest philosophy when he seems to trifle most."

Yet, the gift of wit is too often a dangerous possession. As the diamond is worn for display, wit, which like that precious stone, cuts as well as shines, is unhappily too much employed for the satisfaction and vanity of its possessor, rather than for the benefit of others, and the professional wit is as much despised as dreaded. What can be more boresome than the man who is always trying to be funny! Nor is it the try, try again which ultimately achieves success. Humour,

like happiness, often flees from her pursuer, and in the mouths of these indefatigable aspirants, we are sometimes tempted to think it has length, breadth and thickness! But what is more delightful than the spontaneity and elusiveness of genuine humour; and we are not surprised that Cicero and Quintilian in their instructions upon Oratory, insisted upon a true understanding of humour as essential to the perfection of the actor and the orator.

That the spirit and essence of humour thrived in the mercurial atmosphere of Greece, we have abundant proof. In fact, a Court of Humour was held periodically at Heracleum, a village near Athens, which consisted of sixty members, and their sayings and doings were current among the people, bearing always the stamp of the "*sixty*" in order to prove their genuineness. It would be interesting to know if the acts and sayings of that Court gave origin to the common parlance of today—"behaving like sixty!" At any rate, Philip of Macedon esteemed their jokes so highly that he asked for a written copy of them. The Greeks undoubtedly perpetrated a masterly practical joke in the taking of Troy, and Homer represents Olympus as resounding with laughter, on more than one occasion, and the gods themselves were not superior to practical jokes, as, for instance, when they seduced, by promise of fair weather, poor mortals to venture upon a picnic, and when enjoyment was at its height, sent a sudden shower of rain upon them, at the same time laughing uproariously at the ridiculous plight of the merry-makers. Douglass Jerrold says that the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of laughs,—a chromatic scale of

merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus. No less an authority than Socrates insisted that a tragic poet should be a comic poet also. We commonly picture Plato and Aristotle as solemn personages, of dignified mien, clad in stately robes, whereas they laughed with their friends like other men and lived simple, cheerful lives. We know that Plato sent to Dionysius of Syracuse, that work of Aristophanes entitled "The Clouds," as an answer to the tyrant's question if Athens was given to humour. Yet the Athenian law forbade a judge of the Areopagus to write a comedy, which enactment was probably meant to invest the office with a severity of dignity which would prevent contempt of court!

Thersites made the Greek heroes the subjects of the broadest and most robust jokes, and Diogenes, who was called "Socrates gone mad," was not destitute of humour when he replied to the man who asked him what kind of wine he liked best, "*Another man's,*" and to one who inquired of him the proper hour for dining, "If you are rich, when you will; if you are poor, when you can."

The humour of Alcibrades was so proverbial in Athens, that sometimes it became what humour and the quality of mercy ought not to be,—somewhat strained; and the flogging he gave the pedagogue because the latter was without a copy of Homer at hand, savored more of bravado than of genuine humour.

Cicero's joke that the more Greek a man knew the greater knave he would prove, is well known, and the element of satire which distinctly prevades Horatian wit has furnished precedent for many a satirist of later generations. Scipio

Africanus was a good natured humorist, and a strong, pronounced vein of humour ran through the whole Caesar family. Indeed, the sententious alliteration uttered by Julius Caesar, *veni, vidi, vici*, was claimed by his friends to have been spoken in jest, which seems altogether credible. Imagine the stalwart, grotesque egotism of a man who could make that speech in earnest! Such self-inflation smacks rather of twentieth century bombast than of the age in which Caesar lived! Besides, we must remember that Caesar was not from the Middle-West of the United States! The reply of Augustus to the abject flatterers who informed him that they had erected an altar to him, proves that a sense of humour was common to the Caesar family: "I thank you: how often you must have kindled a fire on that altar! I saw a tree growing on it!"

General biography offers ample testimony to the fact that a sense of humour is a feature of great minds; hence Locke's argument that wit and humour are not ordinarily accompanied with judgment well deserves the stigma put upon it by Sterne, who says that ever since its pronouncement it has been made the Magna Charta of stupidity. On the contrary, it would seem that among the greatest minds, the sense of humour never faileth. And why should it not be so? Since humour is the result of an unexpected fitness or incongruity observed either in the world without or in association of ideas within, acting upon a mind qualified to appreciate this fitness or incongruity, it is to be expected that keen and powerful intellects should not be wanting in this qualification. That great powers of acquisition and absorption can and do

exist without this sense is hardly denied, but its absence is strangely incompatible with the grasp or sensitivity of genius. It is equally true, as Amiel says, of wit, that while humour is useful for everything, it is sufficient for nothing. It is the wine and good cheer of life; not its food or sustenance. As La Bruyère has sententiously put it: "Wit is the god of moments, as Genius is the god of ages."

The word *wit* is of Saxon origin and was formerly applied to sense or intellect, and even in our time we are accustomed to speak of natural or inherited mentality as mother-wit, thus furnishing additional argument that wit in its present signification is not necessarily dissociated from judgment, and like that gift which Burns so heartily commends, enables us to see ourselves as others see us, thereby rescuing us from many a blunder and folly. How often an author, lacking a sense of humour, becomes not only insipid but absorbed. Paradise Lost, sublime as it is, might have been saved from the absurdity of representing the great hierarchy of heaven as strategists and tacticians, conducting a campaign upon the principles and methods of European warfare, had its author possessed a keen appreciation of humour. The novelist who is without this valuable sense may startle us with impossible situations, encyclopaedic knowledge and cumbrous masses of erudition, but he will never present a faithful picture of life and will never stir the hearts of his readers, to whatever degree he may awaken or stimulate curiosity.

And as humour inhabits the strongest intellects of all, so too it belongs to minds of finest quality. The great masters of pathos have

been endowed with the finest humour:—

"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its cord in melancholy."

and we know that one, greater than Hood, that unparagoned master-mind in tragedy and comedy, and in the sublimest poetry of all time, dealt with the pathetic and the humorous as no author has done before or since; and the more we study his production the more we realize that no brain could have created Hamlet and Lady Macbeth, and no heart could have held the woe of King Lear and the sorrow of Ophelia, but the brain and heart which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and Midsummer Night's Dream and the humour which portrayed Polonius and Malvolio.

It was a wise and just admonition of Lord Chesterfield that a man should live as much within his wit as within his income, and he who exceeds the propriety and boundary of wit, reveals his weakness as much as his fault. And who is not impressed with the wholesomeness and genuineness of Shakespeare's wit! Never does he transgress the bounds of propriety or justice, and although he lived in an age when the Church and her offices seemed to invite the shafts of wit and ridicule, he speaks of her priests and her ministrations with profoundest reverence, and of womanhood with the utmost respect. The famous Thomas Fuller, who was himself a great wit and noted for his pointed and pithy sayings, was horrified at the man who dared "to jest with the two-edged sword of God's word," and staunch old Dr. Johnson characterized such a mode of merriment, as that which a good man dreads for its profaneness and a witty man disclaims for its easiness and vulgarity.

Of the noble and masterly Addison's sense of humour, Macaulay says: "If a portion of the happiness of the Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison,—a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime." Such is true humour, and such its real province; not to degrade, but to enliven and regenerate,—a recreation, and, as has been said, recreation is *re-creation*.

If there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous—a saying which has been attributed to both Napoleon and Tom Paine—it is quite as true that thoroughly gross natures, ambitious to shine as "wits", are all too eager to take that step and too frequently mistake that for wit which is nothing else than the merest and coarsest profanation. The man who looks to see the ridiculous in the sublime, surely is not to be envied, and he can hardly fail to remind us of the cat so ably chronicled in the melodies of Mother Goose,—who went to London to see the Queen, and saw the mouse under the chair! Poor Pussy saw what she had the eyes to see. How often are we disgusted by the vulgarian in society who, in the vain effort to render himself interesting, endeavors to bring into ridicule not only that which is properly a subject for the highest art, but that which commands our reverence and worship! And here, I beg leave to say with, I trust, becoming humility, that if there is no such word in the English language as "*vulgarian*" there ought to be; these aspirants constitute a class, and ought to have a defining and distinctive name!

Since these would-be-wits never attain the coveted notoriety of having said a really good thing, it must have been a prostitution of greater ability which elicited from Pascal the notable aphorism: "*Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractere.*" Yet Pascal, himself, was a master of irony, as his Provincial Letters amply illustrate, and no one better than himself knew how to wield the weapon of wit, which fact his adversaries well understood. This utterance was probably directed against the abuse rather than the use of wit, which he handled as a Damascene blade, since few men enjoyed the hearty laugh of true delight more than Pascal. In the same sense De Maistre made the wise remark, "*Le mechant n'est jamais comique,*" and it does not appear illogical to assume the converse to be true, "*Le vrai comique n'est jamais mechant.*" It is when wit or humour transcends its privileges that it loses its charm and its power. No one will deny the wit or humour of Rabelais, who seems to have made a business of being a jolly good fellow his whole life, and when he said, "I owe much, I have nothing, and I leave the remainder to the poor," he appeals at once to our sense of humour and to our sympathy; but when in his last illness he put on a domino and uttered the words, "*Beati sunt qui moriuntur in Domino,*" he was not witty but sacrilegious, and merited disdain rather than applause. Indeed, both the act and the utterance are so cheap that I am inclined to believe them inventions, but that he said to those who stood weeping around his death-bed, "If I were to die ten times over, I would never make you weep half so much as I have made you laugh," seems entirely consistent with his

merry and sympathetic nature. The late Bishop of Alabama, Richard Wilmer, whose sayings were pithy and pertinent as well as famous, preserved a nimble wit to the last hour of his life, and when asked if he felt the symptoms of approaching death, replied: "I cannot say, I have never had that experience."

The power, province and limitations, as well as the timeliness of wit, were fully appreciated by Erasmus, who sent many a stinging arrow into the ranks of the disputants of his age, and at the same time promoted peace and good feeling by the wholesomeness of his humour. It never lost in him its essential feature of spontaneity; hence every thrust or parry he made was in itself its own excuse. It is the malice premeditated and forethought, the prepared strategy and attack of the satirist, that is most likely to excite a resentment which refuses to forgive, and, like most other wicked practices, has its reflex influence upon the perpetrator. As brilliant as was the wit of Sheridan, it was too often the achievement of malicious and laborious preparation, and he degenerated into a mere *poseur*. It cannot be argued that this was the cause of his profligacy and worthlessness, but that it ultimately had its part in destroying all earnestness of purpose and integrity of character, we may safely infer.

Swift's wit, though caustic, was natural and spontaneous; he never designed it beforehand or set a trap for his enemy, but he was indiscreet in its application and thereby lost a much desired bishopric, because he had grievously offended one of Queen Anne's courtiers who was in Her Majesty's grace. It is said that the Dean never laughed at his own

wit,—he said it on the spur of a hot temper and did not chuckle over it, but Voltaire did, as we might expect: his meanness would never permit another to enjoy anything in which he had no share.

How pure, genuine and delicious are the witticisms of Sir Thomas More! They have, too, a scholarly flavor which commends them at once to a refined taste, and a graciousness which stamps them with spontaneity. His reply to Manners, who had lately been made Earl of Rutland, is inimitable and the very flower of felicitous retort. Sir Thomas had recently entered upon the office of Chancellor, and the Earl, accusing him of too much elation over his new preferment, said: "Sir Chancellor, you verify the old proverb—'*Honores mutant mores*,'" to which More replied with characteristic urbanity, "No, my lord, the pun will do better in English—'*Honors change manners*.'" A happier retort could not be imagined. On the day of his execution, seeing the insecurity of the steps to the scaffold, he showed his serenity of mind by his merry remark: "I pray you, master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down I will shift for myself."

Shaftesbury's reply to Charles II. was most apt, and deserved the approving laugh it won from his sovereign. "You are the greatest rogue in all England, Shaftesbury," said Charles. "Of a subject, I think I am," was the well-timed answer. And Charles was as fruitful in witty retorts as he was in expedients when pursued by Cromwell's soldiers. The famous couplet which was written on his door by the Earl of Rochester, representing him as never having said a foolish thing and never having done a wise one,

was well answered in the words: "No wonder! my sayings are my own,—my doings are those of my ministers!"

Sydney Smith's reputation as a wit and humourist is too well known to need comment here, and his sayings were reinforced by the sterling worth of his character, yet there was sometimes an over strain and pressure of constantly recurring wit, which probably elicited the criticism of Lord Brougham, that he was too much of a Jack-pudding! However, it cannot be gainsaid that he was a great exponent and example of English humour.

But what a heritage of charming, healthy and healthful humour has Charles Lamb bequeathed to all English speaking peoples! How it sparkles with personality, how it beams with good feeling and glows with sympathy and kindness! How permeating and pervading, like the redolence of flower-beds, or the light and warmth of an open fire!

Thackery's humour has the charm of subtlety and pervasiveness: it seems to create an atmosphere, so to speak, in which his characters move and have their being, and unlike that of Lamb, has the bite of satire, although without its venom, and the whole world has inherited a treasure in the work of this great, if not the greatest of England's novelists.

The humour of Dickens is by no means aphoristic, yet it is "*sui generis*," and although many critics characterize it as possessing the salient features of caricature, an acquaintance with the classes and personalities he portrays offers convincing testimony to his realism, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Howells. One who lives in London for any length of time, frequents its

courts, and walks its streets, can hardly fail to recognize his characters in individuals who look as if they had stepped out of his pages, so aptly do they embody his conceptions, and it is a remarkable fact that very young persons—growing boys and girls—are captivated by the humour of this novelist and find his books irresistible. However valid the argument against the judgment of these juvenile readers, their predilection is strong proof of the naturalness of the author's humour. I cannot forget the fascination David Copperfield had for me when I was only thirteen, and as my mother permitted me to read only a certain number of pages a day, the anticipation of the promised delight was my last thought at night and my first in the morning. I happened to see a lad of same age receive from a Public Library attendant, a copy of "Dombey and Son," with an unmistakable tremor of happiness, as he exclaimed: "Oh, I was so afraid it might be out and I couldn't get it!" "Do you like to read Dickens?" I asked. "Oh, I just love him," he answered, "he's so funny, he's immense!" Walter Scott is hardly read for his humour, yet whenever the Wizard of the North offers humour to his readers, it is wholesome and palatable, and many of us believe that both he and Dickens write very good stories and we enjoy them, and sometimes not without the vague suspicion that posterity may enjoy them when, perhaps, Mr. Howells shall have been forgotten.

The utility of humour takes on another phase when it appears in the form of repartee: then it becomes a weapon of defence, and self-protection is its justification, as has been seen in instances already given. Mrs. Grote's reply to Louis Na-

poleon is unsurpassed in brevity or delicacy, yet its quality, like the famed blade of Damascus, pierced through the joints of the Emperor's armor. His Majesty had been well acquainted with the Grotes during his sojourn in England, while his fortune and his hopes were precarious, but when they visited Paris after his sudden elevation to the throne, he ignored them, which neglect the great historian and his wife thought unjustifiable. One evening he met Mrs. Grote at a general reception, and being obliged to recognize her, said coldly: "Do you stay long in Paris, Madam?" "No, do you?" was her withering reply, and the Emperor turned from cool to hot, if the redness of his face was any indication. As brilliant as had been his *coup d'état*, the lady's shaft had gone home! Perhaps he took comfort in the recollection of Sydney Smith's facetious remark, when, on one occasion, the English wit saw Mrs. Grote arrayed in a most astonishing head-gear: "Now, I understand the meaning of the word *grotesque*!" So Dr. Emmon's reply to the infidel physician was elicited, and apt. The physician was boldly inveighing against all belief in the Old Testament, and especially against any faith in the story of Adam and Eve and the account of the first transgression. "It is all stuff, not a word of truth in it. I was just as much in the garden of Eden as Adam and Eve were!" "Ah! I always heard that there was a third party present, but I did not know it was you," quietly answered Dr. Emmons.

The reply of a naval officer to Louis XIV. deserves special mention for its aptness, as well as readiness. He had persistently presented a petition for promotion at every oppor-

tunity, until one day the King, irritated by his frequent application, turned from him and said in a low tone to a courtier standing near: "This man gives more trouble than any man in my army!" The officer overheard the remark, and with ready wit responded: "That, Sire, has been said more than once by Your Majesty's enemies!"

When Theodore Hook, brought back from India to England on the charge of peculation, meeting a friend on the street in London who asked him why he had returned, answered: "Something wrong about the chest," it will be gained that he was far more witty than wise. The reply to the question, "Is life worth living?"—"That depends upon the liver."—is surely the perfection of readiness, as was the answer to a speaker in the House of Commons, who grandiloquently declared that England ought to put her foot down in several places at once, on the globe. "England is not a centipede!" sternly answered a voice in the rear of the enthusiastic orator.

The beggar's flattering speech to Louis XIV. well merited the coin bestowed by the monarch: "*Ton image est partout excepte dans ma poche.*" And not unfrequently, the very vagueness or indirectness, which is not generally a characteristic of wit or humour, becomes a source of both,—as when an English statesman said of the French people, "They do not know what they want, and will never be satisfied until they get it,"—or when Heine said, "It is curious that the three greatest enemies of Napoleon perished miserably; Castlereagh cut his throat, Louis XVIII. rotted on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still a professor at Gottingen!" Also, an inferential sarcasm, very kindly ut-

tered by Prof. Silliman of Yale was not bad. There was a sort of merry war between him and one of his colleagues, who, passing Silliman's laboratory one day, heard him plying a hammer rather vigorously, and opening the door suddenly, said: "Shoeing asses, are you?" "Yes, come in," answered Silliman with a significant smile.

Douglas Jerrold's solemn negation affirmed much to the discerning mind: "There is no God, and Miss Martineau is his prophet." Those who are familiar with Harriet's vagaries as well as her virtues, will see a world of meaning in Jerrold's wit, and also in the sententious speech of the gentleman who went to a Positivist Club in London where the doctrine of Humanity was preached, only three or four being present. "Three persons and no God!" said he as he walked out of the club-room. In these instances, we have the soul of wit,—brevity—one blow only, but that is decisive.

No form of wit or humour has been more criticised or depreciated than the pun, and Erskine's reply when he was told that a pun was the lowest form of wit,—“Yes, and therefore the foundation of all wit,”—may be hardly considered logical, nor is it exactly consistent with fact, that only those persons despise puns who cannot make them, but it cannot be gainsaid that those who can make them seldom leave their ability unexercised, and how intolerant does patience itself become of the inveterate punster! In these days of specialists, we are almost tempted to wish that there might be special treatment for this monomania, yet a pun often justifies itself so handsomely that we can do nothing less than applaud it. The totality of time and place and per-

son should be considered in this, as in every other form of wit or humour. That a pun should be, as Lamb says, “begotten of the occasion,” is absolutely essential to its respectability. The hunted and far-fetched pun shows a face so distorted and unattractive, that we will none of it. It is painful to dissent from any utterance of the inimitable Elia, but I cannot accept his dictum that the pun is as perfect and satisfactory as a sonnet. When, however, he insists that it is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit—that it is a pistol let off at the ear—an antic which does not stand upon manners, and does not show less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders, I accept his pronouncement with the proviso that there be limitations to the distance of the dragging!

The forcefulness, copiousness and variety of source which characterize the English language, render it a fruitful field for puns, and Sydney Smith, Archbishop Whately, Sheridan, Samuel Foote, Erskine, Jerrold and scores of others have abundantly proven it. There can be no question of the spontaneousness of Jerrold's puns, as when at the Vatican he saw an old Roman statue of Jupiter which had been differentiated into a statue of the Apostle Peter, he exclaimed: “Oh, it is only Jew-Peter after all!”—nor of Archbishop Whately's, when he said upon the spur of the moment, “Yes, Noah's ark was made of gophir wood, but Joan of Arc was Maid of Orleans!”

Queen Elizabeth had a keen sense of humour and made good puns, and England in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, shows such an array of these arabesques of language, as to defy enumeration. In America,

Franklin and John Randolph made notable puns, those of the latter often showing the rapier point and thrust of satire. In Congress, upon one occasion, Mr. Archer of Maryland, whose name was on roll-call after that of Oakes Ames, voted by mistake and voted again at the calling of his own name, whereupon someone exclaimed: "Insatiate Archer would not one suffice?"—and Archer instantly replied: "A better archer would have had better aims!" So Americans are not likely to lose the spirit of their ancestors in pun-making.

The parody has not the excuse of the pun, as it is the palpable evidence of malice propense, and amusing as it may be, is not so useful or admirable. It neither reproves nor corrects, except where it takes the form of burlesque which is broader and farther reaching in effect. Hipponax, a Greek comic poet of the sixteenth Olympiad, is said to have invented it and whatever may be said in its favor, it does not hit at one blow, and not unfrequently proves that the hand which cannot erect a hovel, may destroy a palace. Our papers and books abound with spurious humour, and, paradoxical as it may appear, this charge cannot be laid to the nonsense books which constitute a real contribution to the pleasure of nations. Ruskin pronounced Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense* as most beneficent and innocent, and I confess I do not admire the taste of the man who does not find the lyric, entitled "*The Owl and The Pussy-Cat*," delicious. The wisest men ought to relish such nonsense and I think they do, and Lord Chatham uttered the words of wisdom when he said: "Don't talk to me about sense. I want to know if a man can talk nonsense!"—and to be able to write delightful non-

sense is a gift not to be despised by any who know Lear, Gilbert and Burnand, or have ever read "*Non-sense Botany*," which humorous production ought to cure the severest attack of the dysmiasis.

American humour lies chiefly in exaggeration, although Mrs. Partington's account of the "two buckles on her lungs," and her views of an "unscrupulous Providence," and willingness to attend divine service "anywhere the Gospel was dispensed with," possess a charm quite independent of this national characteristic, as does the narration given by Sam Patch of the "aqueous Empedocles who dived for sublimity." Some of the newspaper stories are not without a kind of humour, as for instance, the announcement that a woman attempted to kindle a fire by means of kerosene oil, and the editor simply added, without comment, that the attendance upon the funeral would have been larger but for a wet day! Imagination, of course, supplied all the details, but much that is put forth as humour and wit in our current publications is a spurious article, and as Addison says, only resembles true humour as a monkey resembles a man.

It has been said that French humour is of the passions, German is abstract, Italian esthetic, and Spanish romantic, while English humour is of interest and social relations, which general classification is doubtless correct, like rules in grammar, with the usual number of exceptions. The humour of the Briton is of such stout fibre that he is prone to think that other nations scarcely know how to be funny, and the Frenchman returns the compliment in coin of like value. I distinctly remember an accomplished French gentleman at Biarritz who laughed immoderately at what he called the

stupidity of English jokes, and when I asked him if he did not think the English had a fine sense of humour, he answered with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders, which put an end to further interrogation. Not three weeks afterward, in a pension in Lucerne, an Englishman mentioned an incident and conversation in which a German and Frenchman took part, and added his comment: "That is their absurd idea of humour!" The American hesitates not to speak of the Englishman's density in apprehending a jest, and the Englishman declares that a Scotchman's skull requires trepanning to let in a joke, while the Irishman accepts nothing as real humour which has not the breadth and quality of his own. It happened during a sojourn in the mountains, that our landlord remarked to us at breakfast, that he had been "much inconvenienced lately as to milk." I could but recall the rule and example in Latin grammar concerning use of dative, and in our walk to the spring I laughed about the landlord's way of putting his embarrassment. A very sensible man in the party, having occasion to speak of me, subsequently remarked with utmost seriousness, "She seems an innocent kind of person,—how she laughed because the landlord couldn't get milk,—there is nothing funny in that!" So true it is that a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it! But the most obdurate national prejudice will not deny the possession of both wit and humour of highest degree to the English, nor the wisdom and exquisite grace which constitute the charm of the best French wit. As a French philosopher says, "*La pointe Francaise pique comme l'aiguille pour faire*

passer le fil,"—and in gracious combination of sentiment and humour, French literature abounds, as when Sophie Arnould says, in her sigh for lost youth: "*Les heureux jours ou j'étais si malheureuse!*" What a history in that one sentence!

The charm and vitality of Spanish humour will not be disputed by those who are familiar with the proverbs of the people. Don Quixote could hardly have been born of another nation, and Cervantes declares that his work would have been more humorous but for his fear of inquisitorial investigation. The most illustrious age of Italian literature is illustrious with humour, and the grave and reverend Florentine seigniors did not disdain the pastime of practical jokes, while the repartee of a Florentine was as celebrated as the song of a Neapolitan or the art of the Venetian. The German may reach his joke by a more circuitous route than the Frenchman, but he arrives, and the pedantry of the Hollander in his most scholarly periods did not blind him to the seductions of humour. Even the grimness of the Puritans sometimes relaxed, as in the pun, "Great praises to God and little Laud to the devil,"—and, to quote Macaulay, although they frowned at stage-plays and amusements, they did smile at massacres! So humour, like the sunlight, shines for all, and like the relief-corps in battle, offers comfort in disastrous emergency. It is said that when the English were repulsed by the Russians at Redan,—driven helter-skelter into the trenches and falling over the wounded and dead,—they burst into roars of laughter at their own ridiculous plight.

There are persons born without humour, as there are persons with-

out sight or hearing, but, like Falstaff, they are the cause of humour in others, as when the Scotchman and his wife discussed the doctrine of election: "And how many elect on earth now?" "I think, Janet, about a dizzen." "Hoot, mon, nae so many as that." "Why, Janet, do you think naeboddy to be saved but yoursel and the minister?" "Weel. I sometime hae my doots about the minister,"—or, when the four Scotchmen and an Englishmen, sitting together in an Edinburgh hostelry, saw a son of Burns enter, and the Englishman remarked: "I would rather see the father enter this room,"—and the Scotchman replied: "That is impossible, he is dead!" Certainly these examples might justify the keenest saïre of the old lexicographer. To balance on the other side, Coleridge tells of a man from Yorkshire, at a dinner-party, who sat dumb and unappreciative amid a flow of humorous conversation, until a dish of apple-dumplings was brought in, when he laughed ecstatically and exclaimed: "Oh, them's the jockeys for me!" Evidently the cat had found the mouse under the chair!

Careful research on the part of antiquarians informs us that the printing of jest-books began a little over three hundred years ago, but the momentous undertaking of collecting jokes was first assumed in the early Christian years, by Hierocles, and he showed as the harvest of his arduous labors, only twenty-one jokes! That is, a joke was made every two hundred and fifty years. A long interregnum, and recalls the famous telegram sent by the Governor of one of the United States to the Governor of another of the United States, that it was a long time between drinks! No doubt

some of these jokes are doing duty still, and are fathered by many a foster-parent of the present day. The clever speech about the wine being small of its age, has been traced as far back as Haroun al Raschid—and we all know the gleam and subtlety of Arabian wit; again it glitters upon the tongue of a Greek philosopher—enlivens the feast of a Roman senator—is ascribed to a dozen English wits, and claimed by men in every part of America! Byron tells us of a man who had the same joint of meat every Sunday that he might produce the same joke, which he did with unwavering fidelity, and it is safe to infer that the man of one joke is as much to be dreaded as the man of one book.

Savages are greatly devoid of humour, possessing little, if any sense of the incongruity or propriety of things. The stern necessities and rigorous demands of uncivilized life leave no room for humour, which is a fair flower of culture and civilization. The Veddahs of Ceylon are said by those who best know them, to be utterly incapable of appreciating humour, and the cannibals of Africa smile only at the torture inflicted upon their enemies. The Turk rarely laughs, and when he does, it is rather a sense of triumph over another, than of humour. Yet many of the Turkish proverbs are not wanting in wit, but the kindness and sympathy of spontaneous laughter, as well as the depths of tenderness, are not the inheritance of Ottoman hearts. Joy and sorrow are strangely knit together and there is a mystical union between smiles and tears, and the wisdom of Solomon is verified by common experience: "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful."

Yet without that laughter, what a Sahara of barrenness would life be! Upon its journey, refreshing wells of humour gladden and renew the soul, and history and biography agree in the verdict that the capacity for gladness is but the other side of the capacity for pain, and they who sorrow most are they who laugh most heartily. A Scotch essayist, with discriminating judgment, says of the author of the Moslem religion, "Mahomet had

that indispensable requisite of a great man,—he could laugh." The laugh of the author of *In Memoriam*, was thrilling and triumphant, and he who sees no good in humour is least likely to perceive the true and the beautiful; nevertheless, while humour is unfettered by written canons, let us remember that it is for the outer courts of God's temples, nor should dare enter the Holy of Holies.

A New Hampshire Log-Jam

By WALTER DEANE

IN the picturesque valley of the Androscoggin River, in the town of Shelburne, New Hampshire, nestled at the foot of a heavily-wooded ridge with a broad outlook over the wide-spreading intervalle backed by the masses of Mount Moriah, stands the spacious house of the Philbrook Farm. Here we agreed to settle for rest and pleasure during the month of June when the early spring plants are still lingering and the resident birds are in full song. All our anticipations were fully realized. We were on old and familiar ground, but we had never been there earlier than the month of July. The beautiful *Linnæa borealis* carpeted the woods, the noble Pileated Woodpecker, the wildest and grandest among its northern New England relatives, screamed as it flew over the high trees, the Banded Purple (*Basilarchia arthemis*) that exquisitely tinted White Mountain butterfly, flew past,

displaying its snow-white bow as it sailed along, while in the meadow on a sunny day every stalk of the Golden Ragwort (*Senecio Robbinsii*) seemed to have, poised daintily on the rich yellow flowers, the Mountain Silver-Spot (*Argynnis atlantis*). Bad weather, however prolonged, cannot entirely break up the attractions offered by these gifts of Nature, but on this particular month of June the fates seemed to vie with each other to render each day worse than the preceding. Dense smoke, the result of forest fires, followed by continual rains, gave us very few chances of seeing the genial sun, but there is a compensation in all things, and what we lost in one way, we gained in another, for we were treated to a wonderful spectacle which fair and sunny days would have denied us.

The Androscoggin River is the highway along which float the logs that form the immense drives that

every spring are sent down from the wooded regions along its upper sources. The second great drive was in progress when we reached Shelburne during the last week in May, and we loved to sit on the river bank or lean against the railing of the bridge and watch the logs as they glided silently by either singly or in groups. It was with a feeling of sadness that my mind re-

Rumford Falls on the same river in Maine, there to be ground to pulp for the manufacture of paper or cut into boards, in the immense mills of the International Paper Company, the Rumford Falls Paper Company, and the Dunton Lumber Company. Each log bears the private mark of the owner cut upon it, generally at each end, with an axe, so that they are readily separated into their respective booms when they reach their final destination.

During early June everything proceeded quietly, most of the logs keeping on an even course down the stream. As always happens, many were stranded along the banks, owing either to some sharp turn in the river or to the fall



LOG-JAM AT SHELburne BRIDGE

verted to the barren stretches in the valleys and on the mountain slopes, left by the woodsman's axe. It is more profitable, as far as immediate gain is concerned, to strip the forest of every tree rather than to leave the small ones. This I was told by one long used to lumbering in New Hampshire. As we gazed at these messengers from the northern woods, we were occasionally attracted by a fine large relic of primeval days, but as a rule the logs were not more than six inches to a foot and a quarter in diameter. They were cut in the neighborhood of Lake Umbagog, the source of the Androscoggin River, and were on their way to



BREAKING UP THE JAM

of the water as the season advances. These are all removed later by the rivermen. On the night of June 12, however, without the slightest warning, the river rose eight feet. It had been raining for a few days previously, but no rise in the Androscoggin was perceptible. In fact long continued rains may produce but little effect on the river. The

cause of this tremendous flood was doubtless due to a cloud burst in the valley of the Peabody River, a tributary of the Androscoggin and flowing into it a few miles above the center of Shelburne, and in the valleys of the main streams near by. No rise was noticeable above the mouth of the Peabody River, but much damage was done to the bridges over that river. The effect of this accession of water was remarkable. By ten o'clock in the evening the wide interval before our house was submerged, in some places to a depth of three feet, and though the waters receded very rapidly in the night, their effects were seen the next morning in the tell-tale logs quietly resting here and there over the broad meadow far from the river bed whither the floods had retreated. It was, however, on the immense drive of logs in the river itself, that the storm had shown its power. In the hands of this mighty rush of water, the huge logs were but as jack straws in the hands of a child. They were tossed up on the river banks in wild disorder and in places lay in great piles along the shore, or on the small islands. Immense log-jams were formed both at Shelburne Bridge and farther up stream, a short distance below Lead Mine Bridge—from which one obtains that view of the White Mountains that Starr King has rendered famous. At Shelburne Bridge the logs were piled in gigantic confusion against two of the iron piers, extending several hundred feet up the stream, and in height reaching from the bed of the river to several feet, in some places, above the level of the bridge, making a total elevation of at least fifteen feet. These are called "centre jams" and they were estimated to



LOG-JAM BELOW LEAD MINE BRIDGE

contain a million feet of lumber.

It was here that we had our first experience in witnessing the exciting work of jam breaking. On the very morning following the storm we found a gang of rivermen hard at work. They are a set of noble fellows full of brawn, muscle and courage, and always excelling in courtesy as we experienced on many occasions. Each man was armed with his cant-dog, consisting of a stout maple handle furnished with a square iron point. A piece of curved iron or "dog," as it is called, with a sharp point at one end, is hinged to the iron base of the handle. The efficiency of this weapon in the skilled hands of a riverman is marvellous. The huge logs are "canted," that is, pushed, pulled, rolled forward or backward, or pried out from under overlying masses, and I saw one man work a small log up perpendicularly from the jam by a sort of twisting process with his cant-dog. The extraction of this log caused the easier removal of others adjoining. Indeed, it was astonishing to note how quickly the men attacked the important or "key" log on every occasion. Of course where the jam rests heavily on the river bottom, it cannot be broken up by the removal of any one log.

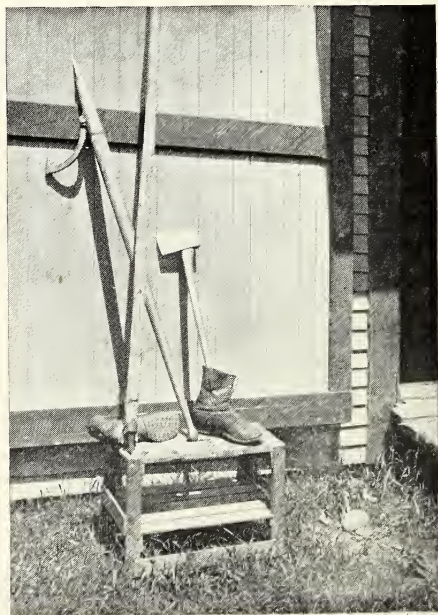


LARRY HOWARD, A TYPICAL RIVERMAN

As the men urged on their mighty efforts, the logs rolled into the water one after another and at times a large section of the jam would "haul" or settle, often with the men on it, and frequently they were carried down stream on the floating mass. Then the batteau would follow and take them back. The batteau is a large, long-pointed dory worked by two rivermen with oars, paddles or pick-poles as the occasion requires. The pick-pole is a long pole furnished with a square iron point. This square point, both in the cant-dog and the pick-pole, enables one to thrust it into a log and then pull hard without releasing the weapon. A slight twist in either case readily frees it. As in all things, there is a knack in doing this. The batteau is a very important adjunct to the work of a riverman, especially when the water

is swift and deep and there are falls in the vicinity. Often the axe must be used where a refractory log refuses to budge and yet must be removed, and here again it was a pleasure to see the axe wielded in the hands of one who had used it from boyhood and never missed his aim.

Another point upon which the rivermen pride themselves is their firm footing on the unstable foundation that they work upon. This is acquired by long practice and the use of heavily calked boots, the sharp spikes furnishing a ready hold. The boots are hand-made and are sold to the men by the companies employing them. Clad in these they run about with perfect ease over wet, floating logs that are often too small to bear them up, but they step nimbly from one sinking log to another and rarely make a misstep. Their skill in riding a single log is



RIVERMAN'S OUTFIT

very great and it was a beautiful sight to see a man standing erect as a statue on a log as it sped down the current. These calked boots, with the cant-dog, pick-pole and axe, constitute the working outfit of a riverman.

After breaking up one of the center jams and a portion of the other, a work which took but little more than two days, the men were sent back up stream nearer the end of the drive where there was more pressing need. A single riverman, Larry (Lawrence) Howard by name, was left to watch the bridge and report any fresh accumulation of logs. He was a Canadian by birth and in every way a typical riverman, strong, active and well-informed on the leading questions of the day. I had many interesting talks with him and he took me over the jam and the floating logs. The drive consisted of the following species:—Pine (*Pinus Strobus*) which is classified as Pine and Pasture Pine; the former, the typical tree of the woods with long, straight branchless trunk; the latter, the scrubby pasture form, branching low down and hence much inferior in quality; Spruce (*Picea rubra*) the timber spruce of the New England mountains; Fir (*Abies balsamea*); Hemlock (*Tsuga canadensis*) with the bark always removed; Cedar or Arbor Vitae (*Thuja occidentalis*); Poplar or "Pople" (*Populus grandidentata*) with the bark removed as in the case of the Hemlock. The bulk of the logs consisted of Spruce and "Pople."

The jam below Lead Mine Bridge a few miles up the river, was very extensive. At this point there are three islands lying at intervals across the river and making four channels. Three of these channels

were "plugged" or completely closed by an unbroken mass of logs that extended far and wide in every direction. It reminded one of Kipling's

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream,
With the raw right-angled log-jam at the end?"

We walked over the logs with perfect freedom, enjoying this new experience, and drew close to the men at work. Here was the greatest activity. It was the rear of the drive when we visited it and all the men to the number of fifty-five were concentrated at this point. The pictur-



THE BATTEAU

esqueness of the scene was greatly enhanced by the addition of eight pairs of horses that were employed in the shallow water in pulling out logs where there was little or no current, and we often saw them working up to their middle, a driver on the back of one of each pair. Chains attached to the horses are furnished at the ends with iron dogs which are driven into the floating logs by a few strokes of a mallet. A single blow of a cant-dog on a raised projection of the dog readily releases it.

The great jam melted away visibly as we watched. There was almost no noise, the men needed their

strength for their work, and at it they went tooth and nail, gathered in groups here and there, many of them up to their knees in water, a boss superintending the whole. In no undertaking is perfect unanimity of action more important, and it was truly thrilling to see a row of men drive their cant-dogs into a giant log with a precision almost military and send it tumbling down into the water. It is a life of continual ex-

at two o'clock. These are taken to the men if they are at a distance from the wangan, or camp, that no time may be wasted. At seven o'clock they stop work and walk back to headquarters which, on one occasion during our visit in Shelburne, were three miles off. Here they enjoy a hearty supper and a long rest. If any man earns his two dollars a day, food and lodging, it is a riverman. They work hard,



THE WANGAN

citement and the dangers attending it are not few. Still such is the skill of the men, and they are ever so on the alert, that I heard of no accident during our visit.

The working hours of these rivermen, which include Sundays as well as week days, would stagger the city workman. Rising at half past four in the morning they wash, dress, eat a hurried breakfast and are off to their labors by five o'clock. Lunch is served at ten and dinner

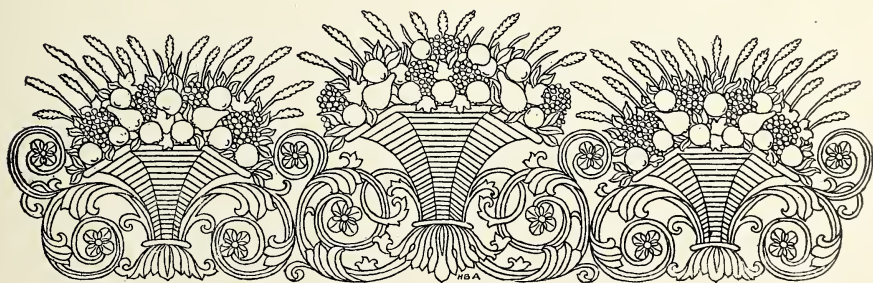
eat heartily of the best of food, and sleep soundly. One fellow, a strong, muscular specimen, told me that he had worked consecutively, Sundays included, for sixty-five days, and had been wet above his knees during almost the whole time, and yet was in perfect physical condition. They often do not stop even to dry themselves before turning in at night. One man informed me that on the evening before, as he was returning to camp, he slipped into the water

"all over," but went to bed just as he was, slept hard and woke up "steaming!"

The wangan, as the camp is always called, is moved along from time to time to keep pace with the men. On the occasion of our visit, it lay in a lovely stretch of meadow close by the cool waters of the river. Four sleeping tents extended in a row near the water. Within each tent on either side for its entire length, stretched a long heavy blanket lying on the fresh meadow grass, each sleeper's place being designated by a large number on the canvas of the tent. These blankets were broad enough to wrap over the men, thus making, as it were, a huge sleeping-bag in which twelve men could pass the night in well-earned slumber. A cook tent contained the provisions, large dishes of tempting hot custard, bread, hot biscuits, barrels of crackers, cakes and doughnuts, and meats of various kinds. I saw a loaf of gingerbread three feet long. The fact that Charlie Tidswell, well known to Maine

campers, presided over the cooking, was sufficient guarantee for its quality. A large vessel was steaming over an open fire near the cook tent and we saw the cook bury a large pot of beans in a hole in the ground and cover it over with hot embers and burning sticks that had been keeping the place warm for its reception. A long table protected by a canvas covering was used to serve the meals upon and near by stood a horse and wagon ready to take the lunch and dinner to the rivermen.

One cannot but admire the endurance and courage of these hardy men whom no dangers can daunt. Many of them spend the entire winter in the woods, chopping down trees for the spring drives and, before the ice has left the rivers, are at work in the chilling water driving the logs down stream. I consider it a great privilege to have been in Shelburne last June and to have seen the noble work performed in river driving by the bold and picturesque rivermen.



Colonial School Books

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

THE text-book equipment in our schools during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was exceedingly meager. Until toward the end of the Colonial period the average schoolboy had only a catechism or primer, a Psalter, a Testament, and a Bible. For Latin students this list would have to be extended, but ordinarily it comprised all the boy ever used as long as he attended school. Still, scattered copies were possessed of the text-books put forth in England, and these were not without influence on the schools and on the attainments of the pupils. The more popular ones began to be reprinted here about the middle of the eighteenth century, but most of them were imported.

Prior to the Revolution, text-books by American authors were very few. Indeed, I believe there were none at all save for a little Latin book by Ezekiel Cheever. Cheever was one of the most notable of the early schoolmasters. He taught in New Haven and some smaller places, but for the last thirty-eight years of his life was master of the Boston Latin School. He died at his post in 1708 at the age of ninety-four after having given seventy years of continuous service to the New England schools. Full to the brim with Puritan theology he wrote a book called *The Scriptural Prophecies Explained*, and he was unflagging in earnest endeavors to

help his boys to become Christian men. The text-book of his authorship to which I referred was *A Short Introduction to the Latin Tongue*, generally known as "Cheever's *Accidence*." It enjoyed for over a century immense popularity. The first edition appeared in 1645 and the book was republished as late as 1838.

In the grammar schools Cheever's was usually the first Latin book, and after the boys had worked their way through that they plunged into the dreary wilderness of "Lily's *Grammar*" with its twenty-five kinds of nouns, its seven genders and other things in proportion—all to be wearisomely committed to memory. The purgatory of this grammar was early recognized, and Cotton Mather said of it, "Persisting in the use of Lily's book will prolong the reign of the ferule." The only copies I have seen have been revisions of the original, yet the one I own, dated 1766, states that the unrevised is still printed and for sale. The author of the work died in 1523, and one would think that in the two centuries and a half since the book first appeared, it would have been supplanted earlier.

A more attractive book to the Latin boys was John Amos Comenius's *Visible World*, which was published in 1658. Aside from *A B C* primers this was the first illustrated school book ever printed. Come-

nus, born in 1592, was a Moravian bishop and the most distinguished educational reformer of his time. He wrote a number of books but the one that attained the widest circulation was this "Visible World: or a Nomenclature, and Pictures of the chief things that are in the World, and of Men's Employments therein; in about an 150 Copper Cuts."

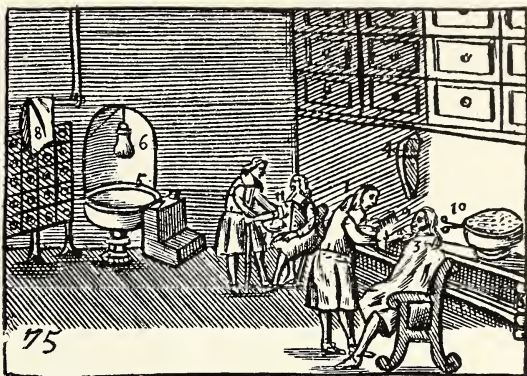
Every subject treated had its picture and below the engraving was a medley of explanatory little sentences in two columns, one column in Latin, the other in English. By such means the pupil was supposed to not only learn Latin, but to absorb a large amount of general knowledge concerning the industries and other "chief things that are in the World." It was a crude effort to interest the child and was encyclopedic, dry and verbal, having more the character of an illustrated dictionary than a child's reading book; yet for one hundred years this was the most popular text-

book in Europe, and it was translated into fourteen languages.

Of the elementary Latin books in vogue during the later Colonial days Bailey's English and Latin Exercises for School-Boys furnishes a fair sample. It was made up sandwich fashion from cover to cover with alternating paragraphs of English and Latin, one a translation of the other. Some of the material would hardly find place in a school book of today, as for instance:

The Barbers Shop. LXXV.

Tonstrina.



*The Barber, 1.
in the Barbers-shop, 2.
cutteth off the Hair
and the Beard
with a pair of Sizzars, 3.
or shaveth with a Razor,
which he taketh out of his
Case, 4.*

*And he wasbeth one
over a Bason, 5.
with Suds running
out of a Laver, 6.
and also with Sope, 7.
and wipeth him
with a Towel, 8.
combeth him with a Comb, 9.
and curleth him
with a Crisping Iron, 10.*

*Sometimes he cutteth a Vein
with a Pen-knife, 11.
where the Blood spirteth out, 12.*

*Tonsor, 1.
in Tonstrina, 2.
tonder Crines
& Barbam
Forcipe, 3.
vel radit Novacula,
quam è Theca, 4. depromit.*

*Et lavar
super Pelvim, 5.
Lixivio defluente
è Gutturio, 6.
ut & Sapone, 7.
& tergit
Linteo, 8.
pèctit Pèlline, 9.
crispat
Calamistrò, 10.*

*Interdum Venam secar
Scalpello, 11.
ubi Sanguis propullulat, 12.
The*

A page from Comenius's *Visible World*

Joan is a nasty Girl.

Ugly Witches are said to have been black cats.

The Report of the great Portion of an unmarried Virgin is oftentimes the Sound of a great Lye.

Greedy Gluttons buy many dainty Bits for their ungodly Guts.

Children drink Brimstone and Milk for the Itch.

If we should compare the Number of good and virtuous Persons to the Multitude of the Wicked, it would be but very small.

Other Latin books in common use were The Colloquies of Corderius,

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL-MASTER.

Teaching all his Scholars, of what
age soever, the most easy, short, and perfect or-
der of distinct Reading, and true Writing our
English-tongue, that hath ever yet been
known or published by any.

Portion of a title-page of a school book first published in 1596

Aesop and Eutropius; and as the boys grew older they took up Caesar, Ovid, Virgil and Cicero. In Greek they had the grammar, the Testament and Homer. Thus they fitted themselves for the University, which made very exacting requirements in the dead languages, but paid little attention to the progress its prospective students had made in science, mathematics or anything else.

The beginner's book in the Colonial schools was nearly always The New England Primer, that queer little volume wherein the imparting of the rudiments of knowledge went hand in hand with religious and theological instruction. Millions of these primers were sold and no book, save the Bible, was read and studied so assiduously.

The earliest spelling book was a thin quarto of seventy-two pages entitled The English School-Master by Edward Coote. It was first published in

1596 and it continued to be extraordinarily popular for over a century. According to the title-page "he which hath this Book only, needeth to buy no other to make him fit from his Letters to the Grammar-School or for an Apprentice."

Besides spelling it contained arithmetic, history, writing lessons, prayers, psalms, and a short catechism, and to add to the intricacy much of the text was printed in old English black letter.

Another ancestral speller was England's Perfect School-Master: By Nathaniel Strong, London, 1676, of which the author says in his

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

I have sorted all the words I could think of, and ranked them in particular Tables; with Rules to spell them by. By this Book a Lad may be taught to read a Chapter



From *The History of Genesis*, 1708

From *The London Spelling-Book*, 1710

A TREE OF KNOWLEDGE FRONTISPIECE

perfectly in the Bible in a quarter of a years time. I have likewise added unto this Book certain other necessary Instructions, and useful Varieties, as well for writers as Readers. The whole I crave God's Blessing upon.

One curious department, covering fifteen pages, consists of "Some Observations of Words that are alike in Sound, yet of different signification and spelling." Their use and meaning are indicated thus:

I Saw one *sent* unto the Hill's *ascent*,
Who did *assent* to me before he went.
Above thy reach a *Spire*-steeple stands,
Aspire not high, thou *Spyer* out of
Lands.

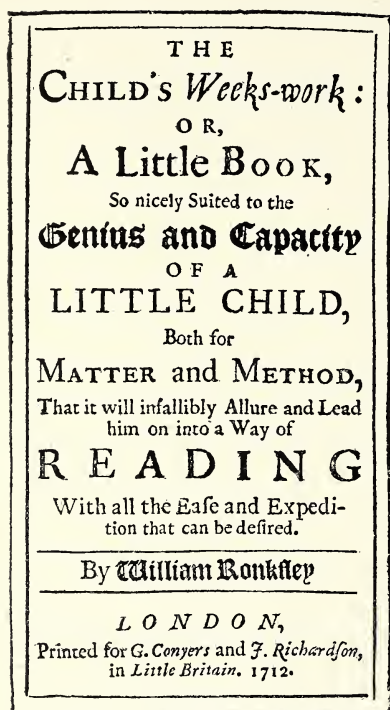
The final paragraph in the book is an "Advertisement" in which the author says he has a school "where

Youth may be fitted for the University: Also taught to write all manner of Fair Hands, with Arithmetick: Likewise Boarded with a great conveniency. My encouragement when I am being as yet but small; If any Person can advise to any Place or Parish wanting a School-master; upon assurance of a competent livelihood, I shall soon quit my present Concerns, and readily accept it."

A text-book with an individuality all its own was *The History of Genesis* published in 1708. It was made up of short narratives retold from the first book of the Bible and

From *The London Spelling-Book*, 1710

AN ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET



TITLE-PAGE OF AN EARLY SCHOOL BOOK
(REDUCED ONE-THIRD)

its attraction was enhanced by numerous illustrations. Its purpose can best be shown by an extract from the Preface.

This book of Genesis is justly stiled the Epitome of all Divinity. It is indeed a great Blessing of God, That Children in England have liberty to read the holy Scriptures, when others abroad are denied it. And yet alas! how often do we see Parents prefer Tom Thumb, Guy of Warwick, or some such foolish Book, before the Book of Life! Let not your Children read these vain Books, profane Ballads, and filthy Songs. Throw away all fond and amorous Romances, and fabulous Histories of Giants, the bombast Atchievements of Knight Errantry, and the like; for these

fill the Heads of Children with vain, silly and idle Imaginations.

The Publisher therefore of this History of Genesis, being sensible how useful a Work of this Nature might be for Schools, hopes it will meet with a general Acceptance.

Somewhat allied to the above in its distinctly religious character was "The Protestant Tutor, Instructing Youth and Others, in the compleat method of Spelling, Reading, and Writing, True English: Also discovering to them the Notorious Errors, Damnable Doctrines, and cruel Massacres of the bloody Papists, which England may expect from a Popish SUCCESSOR. Printed by and for Tho. Norris, and sold at the Looking-glass on London-bridge." The title-page from which I have quoted is dated 1715 but I have seen earlier copies and the book apparently had a considerable circulation. The lessons included the alphabet, a few pages of spelling-words and easy reading lessons, but mostly were made up of rabid anti-Catholic matter illustrated with dreadful pictures of persecutions and of heaven,



A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

FABLE XII. *Of the Fisherman and the Fish.*

From Dilworth's Speller

hell, death and the judgment.

Perhaps the most entertaining of the early elementary books was *The Child's Weeks-work, 1712*, a compilation of lessons for each day of four weeks. Among other things there were proverbs, fables, a section devoted to "Behavior," and "A short Catechism fitted for the use of Children after they have said their Prayers." But the oddest feature was the insertion here and there of conundrums and anecdotes, such as—

Quest. What's that which is higher sitting than standing.

Ans. *It is a Dog.*

Quest. A long Tail, a Tongue and a Mouth

Full fifty feet above the Ground,
'Tis heard both *East, West, North and South,*

A Mile or two all round.

Ans. *It is a Bell in a Steeple.*

Quest. I never spoke but once.

Ans. *It is Balaam's Ass.*



From *Fenning's Speller*

VIRTUOUS TOMMY GIVES NAUGHTY HARRY
SOME GOOD ADVICE

A Countryman being prest for a Soldier, was engaged in a Fight, and at his return was ask'd, what Manly Acts he had done, he answer'd, he had cut off one of the Enemy's Legs. Oh! said the other, you had done much more like a stout Man, if you had cut off his Head: Oh! said he, that was off before.

Of the books I have noted, only infrequent copies wandered to our shores and this continued to be the case until after the publication of Dilworth's *A New Guide to the English Tongue* in 1740. This was the most popular speller of the eighteenth century. A portrait of Dilworth, with a scholastic cap on his head and a pen in his hand, served for a frontispiece; and in truth, as the greatest school book author of his time, he was not unworthy of the honor. The spelling words were interspersed with much religious reading and dismal moralizing, but as an offset to the matter there was "a Select Number of Fables adorned with proper Sculptures." One of these rude "sculptures" is here re-



From *Fenning's Speller, 1755*

THE TRUANT BOYS

produced. It was accompanied by the following story:

A Fisherman having cast his line into the water presently drew up a Fish.

The little captive intreated the fisherman that he would spare her (she being but small) till she was grown larger; and then she would suffer herself to be taken by him again.

No, no, replied the fisherman, I am not to be so served. If I let you go, I must

The only speller to seriously rival Dilworth's in circulation during the remainder of the Colonial period, was Fenning's published in 1755. Besides "Tables of words" this contained "Lessons both moral and divine, Fables and pleasant Stories, and a very easy and approved Guide to English Grammar." There was also some minor material including a chronology of "the most remarkable Occurrences in sacred and profane History," that had in it items like—

The Creation of the World.....	B. C. 4047
Noah's Flood.....	2350
Walls of Jericho fell down.....	1454
Eleven Days Successive Snow...A.D.	1674
A very great Comet.....	1680
A terrible high Wind, November 26.....	1703
The surprising Meteor and Signs in the Air.....	1719

Here is one of the "pleasant Stories." It is related with a naïve picturesqueness that makes it well worth reprinting in full.

THERE were several boys that used to go into the Water, instead of being at school; and they sometimes staid so long that they used to frighten their Parents very much; and though they were told of it Time after Time, yet they would frequently go to wash themselves. One Day four of them, *Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson*, took it into their Heads to play Truant, and go into the Water. They had not been in long before *Smith* was drowned: *Brown's* Father followed him, and lashed him heartily while he was naked; and *Jones and Robinson* ran Home half dressed, which plainly told where they had been. However, they were both sent to Bed without any supper, and told very plainly, that they should be well corrected at School next Day.

By this time the news of *Smith's* being drowned, had reached their Master's Ear, and he came to know the Truth of it and found *Smith's* Father and Mother in Tears, for the Loss of him; to whom he gave very good Advice, took his friendly Leave, and went to see what was become of *Brown, Jones and Robinson*, who all hung down



Frontispiece to a speller entitled *The British Instructor*, London, 1763

never see you any more: I was always of that temper that whatever I could catch I had rather take it away than leave it behind me.

THE INTERPRETATION.

Never let go a certainty for an uncertainty.

their Heads upon seeing their Master; but more so, when their Parents desired that he would correct them the next Day, which he promised he would; though, says he, (by the bye) it is rather your Duty to do it than mine, for I cannot answer for Things done out of the School.

Do you, therefore, take Care to keep your Children in Order at Home, and depend on it, says the Master, I will keep them in Awe of me at School: But, says he, as they have been naughty disobedient Boys, and might indeed have lost their Lives, I will certainly chastise them.

Next Day, *Brown*, *Jones* and *Robinson* were sent to School, and in a short Time were called up to their Master; and he first began with *Brown*—Pray, young Gentleman, says he, what is the Reason you go into the Water without the Consent of your Parents?—I won't do so any more, says *Brown*.—That is nothing at all, says the Master, I cannot trust you. Pray can you swim?—No, Sir, says *Brown*.—Not swim, do you say! why you might have been drowned as well as *Smith*.—Take him up says the Master.—So he was taken up and well whipped.

Well, says he to *Jones*, can you swim?—A little, Sir, said he.—A little! why you were in more danger than *Brown*, and might have been drowned had you ventured much farther.—Take him up, says he.

Now *Robinson* could swim very well, and thought as *Brown* and *Jones* were whipped because they could not swim, that he would escape.—Well, *Robinson*, says the Master, can you swim?—Yes, Sir, says he, (very boldly) any where over the River.—Pray, Sir, says his Master, what Business had you in the Water, when you should have been at School?—Take him up, says he; so they were all severely corrected for their Disobedience and Folly.

GEORGE III. by the Grace of
G O D, of GREAT-BRITAIN,
FRANCE and IRELAND, King,
Defender of the Faith.



In ev'ry Stroke, in ev'ry Line,
Does some exalted Virtue shine;
And *Albion's* Happiness we trace,
In every Feature of his Face.

Frontispiece to *Watts' Speller*, 1770

In the miscellany of the latter part of the book are directions for making ink that are quite suggestive of the primitive conditions of the times. There is a recipe for red ink as well as black, which reads

TAKE half a Pint of Water, and put therein Half an Ounce of Gum Senega; let this dissolve in a Gallipot, and



Frontispiece and Title-page of an early Arithmetic. (Reduced one-half.)

then add one Pennyworth of the best Vermillion, stirring it well for two Days.

That stirring for two days makes it sound like a weary process. In some books the ink recipes were supplemented by a paragraph like this:

IN hard frosty Weather, Ink will be apt to freeze; which if it once doth, it will be good for nothing; it takes away all, its Blackness and Beauty. To prevent which put a few Drops of Brandy into it, and it will not freeze. And to hinder its moulding put a little salt therein.

The teachers usually taught arithmetic without text-books. They gave out to their scholars rules and problems from manuscript sum-books which the schoolmasters had themselves made under their teachers. It was such a sum-book that the boy Abraham Lincoln copied while he was learning arithmetic; for even at that date the old method of teaching without a text-book survived here and there. Many scholars in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries never saw a printed arithmetic,

and when a master chanced to own a copy, most of it was likely to be quite incomprehensible to the average pupil. One of the earliest to attain favor was Cocker's Arithmetic: "Being a Plain and familiar Method, suitable to the meanest Capacity, for the understanding of that incomparable Art." It was first printed in 1677. Later came Hodder's, and in 1743 The



Frontispiece to *The Schoolmaster's Assistant*. (Reduced one-third.)

School-master's Assistant by Thomas Dilworth. Dilworth's book was still in use to some extent at the beginning of the last century. One can judge from the fact that it makes no allusion to decimal currency it could not by then have been very well adapted to American requirements.

The ordinary binding of all these Colonial school books was full leather, even when the books were small and thin. Illustrations were used sparingly, and the drawing and engraving were very crude. The volumes of English manufacture were mostly well printed on good

paper; but the American editions were quite inferior and they continued to make a poor appearance as compared with the trans-Atlantic books until after the middle of the nineteenth century. The most marked typographical contrasts to the present that one observes are the use of the long s that looks like an f, and the insertion beneath the final line of each page of the first word of the page following. The catch words and long s were employed up to 1800, but within the first decade of the new century they were entirely abandoned.

Neighborhood Sketches

By HENRY A. SHUTE

VII

OUR NEIGHBORS' WIVES.

One may well understand that a subject of this kind is one that cannot be lightly dealt with, and we are all well aware that a phenomenal amount of circumspection must be used by us in depicting any of the eccentricities of our fair neighbors, if we are to retain them as friends, or retain our position upon their calling lists.

And yet we have so deep an admiration for them, for their cheerful good nature, their engaging qualities of mind and heart, the many neighborly acts of kindness which we with others have repeatedly experienced, that we cannot for a moment believe that they

will be less kind in their reception of this friendly criticism.

Having thus made our apology in advance and invoked the aid of the gods, we proceed to our task with the belief that, while our reputation may suffer as the result of this paper, our life will indeed be safe.

One would scarcely believe from seeing their cheerful faces, at church, on the street, at places of entertainment, always bright, animated, smiling, energetic, to see them so becomingly gowned and tastefully gloved, or to see them in their homes, courteous, hospitable and frank, that they were the most abused, most tried, most neglected and most care-burdened matrons in existence.

We would not have believed it ourselves, but that an accident put us in possession of facts that astonished and grieved us almost beyond the powers of expression. In fact, this is the first time we have expressed ourselves upon the subject, having since that time borne alone the burden of our individual unworthiness.

NEIGHBORLY GATHERINGS.

It happens that the ladies of the neighborhood occasionally of an afternoon invite their friends to certain little functions at which tea flows like water and neighborly exchange of ideas takes place. These functions are somewhat informal, unlike the bonafide afternoon teas of the great, but limited affairs, where the callers are supposed to bring some sort of sewing or fancy work, and to spend the afternoon, either on the lawn or in the living room, according to the weather or the season, and there exchange family receipts and individual experiences.

Great and lasting good comes from these informal meetings. Our neighbors become better acquainted with one another, the most approved and newest methods of managing family affairs are exploited, as well as the various systems of training children to honor their fathers and mothers, and have what children have never since the origin of man been known to have, respect for all other persons.

In this way the bonds of friendship have become knitted more firmly and family discipline has been brought to a high state of perfection.

Our experience above mentioned was gained one pleasant afternoon in the fall. Our wife had bidden several

of the ladies of the neighborhood to make her home their own for the afternoon, and the entire quota of married and unmarried women had assembled on the lawn in the shadow of the house, working and chatting as only women can work and chat.

It happened that day that we had been confined to the house with a severe cold and a headache, caused, as we alleged, by our unwearying industry and application, which claim, however, was not regarded as genuine by the hostess.

Well, never mind that, suffice it to say, that we were comfortably sick, and uncomfortably restless and uneasy. It was due to this restlessness that we did what no self-respecting person would have done, that is, we took a comfortable seat by a shaded window overlooking the company, and screened from observation by the dense growth of a clematis vine, prepared to get as much entertainment out of the proceedings as possible.

CONFIDENTIAL.

The subject for discussion was the cares and worries with which the majority of the company were burdened, with particular reference to the domestic traits of the male members of the various households represented.

"Oh, dear," said one matron, "Mr. — does try me so. He is so bound up in his business affairs that I hardly see him from morning till night. And if I try to get him to go out with me to any evening entertainment, he always has some business excuse. And then he insists upon running his household affairs with the same business system with which he manages his own affairs,

and I never could understand books and figures anyway, and Sundays he always says he is tired and I never can get him to go to church, and he is so careful about the children that I am worried to death all the time, and," addressing the unmarried ladies present, and beaming with pride in her husband, "you ought to be thankful that you have never married a business man."

The young ladies addressed assumed at once a look that said plainly that they never would do such a thing, although they had each and all of them had many highly advantageous offers.

"Well," said another lady, "if you had married a man who was interested in politics, I think you would give up. It is bad enough never to know whether or not your husband is ever going to be present at his meals, but to have him first in one place and then in another, to have him president of this, and vice-president of that, and secretary and treasurer of the other, and rushing around to attend delegations here, and conventions there, and committee meetings somewhere else, and to be awakened in the dead of night by having him shout 'Mr. Speaker!' and 'I move for a division!' and all sorts of dreadful things, and then the effect upon his moral character must necessarily be dreadful, and you all ought to be so thankful that you have never married a professional man who has a leaning for politics."

The ladies all looked extremely edified and truly sympathetic, particularly the unmarried ladies, who looked as if professional men with leanings

toward politics might come, and professional men with leanings toward politics might go, but that they would assuredly go on forever without them.

The wife of the professional man with a leaning toward politics had scarcely ended her pathetic recital when another lady took up the theme with great enthusiasm. "Well," she sighed, "I don't know but what a man might as well be a politician or a business man, or follow any other calling that takes him away a great part of the time, as to be at home a good deal of the time, but so buried in books as never to act as if he knew what was going on in the world. It may be a brilliant and lively sort of existence to be always working out problems in conic sections, or digging up Greek roots or Latin synonyms, but after you have chased your husbands down the street to have them put on their hats or coats whenever they went to recitations as often as I have done, and after you have spent as many years as I have in following your husbands round to see that they didn't do some dreadful thing from pure absent-mindedness, then I guess you would be sorry you ever married a teacher."

And so they ran on, first one and then another, all detailing some particular shortcoming of their respective husbands, which caused them so much worry and annoyance, that their lives had become burdensome to quite a considerable extent.

Now this was really one of the most delightful afternoons we had ever spent. There is always an exhilarating sense of pleasure in hearing

the shortcomings of your friends discussed, and in proportion as the iniquities of our neighbors became so manifest, so did our own sense of moral superiority swell and expand and cause us the utmost complacency. True, we even felt a sort of warm-hearted compassion for our friends, and a desire to do something to bring them again to our level, to reform them, in fact, to do a little missionary work among so abandoned a set as they had become.

OUR TURN NEXT.

While we were ruminating thusly in a state of moral elevation, our wife "cut loose" and in about two minutes we learned more about ourself than we had ever known before. We learned that we had absolutely no business acumen, that the veriest tyro in business could cheat us, and did cheat us. That we were daily the prey of canvassers and book agents and subscription fiends and other sinister characters. That we never cared how we looked, and seldom cared what we said, or where we said it. That we had no reverence for any one or anything and that we kept her in constant terror by reason of our propensity to say dreadful things. That we never by any possibility hung up our hat or wiped our feet or brushed our coat. That we never remembered anything we were told to get. That we dropped papers on the floor,—think of it, papers right on the floor,—and had the most dreadful people come to our house in the evening and at all times of night. That we laughed when the children said or did dreadful things. That we encouraged our son to box and wrestle, and just

grinned when he came home with no buttons on his jacket. That we—" but that is enough. Before the close of her little essay we were the worst used-up man in the entire neighborhood.

We betook ourself and our headache, which now came on with redoubled force, to the west side of the house, where after profound thought we gave up all thoughts of attempting the reformation of our sinful brethren.

We are somewhat at a loss to understand this propensity among women. To watch them one could not help but believing that they were the happiest, most cheerful and contented women in the universe. To hear them one wonders at the load of care and worry they bear.

We can only explain it by referring to the bit of philosophy in the small boy's composition, "Girls is queer fellers."

VIII

OUR NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN.

THE BOYS.

There are four kinds of boys, good, goody-good, ordinary and bad. From a comparatively intimate acquaintance with the boys of our neighborhood we are glad to be able to say there are no bad boys, and rejoice to be able to say there are no goody-goods. Of the two kinds we prefer the bad, because they are frequently amusing, which the goody-goods never are, and they can occasionally be reformed, which is not the case with the goody-goods.

On the other hand we cannot with truth say that the boys of our neighborhood are at all likely to take any prizes offered for good behavior, un-

less the prizes are offered for good behavior covering an extremely short period, say half to three quarters of an hour, and not in the snowball season.

No, the boys are a set of as healthy, hearty, nappy youngsters as one may find anywhere, with lungs, appetites and mischievous tendencies abnormally developed, with a wonderful knowledge of all sorts of games, and a wonderful talent for getting into scrapes, and a remarkable fecundity of excuses in getting out of the same.

They bear the usual assortments of nicknames, some fanciful, like Tilly Nif, Dinky and Juicy, some illustrative of facial, racial, bodily or mental qualities, as Tadpole, Bulldog, Niggerlip, Potato Face, Curly or Lord John.

They are in all things faithful imitations of the Academy students. In the baseball season the little diamond in our neighborhood sees daily games of the most interesting nature, and the air is vocal with "never touched him," and "slide, Bulldog, slide," and other notes of encouragement of the most high-pitched and strident nature. In the football season the most desperate games imaginable are played right under our windows, and the way in which small and grimy boys are trodden upon, rolled in the mud, slugged, punched, tackled, downed and dreadfully abused excites the greatest commiseration among the mothers of the same small boys.

In the swimming season a fond father bringing his son and heir home by the ear for having "gone in" more than three times in one day, is a familiar and edifying spectacle, while the

young ladies never venture within five hundred yards of the swimming hole, upon any consideration.

In the skating season the dull thud of small heads knocking against the ice can be heard for a long distance, while there is not a boy in the neighborhood who is not dented all over with the impact of the hockey block.

The fishing season claims fewer votaries than the season of other pursuits, but among those few only the most approved tackle is "good form," and the truly scientific way in which countless minnows, shiners, kivers, perch, pickerel, eels, bullfrogs and snapping turtles are brought to book is at once startling and instructive.

Several of the boys are expert hunters and trappers. Of trappers the two most expert have or had formed a co-partnership under the firm name of "Staff & Arthur, Deelers in all Kinds of Firs."

Now, the fur-bearing animal next to the house cat the most abundant in our neighborhood is the "*Mephitis Americanus*." Staff and Arthur have had astonishing success in trapping healthy specimens of this beast, and have thereby seriously impaired the residential valuation of the neighborhood real estate.

One day last fall we were sitting on our piazza when we saw the two young men composing the firm approaching, with a large black and white animal slung over a pole, and carried between them with much apparent satisfaction. If we had not seen them we should undoubtedly have been aware of their presence, but, as we did see them, and as they were making a bee-line for our front

door, we thought the time for instant and vigorous action had arrived. Holding our nose with one hand, and seizing the garden hose with the other, we ordered the miscreants to halt and the following dialogue ensued:—

"What are you boys bringing that infernal thing here for?" indignantly.

"Want to show it to Dick; it's nothing but a skunk."

"Where did you get it?"

"Staff caught it in a trap by the leg."

"How did you kill it?"

"Pasted it on the head with a club."

"Who did?"

"We both did."

"Well, I should say so. Why didn't you choke it to death with your hands, or bring it home alive?"

"We can sell its skin for twenty-five cents as soon as we skin it."

"Well, don't you ever bring such a thing as that around here again."

And the small boys departed toward their homes, which they had no sooner reached than we heard vigorous expletives in a masculine voice, and a few minutes later saw two small figures digging a hole in the field back of the house, and depositing therein their black and white trophy.

The next day, with hair so closely clipped that each small head looked as bald as a quart bowl, they were around as fresh as ever, while two small suits of clothes hung on the line back of their house for the rest of the season.

The same day our son consulted us in regard to a point of law that had been submitted to him as one of

three referees, who were selected by the firm to straighten out a little difficulty as to the division of the receipts. The dispute in his own language was something like this:—

"Well, you see, father, Staff and Arthur caught a skunk yesterday, 'n Staff was goin' to sell it to Old Man Tilton for twenty-five cents, 'n Curly, I mean Arthur, 'n Bulldog, I mean Staff, was a-goin' to go snacks, 'n Old Man Fuller—"

"What's that!" we asked sharply.

"I mean Mr. Fuller told Arth that he'd give him a quarter if he'd bury it, 'n B—Staff 'n Arth buried it, 'n Arthur won't give Staff half, 'n Staff says he had oughter have half, 'cause it was his trap, 'n he found the hole, and got the most smell on him when he hit it, 'n so Staff 'n Arth left it to me 'n Tilly Nif, I mean Dick 'n Ned."

"What do they say?" we queried.

"Well, Dick 'n I, we said that Staff had oughter have half, 'n Ned said Staff oughter give Arth a poke in the jaw, 'n Old Man McK—I mean Ned's father—said we had oughter ask some lawyer, 'cause lawyers was great on skins, 'n so me 'n Dick said to ask you."

"Well, I guess you are right, although it is a very strong case for both sides and for the neighborhood as well. But how about speaking of gentlemen as 'Old Man' this and 'Old Man' that; is that the way you boys do?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes," somewhat sheepishly.

"What do the boys say when they speak of your father?" we questioned, somewhat anxiously.

"Old Man Shute," was the reluctant reply.

"Well, don't you let me hear any more of it, or there will be trouble," we answered with dignity, and closed the session wondering at our suddenly acquired years and infirmities.

We learned later that the difficulty was satisfactorily adjusted, but owing to the nature of the commodities in which the firm dealt, a family council had been called and stern parental commands given for the dissolution of the partnership, and so the firm of "Staff & Arthur, Dealers in all Kinds of Firs," is but a fragrant memory.

Like most boys, these youngsters are all ardent admirers and believers in the absolute prowess of their respective fathers, and each and all of them never lose an opportunity to vaunt the pugilistic ability of these peace-loving gentlemen, and we were greatly astonished at hearing ourself described by our son, at one of the daily meetings in the back yard, as a perfect terror in the way of sparring abilities, long reach and a ring experience of years.

And we were equally astonished at hearing from Staff how easily we would be done up, knocked silly, and fought to a standstill by Staff's father, if he only once got at us. We never knew before what a narrow escape that gentleman had of wearing the diamond belt.

And we were likewise surprised when we learned from Dick and Ned that their father, for whom we had always entertained the utmost respect and friendship, was only waiting his chance to "do us both up dead easy, see!" and we were deeply

grieved to find that it was only a matter of time when Arthur's father, with whom we had enjoyed about twenty years of uninterrupted friendship and professional intimacy, was liable to break out any day and lick the entire neighborhood of "old men" without half trying.

And as each youngster bragged and swelled himself, amid the scornful "aw nows" of his companions, it looked as if the whole neighborhood were likely to become embroiled, when suddenly the meeting was adjourned for a concerted assault on "Lord John," who is an older brother of Ned and Dick, and who, on account of a difference of about two years in age, regards the other boys as "kids" and suffers great annoyance from them jointly, but mauls them soundly when singly or in pairs.

An entire volume might well be devoted to the pranks of these boys, their work, their play, their various interests, but the recital would be that of the boys of every town, every city and every neighborhood in the country.

It is well for us if as we grow older and more care laden, we can still remember that we were once boys, and keep our hearts open to such thoughts, that we may once again, through our children, taste the pleasures of our boyhood, that come in full measure but once in life.

THE GIRLS.

From our earliest years we have had an intense admiration for girls. As far as we can recollect, from a dispassionate review of the events of the past forty years, we are forced

to admit the converse is not true. For the rebuffs, slights and mortifications that we have sustained from them as a boy, as an awkward, ungainly and bashful youth, and as an equally awkward, ungainly and bashful man, are legion.

Why we remember that,—but never mind, our allegiance has never in the least wavered, despite our manifest tribulations.

And parents are generally more solicitous about the welfare of their daughters than that of their sons. One is apt to think that the boys will stumble through life much as they stumble through their lessons, catching the shafts of misfortune everywhere but in a vital spot, and with that cheerful disregard of consequences, that is or should be the heritage of every live boy.

In the case of girls one feels differently, and we well remember the day we first saw one of the oldest children in the neighborhood, then a tiny baby girl of the mature age of three weeks, and we call to mind the fond mother's anxious remarks:

"Oh, dear, it will not be very long before I shall be worrying about her going to dances, and what she shall wear, and with whom she shall dance, and how late she should stay, and all such things, and oh, dear me, I don't know just what to think."

We recollect that we ventured to remind her that there was no need for immediate worry, but as we think of it now, we feel that she "builded better than she knew," and we can but acknowledge that, although this took place fifteen years ago, the time has passed like a breath.

The child in question has not yet attended any dances, but the time is close at hand when she will, and we have no fears for her success, as her mother had years ago.

The girls of our neighborhood are as pretty and well bred as anyone could wish, and their lively dispositions and occasionally wild spirits do not detract in the least from their engaging qualities. They are athletic and fond of outdoor sports, and in some respects quite outdo the boys. For instance, Nell can easily outrun any boy in the neighborhood, not excepting her big brother, while Margaret and the two Dicks can never satisfactorily decide which of the three can beat, although they daily run themselves into an almost apoplectic condition.

The girls are talented too, for, although Constance, on account of her robust proportions, is not a marked success as a runner or climber, she has shown the value of literary heredity by her phenomenal success in winning prizes for poems and literary essays; and Nell's drawings have already been accepted by juvenile magazines, while Margaret's and Mary's musical abilities are the pride of the neighborhood, and the little tots are coming on, too.

Besides this we heard yesterday from the most reliable source, that the facts detailed in our article of last week on the "Mephitis" episode had been previously written up by Elsie as a school composition, and as we were informed and readily believe, in much more readable style than our own.

These girls have business ability of a high order, and one of the greatest property losses the neighborhood

ever sustained was the burning of the clubhouse, erected by the boys and a lease of which had been secured by the girls with great business acumen.

This clubhouse had been erected by the joint efforts of the entire juvenile male population of the neighborhood, and after an amount of exertion greatly disproportionate to their size. It was made of dismantled dry goods boxes, shingled and made fair to look upon.

For several months subsequent to its erection it was used by the boys as a general stamping ground, in which they dressed fish, skinned eels and other vermin, and stretched and dried peltries. On account of these practices the clubhouse became a gruesome place, to be avoided by anyone who had a delicate stomach or a proper amount of sense of smell, and finally the boys became tired of it as boys frequently do.

It then occurred to the girls that their opportunity for club life had arrived, and after several days of anxious conference a lease was drawn up by the combined legal and scholastic ability of our friend the lawyer, who evidently had warmed to his subjects and poured the entire wealth of his vast legal attainment, into the draft of this instrument, a copy of which lies before me.

LEASE.

This indenture witnesseth that we, John McKey, Dick McKey, Ned McKey, Stafford Francis, Arthur Fuller, George Fuller, Kenneth Fuller and Dick Shute, commoners and sturdy yeomen, in consideration of the payment of five cents in the lawful current coin of the United States to us the said commoners and sturdy yeomen as aforesaid and above named, on the part of Nell McKey,

Margaret Fuller, Constance Fuller, Elsie Fuller, Faith Fuller, Mary Frances and Nathalie Shute, all spinsters of the Borough Corporate of Exeter, the receipt whereof we do hereby in our collective and individual capacities acknowledge, do convey, confirm, alien, enfeoff, shove up, spout, hock, put in soak and lease to and unto said spinsters hereinbefore mentioned, a certain piece or parcel of land with the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, together with all corporeal and incorporeal hereditaments appendant or in gross, and all rights of firebote, ploughbote and steambote, with common of estovers, of piscary, turbary, strawbary, blackbary and goosebary, said premises bounded and described as follows: to wit, namely, viz. scilicet, videlicet, that is to say: commencing at a certain empty tomato can on the land of one E. H. Gilman, thence running north 25 degrees east five feet, eight inches, to a large pigweed, thence west 14 degrees 20 minutes south thirteen feet, five inches, to a dead cat, thence south parallel to said first mentioned line six feet, one inch to a last year's woodchuck hole, thence in a straight line to the tomato can aforementioned.

And the said spinsters on their part covenant that they will well and truly pay unto the said commoners and sturdy yeomen as aforesaid, the afore mentioned sum of five cents of the lawful coin of the realm, for each and every week ensuing the date hereof that they, the said spinsters, their associates and assigns may occupy the same.

And the said commoners and sturdy yeomen aforementioned do reserve unto themselves the right, should the said spinsters fail to keep all and singular their said covenants

as aforesaid, to enter said premises vi et armis, and molliter manus imponere, and expel, banish, exile, eject, exclude and fire out all and singular said spinsters so aforementioned.

In witness whereof the said commoners and sturdy yeomen, and said spinsters so described and set forth as aforesaid have set their hands and affixed their seal this steenth day of fty, 1899.

JOHN McKEY.	NELL McKEY.
DICK McKEY.	MARGARET FULLER.
NED McKEY.	CONSTANCE FULLER.
STAFFORD FRANCIS.	ELSIE FULLER.
ARTHUR FULLER.	MARY FRANCIS.
DICK SHUTE.	her
his	FAITH x FULLER.
GEORGE x FULLER.	mark
mark	her
his	NATHALIE x SHUTE.
KENNETH x FULLER.	mark
mark	

Upon entering into possession of the leased premises the girls at once set to work to secure the removal of one of the monuments of boundary, to wit, the deceased cat, which they effected by an appeal to the lessors, who promptly acted in the following manner.

Staff picked it up by the tail and threw it at Dick, who received it on the back of his neck. Quickly recovering, he threw it at Arthur, who in turn chased Staff to the woods and hit him twice over the head with it before it came to pieces.

This preliminary having been satisfactorily adjusted, an entire afternoon was spent in thoroughly purging the floor, and the rest of the week was occupied in the mural decorations and the introduction of tasteful and elegant furniture. The walls were neatly paved with pebbles and oyster shells, flowers planted at the sides thereof, and a hand-

some marble slab, discarded for the modern wooden mantle, did duty as a doorstep.

Nor did they depend entirely upon their own exertions for the rehabilitation of their property, for one of our neighbors, a kind hearted man, spent one of his infrequent afternoons of leisure, clad in a disreputable hat and baggy and illfitting overalls, and presenting a hideous appearance, in whitewashing the outside walls of the castle.

And how these girls did enjoy themselves. What teas, what dinners, what receptions they held there. What a wealth of china, crockery, tin spoons, lead forks and pewter knives were displayed. What marvels of housekeeping were there performed.

But alas, this happiness was not to endure, a cloud on the horizon, now a mere speck, was rapidly increasing. One afternoon while the older girls were at home reading or practising, and the boys were at the swimming hole, two small figures were seen to make their way toward a pile of rubbish just behind the clubhouse. They were very tiny and very innocent, but they had in some way become possessed of a bunch of matches.

Now the combination of a small boy and a bunch of matches is ordinarily productive of but one result, and in this case that one result followed as a matter of course, and in a few minutes two small figures were flying toward home as fast as their short pudgy legs could carry them, screaming "muvver" at the top of their shrill voices, while dense volumes of smoke as big as a poke bonnet were seen pouring from the clubhouse.

Instantly the entire neighborhood was alarmed, and the air was vi-

brant with swishing skirts and agitated pigtails as the entire female portion of the neighborhood, old and young, armed with brooms, mops, pails, cups, garden hose and tin dippers, rushed to the rescue, amid a clatter of tongues that almost drowned the roar and crackle of the flames.

The children shrieked and skipped about like corn in a popper, the women heroically beat with brooms, poured water from cups and dippers, gave frantic orders in a high key, and vainly endeavored to stretch fifty feet of garden hose to four hundred feet. By this time the edifice was a mass of flames, the grass was on fire in half a dozen places, and the outlook was very unfavorable for the fire fighters, when with shrill yells and bulging eyeballs the boys, aroused from their paddling by the unusual noise, came charging up the path from the swimming hole like a regiment of small maniacs, clad some in one garment, some in two, and some in little more than the golden summer sunshine.

Under the vigorous measures of these experienced fire fighters, the grass fires were speedily extinguished, but the clubhouse was doomed. At precisely four minutes and thirty seconds after four o'clock the roof fell in with a crash, sending a shower of sparks to a height of at least seven feet and six inches. All danger to the neighboring estates being thus happily averted, the gentlemen present, suddenly realizing the somewhat informal condition of their toilets, discreetly retired behind trees, while the ladies, gathering their pans, dippers, brooms and mops, betook themselves to a vigorous beating up of the neighboring coverts in search of the diminutive incendiaries, that Just-

ice, the blind goddess, the inexorable, might be appeased.

The club house has never been rebuilt, the neighbors wisely concluding that the social advantages of the institution, although great, did not counterbalance the element of danger to the neighboring real estate.

NOTE.

In closing these papers we think it fair to state that we have been frequently asked, how far our imagination is responsible for the facts therein detailed. These occurrences are authentic in every case. We acknowledge that we have drawn to some extent upon our imagination for the prismatic coloring, for we regard an imagination as we regard a bank account, useless unless drawn upon.

The sketch in which we have drawn the least upon our imagination, and have endeavored to represent with absolute fidelity to the facts and coloring, namely the "Boys," is the very one in which our imagination is popularly supposed to have been taxed to its uttermost, while on the other hand, until the publication of the "Beef Trust" and the subsequent voluntary confession of a host of victims, we had no idea that our description embraced so wide a territory.

We have been asked to continue these sketches, but we feel that we have exhausted the subject. Like a good dinner, the flavor is lost by too great an indulgence. We only hope we have stopped in time.

We have written about this neighborhood because we live here. We have no doubt that in any other neighborhood we would meet with the same kindness, the same courtesy, and with equally interesting experiences as in the "Greek Quarter."

The Colonial Day Fair

Illustrated by Josephine Bruce

By Mary Sargent Hopkins



To Goodman Simpkins, of Boston Town,
From far and near came great renown
Of "Press Colonial Day."
His heart so true, did warmly burn
To do a philanthropic turn,
In a good old-fashioned way

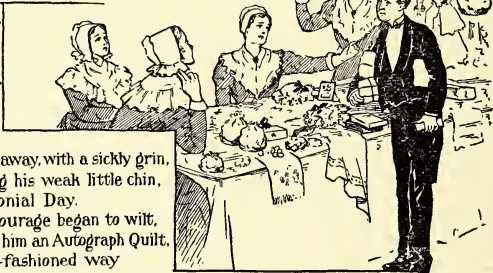


So Goodman Simpkins wandered in
Where dames in silk were said to spin,
On this Colonial Day.
But the yarns they told - beat those they spun
From early morn to set of sun,
In the same old-fashioned way.



He next fell in with the Salem Witches,
Who possessed themselves of half his riches,
On this Colonial Day
They gaily laughed as he hastened past
Toward the modest girls with eyes downcast
Who were dressed in old-fashioned grey

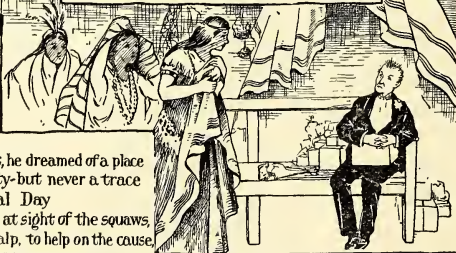
But the Quaker girls were more than his match,
As they set themselves his gold to catch,
On this Colonial Day.
On the meek little man, they unloaded their tale,
Telling him many a head-turning fable,
In the good old-fashioned way



Then he toddled away, with a sickly grin,
Meekly scratching his weak little chin,
On this Colonial Day.
His collar and courage began to wilt,
As he saw before him an Autograph Quilt,
Made in the old-fashioned way

He fell in the hands of a lady fair,
Who coaxed him into trying a "share",
On this Colonial Day
She told him in accents as sweet as honey,
He must lay down his life - or give up his money,
In the good old-fashioned way

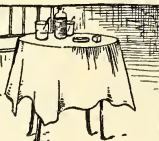
So Simpkins wandered from bower to bower,
'Twas sweatmeats in one, in 'tother a flower,
On this Colonial Day
A moment he sat in the fisherman's hut,
With mouth wide open - and eyes tight shut,
In the good old-fashioned way



While the poor man slept, he dreamed of a place
Where money was plenty - but never a trace
Of this Colonial Day
As he woke - he was sure, at sight of the squaws,
They were after his scalp, to help on the cause,
In the good old-fashioned way



But the Goodman escaped with his scalp and his life,
His pocket book flat - and so was his wife,
After Colonial Day.
For the cause she had worked, spending time,
Strength and pelf,
Till nervous prostration asserted itself,
In the good old-fashioned way.



A Girl of Maine

By GERTRUDE ROBINSON

ELISABETH made a vivid picture as she ran down the path between two straight rows of young orchard trees to the spring in the south meadow, swinging a large wooden pail in either hand. The noon sun made her brown hair bronze and brought out the deep flush of excitement in her face. She was singing broken bits of the only gay song her Puritan ears had ever heard. Yet it is safe to say that Elisabeth's heart was the only light one in the village of Newichawannock, this twelfth of September, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and seventy-five. There had been rumors of an uprising among the Canibas and Sokosis tribes and even of attacks upon places so near as Falmouth and Saco.

In fact, that very morning Captain Wincoln, with the fighting men of Newichawannock, had started forth to carry aid down the Presumpscot. Captain Wincoln was the Miles Standish of Maine, trusty, brave, vainglorious, and wont to require faith in his valor, and to exact confidence in his opinions. So it is small wonder that his parting words satisfied Elisabeth that there was no great danger; for the girl had never known anything of which she was afraid.

"An' forsooth," he cried, "what is it but a forest fire and the words of a lying redskin who thought by them to get a supper an' a drink from

Purchas' Well?" And Elisabeth, who had been sorry to see her father and, truth to tell, much more sorry to see her second cousin, Hadrach Wakely, go hunting Indians, felt mightily relieved.

"They will likely enough come to no harm," she reasoned, "an' if Hadrach pleases the Captain, perhaps he'll come back Lieutenant in place of poor Jacob, whom the log crushed last winter."

So a very gay little maid set her pails where the clear water from the spring could filter into them and smiled happily at the familiar landscape. To the south of the big meadow lay the cornfields. The stalks, swaying heavily beneath loads—of filled out ears, parted enough to show hundreds of fat yellow pumpkins. Below the cornfields sloped a hill, and encircling the hill were the houses of Newichawannock. John Tosier, Elisabeth's father, had built his house upon the very summit of the hill, and had fortified it strongly, that it might serve as a fort if the French or Indians ever came down upon them from Canada. Yet, up to this time, these settlers in the south-western part of Maine had felt little fear of the Indians, either of the near or of the more barbarous northern tribes.

Elisabeth was aroused from her dreamings by the sound of water dripping over the sides of her pails upon the stones of the shallow basin.

She stooped to lift the pails. As she straightened up, her attention was drawn toward the cattle in the adjoining pasture. They were crowding together, and staring at the fence which separated the meadow and the pasture from the cornfield. "Old Whiteface is telling them how good green corn is," she thought. Then she noticed more carefully the attitudes of the cows. They were standing stiffly, with tails stretched straight out and heads raised.

A swift intuition came to Elisabeth. She knew, as definitely as though she could see the skulking forms, that there were Indians hiding in the cornfield. Nevertheless she poured a little of the water from the pails, that she might not spill any on her dress, and went slowly up the path with her burden, without a change of color or a tremor of a muscle. Captain Wincoln used to say he would willingly give half of his army of sixteen men for one man with the nerve of Elisabeth Tosier.

Before two hours had passed Elisabeth had warned every family in the village. White-faced women, carrying curious, clumsy weapons in one arm and sleeping babies in the other, a few tottering old men, and frightened children came silently through the woods on the north side of the hill, up to "Tosier's fort." Elisabeth let them in through a little secret entrance at the north side of the house. A simple cupboard in the wall had an opening into a tunnel which ended, after a winding journey of some ten or twelve feet, in a tangle of wild blackberry vines. Nobody in Newichawannock had known of the existence of this entrance before this day.

The big south door was already barred and chained. Elisabeth set

the women at work closing the heavy shutters of the windows and fastening them with the iron bars her grandfather had brought from England. She had not dared close the shutters before the women arrived lest the Indians observe the act and know they were discovered.

In each side of the upper part of the house were two windows, mere loopholes. Elisabeth selected seven women who seemed less nervous than the others and stationed one of them, with a rifle, at each window, save the one which commanded a view of the cornfield. This she took herself. Aside from the continued strange behavior of the cattle, nothing was to be seen all the afternoon.

The women accepted Elisabeth's command meekly. Those stationed upon the projecting portion, which, after the manner of the early fort-like houses, ran around the four sides of the house, kept watch like trained soldiers. The women below got some supper and ate it, as Elisabeth ordered, though with such trembling and quaking that Mistress Tosier's sanded floor received an undue proportion of the savory porridge. The old men, however, sat rebelliously in a corner and refused to eat. They had expected to assume command.

Elisabeth's aunt, who kept the house, climbed up the steps to the girl, and carried her some porridge. She was a frail, nervous woman whose abhorrence of dirt was only equalled by her dread of savages. She had sat for the last hour in the chimney-corner, sighing over her ruined floor and wringing her long hands until they were sore and red. Now she watched Elisabeth drink the porridge, wonderingly. Elisabeth made a wry face as she handed back the bowl. There was sugar

in the porridge and Elisabeth did not like sweetened things. The trembling aunt went down the steps to the lower part comforted. She felt that there could be but little danger else Elisabeth would not mind so small a thing as sugar.

At dusk, shadowy forms came creeping up over the south meadow. At the same time flames shot out from Phillips Mill, half a mile down the river. The savages came on boldly. They knew there was not a fighting man left in the village. They did not know that the pluckiest girl in the Maine woods was made ready to outfight them.

Elisabeth waited until the dark swarm of savages were within a few rods of the south side of the house. Then she fired. Her first shot hit the foremost, her second the hindmost, Indian. The redskins drew back, spread out, and began to encircle the house. Elisabeth had instructed the others what to do in such a case. Each woman, watching from her loophole, fired at the first groveling shadow she saw. The women below handed up loaded muskets and rifles as fast as they could: the women above fired continually. The house was stifling with smoke and sulphur. All the women but Elisabeth prayed. She had more faith in her wits than in her piety.

After some time, nobody could tell just how long, the Indians retreated to the shelter of the barn. The besieged women, who, at first, had been nervous and frightened, were now calm and hopeful. They were beginning to see the results of Elisabeth's management. By comparing observations they judged that at the beginning of the fight there could not have been more than fifty savages. There were many less now.

An hour passed in quiet. After some time, however, a dark mass appeared to be moving up from the barn. It proved to be a cart, loaded with brush and timber. A short distance away, the Indians, who were pushing it from behind, set it afire: then came shoving it on with horrid screeches. A turn in the path, however, exposed those behind the cart to the firing from the two south windows. In the confusion, the cart was upset. The savages, maddened at this destruction of their plans, seized the blazing timbers and rushed at the door with them. Once under the shelter of the overhanging cornice, they were safe from the shots from above. The thundering blows from stout cudgels and sharp hatchets began to tell, even upon the staunch door. It strained at the hinges and one of the bars was already bending. It was plainly about to give way. Elisabeth rushed to the door and threw herself against it with all her might. Yet she knew well how powerless would be the combined exertions of every human being in the house against the force without.

"Run," she cried, "to the tunnel. Close the slide after you and stay in the tunnel till you hear an uproar in the house. Then run to Bender's cave and don't stop to breathe until you get there."

The first bar fell from the door just as the last form went through the opening in the wall. Elisabeth stopped pressing against the remaining bar when she saw the white panel again in its place, beside the similar ones with which the room was ceiled. A second later the door fell in.

Elisabeth stood, defiantly, to meet the intruding horde. The Indians bound her hand and foot, tossed her

one side, and proceeded to search the house. Their amazement at finding the house empty was sweet to Elisabeth. She sat and laughed, wild hysterical peals which echoed above the clamor of the plundering Indians. Elisabeth used to say, in after life, that that fit of insane laughter was the only thing of which she was really ashamed. Nevertheless, that very laughter saved her life. The savages listened to it fearfully. They retired to the farthest corner of the room and talked together in low tones. Elisabeth understood enough to know that they thought her a witch. They thought that she alone had rained down upon them that volley of shot which had wellnigh driven them back in hopeless defeat. The idea was so amusing to her strained sensibilities that she burst into another fit of shrill, discordant laugh-

ter. That settled the matter. The Indians departed down through the cornfields, as they had come, leaving, as a propitiatory offering, two children whom they had taken captive at Saco.

The next day, at noon, Captain Wincoln came back, boiling with rage because the Indians had not done as he had predicted they would do. He had left two men stretched upon the meadow before Saco and had saved but a miserable handful of women and children.

"An' forsooth, Elisabeth," he cried, when he heard the story of her generalship,—“you have done more with your band of white-handed women and babes than I with my army of sixteen men.”

And Elisabeth, since Hadrach Wakely agreed with the Captain, was well content.

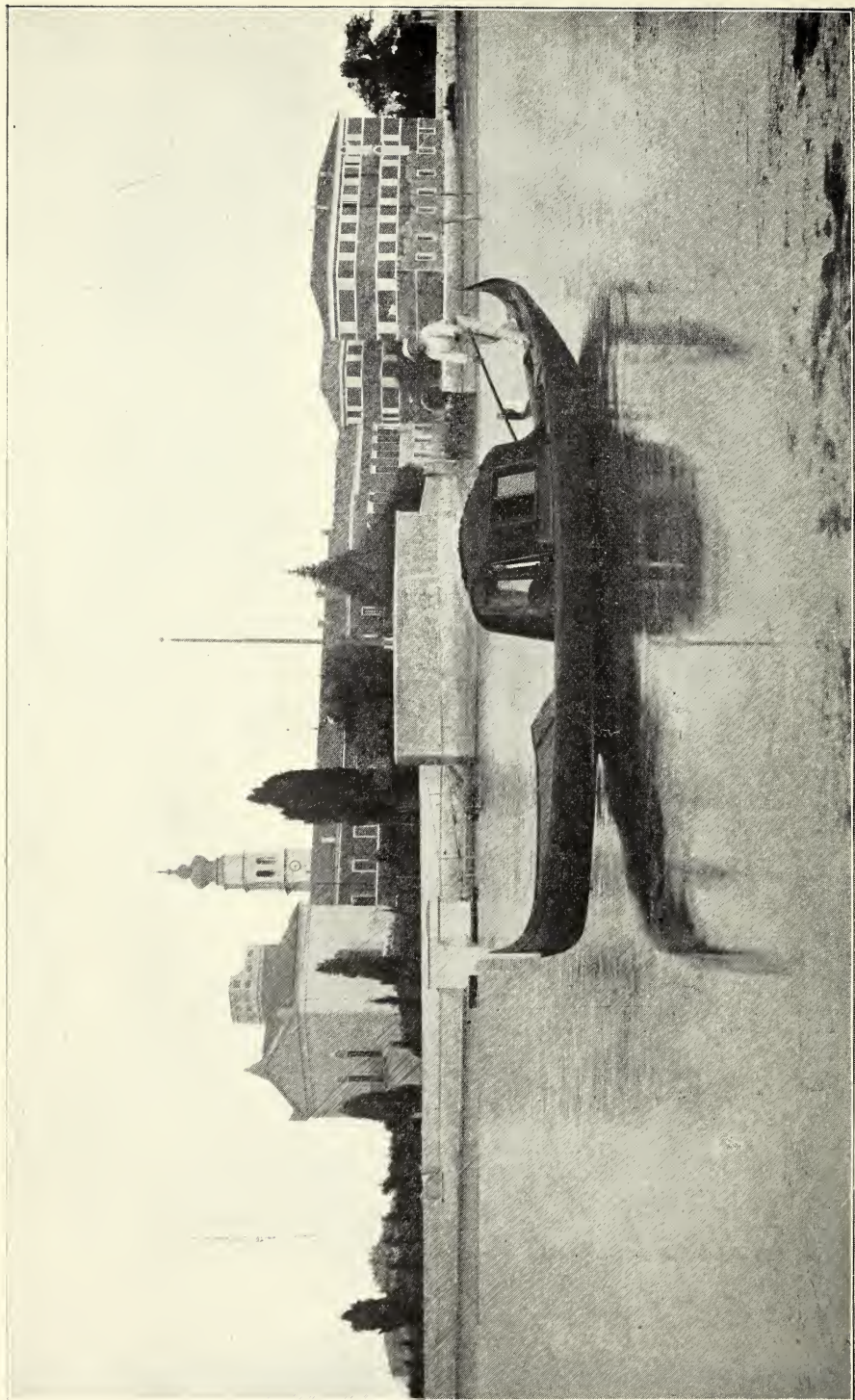
All Things are Thine

By MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

Thirsteth thy soul for beauty? Look upon
 God's marvelous world of light
 And shadow till thine eyes no more can bear
 The glory of that sight.

Dost long for power? Lo, it is thine own,—
 The might to rule thy life
 Wisely and well, to keep it pure and sweet,
 Unmoved by petty strife.

Art hungering for love? This, too, is thine,
 For God himself holds thee
 In his unchanging heart of perfect love,
 Through all eternity.



THE MONASTERY OF ST. LAZARE IN THE LAGOON OF VENICE
[SEE PAGE 175]

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The Massachusetts Model School in Georgia

By MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

THE free school system of the Southern States is barely thirty years old. Before the Civil War, the South had schools, some of them excellent, but no system of education designed to meet the needs of all her people. This was in part owing to the presence of slavery; in part to the scattered condition of the population. To the lonely dweller in the mountains or the wiregrass, miles away from his nearest neighbor, and beyond the reach of railroads or newspapers, schools were impossible, and the knowledge of anything outside his isolated environment practically unattainable.

Thus the close of the great conflict found the South with nearly five millions of Negroes entirely illiterate, and with twenty per cent of her white population also unable to read and write. To the more thoughtful minds it was evident that some system of free education which should meet the needs of all classes and of both races was imperative. But the means for es-

tablishing such a system were pitifully inadequate. In no State could there be made provision for a school term of more than three months in the year, and the pay for each pupil was only five cents per day of his actual attendance. Nor was there at that time in the South a single Normal School, nor a common schoolhouse that was the property of the State. The whole system had to be built from flat nothingness. From such small beginnings the good work has advanced steadily if slowly. Progress of any sort must be based on economic independence, and that the South is still struggling to attain.

For the Negroes, Northern philanthropy began at once its work. They shared also, as of course was entirely right, in the State appropriations. The Peabody Fund, that blessed benefaction to the white South in the hour of her extremity, founded the Peabody Normal College at Nashville and provided a limited number of scholarships for each Southern State. By degrees

every State established one or more normal schools of its own, although the number is still inadequate to the need. The public schools of the larger towns and even of the villages have advanced constantly in efficiency, and in the better class country communities, schools are usually open seven months of the year. It is in the thinly settled districts, districts in which the en-

seven in Massachusetts, and ninety-nine in Rhode Island. No wonder to these scattered little ones, these babes in the woods, the good school-house and the good teacher have been long in coming.

But public attention has been drawn to the needs of these rural schools in the last few years, and governors of States, university presidents, business men, and elect



THE MASSACHUSETTS MODEL SCHOOL IN BARTOW COUNTY, GEORGIA. A FESTAL DAY.
MANY FRIENDS OF THE SCHOOL ARE PRESENT

tire population of both races is sometimes less than fifteen persons to the square mile, that conditions remain bad. Eighty per cent of the Southern population is rural; yet the number of white children of school age in Georgia is only seven to the square mile, in Alabama six, and in Mississippi five; as against ninety-

women, not a few are engaging actively in their behalf. The lack of material resources is still a hindrance to a degree hard for an outsider to estimate. The last census gave to Massachusetts a taxable property of more than \$1,419.00 to each man, woman and child in the commonwealth. Georgia's was but

\$205.00; Louisiana's \$155.00; Mississippi's \$143.00. And yet there are in the eleven Southern States more than three and one-half million people unable to read! It is needful that the wisdom and the conscience of the nation be roused in their behalf.

One evidence of the growing interest in rural education in the South has been the establishment here and there, for both races, of what is

The Massachusetts-Georgia Model School, in Bartow County, Ga., founded by Mrs. Granger of Cartersville, and maintained by the Federation of Women's Clubs in Massachusetts, has completed its first year's work, and in that time given full proof of its value. The neighborhood in which it is located was once peopled by families of refinement and culture. Some of their descendants remain, but most of the



THE LARGE SCHOOLROOM IS PLAINLY BUT SUITABLY FURNISHED

known as Model Schools. The purpose of these is in some cases to give aid to a backward community, in others to set some standard of excellence for adjacent schools. These enterprises, few in number as yet, owe their origin as a rule to women's Clubs, or to the activity of some school superintendent. One of them is unique in that it was projected by a woman and owes its financial support to the club women of a distant State.

scattered families belong to the tenant class, those sad nomads of our modern rural civilization; owning no land of their own, and moving year after year to rented farms without much bettering their own condition or that of the soil they cultivate. The children of these families stand greatly in need of just the help that the Model Schools are designed to give.

The schoolhouse, a neat frame building painted white with green



A CORNER OF THE WORKROOM

blinds—certainly a great step beyond the rude log house so often seen in the poorer rural communities—was built by the neighborhood in proof of its interest in the enterprise. It stands on a low hill covered with a scattered growth of trees and shrubs. The steeple now bears a United States flag, the gift of the Youth's Companion. The large front room is plainly but suitably furnished; has maps, blackboards, an excellent globe, and a small case of books; the two last the gift of individual members of the Federa-

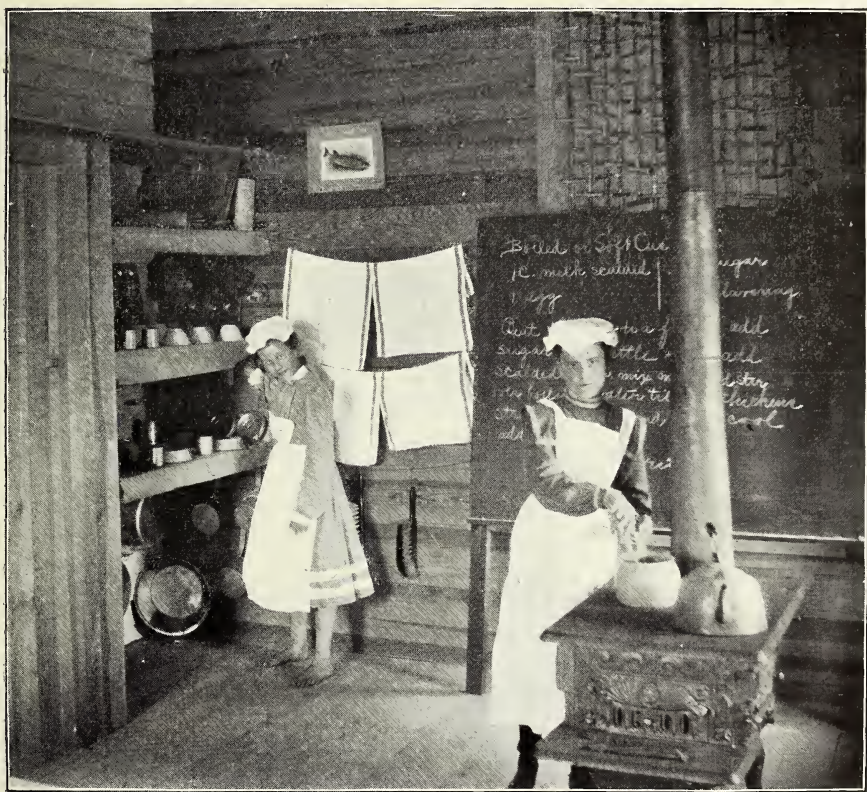
tion. The photographs of these far away friends hang on the walls, with a number of other pictures, and the benevolent face of Mr. Robert Ogden, much beloved in the South, smiles down upon teacher and pupils.

The room in the rear, 16 by 20 feet, is used only for manual work, and is much too small for the purpose it must serve. There is a good cooking stove in it and the other necessary furnishings of a kitchen and pantry. A home-made table of pine serves for meals on days when cooking lessons are given, and at other times is a work table for the classes in handiwork. A set of shelves contains an outfit of tools for the simpler forms of woodworking, and another set is filled with the materials for plain sewing, basketry, and hat making. The two windows are screened by lambrequins ingeniously constructed of short joints of Indian corn, a decoration pleasingly in keeping with the rest of the interior.

The pupils are what Southern country children are everywhere; happy-hearted, unsophisticated, affectionate,—delightful material to work upon. Their physical and mental appetites are alike unjaded; and, while not disciplined to accuracy or continuance, they are usually quick to learn, very obedient and respectful, and responsive to every good thing which the school

can offer them. Most of them do well in their books; but all, without exception, are delighted with the manual work. To those who possess no intellectual inheritance, and to whom even the rudiments of learning are a formidable affair,—some of them, poor things, have come unable at the age of seventeen to read

in the neighborhood are used in the cooking lessons and in all the forms of handiwork; this being, in itself, one of the most important lessons the children could learn. Raffia is used for some of the baskets, but other very pretty ones are woven of the common grasses growing within a few rods of the school-



A COOKING LESSON IN THE SMALL WORKROOM

and write—the different handicrafts appeal with telling effect. The training in these simple industries and in the ordinary domestic arts not only quickens their dulled faculties, but has a direct practical value in their poor and crowded homes. As far as possible, materials grown

house; and the hats made of white corn shucks are really artistic and charming.

The worth of this industrial training has become evident to even the most unlettered of the patrons of the school, and has enlisted their interest and cooperation to an extent



THE EQUIPMENT FOR THE WOODWORK

beyond what the best of mere book teaching could have done. On Saturdays a cooking-class is held for the mothers of the neighborhood, a much needed help in homes where the cooking often sins against every law of hygiene and sometimes of economy as well. Indeed, in all the work of the school the homes are sharers in the general benefit. Around the firesides at night, where there is such pitiful lack of fresh subjects of thought, the children repeat what has been studied or talked of at school; an older brother or sister, at work all day in the field, copies the knitting or sewing or basket-making which a younger child has done under the teacher's eye; and it is safe to say that the books brought home from the school library are read with even acuter interest by the parents than by the children themselves.

The prime favorite in the little collection is Robinson Crusoe, and it is a touching proof of how little reading matter the children have had that the second-hand school readers and primers with colored pictures come next in popularity. A few of the books in the small library are for older readers, and

there are some pupils far enough advanced to enjoy them. The library is also found useful in the Sunday School, which, in the absence of any church building, is held in the schoolhouse on Sunday afternoons, men and boys being largely in the majority in attendance. The teacher, a Georgia woman and trained in the State Normal at Athens, finds enough work to engage their energies each of the seven days of the week.

A few hundred yards from the schoolhouse stands a low frame dwelling in a grassy yard. Its four small rooms are entirely neat, but their furnishing is of the plainest. The rag carpet in the best room is the wife's own work; the collecting and weaving of the materials for it seem to have been the one satisfying achievement of her twenty years of married life. Her manners are gentle, her voice sweet; but her face has in it that indescribable pathos which comes only from a lifetime of intellectual and social starvation. "Oh, I hope the school is going to be a settled thing," she says, "it means so much to the neighborhood. 'And then,' with a heightening color

A HOME IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY
OF THE SCHOOL

in her gentle face, "it means so much to me. The teacher boards with me, and it is so good to have her around."

Not far from this house is another, the temporary abode of a tenant family. The house is of rough logs, set close to the roadside on a slope of red clay. There is but one room, unceiled overhead or on the sides; the floor of rough boards loosely laid; the wide fireplace at one end, but not a window! The one room is bedroom, kitchen, and parlor for the parents and their eight children. The woman says, bitterly, that last year she lived in a larger house and could "run" four beds and so have one for company; now she "runs" only three. The three are all in the windowless room, together with a family of kittens, a few cooking utensils, the eating table, several home-made chairs, and sundry trunks and boxes, to say nothing of five mournful family portraits, crayons in wide gilt frames, which the ubiquitous Chicago agent has imposed on un-

suspecting ignorance at the rate of six dollars apiece. The woman is barefooted and untidy, but she has really strong features, and had life been kinder to her, she would have made a woman of influence in any community. Six boys and girls are with her husband at work in the fields; the two younger children she is going to send to the school as soon as she can get them "fixed up." When she does, a new influence will begin its silent work in this home where as yet, through the long years, only poverty and ignorance have held their sway.

This Model School is blessing the individual lives that have come under its gracious ministry; but it is perhaps accomplishing an even greater result in bringing together in a common cause the women of two widely distant States. Surely the men and women of the South merit warmest sympathy as they struggle in the face of so much difficulty to build up the waste places and to give the children of both races their rightful heritage.

The Human Heart

By MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

I know you love me, dear, I know, and yet—
Oh, say it often lest my heart forget,—
My foolish heart that needeth love so sore,—
My hungry heart that ever pleads for more.

Viareggio - Lucca - Rome

By MAUD HOWE

VIAREGGIO, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

THE long mole runs far out into the sea, the light-house stands at the extreme end; here we watch the fishing boats come in every evening, the sailors polling them along the mole to their harborage in the river. They build boats at Viareggio. The real interest of the town, quite apart from the watering place life, centres in the weatherbeaten sailors, the cumbrous craft, with their rich colored sails, the smell of tar, oakum and fish. This morning we watched a pair of old salts caulking the seams of a dory; they had a fire and a pot full of black bubbling stuff, "pitch and pine, and turpentine". It is late in the season for sea-bathing; this morning we were the only people who braved the pleasant cool water. There is a fine beach with a gradual slope and, as far as I have discovered, no undertow. Last night we walked in the *pineta*, the wonderful old pine forest that embraces Viareggio, spreading out in a half circle, sheltering it from the north winds and leaving it open to the kindly influences of the sea.

Viareggio is full of memories of Shelley; we saw the place where his body was washed ashore, where Trelawney found and burned it in the old classic Greek fashion. We heard the question discussed whether the yacht *Don Juan* was lost by accident (she was a crank boat), or if she had been run down by a felucca, whose piratical sailors believed

Lord Byron to be on board with a chest of treasure. I suppose we shall never know the truth, so I shall go on believing it was an accident.

It is strange to find ourselves again on the high road of travel, after the loneliness of the Abruzzi. Since the days of the Phoenicians, palmers, pilgrims, and their descendants,—tourists and tramps, have patrolled every step of the road we are now travelling.

We drove from Viareggio to Lucca, two and a half hours, through the beautiful Tuscan country in its rich harvest colors. Every farm a glory, with heaped barrels of grapes waiting to be trodden into wine, strings of yellow, yellow Indian corn and scarlet peppers hanging over the fronts of the houses. We drove through an olive grove: all about us were twisty witch trees, a misty gray wood in which one looked right and left, for Merlin and Vivian. Then came a chestnut forest, the great bursting burs filled with big shiny Italian chestnuts. We stopped at the house of a vine grower known to our driver, and asked leave to visit the vineyard. The proprietor, a tall lean man, with a touch of the faun about him (J. wants to paint him as the god Pan) welcomed us cordially. The large Tuscan speech strikes sweetly on our ears after the clipped Italian of the Abruzzi. Even the common people in Tuscany have a certain elegance in turning a phrase which Southern Italians of far greater cul-

ture lack. Nothing could be more up to date than this Tuscan vineyard, almost as tidy and progressive as the German vineyards. That, after all, is the great thing about travelling; you visit not only different countries, but different ages. A thousand years lie between my friend "Pitzbourgo's" Etruscan method of ploughing at Pietro Anzileri, and the system on which this neat thrifty Tuscan vineyard is run.

"Those look like American Isabella grapes!" we exclaimed.

"They are what they appear to be," said the vignajuolo, "behold an experiment! Many of my best vines were destroyed by the phylloxera, an obnoxious insect which girdles the roots so that the vines die! Do you think I would allow myself to be vanquished by a mere insect? I send to North America for these hardy vines, which have so bitter a root that the vile insect touches them not. I graft the native Italian grape upon the American vine and wait. Meanwhile, until I am sure of my grafting, not to lose all profit, I allow the American vines to bear grapes from which I make wine of some sort. I tell you in confidence, it is only fit for the contadini, I would not offend you by offering it to you. *Ma, pazienza!* by and by, I shall cut back the vine to the grafting, and the native vine will flourish upon the American root! Then I shall have a wine worthy to offer *vostra signoria!*"

Here is progress for you: here is a man not satisfied to do as his fathers did; here is a country of today, a people with a future!

Having made the *giro* of the vineyard, we came back to the large stucco farmhouse originally painted pink, now softened by sun, rain, and time to a rich indescribable tint.

Our host threw open the door, with a gracious gesture, and stood smiling in the sun, the matchless human sunshine of Italy in his dark shy face. When he talked about his vines he was all animation; the ceremony of inviting a lady into his house was rather irksome to him. "The signori will do me the honor of entering my poor house?" He showed us into an apartment only a shade less forbidding than the waiting room of a convent. It was clean, cold, and of a frightful bareness. We fancied there must be an enchanting kitchen somewhere in the offing, where our handsome Pan takes his ease.

"The signori will do me the honor to try a glass of my wine?"

J. asked if he had any wine of Chianti. He laughed.

"Eccellenza, shall I tell you the truth? I have tuns of wine which I shall sell for Chianti. All you *forestieri* know that name and demand that wine. The real wine of Chianti would not supply the town of Lucca. Chianti is a small *paese*; its wine is good, who shall deny it? but not so good as that which you will honor me by trying!"

I held out for a glass of the "Americano"; it tastes rather like the unfermented grape juice we have at home.

Lucca at last! a dear, queer, delightful old town with ramparts and fortifications in fine preservation. It has a delicious slumberous quality: its glorious days are in the past; its mediaeval walls effectually shut out the rustle and bustle of today. My earliest childish impressions concerning Lucca centre about certain long thin glass bottles bearing the words "Sublime Oil of Lucca", always in evidence when there was to be a dinner party. Cross German



CHURCH OF SAN GIUSTO, LUCCA

Mary, the swarthy culinary goddess of our youth, used to hold one of those deceitful bottles gingerly in a clawlike hand, letting the sublime liquid trickle drop by drop into the yellow mixing bowl wherein she compounded salad dressing such as I have not since tasted. Later in life I was once delayed by a crowd on State street, Chicago, outside a wholesale warehouse on which was written in large letters "Cotton Seed

Oil". I had to wait for a moment while a crate full of spic and span new empty bottles, with fresh gold labels bearing the familiar legend "Sublime Oil of Lucca" was carried into the warehouse!

During our first dinner in Lucca, I inevitably demanded "*un poco di quest' olio sublimo.*"

"*Ecco lo qua Signora,*" (behold it here, lady,) said the fat waiter, offering a familiar straw covered flask of

oil, just like those we have in Rome. Sublime oil of Lucca in long thin deceitful bottles is not to be had in Lucca!

My second impression of the place is connected with another cook, the excellent Pompilia: she was born here and first went out to service with a great lady who lived in Florence in the winter, and at Bagni di Lucca in the summer. I have often been made to feel my inferiority to that lady and enjoyed a certain revenge in refusing to drive out to see Bagni di Lucca whose fine hotels and bath establishment do not tempt us. We prefer Lucca, and the "Universe," a queer old caravansary, whose peculiarities we endure in that transcendental spirit with which Margaret Fuller accepted the universe. The hotel has been a palace of some importance: our bedroom is of the size and character of the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, when set for the last act of *Othello*. The gloomy majesty of the furniture is quite appalling; the two stupendous beds could easily accommodate the whole family of children at Orton House.

The first day we drove out into the country, where we found the same joyous harvest atmosphere we left in the Abruzzi. The town of Lucca is mellow with another harvest, the great art harvest of the renaissance. Pictures and marbles that strike us fresh and strong from the dead hands that made them, not too familiar like the more famous works of Florence and Venice. We never before knew much of Matteo Civitalis, the statuary; he is now our loving friend for life. Fra Bartolomeo, the Lucca painter, we already knew, though not so intimately as now. We have put in some days of hard sight seeing.

Did I say hard? no, splendid, soul inspiring. I feel as if I had put my lips to the fountain of life, and drawn deep draughts of inspiration. There are great churches, grim St. Romano and San Michele, the cathedral with its precious jewel, the tomb of Ilaria Carretto, one of the most lovely monuments of the renaissance. As we lingered near the tomb the old sacristan approached: he eyed us anxiously before speaking.

"The signori are interested in sculpture?" We said that we were. "If their excellencies have time, I will gladly show them what the church contains of interest to the amateur."

How often he must have been snubbed and hurried!

"A thousand thanks. We have come to Lucca partly to see the cathedral of St. Martino; figure to yourself if we have time?"

The withered old face broke up into the tenderest smile; it went to one's heart that he should offer so timidly a service so precious. We spent the morning mousing about the church seeing all its treasures in the mellow glow of the old man's enthusiasm.

"The illustrious ones have heard perhaps of a certain English writer, who calls himself Ruskin?"

We said that we knew Ruskin's books. He flushed with pleasure. "He was my friend; more than thirty times he visited Lucca, and he never came without making a sketch of the tomb of Ilaria."

We go into the cathedral every day to look at the tomb of Ilaria, where she sleeps in marble effigy, flower crowned, immortally young and lovely, just as Jacobo della Quercia, the sculptor, saw, or imagined her, nearly five centuries



MRS. ELLIOTT ON THE TERRACE OF THE
PALAZZO RUSTICCUCI

ago. The tombs of Lucca, remind one of the memorial tablets of the Street of Tombs in Athens. It is hard to say just where the resemblance lies; in form and manner there is little in common, the resemblance is of the subtler, deeper sort; a spiritual, not a material likeness!

PALAZZO RUSTICCUCI, ROME,
OCTOBER, 16, 1898.

We found our dear old palace very much as we had left it, save that Ignazio, the gardner, had suddenly, and without orders, added one hundred plots of flowers to the terrace. The difficulty and fatigue of watering this hanging garden of Babylon sometimes seems more than J. and I and Pompilia can manage. Yet I cannot regret the addition which promises many new delights; chrysanthemums among them. Pompilia asked many questions about what we had seen in our wanderings: she cannot forgive us for not having driven out to Bagni di Lucca! She tells me that she too is a great traveller.

"*Sa, Signora mia, ho viaggiata per tutto il mondo. Da Lucca a Firenze, da Firenze a Lucca, da Lucca a Firenze, e poi a Roma!*" "Know mistress, that

I have travelled all over the world, from Lucca to Florence" (the distance is about 50 miles), "from Florence to Lucca, etc."

Our first visitor, after our return, was Sora Giulia, the dark eyed Jewess who keeps an antiquarian's shop in the Borgo Nuovo, a few doors away.

"Welcome home, Signora. I have brought you a few *occasione* (bargains); a piece of lace, well, wait till you see it, *un ojetto unico!*"

Nena took Sora Giulia's baby, while she untied her green-damask bundle of old lace and linen.

"Behold, Signora mia, this priceless flounce. How well it would become you on a vesture of ceremony."

She spread out with a carressing touch a deep lace flounce of Milan point. It was indeed "an unique object." The sacred letters IHS, and all the emblems of the Passion, were wrought with wonderful freedom of design; the ladder, the cross, the mallet, and so on. It had evidently belonged to an ecclesiastic.

"It is truly a splendid piece of lace, Sora Giulia, but is it not known to you that such a flounce may only be worn by a *sacerdote?*"

"*I preti sono poveri!*"

"Not all priests are poor. Show it to Don Marcello."

"*Ma che—*, he buys no longer, he has to sell. But you, signora, you are not like these others; *Eh dica, lei e veramente Christiana?*" (Say, are you really a Christian?)

"I cannot buy this flounce, I could not wear it if I did."

"*Per carita*, then look at this *reticella*." (Literally "small net," a coarse white netting with designs worked in by hand.) The *forrestieri* are mad about *reticella*, they are buying it all up to make table cloths and pillow covers. Soon it

will be impossible to find. I never saw a better piece, you shall have it at your own price. In confidence, the *padrone di casa* says if he has not his rent to day, he will turn us out. What a bad season we have had! No travellers since June. Those Florentine antiquarians put lies in the papers about there being plague or cholera, or some such *porcheria* in Rome, to keep the voyagers away. We make nothing; but we must eat and pay our rent all the same! The *padrone*"

"With respect, he is an infamous beast; they all are, *Madonna mia!*" Nena broke in. Nena is the staunch, little old witch of a woman we call the footman. When she took Sora Giulia's part, I knew that the antiquarian was really in straits. We bought the reticella for the sum due the landlord, and Nena went downstairs to the baker's shop to change the bill.

"Sora Nena will tell you that I speak the truth. That brute of a *padrone* extorted her rent yesterday, took her last centissimo. What is the consequence? I tell you, this morning Nena's daughter had nothing to eat for her breakfast but one raw lemon. The child at the breast has colic, which is not strange."

"What about the child's father?"

"He is a *muratore* (mason), but he gets no work. Sora Nena gives him to eat as well as his wife."

Nena is a Venetian, and she takes snuff. She has other faults but I hear of these oftenest. Before we went to Roccaraso I asked her if she had ever owned a silk dress. She laughed at the question, "silks were not for the likes of her, etc." In parting I gave her a cast off black satin, with rather peculiar wide stripes. The first Sunday after our return, Pompilia went to mass

in the satin dress, and poor pathetic little Nena, in her old snuff-stained cotton gown. When I asked an explanation, she said that she had sold the satin to the cook: "Pompilia can afford to wear silk; I ask you, who has she in the world belonging to her? Some cousins, who send her a basket of flowers on her festa! She puts every soldo she can scrape together on her back. Well, let that console her for being a *zitella!*" (old maid). Nena has seven grandchildren.

"When the forestieri come, you will recommend me to them?" said Sora Giulia in parting. I can do so with a good conscience. If she guarantees a candle stick to be silver, you may be sure it is not merely plated. If a bargain is struck she will keep her side of it; as much cannot be said of all her Christian confrères.

It is strange how the *antichità* mania attacks people in Italy. Everyone we know collects some manner of junk. A friend who goes in for old coins, was lately driving near Girgente in Sicily through the wildest most primitive country. A peasant digging in a field offered him a handful of coins, moist with mud, just turned up with the spade.

They were all Ancient Roman coins, copper or silver, familiar and not particularly valuable, with the exception of one rare Greek gold piece which he bought for a large price. Afraid of being robbed, he took the next boat for Naples, pushed on to Rome where he had been passing the winter, showed his treasure trove to an expert, learned that there were but three others known to be in existence; one in Berlin, another in the British Museum, a third in a private collection. When he reached London, he

showed his coin to the gentleman in charge of the collection at the British Museum. They compared it with the specimen in the case. The Girgente coin seemed as good a specimen; as a last test it was put under a powerful lens, which showed it to be a brand new imitation! The Muse of Via Gregoriana, J. C., has a catholic taste and buys all manner of things, from empire furniture to silver lamps. Her last craze is for peasant jewelry. She "acquires"—one does not buy *antiquita*—every piece she can lay her hands on. Some of the designs are excellent; the jewels are mostly flat rose diamonds, garnets and misshapen pearls set in silver. Out of half a dozen odd earrings she will construct you a charming ornament, necklace, pin, what not, and sell it to you at a small profit; which she devotes to helping young Roman musicians, several of whom owe their education to her. I call that a pleasant combination, to make your hobby carry your charity.

I believe Rome is the best place in Europe to buy jewels: because princes as well as peasants are continually throwing them on the market. One day our jeweller, Signor Poce, (he lives in a little shop in the Corso near the Piazza del Popolo) showed us a set of the finest emeralds I have seen in years. He said they belonged to some great lady who was obliged to part with them. That night we met those emeralds at a ball! they were in the shop again the next morning! Don't be too sorry for the lady: she is a sensible English woman; and we happened to hear that she has lately redeemed a long neglected estate belonging to her Roman husband, and is putting in modern improvements in the way of oil and

wine presses. It is the same with the poorer people. What you read about the peasants parting with their precious possessions, furniture, laces, jewels, is true, but it is only part of the truth; they are selling them to buy health and education! When you read about the heavy taxes, remember what they pay for! What Italy has done since 1870 is as wonderful as what France did in paying off the war debt to Germany out of the farmer's stockings. Reading and writing are better than pearl earrings. The Tiber embankment, alone, cost the Romans a pretty penny. It spoiled the picturesqueness of the river—the sloping banks covered with



THE SANTO BAMBINO

trees and flowers must have been wonderful—and did away with the Roman fever! The river used to overflow its banks every spring, and flood whole districts of the city. J. remembers boats rowed by sailors, going about the Piazza Rotonda and along the Via Ripette, carrying bread to the people in the submerged houses. When the river receded, “came the famine, came the fever.” When I was in Rome that first time, as a girl, I had a bad case of old-fashioned Roman fever. Since my return, I have seen Suora Gabriella, the dear nun who nursed me so faithfully (she really saved my life) through that long dreadful illness. In speaking of the character of the work done by the nursing sisterhood to which she belongs, she said, “Since there is no more fever, the character of our work has changed somewhat; we now take surgical cases!” Doctors and hotel keepers claim that Rome is the second healthiest city in Europe, having the lowest death rate after London. If this is true, we owe it to Garibaldi, for he it was who urged the Romans to build the Tiber embankment, their best monument to his memory.

OCTOBER 25TH, 1898.

This morning, Maria, the porter’s wife, was announced. She had come on an “*ambasciata*” from the wife of the wine merchant opposite. “You remember the poor little *Gobbetto*, (hunchback) Signora? the one who has brought you so much luck, since that day when you rubbed his hump?”

“I remember him, yes, what of him?”

“He is very ill; he suffers much, cannot sleep, cannot eat: one sees all his bones! His mother, poor woman, prays that you will ask the

American Marchesa, who lives at the Palazzo Giraud Torlonia, to lend her carriage for the transportation of the Santo Bambino (the holy child) from the church of Santa Maria in Aracoeii, to her house.”

“But why does she want the Santo Bambino at her house?”

“After that blessed image visits his bedside, the poor *Gobbetto* will either recover, or find repose in death. It is too terrible to see him suffer!”

“Is this thing which you tell me, true?”

“It is most true as you will see.” I knew the poor crippled child, had one day taken him up in my arms; Maria, seeing me, had supposed I knew the superstition that it is lucky to touch the back of a *Gobbo*. “Will it be permitted to bring the Bambino to the house?”

“If a carriage can be sent of the proper style—there must be one servant on the box, and one to walk beside, there must be two horses; an ordinary hired carriage from the piazza will not do.”

“If the Marchesa consents?”

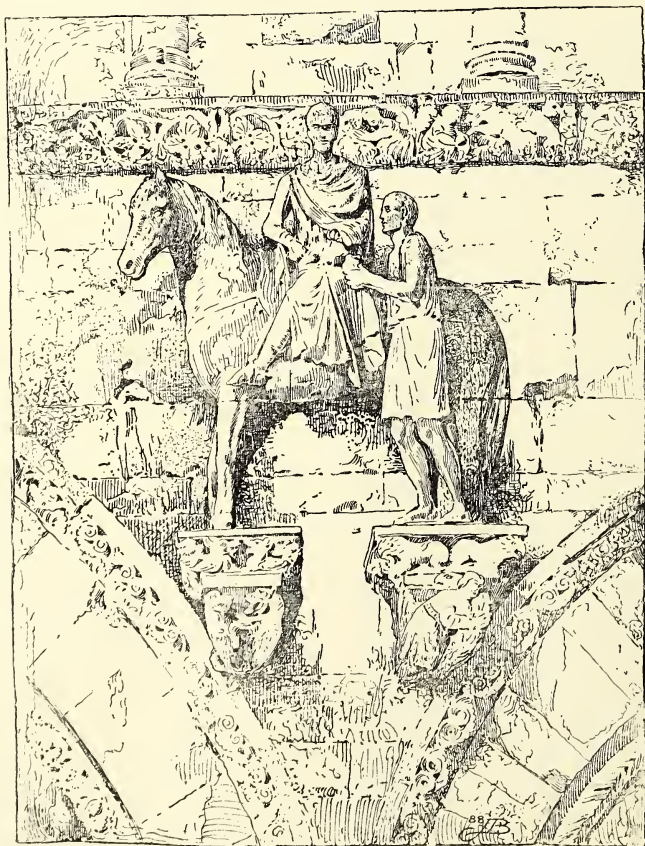
“The Bambino, attended by two priests, will be brought to the *Gobbetto*’s bedside. Then the thing will soon be over for the poor child—one way or the other!”

I went on the errand to my neighbor, Mrs. Haywood (the Haywoods have a title from the Vatican, she is called Marchesa by the poor people of our quarter, but among her American friends she remains Mrs. Haywood.) She is a kind woman and an excellent neighbor. I found her at home in that splendid old Palazzo Giraud built in 1503 (some say by the great architect Bramante), occupied by Cardinal Wolsey when he was papal legate. J’s studio, by the way, is in one

wing of this palace. Mrs. Haywood gave me tea in the library, one of the finest rooms in Rome. It has a balcony running around it, filled with rare books and MSS, for Mr. Haywood is a great bibliophile.

I told her my "*ambasciata*." Though she was kindly sympathetic, she said "no" firmly, then explained. The Haywoods are the only people in the Borgo (outside the Vatican) who keep a carriage. When they first came to live here, they began by lending it whenever it was asked for, to bring the Santo Bambino to the sick. They soon found that, if they ever wished to use their car-

riage themselves, they must make a hard and fast rule to refuse all such requests. Knowing this, Maria and the *Gobbetto's* mother induced me to make the petition, on the chance that the Marchesa might grant to a compatriot what she would deny them. When it was found that my mission had failed, Maria, of the kind heart, opened a subscription to pay for the hire of a suitable carriage. Every member of our household, including Nena, has contributed to the fund. "*Bisogna vivere a Roma coi costumi di Roma*," says the Italian proverb, "When you are in Rome do as Rome does!"



A Complex Enchantment

A Humoresque

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ON opposite corners of one of the busiest cities of this busy country are two great shops: one is devoted to gentlemen's furnishings of every sort and kind. A man with a well filled purse, or with proper credit, however unfashionably attired on arriving, would emerge thence accoutred with habiliments for every function of life. The other is devoted to the requisites of the feminine toilette—gowns, laces, hosiery, lingerie, corsets and bodices, shirt-waists and head-gear, cloaks and wraps.

The passing throng not many months ago was privileged to behold in the principal window of the one, a waxen Gentleman of most artistic form; in the other, a waxen Lady of seraphic beauty. Words would fail to describe the grace of the waxen Gentleman's pose, his noble brow, his hyacinthine locks, his ruddy cheeks expressive of absolute health, his curled mustachios, his fine nostrils, his well-poised ears, his smiling mouth; all this beauty enhanced by immaculate clothes:—a frock coat without a wrinkle, trousers religiously creased, or rather irreligiously creased, since there was no sign of bagging about the knees, cravat with glittering pin, tall silk hat shining like his shoes with an inner radiancy as it were, and in his gentle, shapely waxen hand a beautiful cane—he was in fact (to all seem-

ing) a universally perfect gentleman.

Words would fail to describe the lady, the waxen Gentleman's vis-a-vis: bright blue eyes contrasted with her exquisitely enamelled cheeks, large liquid eyes veiled with long curling lashes, a low gracious forehead, piquant nose, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," soft rosy lips parted as it were with a sigh of aspiration, shell-like ears calculated to hear only the sounds of harmony and love, perfectly modelled shoulders and a swelling bosom, where Venus's doves might nest, artistically-rounded arms and tiny hands with taper fingers delicately gloved; and she was dressed in a shimmering gown which had cost hours upon hours of industrious labor beginning with the patient silk worm out of whose humble vitals the magic fabric had at last been evolved and combining laces and embroideries and wonderful touches of human art,—“A perfect Creation” as the newspaper reporters delight in describing such indescribable masterpieces.

There they stood through the long garish day, exposed to the envious stares of loiterers and the enraptured remarks of those that wondered at the perfection of a post-Phidian art combining the genius of Sculpture with the refinement of modern culture; there they stood gazing only at each other. What

messages of love flashed from those "cerulean orbs," as the poets say, to the worshipping eyes of the waxen Gentleman! What vows mutely and mutually reiterated, of never dying constancy. What pathetic hopes forever disappointed they each conceived of sometime uniting their perfections, of retiring from that cruel publicity which they had come to hate! For they were made for each other: made of similar flesh and bone—or more properly wax and wood—with identical ideals in life, each eager to rise above the sordid purpose of their publicity. What prayers went up constantly from those two faithful hearts to the waxen God that regulates the affairs of statues and modiste's models!

Alas for the tragedy of those two destinies separated by two thick panes of the costliest French plate glass; glass so transparent as to seem air itself and yet more ruthlessly dividing lovers than years or oceans! Nevertheless, true to their duties, he in his model suit and she in her pattern gown stood there, showing the world what every gentleman and every lady should wear and silently exerting the imponderable influence of example on the city and on all strangers passing through the city.

II.

Each day another and perhaps a deeper heart-tragedy was enacted in that busy corner of the big city. Twice each day there passed by these palaces of trade two persons, humble and insignificant, poor and unromantic in appearance; yet in the heart of each raged the same or a like unrequited affection. In the morning, when the shadows of the buildings leaned against the buildings themselves like immaterial

buttresses, each of them, on the way to their daily labors, he a piano tuner, she an assistant in a doll's hospital, paused on the side-walk in front of the great plate-glass window and gazed with hopeless adoration at their respective flames. At night when the street was brilliantly lighted with electric lamps and the waxen Gentleman and waxen Lady stood in all the splendor of evening dress, the polished desert of white shirt front relieved by two pearl oases of studs, and white lawn tie, the décolleté gown showing a pair of ravishing shoulders and a roseate bosom gleaming under a rope of gems—artificial, to be sure, but none the less exquisite in brilliancy and size; this humble pair, each unconscious of the other and of the sentiments reigning in the other's breast, lingered for a brief while, in patient adoration.

Verily it was the old story of Pygmalion and Galatea in inverse ratio.

The piano-tuner was a German named Hans. Hans Julius Maximilian von Bülow was his full complement of names and though he may have been entitled to claim kinship with the German chancellor or with the irascible pianist Meiningen, he quietly acquiesced in his humble station in life by spelling it Below, while yet retaining the little particle "von" so significant to Germans. He was most German in appearance with round cheeks and reddish whiskers and a rather stout and apoplectic nose. But like a true Teuton, he had a heart as sentimental as ever beat beneath a ragged or a velvet coat. Deprived of those chances for developing his soft and romantic nature which he sorely craved, engaged all day long in equalizing the chromatic irregular-

rities of the key-board, rolling up as it were, the Sisyphean stone of harmony only to have it roll back again, like the torment of Hades, he found a genuine solace in the contemplation of the waxen Lady; his day's monotonous labor and nervous strain were alleviated by the recollection of her calm and seraphic loveliness. She had blue eyes; blue was his favorite color, as he proved by tying a large blue cravat around his collar on Sunday mornings. She had gradually come to represent his ideal: if he could only find some such woman on earth to be his companion! But he had never found one; he scanned the maidens of his acquaintance—they were not many—but it was in vain; he had been on tumultuous Sunday picnics of his expatriated countrymen and wandered disconsolate among the groups made up of portly papas and their still portlier Hausfraus with buxom lassies giving promise of becoming as portly as their parents, but nowhere among these flaxen-haired Mädchen did he find one that corresponded even remotely to the svelte grace and exquisite complexion of his waxen Lady.

The assistant in the Dolls' Hospital was a French girl. She had expressive turquoise eyes—her one pretty feature—and a large mouth which in no respect belied its proverbial index of generosity. She was far from slender and her heart beat with full throbs of motherliness. At her own humble home, no disabled cat or dog was ever allowed to go unattended; animals instinctively came to her for comfort and assistance. As a child she had been passionately fond of dolls:—this was only a symptom that if ever she should marry and have children, she would make

them a most devoted and affectionate mother.

She spent her days in an upper room in a large building, engaged in performing the most delicate surgical operations. Behind her on the wall hung strips of pink legs and arms, looking from a little distance like uncooked sausages; in boxes on the shelf near her were as many scalps as ever adorned the teepee of a Comanche chieftain. So when beautiful French dolls came to her, suffering from apparently mortal accidents, she would calmly and lovingly replace dislocated and fractured limbs; she would show all the skill of a trained surgeon in trephining broken skulls or removing the verniform appendix and the poor little unfortunate creature rolling up its smiling eyes and uttering its attenuated squeak of helplessness would, after a few days of convalescence, be returned to its owner—perhaps at the Holiday season—with a renewed complexion, with a fresh growth of straw-colored curls as good as new or better, and with all the possibilities of social advancement.

Marie, for of course her name was Marie, was extraordinarily deft with her fingers and she earned good wages, but she had a sick father so that she had little money to spend on her own toilette, though what she wore was always neat and she was gifted with that peculiar *chic* natural to her nation and tribe which made her cheap and shabby clothes look well-fitting.

There was something that had wonderfully captivated her in the waxen Gentleman. She liked well-fitting raiment whether worn by man or woman, and the waxen Gentleman was faultless in that respect and, moreover, the modeler

who had created his form and face had by one supreme effort of the genius given the features a remarkable air of distinction; an aristocratic hauteur blended with the finer qualities of intellectuality: at least so she imagined. In her own romantic and sentimental manner she haloed him with noble lineage, pretended that he was a French count, called him M. le comte Hyacinthe Belétage de Mont Lepelletier de Richepin and ardently wished that some pitying divinity would endue him with life, would enable those shapely limbs of his to move, that Cupid's bow of a mouth of his to open and utter in her ear the words which she burned to hear. She idealized her waxen count, thought of him as the only son of a rich old widow dwelling on their ancestral estate just near enough to dear Paris to run in and out as easily as she passed to and from her suburban home. She knew that if he would only stoop to her, she would atone for the *mésalliance* by such devotion as never woman had shown before; she would endure all the snubs that the haughty *belle-mère* might put upon her, would heap coals of fire on her head by unremitting attentions while the old lady should be sick and finally quite win her heart, especially after she should present her lord and master with such a beautiful heir as the whole French republic or the old French empire had never seen.

So there would she stand with hands tightly clasped and exclaim under her breath in her soft bewitching voice, in her daintiest French accent: "Oh mon adorable comte Hyacinthe!" And then she would go to her work, her heart filled with dreams of what might be and what might never be. And she

gave to her sick and dislocated, maimed and battered dolls all the care that she would have given to her own children. Thus her motherly heart found expression.

III.

If there was any one fierce and rebellious feeling in Marie's gentle breast it was hatred of the Germans. She could never forgive them for having robbed her dear France of Alsace and Lorraine. She had read Daudet's "Derniere Classe" and the pathetic story of the old Alsatian school-master had filled her eyes with tears and her heart with indignation.

As for Hans, he never dreamed of a French woman; the whole sex, as far as that portion went that called itself *Francaise*, did not exist for him. He would stand in front of his waxen ideal, softly repeating his "Ach! wie schön! kolossal!" She was the ideal of a German spirit dwelling in a lovely form.

So weeks rolled by: dozens of pianos came to Hans discordant, jangled, inharmonious, like insane patients and went forth from his patient touch sane, and musical. Hundreds of dilapidated dolls emerged from the hospital clothed and in their right wigs, with new fresh legs and arms and all their sawdust vitals in good working order.

Meantime Marie's father died and she was left alone and after she had paid the expenses of his funeral and most of the back debts to the doctor and apothecary and the patient dealers in coal and groceries, she was enabled to make a little improvement in her own wardrobe. She had a new dark suit that was very becoming and though saddened by her recent bereavement, as she was now relieved of the night care

of the old man she was growing steadily better in color; a new light was beginning to grow in her lovely eyes, and her cheeks had a soft flush in them, rendered more perceptible by the very becoming hat she wore.

Still Hans worshipped at the plate glass shrine; his waxen Lady had changed her gown; the Spring styles had come out and his beatific Mädchen had put on a dainty robe of soft pearl gray and on her head she had a glorious bonnet—in every sense of the word *the* toque of the town—and over her shoulder she wore a violet sunshade: “Ach! if only she could schtep down from her heights into the schtreet I would follow her to the ends of the earth,” murmured Hans’s susceptible heart.

Across the way, the waxen Gentleman had also donned a spring suit with a light drab top coat; in one hand he carried his gloves, and Marie admired the aristocratic nails, the plump roundness of the taper fingers: “*Mon Dieu! que belles mains que celles de mon bon comte Hyacinthe!*” she would murmur.

But Count Hyacinthe had eyes only for his sweet marquise who as faithfully as ever waited for the magic word that would make her his and him hers forever!

One beautiful Spring afternoon, the hapless adorers, Marie and Hans met face to face on the crossing. How many hundred times they had passed each other no one can tell. But this time the god or the goddess of Love, the influence of their approaching planets, Fate or whatever it was, resolved to take a hand in the quadruple comico-tragedy. Hans tried to turn out for Marie, Marie for Hans; and while they stood rather awkwardly en-

deavoring to dodge each other, a pair of handsome horses came up with reckless speed and Hans with more gallantry than is common among the men of his nationality, seeing that the young lady was in imminent danger, suddenly seized her in his strong arms and lifting her from her feet set her down gently on the side-walk. She appreciated his courtesy and flashed upon him a look of gratitude; her lovely cerulean eyes beamed upon him; a broad smile suddenly showed her firm white teeth and her “Thank you, sair” was spoken in tones that made his heart strings vibrate.

They parted and made their way to their daily labors but each had something unusual to think about. Trifles change the whole current of a person’s life! Marie felt as if she had been delivered from sudden death or at least as if her new gown had been saved. And Hans remembered that exquisitely modulated voice and the heavenly blue of those two large eyes.

After that they met every day and nodded to each other; gradually their greetings became more intimate and then at last they stopped and spoke. He had no resentment that she was French, she had the eyes of his waxen ideal; but to her it was a bitter disappointment that the hero of whom she had dreamed more than once, dreamed of his rescuing her from greater perils,—about whom, in spite of his prosaic appearance, and his appalling contrast in dress, in height, in face, in everything to her waxen count, she had woven a net work of romantic thoughts,—should be a German. Still he had been her rescuer; she was grateful to him and at last she let him walk home with her one

.

afternoon and another afternoon and another time she allowed him to take her to the park and insensibly without knowing how or why she began to look forward to seeing him.

Several times she accused him vivaciously of having helped rob her of the two provinces that she felt so keenly ought to be restored. But he, instead of arguing that they had been German before ever they were French and that their recovery by Germany was only an act of long delayed justice, looked guilty and humble and said so honestly "Ach! Mein Gott, if I only could, I would giff them back to you"; and withal he was so honest and so good; and he tuned her old piano and kept it in tune and he liked the music of Massenet and Chaminade and Augusta Holmès and he sang in his high tenor voice such beautiful songs that he almost made her forget her first love—the oblivious waxen count.

As for Hans the presence of living flesh and blood, the vague evanescent perfume that floated around Marie, the touch of her sympathetic hand, her piquante ways, her vivacity, her gay laugh, her contrast to anything he had ever seen before in his life, made him now look almost scornfully on the beauteous effigy about which he had erstwhile so vainly and passionately dreamed.

One Sunday, Hans and Marie were strolling in the park. It was a perfect day in the early summer. A wood-thrush was uttering his clear bell tones from the top of a tall elm; down in the meadow the bobolinks were pouring out their gurgling notes; the shadows of soft white clouds chased one another across the long slopes. Hans and Marie sat down on the bank of a little brook that came joyously out into the open air and ran tumultu-

ously down the hillside. Marie's hand lay temptingly near; there was no one in sight. He timidly took it and raised it to his honest lips. Marie, with transparent coquetry seemed suddenly absorbed in watching a flock of crows that were circling around a pine tree. She did not draw her hand away. She knew what was coming and she had already made up her mind.

But when poor Hans, embarrassed and stammering and blushing, said: "Fräulein Marie, I luff you," she looked at him out of the corner of her eyes; the sense of the ludicrous suddenly asserted itself. The thought that she should be listening to an awkward declaration of love from one of that detested German race was too much for her; she laughed a ringing laugh, exclaiming "Don't call me Fräulein—it is horrible"! Then with a sudden impulse patted Hans on the cheek. He did not know what to make of her mood and he said in a sort of aggrieved tone: "Vy do you laugh at me, Fräulein Marie: I dell you I luff you."

"I will not be called Fräulein Marie, I have told you so," she repeated, affecting a great show of indignation and, in her soft musical clear voice, she went on: "Why, meester von Below how can you have ze audace to tell me zet you luff me?"

"But I do" he asserted, gathering courage.

"What have I ever done" she asked "to make you sink zat I would leesten to such a declaration? Besides," she added with a happy inspiration of her native coquetry, "I have promised myself to marry ze Comte Hyacinthe de——."

"Who is he?" demanded Hans

with a great access of jealousy, falling into the trap which Marie had so deftly prepared.

"Oh! he is so handsome!" exclaimed Marie ecstatically clasping her plump hands.

"Denn I go home" said Hans, a tragic look causing a shadow to cloud his honest face.

"Wait a leetle meenute" cried Marie laying her hand on his sleeve.

"My *ravissant* Comte Hyacinthe—did I tell you his whole name?—iss made all of wax" and Marie again laughed with that delectable laugh which was as musical as the song of the scarlet tanager in the neighboring bush.

Then she prettily confessed her hapless passion for the waxen Gentleman; and Hans might have himself made a like confession but something restrained him and he kept it to himself, for while her confession was a sort of idyl, his yearning for the waxen Lady seemed to him a sacrilege, now that he had found its living, breathing, gracious substitute. So he held his peace.

He still felt awkward and abashed but he had the wit to get hold of her hand again and, as she did not take it away, he said:—

"You know I luff you and you have known it a long time and I want you to marry me."

"What! I marry a German? Nevair!"

"Denn, let me marry you!" he said, recognizing perhaps in her overdramatic accent that she was not quite serious.

"Zis iss zey new siege of Paris" she exclaimed at last and with a deep sigh, "I suppose it iss ze Fate of poor France to give up to ze horrid Germans!"

He boldly took Marie into his arms and gave her a resounding

German smack. Such an unusual noise scared a frog into the water: it disappeared with a splash and doubtless told all its neighbors and friends of the queer ways of a man with a maid.

Marie could not help herself. The soft loveliness of the day; the balmy air, full of the fragrance of Summer flowers, the songs of the mating birds, the passionate longings of her own heart, the eager wooing of her ardent lover, so genuine, so honest, so wholesome, so naïf, so comical and at the same time so satisfying, made all opposition melt as a snow flake melts in a sun beam.

She suddenly tore herself away from the circling pressure of his strong arms, jumped to her feet and exclaimed:—

"*Eh, Bien!* I will marry you but come let us walk and remember zis: you are nevair to call me Fräulein Marie!"

"Why should I—now?" asked Hans innocently.

"And I shall nevair call you Hans. You shall always be to me Maximilien—my Max, my dear good Max!" and she gave his hand such a thrilling pressure that Hans went up to the seventh heaven!

IV.

The hot Summer weather was peculiarly trying to the Waxen Gentleman and Waxen Lady. There were awnings over the big plate-glass windows but the heat penetrated; it was reflected from the wide side-walks starred with glittering bulls-eyes; it came in through the open doors. The light garb they wore failed to mitigate its torment. The jaunty straw hat which Comte Hyacinthe had donned was a burden to his clustering

curls; the violet parasol which la Marquise carried over her rosy shoulder could not keep the sun's glaring rays from reflecting into her eyes. It seemed to them both as if they must escape from the city. As he looked across at his beautiful vis-a-vis he could see how waxen tears were starting from her blue eyes and running down her cheeks, now growing pallid under the stifling confinement. Tears, sympathetic tears began to roll down his cheeks, rolled and then set, as waxen tears will. Two teary models were no help to trade. They themselves felt that they were derelict to their duty but they could not help it.

At last one day the proprietors of the two shops received a visit from a Hebrew dealer in second-hand clothing.

"*Mein Gott in Himmel*, vot for gut is they to you? Deir golor is all gerunnen unt deir cheeks mit schpots gedauht. I vill gif you zwei taler for him."

For the Marquise he offered the same sum and he secured them both.

They were indeed reduced from their former grandeur. What clothes they now wore were not so immaculate, were not by any means *a la mode*; but now they were together, now they were side by side. She sat all day in a rocking-chair, never more graceful. Her tears were carefully scraped away

and her color was restored. He stood so near to her that he could touch her hand; he could look down into her face; when no one was looking he could whisper sweet words into her shell like ear. But oh the heat! One hot wave succeeded another and they were meant for a different station, for a more equable climate.

"*Mein Gott in Himmel*, I vos made von bad bargain!" exclaimed Isaac Scharfenstein, as he ruefully noted how his waxen figures had languished under the pitiless temperature. The waxen perspiration had absolutely ruined their complexions. They were no longer fit to display Herr Scharfenstein's extraordinary bargains in second-hand raiment. He sold them for old wax.

The most pathetic passage in Dante is where Paolo and Francesca are carried on the wind of passion through the Second Circle of the Inferno, arm in arm, breast to breast, never resting. Those two hapless mortals suffered the penalty for their guilty happiness but it was mitigated by suffering forever together.

One implacable day in August, when there was no comfort in the air, when life even to the optimistic was a burden, the two waxen figures were cast into the melting kettle.

Like Paolo and Francesca they were united, never again to be parted.



Boston as an Art Centre

By WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES

WHEN, in the summer of 1903, thirty-six thousand school teachers from all parts of the United States held a convention in Boston, many complimentary remarks were made as to the hospitality of the Bostonians, their courtesy to strangers, and the great number of interesting, historic and artistic things to be seen in and about the city. If the Bostonians were much interested in the delegates, and desirous to have them enjoy their visit, they on their part seemed to be both astonished and pleased to find that the Bostonians were so human. They had been told, it appears, that Boston people were cold, distant, and snobbish; and their evident delight on finding that this reputation was unjust was almost pathetic. At the close of the convention, one of the newspapers printed almost three columns of interviews with the teachers, and among the amiable expressions of opinion about Boston we find this: "Dr. Frank M. McMurray of New York, one of the professors at Columbia University, says he has always considered Boston the real art centre of the country." Only four months before this episode, Mr. Herbert Croly had written, in the *Architectural Record*, the statement that "Boston had almost ceased to be, not only a literary but an art centre." It becomes an interesting question, then, which of these gentlemen is right? Is Boston an art centre? Before we can answer that

question satisfactorily, we shall have to define the true meaning of the phrase.

What constitutes an art centre? May it not be fairly defined as a city in which a large body of professional artists have their homes; a city which possesses important art museums, art schools, art societies, art collections; a city which has within its confines notable monuments of art; a community that has the advantage of artistic traditions, manifests a marked degree of interest in artistic matters, holds many art exhibitions, spends much money for works of art, has a definite public policy as to civic art embodied in legislation with respect to monuments, parks, architecture, advertising abuses, and public improvements? These, with other particulars, are germane to the question. And if Boston's title to the distinction of being an art centre rests upon the evidence on such points, let us examine the evidence candidly. We shall be convinced that neither Mr. McMurray nor Mr. Croly is wholly right. Boston is not the real art centre of the country; but it is an art centre of importance, and shows no signs of ceasing to be such.

Although Boston people have the reputation of being somewhat complacent with regard to their city, as a matter of fact a great majority of them are not so proud of the city as they ought to be. One is far more likely to hear the praise of Boston from the mouths of strangers than

from Bostonians. The most enthusiastic admirer of Boston that I have met is a literary and artistic personage whose home is in Washington,—unquestionably the least ugly city in America,—and who is perfectly familiar with Paris. It is conceivable that those who have lived all their lives in Boston are scarcely able to realize all the particulars in which it excels other cities, since they have not had the opportunity for comparison; but let them go away and dwell in other American cities, and it is noticeable that they are not long in feeling the difference; this, we may presume, is the reason why former residents of Boston are among her most ardent partisans; the phenomenon is only a parallel to the passionate patriotism of the exile. Again, though not much is said nowadays on the subject, there has been, we are aware, enough of the spirit of local pride in the breasts of the older generation—the solid men of Boston—to make them willing to take some pains and make some real sacrifices in order that their city should cut a presentable figure in the eyes of mankind; and it is to be hoped that this old-time spirit has not entirely died out even in our day.

Ridicule, like death, loves a shining mark. Boston, which has ever been a target for satire, takes it in good part, and, if the jest be fresh enough—for I will venture to paraphrase Shakespeare and say that a jest's prosperity lies in its freshness—is ready to join in the laugh. This freedom from undue sensitiveness under the imputations of pedantry, priggishness, egotism, and other unlovely traits lent to them in the extravagant anecdotes, goes far to make it clear that the Bostonians are not troubled in their consciences,

and I am inclined to believe that their indifference to gibes of the sort alluded to is quite unassumed. It is true enough that Boston is the home and headquarters for all kinds of strange fads, but let it be remembered that her chief fad from the beginning has been philanthropy, and that wherever tyranny, wrong, and cruelty exist in the world, there Boston is most heartily hated. But, *a nos moutons.*

Although Boston is the home of an army of professional artists, a fact that will not be questioned by any one who is familiar with the city, precise and trustworthy statistics are curiously difficult to obtain. The most numerous class of artists are the musicians. In the business directory for 1903 I find the names of more than eight hundred teachers of music, which is perhaps the best clue to the total number of persons whose livelihood is music in one form or another. Of painters I have made a little census of my own, and I find that there are over five hundred, possibly as many as six hundred, in Greater Boston. The architects number about three hundred and fifty. Literary artists and actors do not exist as distinct classes in any directories, and I am at a loss to make even a good guess as to their numbers. There are twelve theatres, but the player-folk are so constantly on the road under our system that it would be hard to name the domiciles of most actors. I may note that there are nearly one hundred picture dealers; over a hundred engravers; and that the number of sculptors is insignificant. It is therefore obvious that any attempt to make an exact local census of artists is, in the nature of the case, futile. But indirect evidence that bears on the question we

are considering is supplied in abundance by other data than statistics.

There is significance in the facts that the Boston Society of Architects is the oldest organization of members of this important profession in the United States; that the Copley Society's loan exhibition of John Singer Sargent's pictures in 1899 was the most notable art exhibition ever held in America; that mural painting in this country had its origin in Boston; and that Boston was the first American city to establish a municipal Art Commission. I shall be able to adduce many other pertinent facts bearing on the question at issue, but at this point I wish to say a few words about monuments.

No other American city is so rich as Boston in its monuments, using that term in its wider sense, as including historic buildings, rather than in the restricted sense of memorials only. The Public Library, Trinity Church, and the Bulfinch State-House are monuments, as well as Bunker Hill's granite obelisk, Augustus St. Gaudens's incomparable Shaw high-relief bronze, and French and Potter's spirited equestrian statue of General Hooker. When we read in Shakespeare of "our bruised arms hung up for monuments," we are reminded that we have our Massachusetts battle-flags, tattered and worn, among our proudest monuments. The Old North and the Old South meeting-houses are historic monuments; in truth, at every turn, in old Boston, the stranger meets with inspiring relics of the history of the country, which are held in reverence and piously preserved. At this hour the city is constructing a bridge across the Charles River which will be a most imposing and artistic monu-

ment. The place is full of what we often hear called monuments to the public spirit of the community: I will mention only the Marine Park at City Point, and the scores of playgrounds for the poor which are provided in every quarter of the city with a liberality and wisdom that are recognized everywhere as exceptional. These are among the things of which Bostonians ought to be proud.

As to artistic institutions, Greater Boston has four art museums, namely: the Museum of Fine Arts, the Isabella Stuart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, the William Hayes Fogg Art Museum (Harvard University), and the Germanic Museum of Harvard University. I doubt if any city of its size in the world can equal this quartette of art museums. Not even the citizens of Boston appreciate the importance, the riches, the unique features of these four institutions. I need not dwell long on the collections, but it is pertinent to point out a few of the respects in which they lead. The Museum of Fine Arts, although only a little more than thirty years old, has reached a position of primacy as to several of its departments, and I think it may be said to have only one rival in the United States. It is quite generally known that its Japanese department, with its more than three thousand paintings, its eighty-eight hundred prints, its fifty-three hundred pieces of pottery, its fourteen hundred specimens of metal work, its four hundred lacquers, and its rich array of netsuké, wood carvings, embroideries, etc., is the finest in the world. It is not so widely known that its department of classical antiquities, with its thirteen hundred Greek vases, its thousand specimens of

terra-cottas, its two hundred objects in marble or stone, its three hundred and sixty-six bronzes, its one hundred and seventy-one gems, its six hundred coins, its three hundred pieces of glass, its one hundred and fifty-five examples of jewelry and ornaments, etc., is, far and away, the richest in America. Nor is it generally realized that the print department, with its seventy-four thousand engravings, etchings, lithographs, etc., has no equal elsewhere on this continent.

The Museum of Fine Arts is in strong hands, and its future is in no way doubtful. It is about to build for its collections a new home, which will have plenty of room for progressive expansion, with abundance of light and air; and if this edifice shall be commensurate with the treasures it is to contain, as it probably will be, it must take an advanced place among the great public museums of the world.

Near by stands the lately established wonder-house of Mrs. Gardner, Fenway Court, with its magnificent collections of old Italian sculptures and paintings, its artistic and historic furniture and furnishings, unequalled in America, and of particular interest as the accumulations of a singularly gifted and energetic collector whose personal taste is reflected in each item of the enormous collections, installed in a Gothic residence of royal character and proportions. The artistic intention and scheme of the whole establishment is organic, including the structure of the shell as well as its contents. Mrs. Gardner's three paintings by Raphael, two paintings by Titian, four paintings by Rembrandt, two paintings by Holbein, two paintings by Botticelli, with her examples of Veronese, Tinto-

retto, Correggio, Tiepolo, Giorgione, Mantegna, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, Carlo Crivelli, Bronzino, Agnolo Gaddi, Francesco Squarcione, Pinturicchio, Velasquez, Rubens, Van Dyck, Dürer, Sir Anthony More, TerBorch, Van der Meer of Delft, Clouet, Romney, Pourbus, and other masters, form a priceless collection, in which the examples are, with practically no exceptions, of a high order of quality, but the pictures are only a part of her collections, and they are no more wonderful than her sculptures by Benvenuto Cellini, Luca and Andrea della Robbia, Mino da Fiesole, Antonio Rossellino, Benedetto da Majano, and a host of anonymous artists of the Italian Renaissance. Indeed, a lengthy article would be required,—an article, do I say? Yes, a volume,—to do any sort of justice to the Gardner Museum.

The two museums of art appertaining to Harvard University are relatively small, being still in their early stages of development. The William Hayes Fogg Art Museum possesses the valuable Gray collection of engravings, which was bequeathed to Harvard College, with provision for its increase and maintenance, by the Hon. Francis C. Gray, LL. D., of the class of 1809. It also possesses the Randall collection of engravings, containing about twenty thousand prints and drawings, which was bequeathed to Harvard College by Dr. John Witt Randall, of the class of 1834. Among the antique sculptures are: a Greek marble statue of Aphrodite, a Greek marble statue of Meleager, a Graeco-Roman sarcophagus relief in marble representing a Battle of Amazons, and a head of Aphrodite in marble; and among the ancient

paintings are: a Florentine tabernacolo of the fifteenth century in tempera, an "Adoration of the Magi" of the school of Ferrara, fifteenth century, a portrait of a Procurator of St. Mark, a Venetian oil painting of the sixteenth century having the characteristics of the work of Tintoretto, and several other important works.

The Germanic Museum has a most interesting collection, unique outside of Germany, of copies after antique and mediaeval German sculptures, for the most part the generous donation of the German Emperor in 1903. Here are to be seen such marvels of old plastic art as the Golden Gate of the cathedral of Freiburg; the great bronze doors of the Hildesheim cathedral; the small portal of the Liebfrauenkirche at Trier; the bishop's throne from Ulm cathedral, the work of George Syrlin; the bronze sepulchre of Hans Sebald by Peter Visscher in the Sebaldskirche at Nuremberg; Gottfried Schadow's equestrian statue of Frederick the Great at Stettin; the wonderful sculptures in the cathedral of Naumburg, comprising the series of reliefs illustrating the Passion, and the portrait statues of the Founders; the figures symbolizing the Church and the Synagogue at the south portal of the Strasbourg cathedral; the series of heads of dying warriors by Andreas Schlüter in the arsenal at Berlin; several statues from the Bamberg cathedral; the choir screen from the cathedral of St. Michael in Hildesheim; the bronze baptismal font of the twelfth century from Hildesheim; and the Bernward column from Hildesheim, twelfth century, with its high reliefs illustrating the life of Jesus, running in a spiral from top to bottom, after the

manner of the Column of Trajan. And nowhere else in America may these magnificent and touching monuments of Teutonic genius be seen. The German Emperor showed his good judgment as well as his good will in this princely gift to Harvard. It is a highly impressive and interesting collection, and should before long be housed in a building worthy of it.

Mural painting in America, as I have said, had its origin in Boston. The elaborate system of interior decoration in Trinity Church, devised by John LaFarge, was the first important work of the kind in the United States. In the neighboring building, on the other side of Copley square, the Public Library, are the more recent and more famous mural paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, John S. Sargent and Edwin A. Abbey. In the Massachusetts State-House, on Beacon Hill, are mural works, five in number, by Henry Oliver Walker, Edward Simmons and Robert Reid, depicting pivotal events in the history of the Commonwealth. As the Trinity Church mural decorations were the earliest in America, so the Public Library mural decorations are the most famous; for the endless stream of sight-seers which flows up and down the great stairway of the Public Library every day in the year carries the renown of the institution and its contents to the four corners of the earth. How much of the interest is due to the architecture, how much to the mural paintings, and how much to the collection of books, second only in size to that of the Library of Congress, so far as American libraries are concerned, it is impossible to determine; but we may be certain that in its noble architecture, rich decorations, and

great collection of books, the Boston Public Library is entirely worthy of all its international celebrity.

But in addition to its institutional assets, its living and producing artists, and its existing monuments, a city entitled to consideration as an art centre must have its history, traditions, and atmosphere; and if Boston does not possess these, where will you look for them on this side of the Atlantic? The very nomenclature of the place reminds us that great painters, architects, landscape architects, poets, philosophers, historians, divines, and scholars have lived in Boston and are not forgotten. Not content with naming a whole quarter of the city (the eastern portion of ward twenty-five) for Allston, we have besides an Allston street, Allston square, Allston place, Allston heights, Allston terrace, and a Washington Allston school. Copley is honored in the name of the most conspicuous square in the city and in the name of an important and influential artistic society. Gilbert Stuart's name has been given to a public school and to a street. The most eminent of the early architects is commemorated in the popular and significant cognomen of the Bulfinch State-House. A beautiful park is named for Frederick Law Olmsted. We have also Longfellow Park, Longfellow street, Lowell Park, Lowell street, Philips Brooks House, Emerson Hall, Holmes Field, Holmes avenue, Channing Hall, Whittier street, Parker street, Hawthorne street, Palfrey street, Dana street, Trumbull street. We are reminded by such names of the fact that Boston has been the cradle of arts in America as well as of political liberty. Because the greatest of her

poets are dead in no degree lessens either their glory or hers. Their works do live after them, and are neither forgot nor neglected. Poets and other artists do not cease to exert their civilizing influence after they have passed away; on the contrary their influence is often more potent, more vital, after they have left us, than before. Nor are the influence and fame of Copley, Stuart, Allston, Trumbull, Bulfinch and Olmsted, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, and the rest confined to Boston, to New England, or even to America. No complete account of the artistic, intellectual and moral movements of the nineteenth century in the New World can be written without giving a conspicuous place to the names of these leaders of thought and action who have made deep and lasting marks upon the history of their time. Were Boston ever to become indifferent to the lustre shed upon the whole nation by such sons of hers as these, it would indeed be her day of shame.

Perhaps the greatest service rendered to mankind by any of them are those of him who has but lately passed away, full of years and honors,—the supreme artist in his glorious field of work, chief of all landscape architects. When we remember what has been accomplished, not only in Boston, but in almost every large American city as well, during the last half century, under the direct inspiration of this peerless artist; when we recall what a magic transformation has taken place, how beauty has been made to supplant ugliness, order to take the place of chaos, and the noblest of all scenes and prospects called into being where there was nothing but squalor and dreary

wastes; when we contemplate this apparent miracle of constructive genius, we are amazed and awed by the mighty work of Frederick Law Olmsted, and our gratitude and admiration can hardly be too great. Like all great artists, his conceptions and methods were simple in the extreme, and he obtained his most impressive results by conforming loyally to the laws of nature. His views concerning his own art were so sagacious, his motives were so pure and generous, his purposes so beneficent and humane, that I am inclined to believe he will go down in history as the most useful if not the greatest of nineteenth century American artists.

In his "Notes on the Plan of Franklin Park and related matters," published by the Department of Parks, Boston, 1886, he wrote as follows: "A man's eyes cannot be as much occupied as they are in large cities by artificial things, or by natural things seen under obviously artificial conditions, without a harmful effect; first on his mental and nervous system, and ultimately on his entire constitutional organization. That relief from this evil is to be obtained through recreation is often said, without sufficient discrimination as to the nature of the recreation required. The several varieties of recreation to be obtained in churches, newspapers, theatres, picture galleries, billiard rooms, base ball grounds, trotting courses, and flower gardens, may each serve to supply a mitigating influence. An influence is desirable, however, that, acting through the eye, shall be more than mitigative, that shall be antithetical, reverse, and antidotal. Such an influence is found in . . . the enjoyment of pleasing rural scenery. . . . Given sufficient

space, scenery of much simpler elements than are found in the site of Franklin Park may possess the soothing charm which lies in the qualities of breadth, distance, depth, intricacy, atmospheric perspective, and mystery. It may have picturesque passages, (that is to say, more than picturesque objects or picturesque 'bits'). It may have passages, indeed, of an aspect approaching grandeur and sublimity. . . . As a seat of learning and an 'Academy', Boston is yet the most metropolitan of American cities. . . . The Park, if designed, formed and conducted discreetly to that end, will be an important addition to the advantages possessed by the city in the Athenaeum, in the Museum of Art, in the examples of art presented in some recent structures and their embellishments, and in the societies and clubs through which students are brought into community with men of knowledge, broad views, and sound sentiment in art. To see something of its value in this respect, imagine a ground as near the centre of exchange of the city as the Agassiz Museum or the Cambridge Observatory, in which, for years, care has been taken to cherish broad passages of scenery, formed by hills, dales, rocks, woods, and humbler growths natural to the circumstances, without effort to obtain effects in the least of a 'bric-à-brac', 'Jappy,' or in any way exotic or highly seasoned quality. What would be the value of such a piece of property as an adjunct of a school of art? The words of a great literary artist may suggest the answer: 'You will never love art till you love what she mirrors better.'

Such were the thoughts of the author of the park system of Boston, that metropolitan park system which

is the crowning glory of the city and the state, in which kindly nature has been intelligently seconded by art in the development of a vast and unsurpassed chain of pleasure grounds, from the Blue Hills of Milton to the Middlesex Fells, and from the shores of Revere and Nantasket to the remotest banks of the Charles, the Mystic and the Neponset,—a scheme as remarkable for its organic unity as for its endless variety, the extent of which stirs the imagination by its boldness, and the details of which are marked by every conceivable kind of landscape charm and picturesque beauty preserved for all time; as extraordinary a monument to the farsighted public spirit of the Commonwealth as it is to the genius of Olmsted.

Yet the central and unique feature, still to come, which, after years of determined opposition, has at length been secured by the legislation of 1903,—the Charles River Basin improvement—means more for Boston, as a direct investment in civic order, cleanliness, dignity and beauty, than any other part of the development of the park system; will go farther towards making Boston in certain of its aspects the noblest American city than any previous step in the planning and building of the city; and, as a hopeful experiment in the direction of utilizing intelligently the banks of a river flowing through a densely populous quarter, has the most vital interest for all cities similarly situated which have not already destroyed all their opportunities of profiting by their riparian privileges. The history of the inception, development, and final success of the Charles River Basin improvement project, with its essential adjunct of a dam and lock occupying substan-

tially the site of the present Craigie bridge, for the purpose of holding back all tides and of maintaining, in the basin above the dam, a substantially permanent water level not less than eight feet above Boston base, thus doing away with the noisome mud flats which now render the adjacent territory almost uninhabitable in the summer, and infinitely bettering the appearance as well as the sanitary condition of the river banks, is an interesting and instructive chapter in artistic and hygienic legislation for cities. How the three principal elements of opposition were overcome by a policy of tact, conciliation and opportunism, so that Chapter 465 of the Acts and Resolves of 1903 stands on the statute books of the Commonwealth today, we either know or can shrewdly guess. The hostility of the influential residents on the "water side" of Beacon street was eliminated or neutralized by a material concession to their interests; that is to say, by striking out the clause in the original plan which called for the filling-in of a strip of land wide enough to permit the building of an additional row of houses on the Boston side of the Basin, and substituting a relatively inoffensive provision for a strip just wide enough for an esplanade, with drives, walks, trees and shrubbery, between the existing houses on the "water side" of Beacon street and the embankment. By reading between the lines of the act as it stands, it is perceived that section 11 must have had its teeth drawn, so far as the Beacon street people are concerned. Section 11 runs thus: "The board of park commissioners of the city of Boston may, with the approval of the mayor, build a wall or embankment on the

Boston side of the Charles River beginning at a point in the south-west corner of the stone wall of the Charlesbank, thence running southerly by a straight or curved line to a point in Charles River not more than three hundred feet distant westerly from the Harbor Commissioners' line, measuring on a line perpendicular to the said commissioners' line at its intersection with the southerly line of Mount Vernon street, but in no place more than three hundred feet westerly from said commissioners' line; thence continuing southerly and westerly by a curved line to a point one hundred feet or less from the wall in the rear of Beacon street; thence by a line substantially parallel with said wall to the easterly line of the Back Bay Fens, extended to intersect said parallel line."

Of course, the ideal water park at this point would be immeasurably improved in appearance by having the houses along its banks face the Basin instead of turning their backs upon it; but when one can not get all that one wants, the part of wisdom is to take what one can get; therefore I find it good policy on the part of the promoters of the project—the original bill was drawn by a joint board consisting of the State Board of Health and the Metropolitan Park Commissioners, and it was a favorite project of the lamented Charles Eliot,—to yield a minor point in order to attain success for the larger purpose in view.

Then there was the stout opposition of the Land and Harbor Commissioners of Boston to be met. This board held, and brought expert witnesses to testify, that the damming of the Charles so near its mouth would result in serious injury to the channel of Boston harbor, by

removing or modifying the scouring of the currents; but this theory was so thoroughly and convincingly traversed by eminent expert witnesses on the other side that, after a long series of hearings, and much evidence pro and con, the weight of the testimony seemed to rest with the advocates of the project; at all events, the opposition from this particular quarter was seriously weakened.

There remained, finally, the hostility of the United States War Department, whose consistent and habitual policy of resistance to all attempts to close or impede the navigation of rivers is well known. In order to overcome its opposition to the construction of the dam, a huge lock, not less than three hundred and fifty feet in length between the gates, forty feet in width, and thirteen feet in depth below Boston base, was provided for, and it was shown that the commerce of the Charles above the site of Craigie bridge was insignificant, consisting merely of fuel and building materials in comparatively small quantities; further, that this commerce was diminishing rather than increasing, owing to two factors,—first, the superior facilities offered by the railroads; and, second, the progressive removal of manufactories and coal-yards from the shores of the river because of the successive seizures of those shores for park purposes by the Metropolitan Park Commissioners. Thus, by shrewd argument, timely concessions, and cogent demonstrations of the positive advantages to be gained, the cause was won, after a pretty fight, in which both sides were represented by weighty and sagacious advocates; and, unless such men as the members of the Massachusetts Board of

Health and the Metropolitan Park Commission, backed by President Eliot, former Mayor Matthews, and President Pritchett of the Institute of Technology, are gravely mistaken, Greater Boston has now entered upon a policy with regard to the Charles River and its Basin which is destined to have far-reaching effects on the future development of this important and beautiful portion of its domain; effects which may be decisive in turning the central metropolitan region toward an architectural and monumental ideal more ambitious and more majestic than anything yet attempted in America on so great a scale, with the single exception of the New Washington planned by the recent report of the McKim-Burnham commission.

In naming and grouping the several characteristics of an art centre, I alluded to a definite public policy as to civic art, and I had in mind especially four subjects upon which Massachusetts, acting for Boston, has taken what may be considered advanced ground. The metropolitan park system we have already glanced at in speaking of Olmsted and the Charles River Basin improvement, and that we need not revert to except to say that the taking of something over fourteen thousand acres of land for purposes of recreation in the metropolitan district, and the expenditure of something over twelve millions for the municipal park system, proves that the million people of Greater Boston fully realize the opportunities and obligations in this matter of a great metropolitan community, are confident of the future growth and prosperity of the district, and of the ability of the population to

take care of the financial burden involved in such a vast enterprise.

The other three questions upon which the Commonwealth has taken enlightened action in behalf of the city are the establishment of the Boston Art Commission, the regulation of the height of buildings, and prohibition of advertising abuses on the borders of parks and parkways. While New York is still allowing the erection of scores of Babylonian sky-scrapers, edifices which, for the most part, are at once inartistic monstrosities and immoral impositions, since they rob whole neighborhoods of sunlight and air, besides imperilling the entire city by their liability to start unmanageable conflagrations, Boston enjoys the benefit of a law which makes it impossible to build beyond the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground,—a restriction which is not as radical as it should be, doubtless, but which, on the other hand, is so much more radical than the restrictions of any other large city in the United States, that it marks the extreme point to which legislation on this subject has been pushed in a country where individual freedom to create public nuisances is so zealously guarded. One hundred and twenty-five feet is too much, but it is not so bad as two hundred and fifty feet, for instance. Eleven stories is the virtual limit of height under the Boston law, and that, in these days, relative to the New York standard, is not so very high. Better, far better, is the Parisian building law, which, by fixing the extreme limit of height at about sixty-six feet (twenty metres), makes it practically impossible to put up a building higher than six stories. Such a regulation as this takes into account three important things:—

the safety of the city, its general appearance with reference to architectural symmetry and proportion, and the right of the inhabitants to enjoy each his or her due share of air and daylight. Until an American city shows, by official action, an equal consideration for the rights of its people, its architectural appearance, and its safety, we must be contented to remain the conscious inferiors of the Parisians in some of the most fundamental essentials of civilization.

Boston was the first American city to create a municipal art commission for the purpose of controlling the erection and location of statues, fountains, ornamental arches and gateways, monuments and memorials of any kind, and to give its advice, at the request of the mayor, aldermen or common council, as to the suitability of the design for any public building, bridge, or other structure. Two valuable precedents with respect to the disposal of undesirable public monuments have been afforded in recent years by the action of the municipal authorities. The Coggsowell fountain, a paltry and lamentable composition, which had been placed in a particularly conspicuous part of the Common, was summarily removed, and has neither been seen nor heard of since,—a municipal *coup de main* which almost justifies the existence of the Board of Aldermen. The portrait statue of Colonel Thomas N. Cass, of the Ninth Regiment,—a small granite figure, which, by general consent, was not calculated to reflect honor either on the gallant soldier himself or on the community that sanctioned such a memorial,—was removed from its location in the Public Garden, and an excellent bronze statue by Richard

Brooks was set up in its place. Two delicate problems were thus solved. The Coggsowell fountain deserved no consideration, and no consideration was given to it; the Cass statue was, with all its shortcomings, a well-meant memorial to a brave officer and a useful regiment, therefore it was removed only to be supplanted by a worthier successor. Of the two measures cited, the latter is the wiser in most cases, and provides a precedent which may be commended to other cities which have accepted, not wisely, but too courteously, such impossible gifts as the Bolivar equestrian statue in New York, which has been taken from its pedestal, but not replaced, as it should be, by a better statue. The establishment of the Boston Art Commission was not a day too early, and it was followed by the creation of a similar board in New York. It may be taken for granted that no more Coggsowell fountains nor Bolivars will rise to vex the citizens of these two cities. We shall still see more or less mediocre monuments built, but it is not possible today for absurd and hopeless travesties upon art to be dumped in our public grounds as they once were without let or hindrance.

It remains to mention the recently enacted law against advertising abuses. This act, passed in 1903, simply provides that the Metropolitan Park Commission and the officer or officers having charge of public parks and parkways in any city or town may make "such reasonable rules and regulations respecting the display of signs, posters or advertisements in, or near to, and visible from public parks and parkways entrusted to their care, as they may deem necessary for preserving the objects for which such parks and

parkways are established and maintained." Under the authority of this act, the Board of Park Commissioners of the City of Boston issued a notice on July 7, 1903, to the effect that within five hundred feet of a parkway or boundary road of any park "no person shall display . . . any sign, poster or advertisement, except such as relates only to the business conducted on the premises, . . . and none shall be so displayed on the outside of a building, except signs on stone, metal, wood, or glass, not exceeding fifteen inches in width, and these shall be displayed only on windows, one on each side of any entrance, and one in one other place . . . provided, however, that signs, posters or advertisements not exceeding in size three feet by four feet and relating only to the selling or letting of premises may be displayed as aforesaid on such premises; and providing further that no sign, poster or advertisement shall be displayed as aforesaid on or above a roof or by painting on a building, wall, or fence."

At this writing, the above-named rules and regulations are not obeyed, and it is evidently the purpose of those whose interests are affected by them to test the constitutionality of the rules, and possibly also the act itself, in the courts. It will soon be made clear, therefore, whether the Commonwealth and the Boston Park Commissioners have gone beyond their legitimate powers in attempting to regulate in a mild degree this admitted and arrogant evil; if it shall turn out that they have done so, we may presume that the fault lies in the form rather than in the intention of the regulations, which are assuredly for the public

good, and are supported by public sentiment, so far as it has made itself heard. In fact, if one may judge from the emphatic and frequent remarks of travellers on trains, steam-boats, trolley-cars, and other public conveyances, it appears probable that more sweeping restrictive measures, such as those recently inaugurated in some German cities, would meet with general approval if a legal way could be found to reach the advertising nuisance without infringing on vested rights.

If I have not cited better reasons for conceding to Boston some right to "look down on the mob of cities" than those brought forward by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, I will ask the gentle reader to agree with Mr. Herbert Croly, that Boston has "almost" ceased to be an art centre. I do not understand what Dr. Holmes means when he says that the real offence of Boston is that it "drains a large water-shed of its intellect, and will not itself be drained." On the contrary, it seems to me that all art, and especially all literary art, is, in the very nature of things, a perpetual out-giving, and can no more be localized, pent up, monopolized, than the winds of heaven. I can understand, however, the mood in which Emerson addressed Boston as:

"Thou darling town of ours!"

For I have had the privilege of seeing the great city, on several occasions, when it was aroused and thrilled by a generous enthusiasm, when one could feel that it was a fine thing to be a Bostonian, when one might truly say, that it was well to be a citizen of no mean city.

An Old Town by the Sea

By HAYES ROBBINS

Part-author of "Outlines of Political Science" and "Outlines of Social Economics."

“**W**HOEVER shall shoot off a gun at any game whatsoever, except at an Indian or a wolf, shall forfeit 5s. for such default.” So decreed the Scituate forefathers away back in 1675, when ammunition happened to be more scarce than usual.

It was the ill-fated Indian who had roamed these stony beaches, trailed through the dank woods, threaded the broad marshlands, greeted the sunrise from the cliffs, paddled along the “cold brook,” and from it given the region its name, Satuit; watched in amazement the coming of the white intruder but fifty years before, had resented it, done savage deeds, and now found himself and his new friend, the wolf, the only two kinds of “game” upon which it was impossible to spend too much powder and ball. Puritan theology, after the first few failures to dislodge his Great Spirit and Happy Hunting Grounds from the red man’s recesses of faith, decided that a soul within a red man was impossible anyway. Thenceforth let him be a wolf to all men. Very well, then; if wolf he must be, wolf he would be, wolf he was: and he went the way of the wolf in the long, hard, cruel days and years that crushed the outer doings of his untutored mind, of his embittered heart, of his wild, uncomprehended instincts, under the heel of a civilization that deserved to

come but, alas! was only in its own rough forming through it all.

Those were the days of eld. There is little to recall them in the quaint and varying charm of this rugged seacoast today. In his role of lawful game our Indian has no successor,—unless, world-wise suspicion within the newcomer dares to whisper, unless it be the summer boarder,—but perish the thought! Elsewhere, perhaps, but here, never! His fitness for the part has not yet been grasped, and that is one reason why it is well to come here when other refuge fails. No: the marsh-birds are the only game that receives much attention now; and judging from the morn-till-night “crack” here and “crack” there of the sportsmen’s rifles it would seem that no such heroic measures are needed as the Scituate forefathers provided, for the common defence, no doubt, in the enactment that “Every householder shall kill and bring in six blackbirds yearly, between the 12th and the last day of May, on the penalty of forfeiting for the town’s use 6d, for every bird short of that number.”

Modern pilgrims to Plymouth, embark in modern Mayflowers on no more hazardous a cruise than an excursion from Boston, readily make out four bold promontories about half way down the south shore. These are the sea bulwarks of Scituate; sloping up gently from

inshore and reaching a height of perhaps 75 to 100 feet where the edges break in sheer descent to the surf-harassed beach below. After the slow attrition of ages, these four cliffs are still the most conspicuous landmarks on the coast, but every season shown fresh inroads, and in the process of the years line after line of summer cottages, especially on Third Cliff, must needs retreat from the brink, if indeed Neptune does not snatch them before they

was "the fence at the north end of the Third Cliffe."

Those were the days of stern beliefs. Scituate, at one time, became the stronghold of the Quakers, but it had its share in the earliest persecutions. Woe to the swain who took to himself a wife, Quaker fashion: his fine was more than he need have paid for an orderly orthodox ceremony. One too aggressive Quaker was fined and publicly whipped for enticing "young per-



STRAIGHTAWAY TO ENGLAND FROM THIRD CLIFF

have time. It is of record that the Third Cliff has wasted fully one-half since the white man first climbed its broad back.

That must have been soon after the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth, twenty miles below; but the earliest record of actual settlement in Scituate is for 1628. Evidently the cliffs were a favorite tract from the first; this early record being a conveyance from one Henry Merritt to Nathaniel Tilden of a parcel of land, whereof one of the boundaries

sons to come and hear their false teachers." Another offender was fined and whipped for "railing on" a prominent exponent of orthodoxy and calling him a "false prophet." But with the accession of Charles II., whose ban on these proceedings coincided with a gradual change of sentiment in the colonies themselves, the persecutions died out, and one of the leading local persecutors, Edward Wanton, became a convert to the Quaker faith and the first preacher of the Friends' society

in Scituate. Whatever of softening influence these kindly folk may have diffused throughout the community is not of record, but certain it is that when the insanity of witch persecution swept through the eastern colonies, Scituate refrained. Two supposed "witches" from Scituate were indeed tried in Plymouth county, but neither was convicted. In one case, the principal accuser was herself sentenced to be whipped for bearing false witness,—the chief item, in which, was her declaration that she had seen a "beare" in the path and believed it to be William Holmes' wife (the accused), prowling about in the form of a beast.

Stern patriotism was here also. Scituate sent its quota of loyal sons to the revolutionary army, and supplied one of the first—perhaps the first—application of the boycott that found its way into colonial history. There were two shopkeepers who, in 1775, "publicly declined to recognize" the "Continental Association," and it was decided that "The inhabitants of this Town do hereby resolve to break off all dealing whatsoever with said refractory shopkeepers, until they shall give publick and absolute satisfaction touching their open refractoriness relative to said salutary association." Later, in the second war with England, the daughters of the Scituate lighthouse keeper, Rebecca and Abigail Bates, on the night of an attempted invasion, marched up and down the rocky beach, performing so furiously on fife and drum that the enemy believed a powerful American force must be in waiting for them and gave up the effort to land. This is the story, at any rate, and the local inhabitant assures you it has "been put in the history books" and hence must be true.

It was somewhere off this coast—no living being knows where—that the ill-fated "Portland" met her doom in the terrific storm of November 27th, 1898. This tempest is the calendar-point from which many things date in recent Scituate annals. It was then that a mile of natural sea-wall between Third and Fourth Cliffs was shattered like a pasteboard dike, thousands of tons of stone being swept inshore and turned sidewise, like the opening of a ponderous gate. The waters flooded the marshes for miles, and left a broad, deep connecting channel to the sea which has permanently cut off all communication between Third and Fourth Cliffs, and made access to Fourth Cliff a matter of several miles of roundabout detour by way of Greenbush and Marshfield.

The same storm brought ashore a small sailing vessel, of about 100 feet length and 21 feet beam, the pilot boat "Columbia," hurling it high and dry on the "Sand Hills" just north of First Cliff. There were five men in the crew, and all were lost. Without so much as by-your-leave, the boat plowed its way through a group of small cottages nearest the beach, turned partly over, and came to its last anchor with the upper story of one of the cottages perched on the deck. Calamity has brought it more fame, however, than a humdrum old age in sea service could have promised. Behold now, on Scituate beach, an ectype of the Peggotty boat on Yarmouth Beach, immortalized in "David Copperfield!" A door has been cut through, and a series of little rooms fitted up inside; one of them, in the stern, a dainty reproduction of David's tiny bedroom, "the completest and most desirable

bedroom ever seen." Quotations in pyrography, descriptive of the original Peggotty boat, appear in all the rooms, but if you were not thus assured to the contrary you would be quite as likely to identify the place with another creation of the same fertile brain,—the Old Curiosity Shop. Odd paraphernalia abounds; old sea relics, ancient volumes of

But Scituate has other titles to literary respectability than the Peggotty boat (and a Peggotty beach, at the harbor) afford. Classic literature, indeed, finds no more conspicuous association than the "Nulli Secundus" blazing forth on both sides of a huge station barge,—but, lest this be resented as a slander, I hasten to add that the literature of



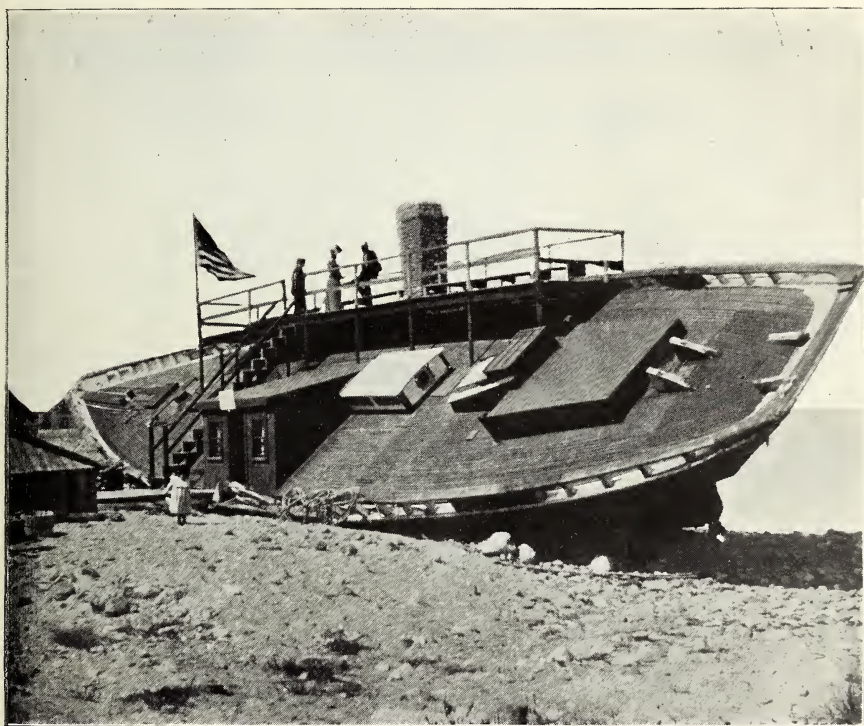
PILOT BOAT COLUMBIA AFTER COMING ASHORE IN THE GREAT STORM OF NOV. 27, 1898

sea life, uncouth firearms and salvage from wrecks,—in the latter class, a heavy glass bottle containing a scrap of torn manila bearing the grewsome message, supposed to be genuine but not positively known to be: "Nov. 27, '98. On board SS. Portland. We two are alive yet but expect to die soon. J. C. Radcliffe. Off Hld. Light."

the heart has heard one of its altars at which, in imagination, more millions have paid homage than ever turned a classic page. In quiet old Greenbush, just south of Scituate Center, are the veritable well-sweep and fondly remembered surroundings of the old oaken bucket. The bucket itself is supposed to be in a Boston museum, but everything

else remains. "The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood" are still here, not to forget the "wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it," as picturesque as ever, and as rich, no doubt, in the qualities that endeared them to the heart of the youthful Woodworth. This much in general. In particular, it must be confessed that

tion. This prosaic white box is too practical, too cheerful. Moreover, the substituted bucket, in decent respect for its illustrious predecessor, ought to be old, and moss-covered, and iron-bound, but it is not. The quality of the water, however, is the one thing that enables you to reflect with proper sadness of spirit on the changes time has wrought



PILOT BOAT COLUMBIA AS SHE NOW IS

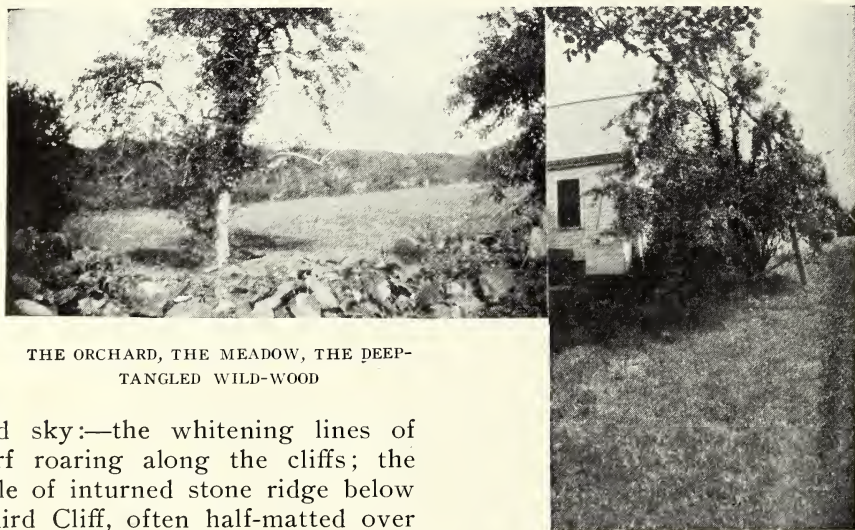
the well-curb does not quite fulfill romantic expectations; it is a plain, wooden affair, built fast against the side of the house, the whole looking painfully trim and modern in its smart coat of white paint. Somehow, the curb once graced by the old oaken bucket ought to be of rude, moss-covered stones, and in a general state of melancholy dilapida-

tion since the thirsty lad of long ago "found it the source of an exquisite pleasure." The pond is not so very wide, and apparently does not spread any more than ordinary ponds, but it is a picturesque bit in this fine old landscape, nevertheless. The mill is just a plain old mill, and not an oil painting on a brass easel. It is quite barren of the over-

running vines and towering overshoot wheel one would naturally suppose must have commended it to the poet's affections. But then,—it isn't everybody who can have as suitable a mill to cherish in the vistas of auld lang syne.

Art hath its votaries in Scituate. An old barn has been fitted up for a summer home and studio by a company of artists, who are never in want of fresh material in the ever-varying aspects of earth, sea

erally drawn upon in the bestowal of local names; whereof witness, Jericho Beach, the Jerusalem road, Lake Galilee, a section to the west known as Sodom and Gomorrah, and a village of Egypt to the north. large, flanked with flower beds and close-cropped greensward and in fair way in one or two more seasons to be overrun with vines. There is a carriage-horse stable, stallion stable, stable for farm horses, riding academy. Here in Egypt is situated the



THE ORCHARD, THE MEADOW, THE DEEPTANGLED WILD-WOOD

and sky:—the whitening lines of surf roaring along the cliffs; the mile of inturned stone ridge below Third Cliff, often half-matted over with the tide-wash of curious seaweed and Irish moss, and commanding the double prospect of inrolling Atlantic to the east and broad marshes to the west, threaded by silvery channels, dotted with gunners' huts, and enlivened by the flight of sea fowl overhead; or the thick hedges, wild vines of grape, bushes of elderberry, sumach, teeming orchards and stately elms of the inland roadways; or, seen from a cliff road, the harvest moon, emerging in tranquil majesty from the black watery waste and transfiguring it with a glory not of earth.

The Hebrew Scriptures were lib-

AND E'EN THE OLD BUCKET THAT HUNG IN THE WELL

country home, model farm and stock ranges of Thomas W. Lawson, millionaire, yacht builder, and fancy stock breeder. This estate—Dreamwold—centres around a group of artistic buildings; some of them very demy, hospital, foaling and three broodmare stables, besides the main stable, 800 feet in length. For other stock,—cattle, dogs, poultry and pigeons, spacious quarters are provided and equipped with elaborate care. A water tower with chimes,

residences of manager and employees, a post-office, business office with circulating library, and Mr. Lawson's private residence; all are included in this interesting community, and all repeat, with variety of design, a controlling architectural motive. Near the private residence is a wild garden, seven acres in extent, of old-fashioned flowers, shrubbery and small fruits. A racing track, and within that a training track, surround a nine-acre

from across the marshes and meadows to the northwest.

In the attractive principal school building, on the main street between the Center and the Harbor, there is little to suggest the educational privations of earlier days. Meagre as the resources were, the Scituate forefathers gave what heed they could to health of mind,—and, for that matter, to health of body also; although their concern for the latter does not appear on record in any startling fashion until less than a century ago. It was in 1816 that the town pledged its fortunes in behalf of universal vaccination, voting to have all the inhabitants vaccinated at the princely fee to the surgeon of six cents each. This bonus might not stimulate the



THE WIDE SPREADING POND

polo field. Macadamized roads connect all parts of the estate; which includes 600 acres, employs from 130 to 225 men according to the season, and cares for 300 horses, 50 cows, about 100 dogs and 3000 hens. The water tower belongs to the village, but Mr. Lawson, by permission, has remodeled it on artistic lines and equipped it with a set of chimes which are played every evening, from 7 to 8. Few Scituate experiences are more delightful than a summer evening in a comfortable porch chair, just within sound of the rhythmic rise and fall of the surf to the east, and of the sweet-toned measures of such old airs as "Robin Adair," "Auld Lang Syne," or the "Old Oaken Bucket,"



THE MILL THAT STOOD BY IT

cupidity of a latter-day practitioner, making his morning round in a motor vehicle of late design, but it was sufficient in those lean times to attract a three-fold competition. "There was a pretty general vaccination," saith the record, "effected by Doctors Otis, James and Foster."

Interest in health of mind dates back much farther. Early in the 17th Century it was arranged with

"Dea. David Jacob" to keep a school, one third of the year at each end of the town and one third in the middle: and for this he was allowed the lavish compensation of £20 for his services and £20 for the school building; which he was supposed to supply among the other pedagogical requisites of the position. Whether the heroic Deacon was expected to build his hundred-dollar Hall of Wisdom on rollers, so that he could hitch a team to it, bestride the gable, and drive off merrily to the other end of the town every four months, does not appear. At all events, seven years later it was ordered that the school be kept in the middle of the town only; but the respective ends, once accustomed to the nearer mien of migratory Learning, must have risen in rebellion against this bold monopoly, since in the following year, 1711, it was voted to maintain an additional school at each extremity of Scituate, an expense of £16 per school, that in the middle to have £32.

The coast fisheries in those days were a much more important source of revenue than now, relatively at any rate. It is still an important item, supplemented by truck farming, fruit raising, and mossing,—the latter a somewhat unique industry of growing value. The Irish moss, found on the rocks along the south shore, is of good quality and extensively used as one of the raw materials in certain manufacturing processes, chiefly in the making of blanc mange, into which it is readily converted and with small waste. The homes of most of the "mossers"

are cliff cottages, which they rent during the summer, and occupy small huts built on the sands, while the season lasts. When first gathered, the moss is almost black; it is sun-cured on the hot sands until it bleaches, first purple, then almost white, ready for the market; and in this shore work the wives of the mossers are efficient helpers. As much as \$1000 is sometimes made by a single family during the season.

The summer resident and summer boarder interest is, of course, a source of income supplementary to all the others, directly or indirectly. Scituate is more hospitable to the would-be guest of to-day than in the early years when the town's prudent conservators in solemn conclave decreed that "If any person shall entertayn any stranger, after being admonished by a committee chosen for such purpose, he shall forfeit and pay 10s. for each week." The accompanying apology for this law says that by reason of entertaining too many strangers the town was "coming to be burdened."

The wayfarer is not so regarded now, nor have his kind arrived in sufficient numbers, as yet, to be a burden to each other. In brief, the summer resort role has not been overdone to the point of destroying Scituate's rural charm and the true salt flavor of seacoast life; somewhat modified, indeed, but unspoiled by gimcrack amusements and huge disfigurements of nature. This is not the least of the reasons why a sojourn among these quiet hamlets in their picturesque setting is still so well worth while.

The Armenian Monastery in Venice

By MARY MILLS PATRICK, Ph. D.

President of the American College, Constantinople

THE fall of the Campanile in the Piazza at Venice in 1902 attracted the eyes of all the world to that unique romantic old city. Yet few of the visitors to Venice find their way to the Monastery of St. Lazare.

This monastery consists of an imposing pile of buildings of a red brick color, situated on the isle of St. Lazare in the Lagoon of Venice. It was founded by Mekhitar, an Armenian priest, in 1740, and forms at the present time the most important center of Armenian learning outside of the Turkish Empire.

To visit the monastery of St. Lazare, one embarks in a gondola near the site of the old Campanile, and sails off over the still water of the Lagoon, that is not like any other in the world, and after a trip of half or three-quarters of an hour, according to the speed of the gondolier, lands at the very door of the monastery, to which marble stairs lead from the water's edge. As the visitor steps out of the gondola, he is met by one of the monks clad in a long black robe such as eastern ecclesiastics always wear, bound by a leather belt, but not wearing the long hair that characterizes the monks of the Orthodox Greek church.

The atrium, or small garden, is beautifully kept, and adorned with many varieties of tropical trees and shrubs, prominent among which are

the scarlet pomegranate blossoms. In a retired corner of the garden is a small vineyard that furnishes a white wine used for sacramental purposes, and dignified by the name of "Wine of Ararat." The arcades of the cloisters shut the garden in from the sea, and broad stairs lead to the corridors, and over all tranquility reigns, for in this secluded island there is no noise of traffic or social intercourse, and the silence is only broken by the sighing of the wind among the few Cypress trees, and the beating of the gentle waves against the stone embankment.

The entrance hall at St. Lazare is very fine, and gives the visitor the impression of a far greater degree of elegance and taste than Armenians have been able to attain in their public buildings in the Turkish Empire.

The monks are very proud of their church, which is of Gothic architecture, and was remodeled from the remains of an old edifice dating back to the twelfth century. The vaulted roof is sustained by columns of red marble and there are five altars. At the foot of the high altar lies the tomb of Mekhitar the founder, the marble slab which covers it bearing an inscription in Armenian. One of the chief paintings in the church is the picture of St. Mesrob, the constructor of the Armenian alphabet, and on each side of the door are inscriptions in Latin

and Armenian commemorating a visit of Pope Pius VII. to the monastery in 1800.

All the services conducted here are in ancient Armenian, as is the case in all Armenian, or Gregorian churches, but the sermons are in the spoken language. The only difference to be noticed between these services, and those in other Armenian churches is that the name of the Pope is mentioned instead of

through the kindness of Armenian ladies in Constantinople. The music of the service consists of the intoning of the sacred anthems of the old Christian poets of Armenia, some of which were composed as early as the fifth century A. D. These chants are monotonous, and somewhat nasal, but have nevertheless a peculiar beauty of their own. On all great occasions at the monastery, an Ottoman banner, pre-



CORRIDOR OF THE MONASTERY, AND TWO OF THE MONKS

that of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin, which is a vast monastery built on the site of the ancient capital of Armenia, and is the residence of the supreme Patriarch, the head of all Gregorian churches. The ritual at St. Lazare is very imposing on great fête days when the church dignitaries are clad in gorgeous costumes of various brilliant shades of color, and embroidered in pearls and silk,

sented by Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid, floats from a high mast on the shore of the island.

To the student the most interesting rooms in the monastery are the library and manuscript room, as here are collected all treasures of historic and literary interest. The library, the ceiling of which is adorned by medallions of various saints of the Roman and Gregorian

churches, contains thirty thousand volumes, principally books on religious and scientific subjects, among which are some choice editions of literary treasures. Besides books the library contains a valuable numismatic collection, and some of the coins which belonged to the old kingdom of Armenia, as well as the medals of Armenia, are very attractive to the numismatist. On a stand in the library rests a bust of Mekhitar, executed by the Chevalier Fabris, a distinguished pupil of Canova.

The greatest wealth of the monastery is found in the manuscript room. Here is the most valuable collection of Armenian manuscripts in Europe, although there is a finer one in Etchmiadzin.

The printing establishment of the monastery merits particular attention, for from the time of Mekhitar until the present, the presses of St. Lazare have produced a considerable number of books annually, which are circulated not only among Armenians in Turkey, but are also sent to many other parts of the world. The monks of St. Lazare have received five prizes of the first class for excellence in printing, and to this monastery the world owes valuable editions of the Armenian classics.

Mekhitar was a patriotic and devoted priest, whose name signifies "Consoler." He was born in Sivas in Asia Minor, and was educated in the church. His ideas did not, however, entirely coincide with those taught in his national religion, and he left Sivas for Constantinople when quite a young man, and began preaching in Galata near the bridge across the Golden Horn. The result of his preaching was that he was charged with holding free ideas,

and suffered so much persecution from his own nation that he was obliged to leave the country. He turned to the Republic of Venice for encouragement, as he wished to find circumstances advantageous for the printing of books and the establishment of a literary center. Morea then belonged to Venice and he founded a monastery at Modon in Morea. Twelve years later, however, Morea was invaded by enemies of Venice, and the Armenian monastery was burned. It was then that Mekhitar turned to the city of Venice, and on the eighth of September, 1717, the senate of the then powerful Republic ceded to the Armenian community the isle of St. Lazare.

To the Mekhitarists is due the revival of Armenian literature in the eighteenth century, and the result has been a development that is remarkable in the absence of national unity. Progress in Indo European philology has demanded the study of the Armenian language, and consequently the monastery of St. Lazare has been of benefit not only to the Armenian nation, but to the world at large. The language is of special importance because of the antiquity of the nation, the founding of which is attributed, by tradition, to Haig, the fifth descendant from Noah. It is an offshoot of the Iranian branch of the Indo Germanic family of languages, and its earliest stage was represented in cuneiform inscriptions, such as those now found in Van in Asia Minor. Armenian did not become a written language, however, until after the nation accepted Christianity, which was in the fourth century, under the preaching of Gregory, the Illuminator, from whom the church received the name Gregorian, or as

it is called in Armenian, the "Illuminated." The Gregorian church has been an independent organization since the council of Chalcedon in the fifth century A. D., shortly after which it separated from the other branches of the eastern church, on account of a disagreement in regard to some minor doctrines in the church.

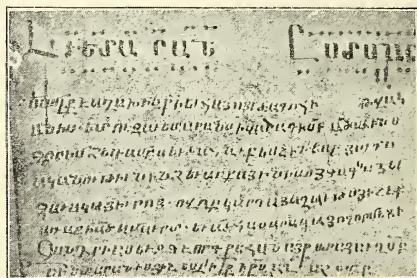
Early in the fifth century the monk Mesrob, to whom reference has already been made, invented an alphabet of thirty-eight characters. This unwieldy and difficult expression of a rather guttural language is still in use, and an illustration of it is given here consisting of a selection from the Gospel of Matthew, written by the Armenian queen, Mulchas, in the ninth century A. D.

The queen says: "This is the Gospel which I, Mulchas, queen of Armenia, write with my own hands at my own expense for my benefit, and that of my husband, and for the benefit of his children. Whoever reads it will remember us in prayer before the Mother of God, and God the merciful will have pity on us. Remember also in Christ, the priests Andreas and George, into whose hands I intrust this Gospel."

Most of the oldest Armenian literature is of a religious character. The Bible was translated early in the fifth century A. D. St. Isaac, who was then Patriarch of the Armenian church, translated the Old Testament from the Septuagint, and Mesrob himself translated the New Testament. This translation is still in use in the Gregorian church. The oldest Armenian historian was Moses of Khoren, who lived in the sixth century A. D. We find in his books the traditional and historical songs of the early ages of development of the nation, and important quotations from well known Greek

authors, in addition to his original work as a historian. The only passages now extant of the tragedy of the Peliades by Euripides, and of the book of Philo of Alexandria on Providence, are found in a rhetoric written by Moses of Khoren. In general very few of the works in ancient Armenian literature are original, and their value consists in their frequent reference to contemporaneous literature and history.

After the conquest of Italy by Napoleon the Mekhitarists founded a national Academy in imitation of the French, and to this body Lord



ARMENIAN QUEEN'S WRITING

Byron and Sylvester de Lacy formerly belonged. It contains also at the present time some learned foreigners who are devoted to the study of Armenian. This Academy edits certain works which are published annually, and issues a monthly journal, called the Polyhistor.

One of the curiosities of the monastery of St. Lazare is the visitors' book, where the humble name of the ordinary visitor stands side by side with the names of kings and distinguished scholars. Lord Byron's name is one of the first of this remarkable list, for it is not only in Greece that he is regarded almost as a national hero, but his interest was awakened also by the people of Armenia.

Lord Byron arrived in Venice in 1816 in search of a new mental experience, as was often his turn of mind. He wrote to a friend that he wished something craggy to break his mind upon, and the Armenian language was the most difficult thing that he could find in Venice for amusement. This coincides with the usual opinion of foreigners, for it is said that in 1812 the French instituted an Armenian professorship in St. Lazare, and Monday twenty pupils presented themselves. They began full of vigor, and persevered with a courage worthy of the nation and of universal conquest, until Thursday, when fifteen of the number succumbed to the twenty-sixth letter of the alphabet. Lord Byron himself called the Armenian alphabet a "Waterloo of an alphabet." At the time of Lord Byron's visit there were ninety monks, and they did their utmost to entertain him. Copies of exercises which he wrote are still preserved, and he assisted in preparing a large dictionary

which is used until the present time in learning the language.

The present Patriarch of the Armenian nation, Monseigneur Malachia Ormanian, who resides in Constantinople, studied at one time in the monastery of the Mekhitarists, and often speaks of his experiences there with pleasure.

The monastery of St. Lazare now contains about sixty monks; it is governed by an Abbot who bears the title of Archbishop of Sinik, and this position is filled at the present time by Monseigneur George Hurmuz. The Abbot is assisted by a council of six members, nominated by the Chapter of the Order.

Thus Venice, through this monastery in the still waters of the Lagoon, keeps in touch with the Orient, and although her ships of war are no longer seen, as of old, in eastern waters, yet her academic influence over the literature of an important eastern nation, reminds us of the closer union of the past centuries.



Lisbeth

By EMILIA ELLIOTT

“I DON’T understand,” Lisbeth said, a troubled look in her eyes.

She and her companion were sitting on a pile of lumber in the kitchen of the new, unfinished house. Lisbeth was forty-five, tall and bent, with lined, patient face and deep-set dark eyes, that were sad, almost tragic. The lines about the mouth told of suffering bravely borne. It was the face of a working, not a thinking, woman—for twenty years Lisbeth had had no need to think—Brother Pelton had preferred doing it all for her—“Likewise ye wives be in subjection to your own husbands” was his household motto.

The younger woman—young enough to have been Lisbeth’s daughter, was rather pretty, and much cleverer in a superficial way—not unkindly disposed towards this other wife. They had been inmates of the same house for three years—not inharmonious years, considering all things. Lucy—she had been born in the Mormon church and named after Lucy Smith, the mother of the prophet Joseph—possessed the knack of getting her own way in a childish, rather winning fashion; she could wheedle and manage Brother Pelton in a manner that made Lisbeth open her eyes in wonder.

“You mean—?” Lucy asked now, twisting a shaving curl over her fingers. Her hands were far whiter and softer than Lisbeth’s, there were rings on them.

“All this fuss ’bout Brother Davis,” Lisbeth exclaimed.

“It’s simple enough—they’re trying to prove he’s breaking the law—having more than one wife, you know.”

“But of course he’s got more than one. So’s Brother Morrow and Brother Parks. Why here’s you an’ me—both Brother Pelton’s wives.”

“Well it’s against the law now for a man to have more than one,” Lucy said shortly.

“Not ’gainst the teachin’s of the Church though. It can’t be wrong, it can’t—I know it must seem so to folks who don’t understand. It didn’t seem right to me—at first.” Lisbeth flushed, remembering those far off days of doubt and suffering. “You see I was the second wife—my cousin Nannie was the first—she and Brother Pelton was married back in England, just before leavin’ home, I was in their company comin’ out. Neither of them had any thought of his ever takin’ more’n one wife then, but by’n’by the head man wouldn’t let him be—so at last he had to give in—an’ he come to me. ‘You and Nannie are close friends, Lisbeth,’ he said, ‘an’ you’ll be good to her.’ I fought hard for a while—it was so dreadful, even to think of—but I had to give in too, same’s he had. I was good to Nannie—she wasn’t ever strong, an’ that awful journey ’cross the plains had nearly killed her. I wasn’t ever anything to Brother Pelton like she was, but after she died he seemed to get fonder of me. Nannie was glad to go—it hadn’t been easy for either of us—that five years. ‘If it’d been any one else, I

couldn't've borne it,' she said to me, the day she died. 'You'll be first now, Lisbeth, an' Blake'll be kind to you.' She was the only one of his wives that called him Blake—but she'd known him at home, before they was either of them Mormons."

Lucy rose, yawning impatiently: she had heard it all so often—Nannie had been dead so many years. There was a little faded picture of her in the parlor, at home. Once she had found Brother Pelton standing looking up at it, a different look on his placid, well content face from any she had ever seen before—or since.

"Brother Pelton ought to be home in a few days," she said—he was away on business. In Lucy's pocket was a letter from him, he had not written to Lisbeth. Lucy's eyes sparkled, as she thought of those few crisp sentences.

Those were the troublous days, following President Woodruff's manifesto of 1890. Days of struggle and rebellion; of hot jealousy and still harder heart-breaking among the women of the church—days, when from among two or more wives a man must make his choice—if, as in the case of Brother Pelton, the first, and, in the eyes of the law, legal wife were dead.

"Lucy," Lisbeth looked anxiously up into the fresh face. "I can't get it out of my thoughts—what you said 'bout Brother Davis."

"I reckon you ain't the only one interested in it," Lucy said carelessly.

"It ain't just in'trest—it's—Lucy, you don't think they'll get after Brother Pelton?"

Lucy traced a pattern with one foot, in the sawdust covering the floor. "I reckon—Brother Pelton'll manage things—so they won't

bother him any."

"You think so?" the relief in Lisbeth's voice sent a feeling of pity through Lucy—the older woman's next words changed pity into anger.

"I don't like upsettings. We get on pretty well and it'd be dreadful for you, Lucy."

"For me!"

If he had to decide between us—I'm *first* you know—I've been faithful to him for twenty years—I've worked hard for him." There was no doubt in Lisbeth's voice.

"What makes you so sure he'd choose you?"

"There wouldn't be any question of choosing." There was real dignity in Lisbeth's straightening of her bent figure—she was standing too now, looking down, not up, at Lucy's face—flushed with anger. "Of course I'm first—I've been his wife so long—through the hard years and in his time of trouble—besides, if there wasn't any other reason, there's the children."

"All that don't always count with a man," Lucy said significantly.

"Brother Pelton ain't like those others—he's good and just—if he is kind of hard speakin' at times."

"I ain't found him very hard speaking," Lucy laughed self-consciously.

"You're but a child—no one could be hard with you," Lisbeth said, laying a hand, work roughened but still gentle in its touch, on Lucy's arm. "That's why I hate the thought of any change—it'd come so heavy on you. But the Lord'll provide—don't you worry, child."

"I'm not worrying," Lucy turned away.

"I can't see what started it all. What's been right so many years can't be wrong now." Lisbeth's voice rose into what was almost a

cry of entreaty. "It can't be wrong—I don't understand."

"Let's go through the house, before going home," Lucy suggested, to change the subject.

Lisbeth assented promptly. The new house—she could understand that. It was the pride of all three; Lisbeth rejoicing in its many conveniences; Lucy in its air of smart modernness; while Brother Pelton prided himself on the fact that it was going to be the finest house of its size in the neighborhood.

"We'll go upstairs and work down," Lisbeth said.

It was a two story and a half house built on rising ground; from the front window high up in the point, one looked out over the city and open valley beyond, to where rose the encircling mountains—their bare sides showing here and there through the snow—the highest peaks white and pure—and for background the bluest of cloudless skies.

It was a view Lisbeth was never tired of. "I think I'll take this room for mine," she said, glancing around the little room with its low sloping ceiling. "You'll like the front one below, Lucy. I'll put the children in the one next to this."

At the back the windows looked out to the low irregular foothills, beyond which lay City Creek Canyon—the bare hills seemed very near.

"There ain't many houses goin' up in this part of town yet," Lisbeth said. "We'll get breathin' room here—."

"It'll be dreadfully lonesome," Lucy said fretfully—she had been anxious for a lot further in town, the daily increasing value of land in this part of the town in no wise appealing to her; but for once, at

least, her coaxing had been of no avail—where business matters were concerned Brother Pelton was adamant.

"Oh you'll get used to it," Lisbeth said cheerfully.

"Come on." Lucy led the way down to the next floor.

"My, but these rooms are pretty," Lisbeth declared. "Brother Pelton has certainly behaved handsome in the matter of closets—I do love lots of closet room."

On the main floor Lucy turned towards the parlors. "I mean to have rugs instead of carpets—they're ever so much more stylish. Brother Pelton must have these floors stained. I think he might have had hard wood floors, like I asked him."

"I could stain them for you." Lisbeth sat down on a low saw-horse to consider the matter. "I like carpets myself, but maybe you know best."

Wide sliding doors connected the back parlor with the dining room, which took in the width of the house. The East side of the room was nearly all given up to a deep bay window. Lisbeth planned to fill it with house plants when winter came.

"Just think what a lot of comforts there are," she said, as their tour of inspection brought them back to the kitchen. "Why the work won't be worth talkin' about. No water to bring in, neither—I'll get the good of that, come winter."

"Lisbeth—" there was a curious searching look in Lucy's eyes—"Lisbeth, are you—do you—like Brother Pelton—very much?"

Lisbeth closed the cupboard door in surprise. "Why Lucy—what ever do you mean?"

"You know what I mean—do you, Lisbeth?"

It was a new, strange, thought to Lisbeth. She stood quite still in the center of the little quiet kitchen—the workmen had gone early that Saturday afternoon; all in and about the place was the soft bright stillness of the springtime. A far-away look crept into Lisbeth's sunken brown eyes—those eyes so full of pain, and the burden of a life, hard and filled with many a bitter humiliating memory. Her thoughts went back to the day, long ago, when Brother Pelton had first made known to her the will of the Church. She was young and enthusiastic, full of zeal for her adopted religion. To do—to bear—had been the cry of her heart: the cross, when it came—how she had shrunk from it. Nor altogether for her own sake—large in her sympathies, part of that passionate drawing back had been on her cousin Nannie's account. Nannie was proud of her position as Blake Pelton's wife. In the end Lisbeth had been coerced into yielding, wrought up by clever appeals to her religious nature. Once the plural wife of Brother Pelton she had bent herself resolutely to the fulfilling of her duty—as she had been taught to see it. Brother Pelton, a self-opinionated, arbitrary individual, had not been unkind to her, from his point of view—nor, in fact, from hers. She had always looked up to him in a blind sort of way, that he found most gratifying. She had obeyed him; jealously upheld his authority—but—love him? had he ever asked for—needed—that?

And slowly, on that fair spring afternoon, with only the twittering of the busy sparrows breaking the silence, with Lucy's blue eyes fixed

intently upon her, there crept into Lisbeth's heart the conviction that she had missed something precious out of life—that the long weary years had been longer, more wearisome, because of its absence. Missed not alone the having, but—what was even more to a nature like hers—the giving.

"Lisbeth, tell me—" Lucy broke the silence, insistently.

"Lucy don't—what's the use of askin' such questions. Brother Pelton's made me as good a husband as most—we've got used to each other—leastways I've got used to him. I couldn't imagine livin' without him—and I guess he feels that way 'bout me—I understand his ways so well, you see."

A half scornful, half amused light, showed for a moment in Lucy's eyes, then she said slowly, "Lisbeth, I don't think you and I have had a fair chance." There was a deeper note than usual in Lucy's voice—a deeper look on her childish face. She too had grown suddenly wiser, during those few moments—the knowledge gained made her restless, vaguely unhappy.

"Lucy, you musn't talk so—we're leadin' the life of the Lord's choosin'."

"It seems to me more like Brother Pelton's—well if I can't have the best—I'll have the best I can get—I'm not good like you Lisbeth."

She ran on ahead down the sloping plank to the ground. "Those men are outrageously slow—I'm sick of the old house—I want to get into my own home."

The note of personal possession roused Lisbeth from her troubled reverie over Lucy's outburst of defiance.

"We ought to be in by the end of

next month." Unconsciously Lisbeth accentuated that *we*.

When they reached the low 'dobe house on First South, Brother Pelton was waiting on the porch. Lisbeth gave an exclamation of dismay and hurried indoors to see if Zina, the eldest girl, had started supper. Lucy lingered outside. "We didn't look for you before Monday, Brother Pelton," she said.

When they all met at the supper table, Lucy glanced about her with a shrug of discontent. "It looks dingier than ever. Brother Pelton, you didn't build a day too soon—I should die, if I had to live here much longer."

"No you wouldn't," Brother Pelton said, but he smiled at her across the table—in her crimson waist, with the vivid bow in her fluffy hair, she made the one bright spot in the room. Zina and Beulah, quiet, thoughtful like their mother, like her were soberly clad. Brother Pelton's principles, as to a woman's going gaily dressed, having as yet relaxed in only one direction.

"I guess we're all anxious to get in the new house," Lisbeth said—wondering why Brother Pelton glanced sharply towards her, a strange expression in his eyes—it disturbed her a little, at the time.

There was not much more talk. Brother Pelton was even more silent than usual, both that night and the next morning. Nor did he walk with his family to the weekly service in the ward meeting house—he would join them there, he said.

He was one of the speakers that morning; it was always a proud moment for him, when he rose to address the congregation gathered in the old meeting house. Lisbeth thought there was no one quite equal to him at the speaking. To

her untutored mind, weakened and dulled by long years of silent unquestioning submission, Brother Pelton's ponderous sentences—his wornout platitudes and dreamy long-windedness were wonderful, awe inspiring. To see Lucy fidget, and cast furtively impatient glances at the stolid pompous speaker, never ceased to shock Lisbeth—Lucy's lack of reverence was a sincere grief to her.

To-day, Brother Pelton spoke with great unction, exceeding all former efforts. He referred to the sad condition of the times—to the need of self-denying heroism on the part of both men and women. Now was the opportunity for them to show their faith—their courage and endurance—their child-like obedience to those in authority. Again and again Brother Pelton dwelt upon this particular point.

"It's my belief he can't stop," Lucy whispered to Lisbeth, "he's just wound up, like a machine."

Lisbeth shook her head rebukingly. "He's lookin' right at us."

"At you—he knows better than to think I'm listening—it's too stupid."

Lisbeth's heart glowed—Brother Pelton was sure of one sympathetic listener then; and when coming out of meeting, he walked beside her, letting Lucy go on ahead with some companions, her face shone with pride.

"You spoke beautiful this mornin'," she ventured to say.

"I confess I felt like one inspired," Brother Pelton answered.

"Folks ought to be better after such a discourse."

"If I succeed in reaching one heart—if my words will influence one hearer—I shall be content." Again he looked at her in that strange fash-

ion, rousing again that half-defined fear in Lisbeth's mind.

She was out in the garden that afternoon—the garden Nannie had planted, and she had tended, partly for Nannie's sake.

In his first pride as a householder, Brother Pelton had laid out the deep wide back lot with considerable skill and taste. There was an arbor down the center walk; from the end near the house, long trailing ropes of creeper had been carried to the broad porch—the whole house was covered with vine by now, the windows set in frameworks of green. The flowers were the simple old English favorites, renewing themselves year by year. Later, and on through the long dry summer, Lisbeth's garden would be a tangled mass of color and sweet spicy fragrance—now only the earlier Spring blossoms were in bloom. The robins were nesting in the old cherry tree near the stone wall, where Lisbeth stood. She was looking thoughtfully back at the low house: it had been a tiny two room cottage, when Brother Pelton brought his first wife home; at Lisbeth's coming another room had been added—twice in the next five years other rooms had been built on, for similar reasons.

Both these other wives were dead—they and their children; for some years, until Lucy's coming, Lisbeth had—not reigned, rather labored, alone.

Lucy's coming had been a sharp blow; but, after all, Lucy had been easy to get along with, taking life as lightly as might be.

Lisbeth stooped to gather a cluster of the violets, that grew so thick beside the wall. Every Spring, by some magical charm, they carried her back afresh to her girlhood, in

the pretty village at home. Her hands were filled with the little purple flowers, when she heard a step on the path, leading through the arbor.

Brother Pelton was coming slowly toward her, his hands clasped behind him, a frown wrinkling his broad white forehead.

"The garden's coming on well this year," he said. Even Lisbeth was quick to detect the forced lightness of his tone.

"It lies so to the South, you see," she answered. Some of the violets dropped unheeded from her fingers.

"Lisbeth—"

"Yes, Brother Pelton."

"You heard my talk this morning—at the meeting?"

She nodded.

"And comprehended it?"

"I—ain't sure—it sounded fine—I'm not certain I got the full meaning."

"These are troublous times, Lisbeth."

Again she nodded—perplexed, half afraid.

"The head of the Church—President Woodruff—you know his latest proclamation."

A frightened look came into Lisbeth's eyes. Her woman's intuition, more quick to act than her slow brain, sounded a faint warning. But no—that could not be true. She could not answer, save to lift her eyes, with their look of terror and supplication. Before it, Brother Pelton's own gaze fell.

He cleared his throat. "Lisbeth—I—I regret it exceedingly—but obedience is one of the chief requisites of a good Mormon. You would not have me fail in my duty. The Church, as you know, has decided that a man must have only one wife."

"*You* think it wrong to have more'n one, Brother Pelton?"

"The Church, Lisbeth—"

"*You* think it wrong?" she repeated, with new doggedness.

"I think it wrong not to obey the Church's orders," he parried.

"You're givin' in without any fight?"

"I am a man of peace, Lisbeth—and—well, I confess, I have come to see the wisdom of this decision."

Still Lisbeth did not, would not, fully understand. "It'll come hard on Lucy," she said; "she ain't lookin' for any such turnin' out. You'll provide for her, Brother Pelton? Luckily she ain't got any little ones hangin' to her skirts, like a good many—"

"Lucy!" Brother Pelton braced himself for a final effort. "I've decided to keep Lucy—she's young and inclined to be frivolous—it would be hard for her to be left to her own resources; besides she needs the guiding hand. It's very different with you, Lisbeth; you've had experience. I've no doubt that you'll manage finely."

Lisbeth stared at him in mute reproach—condemnation. For the first time in her life, she dared weigh his motives—dared find them wanting; but after twenty years of silence, words were not easy.

"I ought to be able to work," she said at last, simply, as if voicing a self-evident fact. "I'm sure I've had practice enough. Then you don't mean to provide for me'n our girls, Brother Pelton?"

"I may be able to do a little, later. I've been under heavy expenses lately—the new house, and—"

The new house—a sudden sob rose in Lisbeth's throat. She saw the bright little kitchen, snug, complete, in all the many contrivances

for lessening the work of the house. It had meant so much to her that Brother Pelton should have planned them for her comfort. But not a single one had been arranged with a view to her—they were all for Lucy. She was to have no share in the new house—not even the humblest.

"This has been in my mind for some time," she heard Brother Pelton saying. "I am not acting hastily—I have taken counsel—prayed over it. I delayed telling you, thinking it wiser to make the one breaking up."

Lisbeth glanced up dully, in her eyes the inexpressible suffering of some dumb beast.

Brother Pelton congratulated himself on the quiet sensible way in which she was taking it. It was a heavy shock, without doubt. She was a faithful honest creature—not a companion, of course, but a good worker—he could ill have done without her all these years. He patted her kindly on the arm. "I shall always take an interest in you and the girls, remember. Zina's seventeen now, old enough to look out for herself—I dare say she'll be setting up a home of her own before long. That'll leave only Beulah for you. Heber, (Heber was Nannie's boy) is out doing excellently—you trained him well, Lisbeth."

"We are to stay on here?" Lisbeth asked wearily.

Brother Pelton shook his head. "I have disposed of the land; the house will be torn down—it's in pretty bad condition. It will be better for you to find something smaller."

Lisbeth looked silently up at the vine-covered house. It would have been bad enough—being left in the shabby familiar place—the wrench would have been fearful; but to be

denied all place in both new and old, to be driven forth, to start afresh! She felt a sudden sense of pity for the poor old house, as if it were human. She and it, their work done, both tossed aside! The thought choked her.

Brother Pelton turned away. He was as truly sorry for her as it was in his nature to feel for any one. There was real regret in his heart, as he walked slowly up the path, under the arbor, where the sunlight fell in broken shafts, and the light breeze stirred softly in the young leaves overhead.

Lucy stood waiting on the porch—she had just come back from the afternoon service at the Tabernacle. "Have you told her?" she cried in an eager whisper, as he reached her.

"I have."

"Did she make a fuss?"

"No."

Lucy drew a quick breath, glanc-

ing down at the bowed figure by the wall below. "Poor Lisbeth! Come round front, Brother Pelton, I want to talk to you, and I don't want to be where I can see her—poor Lisbeth."

A few minutes later there were sounds of quick steps on the garden path. "Mother," Zina called, "please, won't you take us to see the new house?"

"Please, mother!" Beulah added.

Lisbeth stirred slowly; from her hands fell the bunch of violets—crushed and stained.

Zina and Beulah stared wonderingly. "Mother, what has happened? Oh, mother dear—don't, please don't!"

For Lisbeth had dropped down beside the violets, her face hidden in her scarred, work-worn hands—her whole being racked, convulsed, by deep heart-rending sobs.

Insight

By MAURICE BALDWIN

Why do I tremble when thine eyes
Meet mine, or when thy tender voice
Doth bid my longing heart rejoice,
Or when thy soft hand in mine lies?

It is because through the strange wall
That keeps all human lives apart
Thy love hath pierced, and knoweth all
The hidden secrets of my heart.

Whaling in Hudson Bay

By P. T. McGRATH

A QUESTION of serious import to Great Britain and the United States has been raised of late by the action of Canada in despatching, last August, to Hudson Bay an armed expedition in the Newfoundland sealing steamer "Neptune" to expel New Bedford Whalers now fishing in that area, and regarded by Canada as poachers, unlawfully operating in waters where they possess no rights. This cruiser has been wintering there and will remain north until November next, making annual visits thereafter efficiently to guard the region. Canada claims that Hudson Bay is a closed sea and portion of her heritage, France having ceded the whole region to Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713; the United States having acquiesced therein by the Treaty of Washington, in 1818, and Britain having transferred all Arctic America to Canada in 1870. This would make out a conclusive case but that Canada has, until now, failed to assert her sovereignty in an efficient manner, the American whalers having prosecuted their industry there without interruption for over seventy years, so that they consider themselves entitled to continue fishing there, in spite of Canada's contentions to the contrary. To dislodge them will probably require a resort to force, and this may bring about a clash between the two Anglo-Saxon peoples, which would be deplorable on every account. But that Canada is determined to

assert her position is evidenced by the fact that she has commissioned as "Governor of Hudson Bay," Major Moodie of the North West Mounted Police, who has gone in command of the efficient force carried, and he has a detachment of that corps under his command so as to be able to deal with the whalers when the spring opens.

Canada's action is influenced very largely by the fear that if she fails to assert her contention that she alone possesses jurisdiction over this great northern inlet, her acquiescence in the presence of United States whalers there will be construed into an abandonment by her of the right she claims, and will elicit a demand from them of concurrent fishing and trading privileges there which may bring about another international entanglement like the Alaskan boundary dispute. It illustrates, moreover, Canada's unpreparedness for the task of enforcing her position in these remote waters, that she had no ship of her own to undertake the duty, but had to go to St. John's, the capital of the independent Colony of Newfoundland—which is not a part of Canada at all—in order to secure a steamer capable of contending with ice and therefore suitable for the navigation of sub-arctic seas, while her Captain and crew are also Newfoundlanders, Canadians knowing nothing of the handling of such ships, or the difficulties of traversing such areas as she will cruise in, while the Newfoundlanders are the

most experienced ice-navigators in the world.

From New Bedford and neighboring ports, United States whalers have long prosecuted their hazardous calling in every sea and clime, pursuing the cachalot, or sperm whale, in his tropical *habitat*, and the bowhead, or baleen whale, in the frozen northern zone. The Greenland waters, Baffin Bay, Davis Strait, Cumberland Gulf, and Hudson Strait and Bay have all been the scene of their daring activities, while their prowess and adventures have formed the theme of many a volume, and the inspiration for countless daring deeds upon the ocean.

Owing to the competition of British, Norse and Danish whalers the mighty cetaceans have been almost exterminated in all of these areas now except Hudson Bay, and only a squadron of but seven ships survives of all the once enormous whaling fleet that sailed from the British Isles. The American fleet has been reduced very considerably also, but of late years is experiencing a revival owing to the enhanced value of whale products through their scarcity, so that a small fare is now a paying venture when it would have fallen short of a profitable speculation ten years ago. Canada's project therefore means, if it is carried into effect, the expulsion of these modern Yankee Vikings from their last industrial stronghold on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Whale hunting in Hudson Bay is an enterprise that calls for resolute and daring men, the class that enters into Arctic exploration, for to this the whale fishery is somewhat akin. The ships sail from New Bedford in June or July so as to enter Hudson Strait as soon as it is free

of ice, or comparatively so; as to venture among the ice which is often fifty feet thick, would be to invite disaster. This, indeed, has befallen the whalers at times. The "Isabella" was one of the unfortunates, and the "Pioneer" another. Both were crushed by the floe while making their way through the Strait. Forty years ago, in the summer of 1863, the barque "George Henry" met such a fate, and her crew of thirty-four men, adrift in the floe, were rescued by the "Active" another of the fleet. On safely entering the Bay the ships start whaling near Southampton Island, the land mass which blocks the inlet, and they fish in the neighboring waters until the end of September compels them to go into winter quarters. They must do this so early because such a vapor or steam rushes off the water that they can get no observations and can see nothing; they would get blown off by the equinoctials and owing to the "dip" of the compass could not tell where they were. They winter in Chesterfield Inlet, a fiord running north, and begin the chase of the whales in the spring, the bowheads being believed to enter the bay then, and after cruising there all summer, they return to the Atlantic in the autumn, before Hudson Strait becomes blocked with ice, as the whale, being a mammal, requires a clear area in order to come to the surface to breathe every ten minutes or so.

It is impossible for a ship to make a successful cruise in one season. She rarely gets in before late in July or early in August, and would have to leave within a month to escape being frozen fast all winter. Therefore, each cruise is planned for one or two seasons, some vessels being

out twenty-seven months at times. The crews of the whalers no longer live on the ships during the winter, but ashore with the Eskimos, using the same food—seal, walrus, and whale meat, with venison, bear meat, sea birds and fish to vary it. Salt food is absolutely barred. It produces scurvy very soon, the condition accelerated all too often by the indulgence in alcohol, common to sailors. Scores of graves in every harbor attest the fell work that was done in the past in foul-smelling, ill-ventilated cabins, with little or no exercise taken for months. But now the native mode of life is adopted and the mortality is very slight.

The whales enter the Bay by way of Hudson Strait; years ago considerable whaling was done off Resolution Island, the Atlantic entrance to the Strait, in May, as the creatures passed in on their annual migration. They make for Roe's Welcome, on the north-west side of the Bay, which gives access to another fiord called Repulse Inlet. The ships begin their deadly forays at the mouth of the Welcome early in May and proceed north to Repulse Inlet as the ice is discharged and the way made free for them. This is the best whaling season and ground, and it is to avail themselves of it that they winter in the north. If they could get to it early enough they would not remain all the year, but as the Bay is open in the early spring, while the Strait is blocked until midsummer, they have to spend many idle months near the whaling ground.

The whalers formerly wintered at Marble Island, off Chesterfield Inlet, but they do so no longer. It was too remote from the whaling grounds, and it was also impossible

to get fresh meat as there were no natives about and no deer on the Island. This compelled the crews to use salt meat, which induced scurvy and caused appalling mortality. The anchorage, too, was none the best; on one occasion some years ago three vessels parted their chains there and drove ashore, and the crews were reduced to the verge of starvation. Now the winter harbors are at Depot Island, or Fullerton Point, and the natives are engaged to supply the crews with fresh meat during the winter. There are plenty of deer in Repulse Bay, and occasionally a bear is got; musk oxen can always be obtained in the unexplored wilds back of the Wager River. Sometimes the American skippers make long hunting trips into the country with natives as guides, and some tribes of the latter have at times exhibited gold-bearing quartz which leads to the belief that there is a second Klondike in the far off stretches of the Franklin District—as Canada has named this vast arctic archipelago. These hunting trips are taken with Kometiks (sledges) and dogs; and big bags of deer are frequently made.

The actual pursuit of the whale is as dangerous a vocation as writers and artists have represented it. During recent years no fewer than four ships have been lost in the Welcome, the last being the "Francis Allyn" which was burned by her try-works taking fire. Her crew made their way to Fullerton, after enduring great hardships, and were conveyed home by the "Era," another ship. "The Polar Star" drove on a reef and went to pieces, in 1896. The big fish are hunted with boats and harpoons, in the fashion so often described, and among the most

perilous aspects of it is that of the boats being dashed against the floes and the crew drowned, as the frightened brutes race madly through the ice-cumbered ocean when impaled with the murderous harpoon, which is the lethal weapon used. Whaling in other seas is attended by many dangers, but here it has its series of special perils to encounter—ice-floes, unknown rocks and reefs, variable currents, unreliable charts and the compass subject to such deviations that it cannot be depended upon. These drawbacks constitute a serious menace to ships and crews, and if the records of the industry could be set forth they would reveal some of the most extraordinary adventures in marine annals—of daring boat-voyages, of struggles with hunger and cold, of heroic endurance and gallant rescue.

Among these instances of hardship and suffering a noteworthy one was that of the "Pavilion," which was wrecked on Crow Head, near Roe's Welcome in 1873. Her crew of thirty, in three boats, made their way along the coast and out of the Strait, a distance of 700 miles, to Resolution Island, and in crossing from there to Cape Chidley, on Labrador, one boat was lost with all hands. The other two worked their way south along Labrador, to Cape Mugford, a journey of 200 miles further. Here they found a Hudson Bay Company's ship, a chartered vessel which had been forced ashore by the pressure of the ice-floe driving in on the land. They got her off and made their way in her to St. John's, Newfoundland. Their boat and vessel voyage represented an undertaking that would appall the stoutest heart. It involved weeks of wearying toil, of

nerve-racking danger, of imminent starvation. They subsisted as best they could on shell-fish, seals and kelp, when the scanty supply of stores saved from their wrecked ship was exhausted, and at times they were so devoid of hope that it seemed to them only wasted effort to continue. But they persevered, and after striking the Labrador Coast, obtained supplies from the Moravian Missionaries laboring there.

Scarcely less remarkable was the experience of the crew of the "Isabella" in 1885, which had been crushed in the floe about twenty-five miles off Spicer's Harbor. They had contrived to land over the ice on foot, having lost their boats, and they were thus unable to carry any but the scantiest supply of food to the harbor where they had to remain on short commons until the "Era" called there at the end of August, and took them on board. In effecting the embarkation she was delayed by adverse winds for quite a period, and this caused her to be late in reaching Gummiute, a station in Davis Strait, where she had to call in the autumn. She did not get there until October, and while loading bone and oil, the arctic pack closed in on the shore and shut her up until August seventh of the next year, with two crews on board and supplies for but one, and with a most unfavorable season for hunting in the vicinity, the situation of the ship was anything but enviable. The men almost starved during the winter, and by the time the "Era" reached St. John's, Newfoundland, in September, 1886, they were on almost their last allowance of bread and water.

In individual adventure it would be difficult to outdo Walter Hoxie,

second mate of the "Francis Allyn," whose destruction by fire has already been mentioned. She sailed from New Bedford on July second, 1901, to fish for whales in Hudson Bay, with a crew of thirteen, all told. Entering the Strait and Bay, she wintered at Depot Island, and during the voyage there was friction between the Captain and Hoxie, so that when on June first, 1902, the former suggested that Hoxie "had better go home," he started with two others, King and Carroll—in one of the whaleboats, carrying three weeks' provisions. They voyaged 470 miles south down Hudson Bay to York House, a Hudson Bay Company Post, the trip occupying till July fifteenth. Half way their provisions ran out and for the rest of the journey they had to subsist on what little game they could kill. After reaching York House, King and Carroll took the Hudson Bay Company's steamer for England but Hoxie engaged himself to the factor and killed six white whales. In return he was given transportation to Winnipeg overland, with a train of ten Indians carrying furs. They had provisions for five days, but the trip to Oxford House—another post—occupied nineteen, and for two weeks they lived on the fish they caught and the berries they picked. From this they took five days more food to reach Norway House, but as the journey lasted nine days they were obliged to beg food from wandering Indians they met. A steamer took them to Winnipeg from there. The "Francis Allyn's" crew suffered worse than he did, however, as one man died from exposure and the others were badly frostbitten before they were picked up by the sister ship.

The arctic whale—variously de-

scribed as the right, black, northern, or Greenland whale, is known to the crews who chase it, as the "bow-head," from the peculiar arched structure of its frontal formation. This is what produces the extreme length of its "whalebone," or baleen, the flexible substance which fills its mouth instead of teeth and is so important in modern arts and manufactures. Like the ivory of the elephant, the whalebone of the bow-head is becoming so scarce that dealers fear that its speedy exhaustion is imminent. It varies in length from nine to fifteen feet and formerly sold for about \$9,000 a ton, but latterly has reached the amazing figure of \$15,000. This creature, despite its enormous size, sometimes reaching sixty to seventy feet in length and weighing as many tons, is amongst the most timid known, and has to be chased by boats whose oars are muffled. Only that one forms such a prize, it is doubtful if they would be hunted at all, but an adult bowhead yields nearly a ton of bone, and about fourteen tons of oil, worth about \$2,000 more. It will thus be readily seen what a gamble the industry is and how one successful trip means a small fortune for those who embark in it. In 1893 the United States Whaling Fleet—Atlantic and Pacific—killed 394 of these monsters, so the possibilities of the enterprise are really staggering.

It is rather a remarkable circumstance that while the American whalers have invaded Hudson Bay and exploited it for about seventy years, the British whalers should have refrained almost wholly from participation in that fishery and confined themselves to the Atlantic waters east of Hudson Strait. Quite recently, however, they have estab-

lished a sedentary whaling station on Nottingham Island, one of the group at the outlet of the Bay, but formerly they operated exclusively from Cumberland Gulf. As long ago as 1820, Capt. Penney, who afterwards commanded one of the Franklin relief expeditions, established the first permanent whaling station there, and it may be mentioned in passing, that Capt. Buddington of the whaler "George Henry," wrecked

to employ. The Scotch in 1902 made their first essay into Hudson Bay, the steamer "Active" landing a party there to remain and hunt whales for five years, putting ashore a wooden house, built in sections, for them, and all needed equipment. They hired five boats' crews of Eskimos for the actual whaling. This sedentary whaling is not possible in Hudson Bay itself because of the vast area over which the



WHALER IN HUDSON BAY

in 1863, was afterwards master of the "Polaris" which conveyed Dr. Hall to the north in 1871. The Americans gradually imitated their British competitors in setting up these sedentary stations in Cumberland Gulf, but of late have abandoned them, selling out to the Scotch who are able to manage them more economically, by a process which only Scotchmen seem able

cetaceans are found, but in narrow waters, as in Cumberland Gulf, the eastern end of Hudson Strait, at Resolution Island and its western extremity at Nottingham Island, where the quarry passes in sight of the shore, it forms a convenient adjunct to the major industry.

The Scotch whaling enterprise in Cumberland Gulf is prosecuted from two shore stations, ships not being

employed at all, except to visit the posts annually and unload stores there, taking away the products in exchange. These stations are at Harbors called Blackhead and Kekerton, and are owned by Messrs. Noble of Aberdeen, who have maintained them for upwards of forty years.

Each station has a Scotch manager, all the rest of the employees being Eskimos, a tribe of these, about one hundred and fifty souls, being settled around each station. Mr. Milne, the chief factor in charge at Blackhead, has been living there for more than thirty years, and has made only one trip to Scotland in the whole period. Mr. Mutch, a younger man, is factor at Kekerton.

Each post has a substantial dwelling and stores for the chief, and is supplied with six first class whale-boats, with the finest modern outfits, everything being kept in the best order. The Eskimos are very teachable, and have no vices, and are a complete contrast to the crews of the whaling vessels. At both Blackhead and Kekerton similar establishments were maintained by the Americans until 1894, when they sold out to the Scotch, after having operated there continually for over thirty years.

In Cumberland Gulf whales are got off the edge of the ice in spring, when they are on their way north, and feed for some time off the mouth of the inlet, on the animalculæ which abound there. They are again found there in the autumn, as they come south from the higher latitudes.

The sedentary whaling stations now all employ the Eskimos for their crews. These natives make first class boatmen and expert harpooners, and are honest and earnest.

They transfer their whole tribe, with their paraphernalia, to the vicinity of a whaling post, and sign on to help the crew for a weekly ration of four pounds of ship's biscuit, one-fourth pound of coffee, two pounds of molasses, and four plugs of tobacco. Other articles they procure by trading therefor musk-ox, or caribou, or sealskins, or walrus or narwhal ivory.

The Eskimos have lost their ancient arts of chasing these creatures with arrow, or harpoon, and are no longer proficient in the fashion or use of the crude weapons of former years. They have come to rely upon the white man's weapons, the rifle especially, and they handle these proficiently, but without a grasp of the principles underlying them, so that if the whalers were to be driven away, and the Eskimos deprived of the opportunity of replenishing their stores of weapons, ammunition, and minor necessities, they would soon be reduced to the most desperate straits.

At Gummiute, in 1898, Peter Jensen, who was then manager of a station there, had a most amazing experience, amputating his own toes, which had got frostbitten while he was away from home on a Christmas-deer-hunt. He and his Eskimo aids were caught in a snow-storm and compelled to take shelter under the lee of a cliff until it abated. While thus inactive, with the thermometer away below zero, the intense cold seized upon his extremities, which had become heated from the exertions, but now were transformed into ice-cold masses as the frost struck them. When he reached the station he found that it was impossible to restore the circulation to the affected parts. Gangrene set in, and his life was threat-

ened if he could not get rid of the seared flesh. He had no white man with him, the Eskimos knew nothing of the treatment of such a case, and he lacked any surgical instruments. He stripped the dead flesh from the bones with a sharp penknife, but the removal of the bones themselves was a more difficult matter. Ultimately, after several experiments, he contrived to fabricate a saw out of the fine steel main-

vived and is now walking on artificial limbs provided by a kindly visitor to the coast.

Neither the nomadic or sedentary whalers could maintain themselves in these regions but for the presence of the Eskimos who provide them with fresh meat and aid them in their actual fishing operations. In addition to the bowheads, the whalers also hunt the walrus, narwhal and seal. The former is taken



WHITE WHALES, HUDSON BAY

spring of his watch, and by means of this he performed the rough-and-ready surgical operation necessary to rid himself of these useless appendages. He survived the experiment safely, dressing the wound himself daily. On Labrador, three winters ago, a fisherman's baby girl got out in midwinter and had both feet frozen. The father, to save its life, as both limbs were gangrened, chopped them off with an ax, and, marvellous to relate, the child sur-

for the hide, which is made into belting, and the tusk, which forms a good-class ivory. The long twisted horn of the narwhal is also a valuable commodity, and his skin is in equal demand with that of the walrus. The seal is one of the industrial mainstays of the seaboard from Newfoundland northward. The Newfoundland seal fishery yields about 300,000 skins annually, worth about \$800,000. The hunt for seals by the whalers, being only a

secondary pursuit, brings comparatively few, but still it usually serves to ensure the financial success of the whole voyage. To the Eskimos, of course, the seal is all-important. It is to the Eskimo what the buffalo once was to the Indians of the plains. Without the buffalo, in by-gone days, there would have been no Indians; and without the seal there would be no Eskimos, for no savages, less well fed on oleaginous foods, could possibly resist and face, as necessity compels them to, the intense cold of an arctic winter. They inhabit sealskin tents in summer and turf huts or snow-houses in winter. The seal supplies everything—its flesh affords them food; its fat gives them light and heat; its skin provides them with clothing, tents, implements of the chase, material for their canoes, and harness for their dogs.

The remoter tribes of these Eskimos are the only remaining aboriginal people on the continent, who, if the white man of today were to be swept away, would still be self-supporting and wholly independent of outside aid. With rude tools they fashion perfect carvings from bone and ivory; they make their own spears, lances and harpoons; their boats are composed of skins sewn watertight with needles of bone and threads of sinew, and they are unerring in the employment of the frail but effectual weapons they use, of their own making. While the white man's firearms have enabled them to kill their game from a greater distance, it often sinks before they can reach it and their native weapons are undoubtedly more valuable. But civilizing agencies are always making themselves felt even here, and the Eskimo is steadily becoming

more and more dependent on the goods the white man brings him. He dresses himself and his family in fabrics instead of skins; he seeks firearms and firewater, and he has become inoculated with the worst vices of southern climes.

The Eskimos in the southern and more frequented sections have become christianized; those in the northern and remote areas are still pagans. While their honesty is beyond question they are opportunists in other respects, notably that of providing for the survival of the fittest. It was this that induced a band of them, in January, 1870, to commit the greatest crime known in these regions. The Hudson Bay Company's barque "Kitty" had left London in June, 1869, for the Bay, with supplies, but was caught in the ice and crushed on September fifth off Saddle Rock Island. The crew left her in two boats and made their way to the land, whence, after a rest, and strengthening the boats, they attempted to cross Hudson Strait and work their way down the Labrador Coast. Sixty days later one of them reached Ramah, the northernmost of the Moravian Mission stations on that Peninsula. The other boat, with the Captain and ten men, landed on Akpatok Island. Here they were at first hospitably received by the Eskimos, but as food grew scarce and the whole aggregation was threatened with starvation, they were all murdered one night while asleep in their tents. It is said that the Eskimos who perpetrated this outrage all died on the Islands, and the other natives all deserted it, as they believed it to be haunted, and it was not till quite recently that they could be induced to re-establish themselves there.

The financial importance of the

Hudson Bay whale fishery was attested some years ago by a bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, which showed that the value of this industry during eleven years was \$1,371,000, for fifty voyages, or \$7,430 a voyage. The Canadian feeling on the subject of holding Hudson Bay as a *mare clausum* and developing its resources for the benefit of Canada alone is illustrated by a recent letter in a Toronto paper

numerous, and of great commercial value. They may be briefly stated as follows: the right whale, the white whale, the narwhal, the porpoise, the walrus, seals of several varieties, the polar bear, the reindeer, the musk-ox, the wolf, the wolverine, and foxes,—white, red and black; also salmon, whitefish and trout, of the finest description. Besides these fish and animals, nearly all of the richest minerals have been found in the region. As to the occurrence and abundance of these resources, I can bear personal testimony—having crossed the bay no less than five times, and spent three seasons upon its shores.



ESKIMO FAMILY, HUDSON BAY

from Mr. Tyrrell, a Geological Surveyor of the Canadian Government, who has travelled extensively in that region, and who says:

"Outside and entirely independent of the question of navigating Hudson Strait, there exist other urgent reasons for sending an expedition to Hudson Bay. Our fisheries and our fur trade in that region are sadly in need of protection. Our coastlines and our harbors require to be correctly located and charted, and our mineral resources demand attention. The resources of the Hudson Bay district are

"I have seen the surface of the water as far as the eye could reach from the deck of a ship appear as an undulating plunging mass of white because of the presence of great schools of white whales. I have observed the islands and shores in many localities swarming with walruses, and I have witnessed such sights of reindeer, as only photographs can describe. These, as well as the other products mentioned, have a high commercial value, but I will not further dwell upon this subject, excepting to speak briefly of the whale fisheries, through which alone Canada has already lost many millions of dollars. I might quote figures to prove this state-

ment, as I have them before me, but it will be sufficient to state that the assertion is not made without ample information upon which to base it. An average right whale, in bone and oil, is valued at from ten to twenty thousand dollars, and, as three or four whales are commonly captured by one vessel in a season, it is readily seen what are the possibilities of a single whaling voyage. It is, of course, a well known fact that foreign whalers have for years been fishing in Hudson Bay and the adjacent waters to the north and east.

"I have seen as many as four vessels in one season myself, so that, although, by

the Treaty of Utrecht, the sovereignty of Hudson Bay was ceded to Great Britain, it is just possible, that, through long continued acquiescence, these foreigners may be establishing rights whilst ours are being allowed to lapse. It is certainly high time that the Government should take steps to assert Canadian jurisdiction in our North Sea, and this cannot be better done than through an expedition. . . . Such an expedition on board the whaling steamer *Neptune* in charge of Commander Lowe is now wintering in Hudson Bay, and it is greatly to be hoped that through his actions our rights may be respected."

The Mexican Hacienda

Its Place and Its People

By GEORGE F. PAUL

IT is not necessary to go far south of the Rio Grande before the significance of the hacienda in Mexican life becomes apparent. The term is capable of two applications, meaning either a large estate made up of several important parts, such as plantations, ranches and mills, or the central group of buildings on the estate. Before describing at some length some of the representative haciendas, it may be well to speak of the real place this institution occupies in the national life.

It must be remembered that Mexico has not always been a country where property or even lives could escape the raids of lawless bands. And so for purposes of defense a centralized and unified group of buildings rose castle-like with cannon for defense and but few entrances to be guarded. That such an institution should gain a foothold and flourish in Mexico is not at all surprising when the nature of

the native population is considered. Generally speaking, the peon population is much better fitted to execute than to plan; they can follow when others lead the way; they have but little thought for the morrow, being satisfied if they have sufficient for the day. After the Conquest, numerous haciendas were established that to a considerable degree served the same ends as the feudal castles of the Middle Ages. They gathered to themselves family after family in the vast agricultural districts, promising to exercise a paternal and protecting authority over their servants. In the sparsely peopled regions, such a union of interests, as indicated before, was imperative. The hacienda formed an outpost of civilization, a nucleus around which the interests of the community quickly centered. The traveller regarded, and still regards, them as public houses where food and shelter, and if need be, pro-

tection could be obtained. For these reasons the main structure was built on an elaborate scale. Especially can this be said of the undertakings of the various religious Orders whose funds were ample and whose plans and purposes were many.

As what is written about the labor system on these estates is sometimes confused, it may be well to quote the words of one who has

becomes part and parcel of the establishment. If he happens to be indebted to another hacienda, and, for his own reasons, is changing employers, his debt being a recommendation, large amounts will be advanced to buy the debt and allow the peon a cash balance. His contract obliges him to work for the hacienda until his debt is cancelled. On the other hand, his prerogatives are such as no other laborer in the world enjoys. Each week, he receives rations sufficient for his maintenance and that of his family. Each year, he and his family receive an ample supply of cloth-

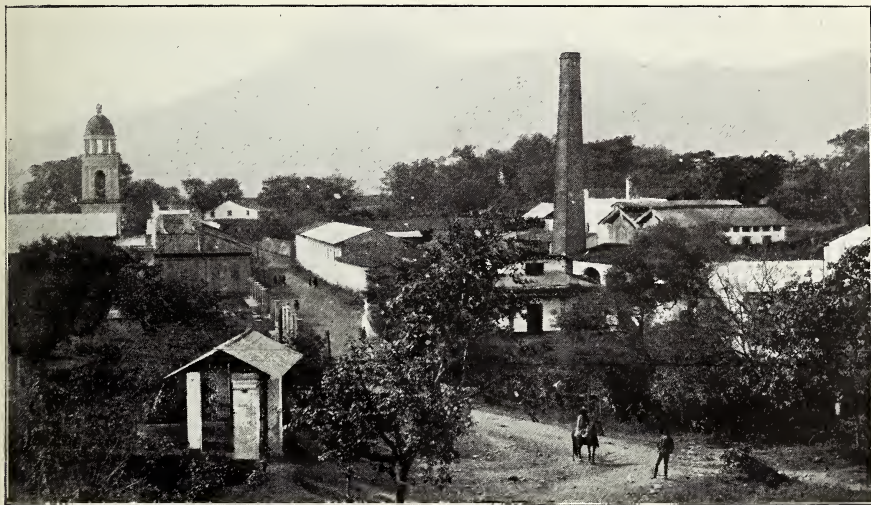


Photo by C. B. Waite.

GENERAL VIEW OF MEXICAN HACIENDA

seen the system in all its various workings. Discussing this subject, Prince A. de Iturbide says:

"The peon is of the Indian or mixed races. He is bound by debt to the hacienda on which he works, and, regardless of color, he may rise, along the scale of promotion, to the highest employments on the place. The indebtedness is one of the essential features of the peon system, and is contracted by the peons, either directly or by voluntary inheritance. In the former case, a peon presents himself to the Administrator, or manager, and asks for an *enganche*, that is, a retainer, the amount of which varies between ten and thirty dollars. If the applicant be acceptable, the retainer is paid, and the peon

ing. Medical services are furnished them free of charge, and the sums of money required for baptism, confirmations, marriages, or burials are advanced. Most haciendas have schools to which the peon man—and often must—send his children. He is furnished space, of course, and material for the construction of his hut, and is entitled to the use of a fair measure of ground, which he cultivates for his own benefit, with the hacienda's stock, implements, and seed. Finally, there are two days in the year on each of which the peon receives extra wages amounting to several dollars. And when, through age or accident, the peon is no longer able to work, he becomes a charge of the hacienda.

"There, then, is a numerous class of human beings who are born, not in poverty, but in debt, and heirs by natural law to

all the misery of the proletariat—to which they would be a prey, if the peon system were not there to solve their problem of life. As it is, from his cradle to his grave the peon will never lack food, raiment or shelter. His wife and children will never know the pinch of hunger. If he has the capacity to rise above his class, he may do so. If he goes through life an insolvent debtor, still at the hacienda he will have an open credit. In a word, he will be

that the fortress-like structure always carries with it the air of magnificence. It is an institution with which the tattered peon likes to identify his interests. He can point with pride to the imposing pile where he has his home, and so he is wide-awake to its welfare and appearance.



Photo by C. B. Waite.

CHURCH ON HACIENDA DE ATEQUIZA, MEXICO

above the lowest laboring class, and that through no charity of his employer."

Such, according to Prince Iturbide, are some of the distinctive features of the peon system which prevails throughout the greater part of Mexico. One other consideration that probably draws the peons to the great haciendas is the fact

On entering through the wide portals, the visitor finds himself in an ample court and sees round about him a miniature town that the long walls have hitherto hid from view. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, are all represented. And they must be; for the number of inhabitants of a preten-

tious hacienda very often aggregates more than a thousand. In some parts of the country, the cottages of the laborers are built in long rows some distance from the main buildings. A single room fifteen feet square is usually considered sufficient for each family. Chimneys and windows are regarded as superfluities, the light coming in where the smoke goes out—by the door. Of course there are no spare bedrooms or even private ones in such a house, mats spread on the floor

he often receives credit for considerable extra work that the women of his family have done.

The Administrator and other high functionaries are, of course, better housed than the common herd and farther removed from the braying of the donkeys and the grunting of the porkers. Ample living quarters are provided in the main structure where are also to be found the offices of the estate, protected store-rooms for various purposes, a large number of spare rooms,



Photo by C. B. Waite.

NATIVE HOUSES—UBERO PLANTATION

serving as beds. As the family live for the most part in the open air, the furniture is also hard to find, but quick to dust. It should be remembered that in most parts of Mexico the change of seasons affects but little the working of the fields. It is not uncommon to see in the same section corn in several stages; ready to husk, knee-high, or being planted. The women are very industrious, and never fail to help in any work they can do. At the end of each day, when the amount of each peon's work is determined,

as well as stables for choice saddlers and drivers. It is interesting to make the rounds of the buildings and read the quaint entablatures over the entrances. The principal one at the Tepenasco hacienda in the state of Hidalgo confidently declares: "*En aqueste destierro y soledad disfruto del tesoro del paz.*" (In this retirement and solitude I enjoy the treasure of peace.) The hopes of the builder never saw fulfillment, for during the Wars of Independence the whole region was a stamping ground for marauders.



Photo by C. B. Waite.

IN A QUIET CORNER OF THE MAIN BUILDING—MEXICAN HACIENDA

Many wealthy planters with their hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in lands and refineries, go extensively into the production of sugar where the region is well adapted to cane raising. The rich man produces the refined white sugar, as well as the various grades of brown sugar, known in Mexico as "Piloncillo," "Panocha," and "Panela," such as the poor renter turns out with his wooden rolls and copper kettle. The sugar industry may be taken up with a limited capital and additions made gradually. A few more acres can be cultivated each year, another "Trapiche" put in, and a kettle or two added to the plant, until the production warrants an investment in refining machinery to produce the better grades. Within the walls of a sugar hacienda the scene always contains plenty of life. The area is strewn with crushed stalks. Long swaying lines of burros are constantly streaming in from the fields, bearing fresh cane to be crushed. Men stripped to the waist, the perspira-

tion trickling down their dark backs, drag the cane from the burros, bind it to swinging derricks that convey it to the crushers, or heap the carts high with refuse. No one lounges around. The black-eyed boys lash the mules and hiss at them, apparently deriving their unwonted energy from the incessant whirring of the mill machinery. Down from the crusher pours a steady stream of sweet sap that creeps down the trough to the boiling vats; clouds of steam rise from the boilers; round and round whirl the big centrifugals, plastering the walls with molasses; the melted sugar is hurried to the moulds that cast conical loaves of twenty-five pounds each; these are then taken to the great drying rooms where they are stood in rows like beehives; and finally they reach the shipping room where the results are most evident and gratifying.

To inspect such an establishment an old suit of clothes should be worn, for after groping about in dark passages, slipping on sticky floors, sprinkled by the centrifugals, one emerges dazed with the din and saturated with the sweetness. What with the overpowering air and the sweetness that come along unbidden, the craving for sugar is satisfied for at least a month to come.

And the power behind the throne, or the mill in this instance, is one man; his presence makes the mule carts go racing off hub to hub in one direction and the little burros in another; his presence makes the overseers shout and the barefooted peons scoot around, the wheels grind, the presses stream, and the big loaves form. High in a filthy sort of coop that commands a view of the yard sits Salvador Fernandez,

a burly frame of sixty, and around him, hat in hand, stand a group of muchachos ready to do his bidding at the slightest movement of his stout forefinger. The dogs of the estate like to congregate here, though trampled on by the hurrying feet of messengers. The office furniture does not include such luxuries as a roll-top desk and a re-

during the day, and how much has been shipped. His searching eye takes in every thing with a glance; business is dispatched quickly, methodically, and with but few words. The most numerous attendants of Don Fernandez are the flies; they outnumber the hairs on his half-bald head, and they leave their slimy trail everywhere. Overgorged



Photo by C. B. Waite.

BRINGING THE SUGAR TO THE MILL—MEXICAN HACIENDA

volving chair; a little deal table and a rough stool suffice. The bulky inkstand is the most important thing on the table. From this eminence he overlooks the whole moving panorama. Hourly reports come to him from all parts of the plant; thus he knows the amount of cane brought in from the fields, what the yield of sugar is, how many pounds have been produced

and sickened with sweets, many of them seek relief in the depths of the ink bottle. Others find comfort in pouncing with sanguinary intent on the ears of the laziest dogs in the office, where gluttoned at length they drift away to Nirvana. They delight in peppering the Don's broad back with their insignificant selves, peeping down his hairy neck and scampering over his bald spot.

Day after day finds him at his post; day after day finds his buzzing retinue faithfully hovering about him. The donkeys, the dogs, and the flies recognize in him a patient compatriot, and know not that he is one of the richest men in the Republic, and has more dollars, even, than he has flies.

The maguey haciendas in the im-

within a short time after fermentation, as forty-eight hours later it is slop. Humboldt mentions an old Indian woman of Cholula who died during his stay there, about a hundred years ago, and left her heirs a maguey plantation valued at \$80,000. In the little state of Hidalgo, the maguey haciendas are worth eight millions. The maguey, like



Photo by C. B. Waite.

EXERCISING THE BIRDS

mediate neighborhood of Mexico City remunerative investments. One hundred thousand pints of pulque, the fermented sap of the maguey, are consumed in that city daily. The railroads entering the metropolis now receive forty thousand dollars a week in freights on pulque alone. The drink must be used

the bamboo, can be used in almost countless ways, so the by-products are of the greatest importance. The different species provide the peon with shingles for his hut, with a needle and thread with which to mend his rags, and with a rope that may be useful if he wants to get away from his rags forever.



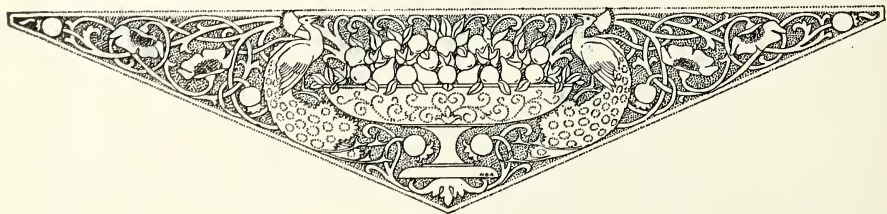
Photo by C. B. Waite.

COURT OF MEXICAN RESIDENCE

No more picturesque hacienda can probably be found in all Mexico than that of Don Felix Quero at Mitla in the state of Oaxaca. This hacienda is about thirty miles from the terminus of the Mexican Southern railroad, and near the famous ruins of Mitla that make archaeologists scratch their heads long and thoughtfully. Because of the bleak and rough nature of the surrounding country, it has retained many of the characteristics of the early haciendas. Evening is sure to find Don Felix and his sleepy-eyed son behind the counter. Groups of Indians hang about the two broad doorways, coming from time to time to invest in two cents' worth of mescal. This is carefully poured out to them in a glass with a thick bottom—the purchaser invariably offers the powerful liquor to his elbow friend first, and between them with great gasps of satisfaction they slowly down the fiery drink. Now and then a woman creeps in, mutely obtains a handful of dried shrimps or a few long-tapered candles, and creeps out again. How quiet they are for so many! With what mute wonder do they watch their pennies disappear down the slot in the thick counter! Grand specimens of humanity these, with hair and eyebrows that almost meet,

with no higher desires than to eat and sleep, and sleep and eat—with drink *ad libitum*. And after their pennies have all fallen into the Don's bottomless pit, with a grimace and a last look, they slink off like hounds to their resting place on the cobblestones without.

Viewed from a distance, the scene is vivid and striking,—above, a strip of stars and a strip of black clouds; to the left, a strange, wierd blaze is kindled that sets a dog to howling as if his coliar would break. Now of the crowd that huddles under the long portals, all are not besotted fathers and weak-eyed mothers; pairs of young lovers sit cooing and laughing. A match shows for an instant three dark faces held close together around it, all eager to get a whiff at their cigarettes. Then comes a great rustling and murmuring of innumerable leaves in the towering fig trees, and clouds of dust sweep swirling down the road. Mysterious figures with packs on their backs trudge wearily up to the hacienda's portal, drop on the cobblestones, and fall fast asleep. Then the wind lulls, the watch-dog forgets his fears, the chirp of the cricket and the croak of the frog tick off the still hours, and the great hacienda is at rest, rest where a capitol has stood, rest where a nation lies buried.



The Undoing of Charity Randall

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

WHEN old Peter Randall died, Plainville saw little change in "the store." The crackers were as convenient to a covetous hand, and the cheese on the end of the counter was as generously accessible as ever. Moreover, the barrels and boxes grouped around the stove still invited to a social chat.

The tall, spare figure of Peter Randall was, indeed, no longer present; but the form of a woman—nearly as tall and quite as spare—stood in its place. She was Charity Randall, the daughter of the house—a Peter Randall in petticoats. The men of Plainville found that feminine hands could tie up parcels and cut tobacco with deft swiftness, and the women were glad to discuss cooking and calicoes with one of their own sex.

Charity's daily life was simple and open to the knowledge of all. She arose, ate, worked, and went to bed. The entire village was welcome to know what she ate and how she cooked it, and she made no secret of her occasional new gowns nor of what they cost. She asked but one thing in return—an equal open-heartedness on the part of her neighbors.

It was just here that Charity was disappointed. The people of Plainville did not propose to open their closets and bring forth the family skeleton that Charity might enjoy the rattling of its bones; and though a dinner or a dress was not always a skeleton, yet the principle was the

same in their eyes, and they stoutly rebelled—sometimes ineffectually, however, so disarming in its kind-heartedness was her frankly displayed interest, as Charity, for all her love of gossip, was never malicious. She was ready to laugh or cry as the case demanded—that she might have the opportunity to do one or the other was all she asked.

The fact that Charity kept the village store and ran the post office was that much to her advantage; the magic circle of barrels and boxes around the old stove—whether summer or winter—being a wonderful source of information, to say nothing of the tales told by the very fatness or the leanness of the letters that passed through her interested fingers.

It was one of the plump sort of letters—plump even to double postage—that Charity put into Grace Carlton's hands late one warm June afternoon.

"Bigger'n ever, Gracie," she chuckled. "Been comin' pretty often, too!"

The young girl bit her lips and flushed scarlet, but she did not answer.

"You needn't color up, so, child—though I must say it makes ye look prettier'n ever," observed Charity.

Grace laughed in spite of herself. It was by just such skillful turns that Charity blunted her shafts of inquisitiveness and rendered them less liable to give offense.

The woman noted the laugh and

the pleased look that danced in the girl's eyes. She deemed it a fitting time to ask a certain question that had long trembled on her lips.

"Oh, Gracie," she coaxed, as the girl turned away, "everyone asks me when the wedding will be, and I never know what to say. What shall I tell 'em?"

"Tell them you do not know!" retorted the girl, looking her tormentor straight in the eye, then swiftly leaving the store.

"Well, I never—but she is a cute one!" chuckled Miss Randall turning to a woman who had been standing by, a silent witness to her discomfiture. "Now, Mirindy, I'll leave it to you—would ye think she'd be so secret about a little thing like that?"

"Well, I don't know," began Mrs. Durgin cautiously, but the other interrupted.

"Why, Mirindy, if I was engaged and goin' to be married—don't ye think I'd tell of it?"

Mrs. Durgin looked across the counter with a quizzical smile in her eyes that Charity did not in the least appreciate.

"Yes, Charity, I am sure you would—very sure!" she repeated with a slow nod of her head.

"Well, then, I ain't askin' anythin' but what I'm willin' to give," asserted Charity, triumphantly. "Now, really, where is the use of bein' so awful secret about things? Why, only to-day I asked Molly Sargent a simple little question about that girl who came there last week so mysterious like—she's been there ever since, ye know—but I couldn't find out a thing. Let's see—was it tea ye wanted—beside the sugar?—quarter of a pound?"

Mrs. Durgin nodded; she had long ago learned to resort to wordless

gestures when Charity was in this mood.

"Well, as I was sayin'," continued the store-keeper, squinting carefully at the quarter-of-a-pound notch on the scales and dropping the last necessary bit of tea, leaf by leaf, from her fingers, "as I was sayin', I don't ask more than I am perfectly willin' to give, and that seems fair to me."

"But, Charity, don't you see?—some people have things in their families that they'd rather people didn't know about," remonstrated Mrs. Durgin, breaking for once her rule of silence.

"Well, they hadn't oughter have!" remarked Charity, whisking the tea into a tiny bag and binding it with a string.

"Perhaps not—but sometimes they can't help it."

"But it don't do no good to keep secret about it," Charity insisted. "Why, if I was rich, or poor, or sick, or well, or had a dozen beaus—what difference would it make to me whether folks knew it or not?—Anythin' else to-day, Mirindy?"

"No; I guess that'll do for now," replied Mrs. Durgin, gathering her packages into her bag and turning away. She hesitated a moment, then looked back and said: "I happen to know that that girl at Molly Sargent's is a poor relation that they've taken in; they ain't very proud of her, so you'd better not ask any more questions in that quarter, Charity."

"Land sakes!—why didn't ye say so before? What—" the door closed sharply and Charity was left to herself.

"Well, I never!" she murmured, as she went about her preparations for the night.

Charity's tiny cottage was next

to the store. She lived there in independent solitude—splitting her own kindling wood, building her own fires, and shoveling her own paths in winter; the one concession she made to her sex being a nightly search under her bed for burglars.

For thirty-odd years she had performed this act—religiously, automatically; first with trepidation, then with the calm assurance born of long years of comforting vacancy in the searched quarters.

To-night, after Mrs. Durgin's departure, Charity closed the store, locked it carefully, and crossed the garden to the cottage. Her bread-and-milk supper she ate on the back porch; and it was there, too, that she sat reading the weekly journal until the twilight of the long day made the type invisible.

On the stroke of nine she started for bed. Lighting a small brass chamber lamp, she locked the doors, tried the windows, and climbed the stairs to her room. She set the lamp on a chair where it would best suit her purpose, and turned to her first duty—the bed.

Carelessly, and as a matter of course, she bent her back and lowered her head, lifting the spotlessly white valance around the bedstead as she did so. A moment later, her body stiffened and her eyes almost started from their sockets.

That was not all shadow in the farther corner! Moreover, the heavy sole of a boot lay flatly towards her—unmistakably the boot of a man. She could dimly see the outline of his body as he lay on his back towards her. Very softly Charity dropped the valance and stood upright.

A danger hidden was a terror to her, but let that danger be once re-

vealed, and she gloried in it. Swiftly crossing the room she opened her bureau drawer and took out a small revolver—the most modern thing the room contained; then she established herself comfortably in a chair facing the bed, and cocked the weapon in her hands.

"You may come out from under that, now, sir," she said slowly and distinctly.

There was no reply.

"Come out, I say—come out!" reiterated the woman a little louder. "You can't play that game—I've seen ye and I know yer there. Now come!"

There was a muffled stir under the bed and the sound of a large body dragging itself along a narrow way.

"Well, By Jingo, you're a rum one, an' no mistake!" murmured the man, making a frantic clutch at the valance and peering out into the room.

His eyes blinked at the light and at a shining something in the woman's hand. Suddenly he realized what that something was and ducked back under the bed with a howl of terror.

"Confound ye—put up that shoot-in'-iron!" he snarled.

"Mebbe yer 'fraid," suggested the woman, calmly. "It won't go off unless I let it."

"Afraid!" groaned the hiding man; "who wouldn't be afraid with that thing in a woman's hands? If it was in a man's, now, I'd stand some show—he'd know what he was about; but a woman—good lord! Come—put it up, an' I'll come out!"

He could scarcely have made a worse mistake. It was not upon "womanliness" that Charity prided herself. To taunt her with incapacity, and that because she was a woman, was to commit the un-

pardonable sin in her eyes. An angry flush rose to her cheeks and her thin lips tightened.

"Very well then, you can stay where you are. I am comfortable, at any rate," she returned with a suggestive emphasis on the "I".

There was noise, which was a cross between a snarl and a growl, from under the bed, and then a half-smothered curse.

"Now see here," warned Charity, "you stop that swearing right away or I'll let this thing off at a venture. What do ye mean by such actions? What are ye there for, anyhow?"

"Because I don't dare to come out, I tell ye," retorted the man.

A grim smile covered Miss Randall's lips.

"Well yer brave, I must say, whatever else ye are!" she ejaculated scornfully.

"See here, Charity, put down yer gun—I want to come out!" The words and the voice were in sharp command, and the fact that he had called her by her name blanched Charity's cheek.

"Why—who—who are you?" she faltered.

"I'm Mark Randall—do ye want to shoot yer own brother?"

"I—I don't believe it!" she protested feebly, trying to steady her voice.

There was a half-stifled chuckle from under the bed.

"Well, I hain't got a strawb'ry mark on my left arm, Charity, but I reckon I can tell ye some stories of Marshfield, and Bob, and Daisy, and Star-face that'll convince ye all right. Come! Quit yer nonsense and drop that gun. It's confounded hot and stuffy here!"

Marshfield!—her home until she was sixteen; Bob—the dog; Daisy—the cat; Star-face—the dear little

colt she had loved so well! Her fingers loosened and the revolver fell to the floor with a clatter. The man heard, and crawled painfully out where the light from the little brass lamp showed his big red face and bleary eyes in all their hideousness. He stretched his cramped limbs luxuriously, then turned to the woman who sat regarding him in dismayed horror.

"Well, you ain't over cordial in yer welcome, it strikes me," he observed.

Charity swallowed to moisten her dry throat, but the words refused to come.

"Mebbe you ain't glad to see me," he hazarded. "Mebbe yer friends here don't know anythin' about yer good-fer-nothin' brother what ye hain't seen for most thirty years—eh?"

Charity shook her head weakly.

"I—I thought you was dead," she whispered.

"Well, I ain't—an' I'm hungry! Got anythin' ter eat?"

Charity rose unsteadily to her feet, picked up the lamp, and started down the stairs motioning to her visitor to follow. She moved in a kind of daze, scarcely knowing what she did; yet her first care when she entered the kitchen was to see that the shades of all the windows were pulled down to the sills—a position in which Charity Randall's kitchen curtains had never been before.

She set the best the little house afforded on the table, then watched him in growing despair as he shoveled the food into his mouth with his knife.

After he had eaten, he talked. The story of crime and misery that he told sickened and frightened her. He said that he had reached his last penny, now, and that he thought his

sister had ought to give him a "lift."

They talked until far into the night, in the end coming to a conclusion that sent Charity to bed with a heavy heart, but also with the consciousness that she had done the best she could do under the circumstances.

One thing was insisted upon from the first—he should not be known as her brother. His name should be Mark Smith and he should be her "hired man" at the store. He would sleep in the store, also, though his meals he would take with her. She sped with guilty swiftness through the dew-wet garden that very night and showed the man to the little room back of the store where was an old couch used by her father on occasional nights years before. With a promise to see that more was done in the morning for his comfort, Charity left the man in the tiny room and hastened back to the house, and to a sleepless night of weary tossing to-and-fro on her pillow.

The village was plainly astounded at the sudden appearance of the "new hand" at Randall's. Indeed, for three days Charity had a marvelous trade—nearly every man, woman, and child in the place either collectively or separately making some sort of a purchase. Charity suddenly found herself without a pin in the store, for—as a thrifty farmer's wife observed—"pins is always handy," and all who could think of nothing else to buy had invested in a paper of pins.

Mrs. Durgin had been among the first to appear. Mark was leisurely dusting the shelves in the back of the store when she came in. She glanced at his great red face and awkward movements disapproving-

ly, then she turned to Charity who had promptly advanced.

"I want some coffee, please,—a pound," said Mrs. Durgin.

Charity raised her eyebrows.

"I mean—er—tea," blundered Mrs. Durgin, growing strangely embarrassed.

"Tea? Certainly—of course—the same kind ye bought yesterday?"

"Huh? Why, sure enough—I did get some yesterday, didn't I! What am I thinking of!" muttered Mrs. Durgin, her face a mottled red. "It was pins I wanted—a paper of 'em, and—er—a pound of yer fancy cookies, please," she finished with resolute conviction.

Charity busied herself behind the counter in unusual silence, and Mrs. Durgin glanced furtively over her shoulder at the strange clerk.

"Got a new man—eh?" she ventured.

"Yes; needed him to help—been so busy," Charity returned shortly.

"Um—um; kinder sudden, wa'n't it?"

A slow red crept into Miss Randall's cheeks and she snapped the string of the cracker bag viciously in her fingers.

"Oh, mebbe—kinder. Anythin' else, Mis' Durgin?"

"No, I don't know as there is. Er—he don't look over handy, Charity. You didn't take him without good recommendations, now, did ye?" persisted the customer in a subdued voice.

A loud cough from the man made the two women jump nervously. He choked and gasped for some time before he seemed to catch his breath, and when he did regain it, his face was a deeper red than ever.

"He ain't healthy, neither," continued Mrs. Durgin. "He's consumptive or apoplectic or somethin',

I should think," she added with a keen glance at Charity.

Miss Randall did not seem to hear. She was hastily turning over a pile of gingham on the counter.

"Say, Mirindy," she began in plainly forced eagerness, "I want ye to see this dress pattern. There! Now ain't that pretty as a picture?" she demanded, holding up to the light a green and black check.

"Um—um—er—yes, rather," conceded the other. "You've got lots of 'em, too. Trade been kinder dull?" she asked, setting a trap for Charity's unwary feet.

"Yes, terrible dull," acquiesced Charity, falling headlong and becoming hopelessly entangled at once. "Spring trade's been pretty slim,"—there was another choking cough from the new clerk, but the women did not notice. "But these are all new goods, Mirindy—I wouldn't show ye nothin' else. Now I think this green and black would just suit *you*, Mirindy, *you* can wear them tryin' shades. There ain't many what can. You really oughter have it," she urged.

Mrs. Durgin shook her head and turned toward the door. As she passed down the street, she muttered under her breath:

"There's somethin' wrong there; she needed him to 'help,' yet trade's been 'slim' and 'dull'—there surely is something wrong!"

The whole town echoed this verdict before the week was out. The coughing clerk must have instructed Charity on one point, for she was not again guilty of complaining of dull trade in the next breath after explaining his presence as being necessary to "help"; but she made many remarks equally illogical. Indeed as time passed, Plainville people became very much exercised

over the affair, and it assumed an importance in their eyes all out of proportion to its real worth.

At first the town was inclined to think that Charity was being imposed upon, and they sympathized accordingly. The man Smith was known to have shirked his duties, and he was frowned upon as being lazy. Some even went so far as to remonstrate with Charity and suggest his dismissal. To these Charity always doggedly replied: "I am perfectly satisfied; I shall make no change." This retort did not please Plainville and it speedily stanchd the flow of sympathy.

One day Mrs. Durgin entered the store with a very determined face. She had witnessed Smith's departure some time before with a basket of goods, and she found Charity alone as she had hoped she would.

"Charity, who is this man?" she began aggressively.

Miss Randall steeled herself for the battle she knew was coming.

"What man?" she temporized.

"You know very well who I mean—this Smith."

"Well, his name is Mark, and he is my clerk," Charity replied, with a smooth sweetness quite foreign to her usual manner.

"Humph! But who is he?—where did he come from?—who are his folks?"

Miss Randall's face became a sickly gray.

"His folks? Why, Mirindy—how should I know? Do ye s'pose I inquired into his family tree?" she returned flippantly.

Mrs. Durgin looked sharply into Charity's face, then changed the subject with peculiar abruptness.

"That girl at Sargent's has gone away."

"Is that so!" exclaimed Charity

with some show of interest, and a greater relief in her voice than the subject would seem to demand.

"Yes;" affirmed Mrs. Durgin. "They've been awful secret about her. For my part, I don't see why."

"Mebbe there's somethin' they don't want folks to know,"—Charity's voice was very faint.

Mrs. Durgin's eyelids quivered, and she looked at Charity through half-shut eyes.

"But there hadn't oughter be!" she persisted.

"Mebbe they couldn't help it," began Charity weakly, but the other interrupted.

"Why, Charity Randall! You said yourself not a month ago that it didn't do no good to keep things so secret—seems to me you've changed your tune!"

At that moment Mark Smith entered the door, and for the first time since he came to her, Charity rejoiced in his presence. Mrs. Durgin bought a spool of thread and silently left the store.

Matters went from bad to worse; wild rumors, like birds of ill-omen, hovered over the town. Something was certainly wrong at Randall's. Added to tales of Charity's unaccountable partisanship of Smith came the report that he had been overheard to call her by her given name. Moreover, he had been seen skulking in the dead of night through the garden path that led from the house to the store. The curtains at Charity's cottage windows became unfailing signs of wrongdoing, so frequently were they pulled close down to the sill.

Then sidelong glances began to be cast at Charity on the street. The women came less and less frequently

trading in a silent dignity that was almost an accusation.

Charity was so miserable with her own thoughts that she scarcely noticed these changes. Her conscience pricked painfully at the deception she was practicing, and she attended church twice every Sunday now in a vain attempt to find peace.

Smith was a sore trouble to her. Besides being lazy and insolent, he drank! and so ruled her absolutely with his threat of drink whenever his will crossed hers. Many a midnight luncheon he enjoyed in Charity's kitchen, simply because she dared not refuse to get him the food lest he steep himself in whiskey and make her life yet more of a burden to her.

It was at the sewing society that the storm broke. Charity had been absent the last few times, and the neighbors did not expect her that afternoon. Charity herself had not at first intended to be there, but she was heart-sick and weary, and shortly after the hour of assembling, she suddenly determined to go, thinking the change might take her out of herself for the time.

No one saw her enter the hall and go up stairs to remove her bonnet; the other ladies had all arrived and were in the parlor—needles gleaming, and tongues wagging.

Charity's footsteps made no sound as she slowly descended the stairs, but at the foot of the flight she was brought to a sudden stop by the derisive speaking of her name from the parlor just beyond.

Drop by drop the blood faded from her cheek and seemed to clog and stiffen in her heart as her limbs became cold and rigid at what she heard. Then the full meaning of the cruel words and sneering innuendoes

blood back to her face in surging waves of crimson.

With a long stride she covered the distance between her and the open door. Her spare form towered to its greatest height as she appeared in all the majesty of a righteous wrath before the cowering women.

"When you have quite finished," she began in a slow, distinct voice, "I should like to say a word myself. The man you are discussing so freely is my brother, Mark Randall, who ran away from home when I was sixteen—before I moved here. He came to me poor, without a friend in the world, and I have done what I could for him. I"—her voice trembled and almost broke—"I wa'n't proud of him and—I changed his name. It wa'n't right, and I know it. But"—with renewed wrath—"before you tear a woman's reputation to rags and tatters next time—be sure that the man ain't—ain't her brother!" she finished weakly.

Another moment and the doorway was empty, while Charity's gaunt figure—all bonnetless as it was—hurried down the walk and past the windows.

For a minute the assembled women were speechless with terror and loss of breath, and even when their tongues were loosened, the words came with a halting inarticulateness that plainly testified to the shock of Charity's revelation. For long days afterward they spoke of that day

and of that speech with bated breath.

Plainville supposed that its measure of sensation was full, but something yet more disquieting occurred before the week was out. Certain blue-coated, brass-buttoned guardians of the peace descended from a neighboring city and arrested Charity's clerk. It then transpired that the man was not Mark Randall, nor yet was he Mark Smith. His real name was buried under so long a list of aliases that it was almost impossible to resurrect it from the oblivion of disuse.

He had known the real Mark Randall—long since dead—and had learned from him the stories of the family life at Marshfield, with which stories he had won so easy a living from the too credulous Charity. He was arrested for a long list of crimes in which theft and forgery played a prominent part; and his comet-like career in the sky of Plainville was the talk of the town for months.

Very gradually things settled back into the old ruts, and "Randall's" became once more the center of social chat. Charity only was changed. Her blue eyes lost their questioning look, and her lips seldom asked for news. One might produce one's family skeleton and cause it to dance a fandango before Charity, now, and scarcely an eyelid would quiver. If she saw—she made no sign.



Thomas B. Reed

An Appreciation

By ENOCH KNIGHT

BEGINNING with the campaign of 1856 the State of Maine became a great factor in national politics. It was in the early summer of that year that the Republican State Convention, in the quiet old city of Portland, ratified the nomination of Fremont and Dayton and inaugurated the first national campaign of that party. It was a remarkable gathering. All the old political leaders who were to range themselves upon the new party alignment were there, the Fessendens, the Morrills, the Washburns and many more,—the most notable of all being Hannibal Hamlin, just resigned as a Democratic Senator, and who appeared at the head of three hundred red-shirted Penobscot river drivers, bearing a banner with the legend: "The Jam's Broke." The city went wild that night; bonfires blazed, orators harangued and the young men sang Whittier's lines:

"Rise up, Fremont, and go before,
The hour must have its man,
Put on the hunting shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van."

To the political fruitage of that time was added the rich flowering of the new birth of oratory and poetry in New England, which set a high standard of thinking and almost made a new political atmosphere. Besides, Maine spoke first of all the northern states, and every fall, under the old *regime*, saw a

battle royal participated in by the leading orators of the land. It was in this high company and stirred by its mighty voices and the terrible earnestness of the times, that Thomas B. Reed grew from boyhood to become the giant of this race of strong men, in the fullness of his time. Reed was born to be great, and like most men of his class, had a consciousness of what he was able to do and become. Always striking in size, gait, and speech, he was a man everybody looked at. He did not "blaze in a crowd," as the Englishman said of Blaine, but in a way all his own he towered above the crowd and nobody ever cared for the details. He was so big, so slow of speech and motion, that he seemed to mature late; but he did not lose by it, for he had read and remembered as few boys and young men do, and when he finally came into the arena of work it was with full equipment and with a brain that had neither been overworked nor underfed. It was felt by his college and other friends that he possessed unusual promise and yet it was not easy to define it. He was essentially a student, and curiously conservative, albeit the very atmosphere of the time was full of reforms. He held to a few lines of study and never scattered. At bottom was the intensity of belief in human rights and individualism that never weakened or brooked

challenge. This was a passion with him, from the time when he laughed to scorn the dogmatism of Jonathan Edwards, in the face of pastor, people and family, down to his latest utterance on our new colonial policy.

Reed was a believer in woman suffrage but he could never be persuaded by its advocates to take any part in advocating it. And so with many questions that engaged the attention of others of his personal and party friends. His political creed was very simple—the business of honestly and safely carrying on the government. He believed that his party stood for the only worthy and safe policy and so he was an intense partisan. He never wavered or wearied in its support nor allowed others to, without rebuke. What he did not approve he kept to himself, at least he did not give aid and comfort to the other side, for whose claims to rule he had only open scorn, and did not mind saying that “individual Democrats have principles, but the party has none.” It was the almost terrible seriousness of his idea of political duty, joined with his great personal force, that made him, from the first, a leader in any time of stress. He had made up his mind on certain main lines of policy, and nothing less and nothing else could be allowed to get in the way. He did not seem to care for controversy for controversy’s sake, but was so confident and so tenacious of opinion, that surroundings never seemed to change or affect his views. He did not claim that his party fellows were saints, but, as he humorously expressed it, he felt himself “doing the Lord’s business” when he could help his side confuse the Democrats, and in every encounter he was a bitter fighter

who, as Blaine once said of himself, “shot to hit and hit to kill,” when his blood was up.

In a certain sense Reed was not popular, and yet from the very first he was a notable and familiar figure at Washington, and easily won the Speakership of the 51st Congress over seniors in service and superiors in political skill,—for tact he had none. The first contest proved him to be a man who dared to do what he declared ought to be done. He knew how precious is time and how wasteful is loose debating when vital legislation waits. He had even deplored the custom of week-day memorial addresses, and early adjournments, when such services were more appropriately held on the Sabbath; a practice, by the way, that appears to have been just now adopted.

The Speaker wanted things done, and little by little it had come to depend upon him whether or not they were to be done. At last he brought the House leaders and the Committee on Rules to the support of his purpose, to count in the roll call members present. He declared that he could not bear to see his party the victims and the sport of a noisy, defiant and mocking minority. It seems that he had thought it all out, even to the end, what he should do if his plan was not adopted, and he declared to a friend, not long before his death, that it is easy to do a thing when every contingency has been provided for, and that it is only when one is taken by surprise that one is really worried. At any rate, Reed was in complacent mood when he summoned McMillan, of the minority of the Committee on Rules, as was the custom, to meet the

Speaker, Mr. Cannon and Mr. McKinley of the majority, in the Speaker's room, to hear the announcement of the new rule—as to counting the members at roll call. The story goes that Reed, who had the habit of familiarly calling fellow members by their first names, called out to McMillan when he appeared: "Mac, I sent for you that you might know the outrage that Joe and I and Bill have put up on you and Jim," (Blount of Georgia), and read to him the proposed special order.

"When do you propose to undertake to enforce this?"

"Now," answered Reed; and at that instant his messenger announced, "It is 12 o'clock, Mr. Speaker." Reed lumbered along to his desk and after the journal had been read, took a survey of the House. His party was behind him, as he expected them to be. He had said that very morning to Hicks, of Pennsylvania, with his significant, inimitable drawl: "Hicks, you were not at school yesterday. Did you bring an excuse from your mother?"

The story of the curious and memorable scene that followed the order to the clerk to enter and count the names of the members of the minority present, need not be told again.

"I deny the right of the Speaker to count me present," shouted McCreary of Kentucky, above the din.

With a twinkle in his eye and a little note of triumph in his voice, Reed replied: "The Chair simply stated the fact that the gentleman from Kentucky appears to be present; does he deny it?"

That settled the logic of the situation and twenty minutes more settled the whole question; and the

ever enacted at the Capitol was closed. There were criticism and opposition to this proceeding, and Mr. Blaine, the best parliamentarian of his time, thought it worth his while to write a magazine article in disapproval. But the people at large approved. They thought that, if members could be brought in by the Sergeant-at-arms and compelled to be present, it meant, if it meant anything, that they should be compelled to act,—to do their duty; and that silence was denial of that obligation and a defeat of legislation.

It does not appear that in this whole business Reed was moved by any considerations but those of duty. He determined to do this, had schooled himself to take the consequences and he held his party to it with a grip that never for an instant relaxed. He simply could not bear the humility of the old situation, and had often scouted the loose methods of the Senate, of which body he once said: "The Senate is a nice, quiet sort of place where good Representatives go when they die." No other party leader would have dared to propose so bold a change in parliamentary methods, and no other man could have held his party in line. But this man did it, did it without bluster and without one unnecessary maneuver, or useless word.

One is reminded of the similarity of conduct and temper between Reed and Jackson, the only man with whom he can be compared in these characteristics. While Reed was a learned man, as Jackson was furtherest from it, like the latter he had that high pride and courage that did not shrink from what seemed to be duty. Finesse and indirection were impossible to him.

against nullification at a party council in the privacy of his own house, scorning to feel the public pulse first, so Reed scorned to filter his plan and purpose through the minds of calculating friends or the newspaper gossip of the day. He bore himself, too, apparently unruffled in the sorest straits, too proud to let an enemy know the pain he felt. Even as Jackson walked from the field of the deadly duel with Dickinson, as if unscathed, though sharply smitten by a bullet wound in his own breast, lest his antagonist should have the satisfaction of knowing that he was hurt, so Reed, at the closing moments of the 51st Congress, when he laid down the gavel and turned away from the Speaker's desk without the customary complimentary vote, upon motion of the opposition—the Democrats sitting in sullen silence—bore himself as if wholly unmoved through the trying scene. Though his party cheered and personal friends pressed and thronged around him, he took no man's hand, looked into no man's eyes, but strode, in the same old deliberate way to his room, closed the door with its spring lock behind him, threw himself into a chair by the long table, bowed his head upon it, and one newspaper correspondent who was perhaps nearer to him than any other man in Washington, declared—how truly no one else now knows—that great tears ran down his cheeks; for, curiously enough, there are times when tears alone can keep the nerves of the strongest men from snapping.

Perhaps if Reed could have seen ahead of the dark days of 1892 that put his party out of power, and supplanted him as Speaker, could have seen ahead to the six years of future

rule and his complete vindication, he would have borne the heat and burden of those days with a somewhat lighter heart, for the opposition paid off some old scores albeit they also paid him the sincere flattery of imitating his methods, though in a modified form. More than ever before, his party relied upon him as House leader in almost blind obedience, for he had taken and held the foremost place in the very front rank, as only a man of uncommon force can do. This prominence placed upon him some burdens as well as easy honors and made him an occasional victim of the opposition's wrath; as when, for a rather mild infraction of the rules, Speaker Crisp ordered "The Gentleman from Maine" to his seat, in charge of the Sergeant-at-arms. Reed had lingered at the Clerk's desk to keep tab on an exciting roll-call and did not at first comply with the order, but rather seemed inclined to argue the point. He soon yielded, however, and went slowly to his seat with his head half turned backward all the while, much as a huge, sullen animal might do when taken back to his cage. But the affair was not without its helpful side. If it was not quite justifiable, it helped to square some old accounts, and it was often observed thereafter that the Democrats had conceived a liking for Reed, who was so open and so brave a fighter; something that was amply shown when he finally left the Speaker's chair, and Bailey, now of the Senate, in moving a vote of thanks, made an address replete with grace and tact, to which Reed responded with the deepest feeling.

Another incident in Mr. Reed's life about this time, better than anything else that ever happened, showed some peculiar qualities of the man. He had a really exalted

sense of what a man must do who would at once stand for his party and also be faithful to his friends and the public. His definition of a statesman as "a politician who is dead," meant also that a live politician could and should be a statesman. Not only did he ever strive to hold himself and his party to a high standard of political honesty and open dealing, but he was wholly and absolutely without the arts supposed to be necessary to advance one's personal and political interests. It may be new to some readers that Mr. Reed might have made himself an important factor in the Presidential contest of 1892, if only he had possessed the strategic skill and the desire to play a part at the Minneapolis convention. It was generally feared by the party leaders that Harrison could not be re-elected. Times were getting bad, the McKinley tariff of '90 was not everywhere popular, the treasury was swamped with unusable silver which had been paid for from the dwindling hoard of gold, and, worse than all, labor troubles were breaking out, notably at Homestead where bloody scenes were daily enacted. Blaine, who had broken with the Administration and left the Cabinet, had finally allowed his name to be used after the most urgent demands of his old friends, who not only believed that he deserved the Presidency, but was the only man who could possibly win it. The writer of this was present at a conference of some gentlemen sojourning in Southern California, who sent out a telegram to Blaine, framed by Mr. Medill of the Chicago Tribune, and which read: "Stand for the nomination unless you feel that it will kill you."

At length the embittered forces

of Harrison and Blaine met at Minneapolis. On one side a powerful administration force, with perfect organization, and on the other, the doubters and the open enemies who demanded that justice be done the man who was the best beloved of his party, and who, they declared, but for the unexampled show of patronage and promise, would be the choice of any Republican convention. It was a pathetic, pitiful struggle on the part of the followers of Blaine, who knew his bodily infirmity but loved him all the more, and who, bent on winning with him, or breaking the slate, were many of them secretly hoping for some diversion to another candidate, fearful lest their first show of strength might disclose a fatal lack of votes. It was at the moment when both sides were holding off and the strain was at its worst, that Tom Reed was discovered on the rear of the platform. He was not a delegate, he was not a worker for either side, nor was he in any wise in the reckoning, much less in the running. In an instant the entire convention was on its feet, and in the next it was upon the seats and tables. It was the first time Reed had been seen at any great gathering since the country had begun to resound with the accounts of his great parliamentary triumph, which the party everywhere regarded as one of their newest claims upon public confidence. One correspondent declared that the great ovation to the ex-Speaker was the "sole spontaneous act of the convention, the single tribute that bore no scent of purchase or pledge." Minutes passed but the din did not cease. The band tried to drown the uproar, but it broke out stronger than ever the instant the music ceased. Shouts

for "Reed,"—"Tom Reed," drowned everything else. Perhaps the Blaine followers had a purpose in encouraging it all, and it may be true, as was said at the time, that the Harrison forces were partly surprised into their insistent shouts and calls; but there was only one thing for the Chairman to do, and that was to drag Reed to the front, which he at last did. Never was a bashful schoolboy more at a loss what to do or say. A lady friend had tried to speak to him as he stood at her side, but he could not trust himself to answer her. His hands hung helpless at his side, his face had no color and his eyes were full of tears. But at last he managed to say a few words, the duty and mission of the Republican party, and then he—escaped.

What might not a man who was the hero and the idol of the hour, whose congressional triumph had been made a party boast and battle-cry, have done at such a moment, if only he had possessed the ambition and the cunning to turn to some selfish account that "crowded hour of glorious life?"—something that never comes but once, if ever, to a mortal! But Reed was incapable of taking any part, or of turning to the account of himself or any friend, the advantage born of such an incident, even if the whole possibilities of the situation had occurred to him. Not for one instant was he capable of making himself a possible factor in a convention where he was not accredited and required to take an open part. I doubt if there was a man of his time, or of any time, who more genuinely discredited and despised political conniving, or even indirection, or who had less love for popu-

Four years later Reed became an avowed candidate, but his nomination was impossible. First of all, his state was neither pivotal nor important, for as there was no uncertainty as to its vote, there was no interest to be catered to. Besides, Mr. Reed's views on the delicate interests to be consulted were so well known that he could not have been available, in the conventional sense. If there was any disappointment there was no sulking or shirking on Reed's part in the absorbing campaign of 1896. He was the sturdiest of all the champions of sound money and spoke in nearly all the great centres, ending with a brilliant series of meetings in the principal cities of the Pacific Coast. Probably there never before was aroused a higher pitch of political enthusiasm in California than during these "Tom Reed days."

Many strong men of his party have never ceased to regret that he could not have had further honors and opportunities, but under our popular plan it can rarely, if ever, happen that a man of his inflexible will and dominating habit can go to the head. Under the parliamentary system he would have become prime, for there was no other man of his time who, in all the elements that go to make up individual force in leadership, was any match for him. In British politics he would have been an overmastering spirit, for he had the intellectual grasp, the quickness of wit, the power of sarcasm—often so effective—that have been found combined in very few public men. He had the sturdiness and the stubbornness of Salisbury, the broad scholarship—classics and all—of Roseberry, and the wit and sarcasm

large and best sense, strong with the people.

Passing more nearly to a study of the man himself, it can be said that Mr. Cannon's estimate of his intellectual strength and uncompromising honesty was shared by every friend and acquaintance, old and new. These qualities made a part of his unique personality, even as did his manner of speech. He was a bashful man who shunned the places where he would be looked at by the curious, and hated conventional functions and parade. He had the usual desire for approval and applause, but he avoided all occasions where there was no legitimate part to enact, and rarely could be beguiled into lecturing or occasional miscellaneous addresses and talks, as if, somehow, he held these to have a cheapening effect. He wrote for the magazines, and on rare occasions made addresses upon topics outside of politics. There were also some social functions like the dinners on Forefathers Day and the jinks of the Gridiron and Clover Clubs which he delighted to attend, red-letter affairs that were the very breath of life to him. He loved tilts between brilliant men and laughed loudest and longest of all at the good things said. His own wit was as peculiar as his manner of speech. His bright sayings came of his mood and the occasion. He never was a "funny" man. He knew, as well as Mr. Blaine knew, and lived up to his light, that the story-teller of the cloak room always comes a little short of being a really great man, and that, from the discourses of Epictetus down to the last word on the subject, it has ever been said that wit and humor too often are pitfalls and perils to men who would be taken

seriously. Reed knew jokes and good stories but he never carried a stock. His fun was always his own, and it came just as naturally as did his bits of philosophy or his facts of history. Often his wit hurt, though it was generally the delicate sword play whose basis was fun and good fellowship. In later years, wit—especially the bludgeon blow—was less and less indulged in, and humor, the expression of gentler moods, was the newer phase of his fun. He was softened too, in many ways, as his friends and neighbors saw and felt, during the last long vacation spent in his old home that last summer and early fall, where the writer met him day after day for weeks, and went over many things, new and old, with him. He was quite out of all political strife, and there were no traces of bitterness left. His law practice was profitable, and he had added to his income by wise ventures, till he had no worry over the future. Indeed he had the air of a man who had just begun to grow old and was doing it very gracefully, having worn off or put away the wiry and warring mien that always attaches to a man in the midst of strife. He deserved rest and he seemed to have found real repose in it. I think he felt especially gratified at the honor of being chosen out of a great company of distinguished alumni of the old college to deliver the oration on its centennial, the old college that had been the scene of some severe early struggles. Old Home Week, too, had found and left him in pleasant mood and he was a glad participant in a celebration in his old district. All these things had at once softened and broadened him and es-

pecially added to the charm and freedom of his companionship.

Perhaps the best remembered of all those late summer happenings was President Roosevelt's day's stay in Portland. Not only had the President spoken in significant praise of Mr. Reed in his forenoon address to the great throng in the city square, but he had called upon him at his house. Both there and in the large company at the old Cumberland Club, where awaited a notable feast and welcome, both men were at their best. Only those who were in the far east at the pinch of the coal famine can quite understand how trusts, tariff, and the labor situation, overshadowed all other questions, and how inevitable it was that the President's unusual attitude had made these subjects the main topics of conversation everywhere. Reed unreservedly talked of these things, always with kindly respect for the President's position, but with very decided views of his own, views expressed in fragmentary talk over the morning's news, in a more elaborate way during leisurely afternoons, and in little snatches along with the evening cowboy pool. His directness and crispness of comment showed the old simplicity of style. As to the labor question he held what, to him, was the logic of the situation, the remorseless logic he was always invoking and from which he was incapable of escaping. He declared against the position of the labor unions as illogical and mischievous. "The striker," said he, "claims the right to leave his place and yet to control it." Surely a straight and simple way to put it. The trust he thought could not long work injustice, or even, in the long run, succeed against the genius of

individualism and the inevitable kinship between capital and contented labor. Live and let live must be the next motto, for the capitalist can never take himself away from the element of safe, reliable labor, represented by the great armies of workers. These must be interested partakers of the fruits of labor, else labor cannot be depended upon to hold up any industrial fabric. Capital that builds without this support, builds in the air. Nor can one trust long maintain itself against a competitor whose business is not along the lines of natural and just methods. "All combinations will smash if they do not deserve to live," was the refrain throughout.

As to the tariff he thought nothing should be disturbed, for any tariff is a compromise of jealous interests, and must be, or seem to be unjust in some particular. But when a tariff bill is fairly debated and agreed to, it should stand so long as the general policy upon which it is based stands. "It is safer to trust business to adapt itself to schedules, than to tinker at schedules to try to fit them to real or fancied needs of trade." He declared that even a tariff injustice, if not a glaring one, is better borne than made the occasion of "theoretical meddling," which upsets stability, since "prosperity never perches upon an uncertainty." For the doctrine that "Reciprocity is the handmaid of Protection," he had small respect. He declared that it is rather a break that endangers the whole bulwark of protection. He instanced many experiments that really meant giving up a great nation's trade for the possible trade of a lesser one. He thought these concessions weak and based on a false sentiment, and said he would like

to be told, for instance, what good the letting in sugar free from Hawaii had done American citizens. "It has put two millions, probably, into the pocket of a private interest instead of the national treasury, and without benefit to the people."

When I read Reed's magazine article in December, on Protection, I found it to be, in substance, the talks of last vacation time. He seemed so sure of his ground on the few single lines of his political creed, that he never appeared to question the foundations of his belief. Any question that he had settled in his own mind, was to him practically a settled question. Alone against a thousand strong men, he would be unmoved, unless possibly made a little more strenuous. Yet with all his positiveness he was a man almost wholly without fads or hobbies. Only a few things he cared about, but these he would die for. There was little pride of opinion, nor was he, in manner, controversial; but he was not to be stirred from the beliefs that were dear to him.

On the Philippine question he had lost his bitterness of attack but nothing of his disapproval. He declared that we had taken on "the last colonial curse of Spain" and in defiance of every tradition of our people. "It was a policy no Republican ought to excuse, much less adopt." In one conversation it was suggested that the Filipinos had been given a great many civil rights. "No rights at all," declared Reed, "only privileges, something given to those who have lost their rights." And so on, through the whole discussion, which in some form or other was often raised, Reed defended his views with the same pitiless logic. It has been said of

him that in this Expansion business he "lacked moral enthusiasm." Perhaps he did, perhaps he was wrong; but no one could fail to be impressed with the tremendous earnestness of the man. He did not provoke or seek to prolong discussion of this latter problem, and seemed only to deplore what was done, and that so many years of cost and uncertainty must intervene before any settlement would be in sight. He expressed no bitterness in any discussion of the subject, nor did he seek to prolong it. Indeed the very last time the matter was talked over, Reed dismissed it with the good-natured remark that when he was a young man he supposed talk was not only safe but valuable; but now he thought there were abnormal conditions when one should keep still, citing the sad fate of the Kansas pup that impudently barked at the cyclone. "Face the breeze, but close your jaw," he declared must be the rule with prudent folks, when things go wild.

The last few months of Mr. Reed's life showed more sharply and more clearly than ever, to his friends, how faithfully and devoutly he had worked out the main lines of his political faith. He had never wasted, never scattered, but strengthened his equipment for the work at hand, and had no ambition but to be strong there. He never roamed in any domain where there was no crop to be grown, nor troubled himself or others over mere speculations, or side issues. His mind was active and his range of reading and observation wide; but he pulled along the main highway, carrying his own load without waste or worry, as a big-brained man may do, saying what he had to say in phrase so simple that his

statement was half an argument; and his sincerity and the occasional epigram did the rest.

Mr. Reed left public life, which he loved, for the sake of the interests of home and family that were so much dearer to him, for his devotion to these was without stint or flaw. His private life, in all its relations, was as blameless as his public career was honorable. And thus he lived and died, a man who had incurred the passing animosities of some of his fellows, because of his imperious will, but one whom calumny could not touch, whom envy could not belittle, whom fame and flattery could not sway, nor money buy or bend.

Shocking as was the sudden taking off of one who had been to the country and to his life-long friends what Tom Reed had been, there remains to the living the gratification

of remembering him to the last in the full strength of his manhood. How keen this loss was felt to be, and how vividly he was remembered by the great public, has been shown on every hand; not the least of the honors to his memory being the action of Congress in adjourning on the day his body was borne away from the Capitol, an honor only twice bestowed on like occasions, these being the deaths of Clay and Blaine.

Such a loss not only brings anew before us the tremendous mystery of existence here, but it seems to open a little wider than common the gate of that other sphere, and we try to catch something of the vision that lies beyond, and to gain some further and fuller meaning and measure of that richest of all God's gifts to earth; the brave, strong, helpful, human life.

Perplexity

By CLARENCE H. URNER

The Humming Bird, a bold but fitful lover,
Was made to tease and break the royal Rose's heart:
So, o'er the soul the wings of Fancy hover,
Then flitting off, perplex the Dreamer's utmost art.

An Ordeal by Fire

By F. M. COATES

Author of "The Honourable Tom"

JACK WILLOUGHBY stood on the verandah outside his door, and looked straight in front of him, with an air of contented proprietorship. The prospect was well worth looking at, and from the boards of the verandah beneath his feet to the sharp line of frontier bush two miles away, it was all his own, and the successful work of his hands.

The mysterious languid beauty of the Indian summer lay upon it all; upon the little patch of fenced garden, upon the open space where the fowls pecked and clucked round the diminished wood pile, upon the half circle of buildings—stable, granary, and wagon house—upon the golden stubble of his gathered crop gilding the broad prairie beyond.

The great arch of sky was clear, but over the distant line of trees, directly in Willoughby's line of vision, there hung one soft greyish cloud. As his eye rested upon it, it broke suddenly, and a second puffed up below it; and Willoughby turned his head towards the open door behind him.

"Another bush fire, Kitty," he said. "That's the third this week. There must be some tinder knocking about there. I guess I'd better plough up the stubble round the farm to-morrow."

"I dare say," answered his wife listlessly, and Willoughby frowned. Surely, after only four months of

marriage, it was soon to be listless. He stood still for a moment, then shook his shoulders impatiently, and went into the kitchen.

"I'll have to go into town to see Nelson about those steers," he announced rather shortly. "I can be out again by supper time."

His wife was standing by the table, kneading a great mass of dough. She was very young, very pretty, and very tired. Her face was hard, but her eyes were full of tears, as she answered quickly—

"Oh, stay and have supper with Nelson!—and talk about steers all evening. He may not be as weary of them as I am!"

Her husband turned and looked at her, and saw the hard lines that matched the hard voice; but the tear-dimmed eyes were lowered, and he did not see them. It did not strike him that he failed to understand the tired girl who wanted more than details of the farm to flavour her days of work. He loved her so dearly and unquestionably that he never realized that few women can take a man's love for granted, especially when that love is all that makes long days of drudgery worth the doing. He forgot that Kitty was only twenty, and that her summer of labour had not, like his, been lived in the broad sunshine, but in the unkindler heat of a stifling kitchen. He only knew that he did not mean to quarrel, so he

said, "I'll be home by seven, anyway, whether you want me or not," and went out to put the horse in.

He thought he was wise in leaving Kitty to get over it, and the fact that it gave him a very bad heart-ache, did not have the effect of making him any wiser. He drove off with the frown which so often accompanies the ache, and gave his willing little mare a strenuous hour of it. And the only thing in life that was at all clear to him was the belief that Kitty was tired of the farm and of him.

The town trail led straight away from the back of the house due north for eight lonely miles, his own farm being the most outlying in the district. He drove the whole way without a backward look, found Nelson, settled the business of the steers, and was conscious all the time of Kitty's sweet face with the new hard lines upon it. It had been such a soft little face when he had kissed it first.

He stood in one of the stores with some other men, and tried to display his usual interest in the threshing results, and the price of corn, while his mind slowly grasped the fact that he had been a fool to leave Kitty until he had learned conclusively whether she still loved him or not. It dawned upon him clearly that the steers did not matter.

He was trying to listen to the drawled opinion of a veteran upon the year's harvest, when a man standing near the doorway broke in on the important utterance.

"Here's Tom Bryan coming along the sidewalk 's if he was a day or two late. What's hunting you, Tom?"

Bryan stopped breathless at the store door and looked in.

"You fellows will be gassing

when the second deluge comes along," he said politely. "There's a big fire down south and—Good Lord, Jack, is that you? Come here, man!"

He caught Willoughby's arm and dragged him out and along the sidewalk to a corner of the street from which they could see the long lines of the prairie rolling away southward. The sun was near its setting, and the sky was splendid with its glories, but the fiery glow marked more than the red track of the sun. A line of angry, flame-pierced smoke leaped and flickered along the southern horizon; the bush fire had broken loose upon the sun-dried prairie, and Willoughby's farm lay right in its track.

In two minutes the town and its noisy voices were left behind, and the buggy whirling along the familiar home trail. Young Bryan swung himself in as it started, and presently he put Willoughby's thoughts into words.

"There's only the plough team on the farm, isn't there?" he asked, and, as Willoughby nodded without speaking—"That's all right. She could not get off on one of them. We'll meet her, I guess. Wasn't there any sign of it when you left?"

"A puff of smoke in the bush; there has been some nearly every day for a week. I meant to have ploughed up an acre or two to-morrow."

Willoughby ended with something like a groan, and looked desperately along the endless straight trail. There was no speck to break its weary line. The sunshine lay round and on them, soft and uncaring; the larks dropped to their nests in the brown grass; the gophers peered out of their holes with cautious, unsympathetic eyes.

With voice and whip Willoughby urged on the brave mare, and the hoof beats grew thunderous in his ears. He spoke no more during that mad hour, and soon young Bryan ceased his efforts at consolation. For there was no sign of the team or Kitty, even when they were so near that the little patch of farm buildings stood out black against the background of fire.

"It's not got round anyway," Bryan said under his breath, but Willoughby did not heed. The reek of the smoke was in his eyes; the hideous crackling of the fire was magnified in his ears; he only tightened his grasp on the reins. Foam flecked from the mare's nostrils and her eyes grew wild, but the iron grip held her to the trail, and she dashed on into the far-reaching line of smoke. The sun was sombre and terrible behind the clouds of vapour, and the big outline of barn and stable rose black for a moment against a frightful curtain of lurid flame: then the smoke swept over buildings and homestead, burying all.

Willoughby brought the whip across the mare's streaming shoulders, and, quivering, she plunged forward. Suddenly the great billow of smoke parted, and beyond the buildings, a moving object was silhouetted sharply for a moment against the fire. Bryan sprang to his feet with a shout—

"My God, Willoughby, *she's ploughing!* Oh, well done, well done!"

The terrified mare swerved frantically, put her head down, and dashed into the heart of the stifling smoke, past the house and across to the stable, where the flying sparks were running to and fro amongst the loose straw by the door, whilst

the cattle were bellowing frantically in their corral. Willoughby flung the reins away, sprang out, and ran past the gable of the barn.

Stretching away from his feet, a hundred yards before him and to right and left, the ploughed ground lay dark and moist, circled by licking, baffled flames. Away to the right, half hidden by the smoke, Kitty drove the great ploughing team into the very face of the wall of fire. Blackened, scorched and blinded, she forced the maddened horses to their work by sheer force of desperate will and the power in her rigid aching arms. From her torn hands, round which the reins were twisted, the blood dropped slowly, but the swerving plunging horses were held to their furrow till the fire leaped in their red eyes and in the splashes of foam on their shoulders. She had not heard the buggy wheels through the roar of the flames and the deeper roaring in her ears: Willoughby was close beside her before she saw him.

"Kitty, Kitty, it's all right!" he cried. "You've done it, my darling!"—and she reeled sideways and fell into his outstretched arms.

He untwisted the reins, and the freed horses, with a frantic swerve, flung the gang-plough on its side, and, snorting with terror, dragged it into the farm-yard, where Bryan caught and held them.

"Lenox and Burnaby have come over with Lenox's plough, they're working at the back!" he shouted, as Willoughby passed. And, with a sudden softening, apparent even in a voice calculated to drown the sounds of fire and terrified beasts,—
"Is—she hurt?"

Willoughby shook his head and went on. He carried her into the kitchen, where the cloth was laid

for his supper, and the kettle boiled unheeded on the stove. He laid her down on the couch, brought oil and tenderly dressed her scorched lips, and, when she opened her eyes, bent down and kissed her burnt and blistered hands.

"Why didn't you get away on one of the horses?" he asked, with his face down.

"I wanted to save the farm—for you," she whispered hoarsely.

The distant roar of the fire seemed very far away, the kitchen was silent save for the cheerful voice of the kettle. Willoughby raised his head, and looked down into the face disfigured in his service.

"Did you think it was worth more to me than you are?" he asked with a sudden break in his voice.

She did not answer at once, but presently tears welled up into her eyes.

"Isn't it?" she asked very wistfully, and a fuller understanding of a woman's heart came suddenly to Jack Willoughby. And with his new-learned wisdom he answered, his face against his wife's scorched cheek,

"I love you better than all the buildings and all the corn in Canada."

Beauty

By M. C. ALLEN

Once at the threshold of a House of Art
I chanced when round it stood a sceptic crowd,
Who rudely threw the Gothic doors apart,
And asked where Beauty was, in voices loud.

No answer stirred the sacred twilight there,
And with discordant sneers the senseless rout
Tramped past the marvels of impassioned care,
Whose secrets shrank the insult of their doubt.

I questioned also at this House of Art,
And reverently waited for reply;
When suddenly, from out my deepest heart,
A soft voice shyly answered: "Here am I!"

The Funeral of John Brown

By REV. JOSHUA YOUNG, D. D.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The author of the following article, the venerable Dr. Joshua Young, died at an advanced age, at his home in Winchester, Massachusetts, a week or two after submitting the MS to the *New England Magazine*. The publishers feel that they have been especially fortunate in securing for publication the last piece of literary work executed by Dr. Young; one, too, of such unusual and intrinsic interest as this story of John Brown's funeral from the pen of the very clergyman who performed the burial service on that memorable occasion.

IT happened to the writer of this paper, on the 8th of December, 1859, to stand in the shadow of a great solitary rock in the wilderness of the Adirondack Mountains, and see committed to the grave, with the usual rites of honorable burial, the body of one who but six days before, beneath the distant skies of Virginia, was swinging on a gibbet; convicted by the court that tried him with indecent haste, of treason, of conspiring with slaves to rebel, and of murder in the first degree. It was a scene of touching pathos, of unutterable emotion. Across the wintry sky clouds were sailing like the swift ships. All around stood the deep primeval forest bending to the western winds, while in the near distance, capped with snow, loomed the everlasting hills, grand and solemn, mingling the sublimity of nature with the moral grandeur of an immortal deed. It was the old, old story of the prophet's fate:

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong
forever on the throne;
But the scaffold sways the throne,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, beyond the shadow, keep-
ing
Watch above His own."

In less than two years thereafter, the name of John Brown became a

nation's epic and gave to an army song with little merit in itself either of sentiment or expression an influence for patriotism in the mighty struggle that ensued for the nation's life, hardly inferior to that which was exerted, during the French Revolution, by the famous *Marseillaise*. His heroic embrace of death in behalf of a despised and oppressed race, roused from fatal slumber a nation's conscience, thrilled all liberty loving hearts the whole world over, and inaugurated on this western continent a revolution of such magnitude as the world never saw before. It struck the death knell to chattel slavery within the Union, and swept from the face of the earth the cruelest oppression that ever revealed the pitiless contempt of the strong for the weak.

What is familiarly known as John Brown's Raid at Harper's Ferry, had, if we may believe the martyr's own word—and that is not for a moment to be doubted—a two-fold object; first to run off slaves, flee with them to the fastnesses of the near wooded heights, and thence to Canada; second, to strike terror to the hearts of the Slave-holding States.

Of its disastrous failure, of the fierce conflict that ensued in which

nearly all of the little band of invaders were either killed or wounded, and the leader himself captured, blood flowing from six ghastly wounds, and thought to be dying, and his two sons lying dead by his side—of this the astonishing story may be read in any one of the several lives of John Brown to be found in every town library. The object of this paper is to complete the wonderful story, to follow the dead body of the hero to its last resting place in the heart of the Adirondacks, describe the scenes that occurred on its five days' passage from Harper's Ferry to North Elba, and thus to contribute to history an authentic account of the burial of John Brown; and, incidentally, to submit an explanation of the humble part taken by the writer in the solemn rites that closed one of the most remarkable chapters in American history.

But first, to remove a suspicion that seems to lurk in the minds of some who ask why or how it was that Brown's habitation was so far removed from what may be called the theatre of his public life, as if at that time he were in hiding like a guilty thing—a simple statement will not only answer this question but will increase our admiration of this remarkable man.

Gerrit Smith, a noted New York abolitionist and philanthropist, to whom that territory belonged, had set apart a certain portion of it for the benefit of such colored persons, especially fugitive slaves, as would go there and establish homes. John Brown bought a farm near by, and thereon erected a small one story and a half cottage—unfinished at the time of the raid—that he might give to these untrained colonists the benefit of his experience

and counsel as a pioneer farmer and keeper of herds.

The second day of December, 1859 dawned in New England in cold and darkness. All day black clouds drifted before the wind. From morning to night a dismal drizzling rain was falling. But in the lull of the storm was heard the funeral knell. Men met and passed, sad and silent, or, if they stopped to speak, the one topic on the street was the tragedy at Charlestown. In many of the principal towns of the Northern states, services of a religious character were held,—in New Bedford, Worcester, Providence, Plymouth, Portland, Concord. In New York a prayer meeting was held in Dr. Cheever's church; while a great meeting in Philadelphia, at which Dr. Furness offered prayer, and Lucretia Mott, Edna Cheney and other noble women spoke, often interrupted with hisses, was almost broken up by a "respectable" mob. In Washington the tolling of the historic bell cast in Paul Revere's foundry was stopped by orders from the White House. In Boston, where only a fortnight before, a vast assembly had filled Tremont Temple (the walls of which were covered with mottoes—sayings of Washington, Lafayette and John Brown) and speeches, voicing the almost universal sorrow and indignation, were made by John A. Andrew, the Rev. J. M. Manning of the Old South Church, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Wendell Phillips, tokens of intense feeling were everywhere visible, flags displayed at half mast, bells tolled, and religious meetings held in several churches.

The stores of the colored citizens on Brattle Street were closed and draped. Nor did this groundswell of public agitation stop here. It

struck the shores of England and France, and called forth from that exiled patriot and prophet-poet in his island home, Victor Hugo, an impassioned appeal to the American people.

terrible than Cain slaying Abel; it is Washington slaying Spartacus!"

In Virginia the sun rose clear and bright on the second of December. A haze that presently veiled it, soon disappeared, and before the hour ap-



JOHN BROWN

"I fall upon my knees weeping before the great star-spangled banner of the New World, and with clasped hands and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American Republic to see to the safety of the universal Moral Law, to save John Brown. Oh! let America know and ponder on it well, there is something more

pointed for the hero's death, not a cloud was to be seen. The temperature was so mild and genial that until late in the afternoon the windows of all the houses were open, while the glittering blades and bayonets

of regiments of soldiers on foot and on horse, called out to guard against an attempt to rescue the doomed man—such was the consternation of the people—would have suggested to a casual observer, but for the absence of the usual crowd of spectators, the going on of an impressive military parade.

Examined and pronounced dead by the physicians in attendance, the body was cut down and placed in a coffin. The Cavalry, wheeling aside, closed in around the wagon into which it was lifted, and marched back to the jail. Later in the afternoon, at about four o'clock, as the clouds of an approaching storm began to gather in the sky, as if nature herself were touched with the great sorrow, the body was conveyed to the railroad station and thence to Harper's Ferry, under a strong military escort, and delivered to the weeping wife and friends to be taken North.

The next morning the mournful journey began; and strange is the story to be told of its passage through shuddering cities to the distant wilderness.

The papers having announced that the body of John Brown would arrive at Philadelphia on Saturday at noon, a large crowd assembled at the station on Broad and Price Streets, most of whom were colored people, and in such numbers pressed into the building, interrupting the business of the place, that the officers had to exclude them. Tender and sensitive they bore this with difficulty.

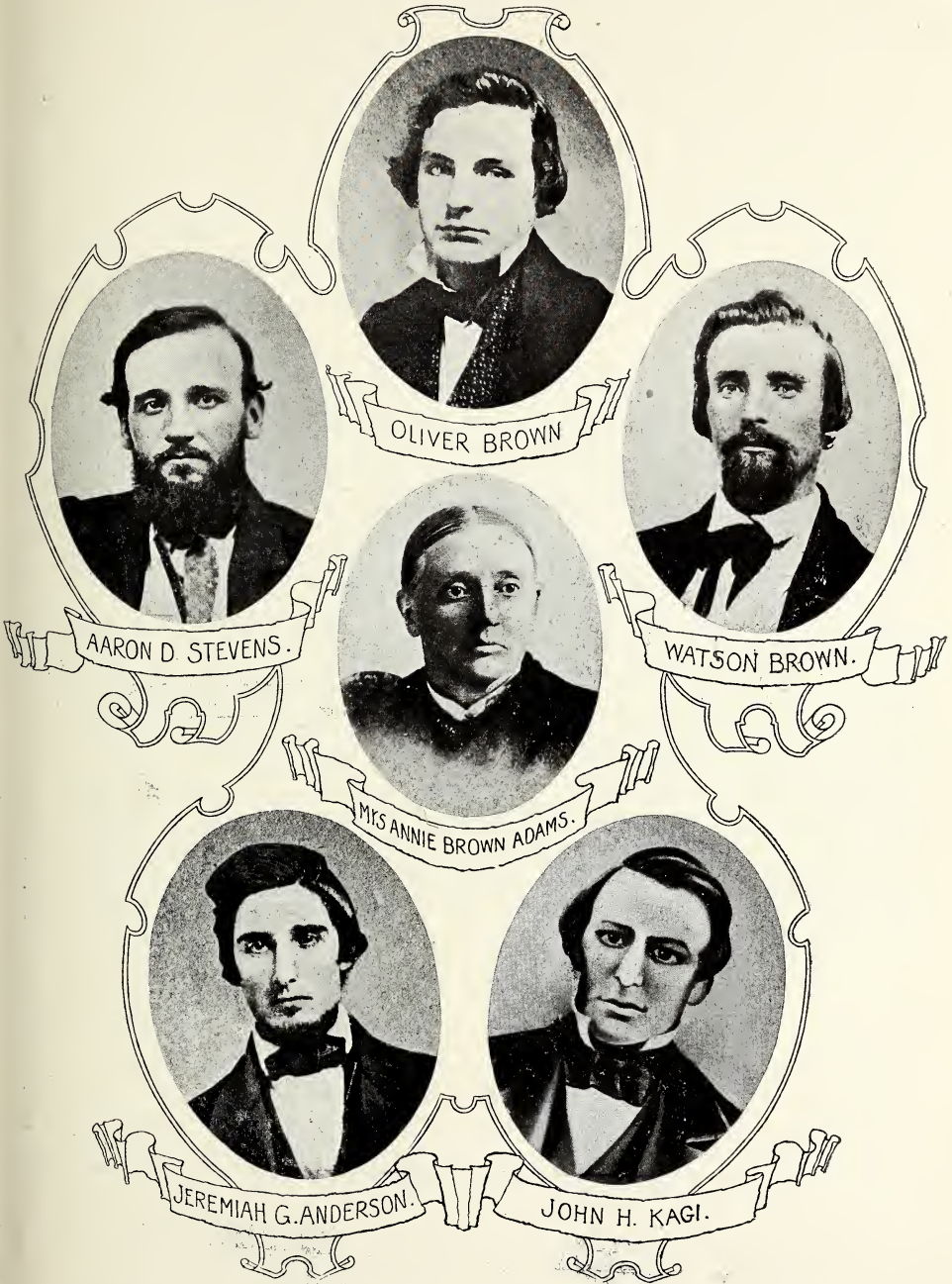
A committee of fifty men appointed at a meeting in Shiloh colored church, arrived at the depot about twelve o'clock, and not being able to get admittance to the building stationed themselves on the op-

posite side of the street. They were dressed in black and had come to serve as an escort or company of pall bearers while the body was being taken to its temporary resting place in the city.

On the arrival of the train, the excitement outside the station increased and persons pushed their way through the fence to get if but a peep at the coffin-box. Mrs. Brown, accompanied by Mr. Hector Tyndale, walked quietly through the crowd without being recognized, and took passage in the Eleventh Street car for the house of a friend. The party having charge of the body had telegraphed from Baltimore to have a wagon at the station for the purpose of conveying it to an undertaker's where it was to be embalmed, placed in another coffin, and kept until Monday morning.

Immediately on the arrival of the train the Mayor, attended by several policemen appeared upon the scene, entered the car and objected to this proceeding, insisting that the body should be taken directly through the city. The committee, of which Dr. Furness was one, remonstrated; it was an amazing exercise of authority. Mrs. Brown was sick and required rest. Still the Mayor insisted, and, calling their attention to the increased excitement and the divided state of public opinion, informed the committee that the peace of the city was more important than the accommodation they asked for. He would hold himself responsible to have the body carefully taken across the city to the New York station at two o'clock.

The time was short, and there was great danger of a painful scene. The Mayor, to quiet the tumult of the people and still the clamor of



JOHN BROWN'S FOLLOWERS

the outside crowd, resorted to strategy.

There was in the car a long tool box. This he took and wrapped around it a deerskin, also found in the car, so as to make it look like a coffin. The crowd in the station was then forced back and this box was conveyed carefully to a wagon on the shoulders of six policemen.

"Silent, like men in solemn haste" they marched; the wagon left the yard and was driven in the direction of the Anti-slavery office, where it was said the body would lie in state; followed by the colored crowd almost in a state of frenzy. The station thus cleared of people, another wagon backed up to the side door, into which was put a plain pine box containing the body. It was then driven out of the station by the northern gate and down to Walnut Street wharf, where it was lifted into one of the baggage crates, and again placed in charge of Mr. J. M. McKim, who immediately proceeded with it to New York, there to await the coming of Mrs. Brown on Monday.

With all the precaution possible to avoid publicity and save a repetition of a similar scene, the coffin was taken to an undertaker's room on the Bowery. All day Sunday the newspaper reporters were sorely puzzled to ascertain the whereabouts of the body. It was midnight before they were able "to light upon it," nevertheless the gentlemen of the press insisted that the party having it in charge should get up and "show them the elephant." Remonstrance was in vain; they were admitted to where the body lay; the coffin and its contents thereupon underwent a close and critical examination, and the result was spread out in full in the morn-

ing papers, which called forth from one of the more respectable journals the remark: "Henceforth let no one say the Vampyre is a fiction."

The next stage in the mournful journey was Troy. The little cortège guarding the precious body reached that city at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, and stopped at the American House. The American House was a temperance hotel and had been Capt. Brown's usual stopping place when in that city, he himself being a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and also from tobacco in any form. It may likewise be said of him, in this connection, that he was never heard to use a profane word, nor did he allow it to be used by any of his company. Like Joan of Arc he made all his soldiers leave off swearing and go to praying. His youthful ambition was to enter the ministry. His general appearance was that of a clergyman. He was a remarkable example of personal neatness and natural refinement.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Tuesday, the party had reached Vergennes in the state of Vermont, having spent the night in Rutland, where they received much attention. The news of their arrival spread like wildfire and soon the hotel was crowded with the leading citizens of the place to express their respect and sympathy.

Carriages were provided in which to convey the body and the party accompanying it to the lake shore, a procession was formed in front of the hotel and when the hour came to start all moved forward amid the tolling of solemn bells.

At the lake shore—Lake Champlain—a boat was in readiness, which, turning from its usual course, landed them by the town of West-

port, and thus accelerated them on their mournful journey. Mrs. Brown was now among the friends and familiar acquaintances of her husband, and every kindness which the occasion called for was freely bestowed.

At this point properly enters the story of the writer's personal connection with the ceremonies of John Brown's burial, which many friends have persistently urged him to tell.

his face nor heard his voice save as it was in the air in those days of anti-slavery struggle. I only knew him as a mighty man of valor in defence of endangered liberty, the liberator of Kansas, "John Brown of Ossawatimie," a man fired with a great passion of humanity, an abolitionist from his youth up, the son of an abolitionist, a lineal descendant, too, of Peter Brown, the carpenter who came over in the



JOHN BROWN'S HOUSE, CORNER GRAY'S COURT AND FERRY STREET,
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

My hesitation to do so is overcome only by the fact that in this way, as can be done in no other so well, I can transport my readers back a whole generation, reproduce the past as in a picture, and show them the times of my story as they were.

I am entitled to no merit for the humble part I took. I did not seek it, neither could I decline it.

I had no personal acquaintance with John Brown, had never seen

Mayflower; and as such I honored and admired the man more than I can tell. Bred, myself, in the Garrisonian school of Abolitionists, with an experience not accorded to all, being a member of the Vigilance Committee in Boston (organized for the protection of fugitive slaves upon the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill), an eye-witness of the rendition of Anthony Burns, a station-keeper on the "underground railroad;" when the blow at

Harper's Ferry shook the whole nation like an earthquake, and all the world wondered, and men turned and looked at one another, it was easy for an enthusiastic young man of only thirty-six years of age to be imprudent and to do what so many told me afterwards was *very* imprudent. "You have ruined," they said, "all your professional prospects."

I was then pastor, in the seventh year of my ministry of the Unitarian Church in Burlington, Vermont, a city beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Champlain, across which you see in the distance the misty peaks of the Adirondacks (John Brown's mountain home), a daily spectacle of beauty and grandeur.

For some days conflicting statements were made as to the route by which the hero's body would be taken to its last resting place.

On Wednesday, just after dinner, I met on the street my parishioner and warm personal friend, an abolitionist like myself, only more ardent, Mr. Lucius G. Bigelow, who at once said to me: "It is now known that the body of John Brown will cross the lake at Vergennes. I want exceedingly to go to his funeral. Only say you will go with me as my companion and my guest, and we will take the next train." To whom I replied: "I will meet you at the station at four o'clock."

When we arrived at Vergennes the threatening storm (it had been drizzling all day) had begun. It was pouring hard, with every prospect of a "North-Easter." To our inquiries, the answer came that the funeral procession had crossed the lake the evening before and must now be near its destination.

Confident that we could overtake

it before it reached North Elba, or at any rate get there in season for the funeral services, we lost no time in hiring a driver to take us to the ferry in the township of Panton, six miles distant. We at once made known to the ferryman our object, and our great desire to be landed as soon as possible, on the further shore, Baber's Point. He shook his head at our request and at once gave us to understand that his license as a ferryman did not require him to cross the lake at so late an hour and in such a storm; and, moreover, that, in his opinion, John Brown deserved the fate which had befallen him.

"Why," said one of us, "do you know any evil of him?"

"No, but a great deal of good. I knew John Brown well; he has crossed this ferry with me a hundred times, and a more honest, upright, fair man does not exist; we all like him, but he had no business meddling with other peoples' niggers."

Our hearts sank like lead. Oh! how we did plead with that man to convert him. One hour went by, and two and three and yet there was no softening of that rock, no relenting. Suddenly there was a brightness outside the window of the dimly lighted room; and, on going to the door, lo! the wind had veered to the West, the clouds had broken up, and all around the darkness was disappearing. Surprised and excited I rushed back, exclaiming: "'The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' See Mr. Ferryman! God's full-orbed moon has thrown a bridge of silver across the lake; he bids us go, and who shall hinder?" To my unutterable joy as well as amazement, he said, "Well, I will call my man and if he will get up and help me we will see what we

can do." In a few minutes we were at the shore. It was growing very cold and beginning to freeze.

The ferry-boat was a large scow with a mast on one side. The wet sail had already become as stiff as sheet-iron; and it was with much difficulty that we hoisted it to its place on the creaking mast. Before a strong wind we made the passage

at once a young man, all dressed, as if he were expecting some one, appeared.

We were brief and to the point. "John Brown's funeral. We want some one to take us to Elizabethtown, if no further."

"I will, if father is willing," he replied.

Father was willing; and in less time than I can repeat the pious sentiment that came to my mind—"The Lord will provide"—we were putting the ten miles to Elizabethtown behind us with as rapid pace as the roads would permit. We reached there about two o'clock in the morning. But we were yet far behind, probably the body had already reached its destination; there was no time to lose. We waited only long enough to change horses; meanwhile we learned that, on the arrival of the party at Elizabethtown, which is the seat of justice for Essex County, New York, the court house was at once offered as a place in which to deposit the body for the night. In a few minutes, raining as it was, a respectable procession



ANOTHER HOME OF JOHN BROWN AT 31 FRANKLIN STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

of three miles in good time, and at once the boat put back, leaving us, cold and more or less drenched with the flying spray, on an utterly unknown shore.

We climbed the bank. It was past midnight—what next? At a little distance we saw a glimmering light. We hailed it as a bright propitious star, and such it proved. In response to our knock at the door,

was formed and the body borne thither. Six young men took it upon themselves to sit up all night in the court house as a guard of honor, while another volunteered to start off on a swift horse to notify the anxious family of the party's approach.

Our next stage on this strange ride was the valley of Keene where we entered a region of the grandest

and most majestic scenery to be found any where in the Adirondack country. We had come to what is known as "Indian Pass," a ravine or gorge, formed by close and parallel walls of nearly perpendicular cliffs, fully 200 feet in height and almost black in color. Through this gorge and past the untamed forests

mer travel had not then begun to move into these regions.

Oh! what a night was that! On such an errand! The great mountains, the deep woods, the awful silences, the scudding clouds and the rolling moon with intervals of shadow, weird and spectral!

The day was breaking cold and



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REV. JOSHUA YOUNG, D. D., PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION AT THE FUNERAL OF
JOHN BROWN'S MEN AT NORTH ELBA, AUGUST 30, 1899

that clothed the slopes beyond we made our way along a mere cart-road, over rocks, over stumps, clinging hard to our seats, lest the swaying of the wagon from side to side, pitching like a ship in a heavy sea, or its frequent plunge from a surmounted stump should throw us out—for the great current of sum-

clear when we came out on a broad table-land across which the piercing winds swept unhindered; and once more a pace faster than walking was possible. Soon we crossed a bridge spanning a brawling stream, worked our way up the long sandy road cut through the overhanging bluff, turned to the left,

entered another long stretch of sombre forest, and finally emerged into an opening, a mere clearing in the woods, where, right before us in the near distance, stood the humble home of the heroic martyr, solitary amidst the "solitude that had taught him how to die."

We entered the house stiff in every limb, I might say, half frozen, and glad enough to feel the genial heat of the small stove around which we found ourselves part of a very considerable company of people, mostly friends and neighbors, who had personally known and admired the man who had gone forth from them a simple shepherd, and now was brought back dead with a fame gone out into all the world.

Presently Mr. Wendell Phillips came into the room; a few words were exchanged, and then retiring for a few minutes, he returned and said to me: "Mr. Young you are a minister; admiration for this dead hero and sympathy with this bereaved family must have brought you here journeying all night through the cold rain and over the dismal mountains to reach this place. It would give Mrs. Brown and the other widows great satisfaction if you would perform the usual service of a clergyman on this occasion." Of course there was but one answer to make to such a request,—from that moment I knew why God had sent me there. For it must be remembered that five households and four families of North Elba were stricken by that blow at Harper's Ferry.

The funeral took place at one o'clock. The services began with a hymn which had been a favorite with Mr. Brown and with which he had successively sung all his children to sleep.

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound.
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee has come."

Sung to the good old tune of Lenox it was at once recognized by all who knew anything about the old fashioned music, and all who could sing joined in; while, heard above all the rest, were the plaintive voices of the deeply moved negroes who, most of them fugitive slaves, constituted quite one half of the company. After the hymn followed the prayer. It was a spontaneous offering, so the papers said at the time, and remarkably consonant with the spirit of the occasion. It was reported in full in the New York Tribune. I only know I prayed. Then followed one of Wendell Phillips' matchless speeches. Never were his lips of music wore eloquent with tenderness and sympathy; and when, from addressing the weeping widows and fatherless children, he rose on the very wings of inspiration, into sublime passages of description and prophecy, every hearer saw a great vision,—one never to be forgotten. For this was more than a Mark Anthony speaking over more than a Caesar's dead body.

Another hymn was then sung, during which the coffin was placed on a table before the door with the head exposed so that all could see it. It was almost as natural as life. There was a flush on the face, resulting probably from the peculiar mode of his death, and nothing of the pallor that is usual when life is extinct. Then followed the short procession from the house to the grave which was dug at the base of a great picturesque rock about fifty feet from the house, by the side of which already reposed, removed from their

original resting-place in Connecticut, the remains of his grandfather, Capt. John Brown, a revolutionary soldier who died from exhaustion in active service.

The procession was in the following order: the coffin borne by six young men, residents of the little

the body was lowered into the grave the first gush of grief, apparently beyond control, burst from the family. Then it was that there came to my lips the triumphant words of Paul, when, according to tradition, he was brought before Nero just before his death:—



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		Rev. MacKay Smith	
	Hon. Whitelaw Reid	Rev. E. A. Peaman	
Rev. Joshua Young, D. D.	Col. R. J. Hinton	Right Reverend Bishop Potter	S. H. Stevens

THE NOTABLE GROUP AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN BROWN'S MEN

hamlet; Mrs. John Brown, supported by Mr. Phillips; the widow of Oliver, leaning on the arm of Mr. McKim, who, in the other hand held that of little Ellen Brown; next the widow of Watson Brown supported by myself, followed by the widow of William Thompson on the arm of my friend, Mr. Bigelow. As

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the righteous judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

For which utterance at the grave of a "felon" I received again and again "the deserved rebuke of one who had spoken blasphemy."

Nothing more was added. The words seemed to fall like balm on all who heard them. The sobs were hushed, and soon the family retired from the grave leaving their dead with God.

It was now three o'clock and immediate preparations to return were necessary that we might reach the nearest inn before the night was far advanced. As we drove away we were powerfully impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding country, and remarked that there was a peculiar fitness between the strong and original character of the man and the region he had chosen for his final home and long resting place.

North Elba was then, and is still, aside from its great summer hotels, but a plantation in the wilderness; a small hamlet of a hundred souls or so. The little cottage which has become historic and is now a much frequented shrine for hero-worship, stands on an elevated plain, faces the east and overlooks a magnificent prospect of wild grandeur, of rugged mountains and a vast primeval forest, awful in its solitude and silence, just the country for the heroic soul of John Brown and a proper place to be the receptacle of his ashes.

Wendell Phillips once said that Massachusetts will eventually claim John Brown's remains for interment within her own soil. May it never be! Let them stay beside the great boulder, itself a relic of the ancient glacial age, bearing on its longest slope, in letters a foot long, the inscription:

JOHN BROWN

DEC. 2ND, 1859

Here Nature's own hand has built for his lasting monument,

"The great watchtowers of the mountains:
And they lift their heads far into the sky
And gaze ever upward and around
To see if the judge of the world come
not."

When I got back to Burlington I had been gone just two days. The next day was Saturday, the next Sunday.

How vividly I recall that Sunday, my text, my sermon, my subject, Christ's example of lowly service, washing his disciples' feet, the symbol of willingness to serve for love's sake. I remarked the appearance of the congregation, many new faces seldom or never seen there before; many familiar ones conspicuous by their absence; and, in the atmosphere, a certain unmistakable indication that things were different. But nothing visible occurred; only a sort of sea-turn had set in and a chilling mist hung on the air.

The next day I learned what had happened. Six of the wealthiest families of my parish had taken an oath and gone over to a neighboring church; others, not a few, of the class that follow in the train of the rich, were equally disaffected. On all sides the arrows of public rebuke began to fly. On the street I observed that old friends seeing me coming, suddenly remembered that they had forgotten something and turned back, or, crossing over, passed by on the other side. And when the next issue of the Burlington Sentinel appeared—a "proslavery sheet"—it opened its batteries upon me with a full broadside. Even women stepped in to serve at the guns, and their shots were sharper than the men's. My motives, my life-aims, my principles were made the target of insinuation, misrepresentation, ridicule and

abuse. I was called all manner of names. I was an "anarchist," a "traitor to my country." I was an "infidel," a "blasphemer," and a "vile associate of Garrison and Phillips."

In the course of a day or two there appeared on the street a copy of the *New York Illustrated News*, and what merriment there was, with many a gibe and jeer, in shop and store, wherever men met together, over the pictures which the paper contained: the funeral scenes, the family and the participants in the ceremonies of the occasion! Of course, the officiating clergyman was not left out, but was there with the usual exaggeration of caricature. To some of my friends who had up to this time half stood by me, it then seemed, no doubt, as if my face had been put into the rogues' gallery; that I had not only brought odium upon myself, but shame and confusion of face to them; and to the church of which I was pastor, grievous reproach.

It was indeed a melancholy state of affairs, be it confessed, but it was of a piece of a whole disordered condition of the country. The times were stormy; we were on a vexed and tossing sea, and everybody was dizzy.

No one who did not live and move among those eventful times which tried men's souls, certainly no one born since the Civil War, can have any adequate conception of the then existing political and social condition of the country, and of the fierce divisions of the public mind.

Going to the burial of John Brown, I left Burlington a respected and beloved pastor. I returned to find myself in disgrace, an exile in the place of my residence, and little better than a social outcast. Honorable men there were who suggested

that it would be a spectacle not for tears, to see me dangling at the end of a rope from the highest tree on the common, swinging and twisting in the wind.

* * * * *

As I come to the conclusion of my story, I feel almost ashamed of this personal detail in connection with an instance of moral greatness which properly disposes to silence and meditation.

Let me take my leave by reminding the reader that all advances in justice, in morality, in liberty, have been imposed upon, or forced from society by some noble violence. "Sacrifice is the passion of great souls." That crusade at Harper's Ferry was under God's eye. Virginia, "the mother of presidents," where the blow was struck, was a slave-breeding State, and as such had "incorporated licentiousness into a commercial system and prostituted half her women." Brown's enterprise against slavery was not a piece of spite or revenge for the terrible wrongs which he and his sons had suffered in Kansas, but the keeping of a vow made to heaven in his early youth.

When a mere lad, seeing a slave boy about his own age, cruelly ill-treated, John Brown wrote in his diary: "I swear eternal enmity against slavery." Become a man, he is writing letters to his brothers lamenting the sluggish conscience of the church and discussing peaceful methods for the abolishment of the barbarous institution. Then again we see him calling his sons together to pledge them, kneeling in prayer, to give their lives to anti-slavery work.

"Brown with a hunger for righteousness, his soul was kindled with the purest and most passionate love

of liberty, and, under the shaping and controlling severity of this idea, he lived all his life. It pressed all his powers into the spirit and endless pursuit of freedom." This object was the head-waters of his whole career from his youth up, and explains all.

Would we therefore be fair, would we be just, would we judge righteous judgment and measure the moral bulk and stature of this man, we must see with the eye of the spirit that the majesty of his undertaking is not in what he did; that is, in the ill-starred invasion of Virginia; but in the purpose for which he sacrificed his life—in its last analysis, that this great continent might be free!

In the eloquent words of Frederick Douglas; in whose veins mingled the blood of both races,

"it stands out in the annals of history with peculiar originality. In it human and divine sympathy crashed through like a bolt from the sky, and broke down all suggestions of human prudence.

"All down the ages men had been known to die in defence of their own liberty, and for that of their friends, and all the world had applauded such examples. But the example of John Brown is as far as heaven is from earth, above such examples. It is lifted above self, family, friend, race. No chains had bound his ankle. No yoke had galled his neck. It was not for his own freedom, or the freedom of a family, or the freedom of a class that he laid down his life. It was not Caucasian for Caucasian; not white man for white man; not rich man for rich man, but it was Caucasian for Ethiopian, rich man for poor man, white man for black man; the man admired and respected for the man despised and rejected."

O, story of divinest love, of splendid fate! Outside of the New Testament it has no parallel in human history. His was one of those deaths which gave life unto the world, which compress into a single hour the purposes of a century. His name shall never perish out of the memory and the wonder of men.

"He lived, he died to be forever known
And make each age to come his own."

The Worth of Life

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

"If thou tastest a crust of bread,
Thou tastest the stars and the skies."
So Paracelsus said,
Paracelsus the wise.

For the least of beauty that comes
To the convict watching a cloud,
The least of love in those homes
Too poor for cradle or shroud,

Is Beauty transcending dust,
Is Love that rebukes the beast.
Let us say a grace for the crust
That falls from the infinite feast.

The Convention of 1787

And Its Purpose

By HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL

WITHIN the last twenty years, and with increased energy during the last five years, the question of State Rights, as it was presented to the country during General Jackson's administration, has been revived, and opinions have been expressed through printed publications by Henry Cabot Lodge, Gov. D. H. Chamberlain, Prof. Goldwin Smith and Charles Francis Adams in his two papers published recently under the respective titles: "The Constitutional Ethics of Secession," and "War is Hell," and not unlikely by many other persons whose writings have not fallen under my eye.

Mr. Lodge in his *Life of Webster* expressed the opinion that Mr. Webster erred in his argument in his reply to Hayne. That opinion as expressed by Mr. Lodge was not accepted by the mass of the people in the North when the great debate took place, nor has there been any period since 1830 when the public opinion of the North did not fully sustain Mr. Webster in that debate. For the time being the controversy was suspended, and by many it was thought that it had ended by the establishment of the doctrine that the nation was supreme and that the asserted right of a state to secede upon its own motion had been abandoned. It was true, however, that in the South the doctrine of the right of a state to secede was taught in all the schools, in all the families, and in all the communities,

whether the view of Mr. Calhoun or the more moderate opinion of such men as Alexander H. Stephens was accepted as the controlling force of society. In the debate that has risen during the last twenty years, suggestions have been made or opinions have been expressed, within the limits of the extreme views of the North and the South, which may be summarized thus, viz.: that the convention of 1787 did not as a body entertain any view as to the legal character of the instrument which they had created and submitted to the country, or that, having an opinion, they thought it wise to conceal it. Passing from the convention to the instrument itself, there have been advocates of several views of which I mention the following: (1) that there was a reservation of State Rights which justified the South in its ordinances of secession of 1860 and 1861; (2) that the government created and organized was a consolidated union and that each of the states that had assented thereto was bound to continue in it without regard to its own opinion as to the policy which the government as a whole might enter upon and enforce; (3) that from the instrument itself it was impossible to deduce a legal conclusion, and that those who believed it to be a consolidated union, and those who believe it to be a compact from which a state might retire at its pleasures, were

equally in the right. As a final expression of the latter opinion, I quote from Mr. Charles Francis Adams' work entitled "Constitutional Ethics of Secession," at page 16, where he makes the following statement:

"Mr. Lodge and Professor Smith may be wrong, but whether they were wrong or right does not affect the proposition that from 1788 to 1861 in case of direct and an insoluble issue between sovereign states and sovereign nations every man was not only free to decide, but had to decide the question of ultimate allegiance for himself, and whichever way he decided he was right. The Constitution gave him two masters, both he could not serve, and the average man decided which to serve in the light of sentiment, tradition and environment. Of this I feel as historically confident as I can feel of any fact not matter of absolute record or susceptible of demonstration."

In the June number of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* may be found an article of very moderate length, in which I have expressed an opinion, with something of authority and something of argument added thereto, which involves a denial of the historical and legal truthfulness of each and all the propositions to which I have referred. The view presented in that article had been forecast by me in a work that I published in 1896 entitled "The Constitution of the United States at the End of the First Century" (page 167).

It is the object of this paper to set forth at greater length and with a fresh array of authorities the view expressed in my work on the Constitution and restated in the article published in June last in the *New England Magazine*. The views expressed in this paper should cluster around and give support to some one or all of three propositions, viz.:

1. That the members of the con-

vention of 1787 were of opinion when they assembled that a government could be framed upon the basis of a compact such as existed in the Articles of Confederation of 1778.

2. That the members of the convention remained of that opinion or at least indulged the hope that a stable or efficient government might be created on the foundations laid by the confederacy until as late as the thirtieth day of May, 1787, when certain declarations were made as appears by the Madison papers (*Mobile Edition*, 2, pa. 747) which indicate a departure from the theories which had guided the convention previous to that date.

3. That on the 6th day of August the committee on detail by the hand of Mr. Rutledge made a report in which the preamble to the Constitution was so changed as to establish the fact that the states as sovereignties had disappeared as elements of the national government. Previous to that date, every proposition for the government, especially the propositions submitted by Mr. Randolph and Mr. Pinckney, enumerated in the preamble the thirteen states as the elemental and independent forces in the government to be established under the Constitution as then proposed. The Confederacy of 1778 contained declarations which indicated very distinctly that the states were sovereignties, although members of the Confederacy.

The peculiarities by which the Confederacy of 1778 and the Constitution of 1787 may be distinguished are these:

First, in the Articles of Confederation states are enumerated as the elements of power.

Article 2 of the Confederacy is in these words:

"Each state retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence and every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled."

Article 3 is in these words:

"The said states hereby severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other for their common defense, the security of their liberties and their mutual and general welfare, binding themselves to assist each other against all forces offered to or attacks made upon them or any of them on account of religion, sovereignty, trade or any other pretense whatever."

Each state was bound to maintain its own delegates in the meeting of the states and whenever they might act as members of committees of the states; each state was to have one vote; states were prevented from making treaties with each other; they could not send ambassadors to foreign states or countries without the consent of the United States; nor could a state engage in war without the consent of the United States in Congress assembled. None of these declarations, or declarations corresponding in character, are to be found in the Constitution of the United States. A state, as a state, has no authority under the Constitution to do any act which can in any form relate to or affect the public welfare of the country or even of the state itself in its relation to foreign countries. The change in the preamble and the omission by the convention of 1787 to preserve in the Constitution any of the distinguishing features of the Confederacy, by which the states might exercise authority in affairs affecting the fortunes of the entire body confederated, should upon grounds of reason be accepted as conclusive

evidence that the Convention of 1787 in its final action had abandoned the idea that a government resting upon the principles asserted in the Confederacy could be an efficient government for all the purposes of peace and war. But the Convention did not leave the matter in doubt. The Constitution when submitted to the people contained as an appendix a letter in which the views of the Convention are set forth, and to which the same assent was given by the signature of members as was given to the text of the Constitution itself. That letter is of such importance, and its existence has been so neglected by writers and commentators on the Constitution of the United States, that I think its insertion is fully justified at the present time, when the moral aspect of the contest of 1861 is under consideration in this country, and concerning which the attention of leading minds in other countries appears to be directed. The Letter is printed in the Madison papers, Volume 3, Mobile Edition of 1842, page 1560, and is as follows:

"We have now the honor to submit to the consideration of the United States, in Congress assembled, that Constitution which has appeared to us the most advisable.

"The friends of our country have long seen and desired that the power of making war, peace and treaties; that of levying money, and regulating commerce, and the correspondent executive and judicial authorities, should be fully and effectually vested in the general government of the Union. But the impropriety of delegating such extensive trust to one body of men is evident. Thence results the necessity of a different organization. It is obviously impracticable, in the federal government of these States, to secure all rights of independent sovereignty to each, and yet provide for the interest and safety of all. Individuals entering into society must give up a share of liberty, to preserve the rest.

The magnitude of the sacrifice must depend as well on situation and circumstances, as on the object to be obtained. It is at all times difficult to draw with precision the line between those rights which must be surrendered, and those which may be reserved. And on the present occasion this difficulty was increased by a difference among the several States, as to their situation, extent, habits, and particular interests.

"In all our deliberation on this subject, we kept steadily in our view that which appeared to us the greatest interest of every true American, the consolidation of our union, in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, perhaps our national existence. This important consideration, seriously and deeply impressed on our minds, led each State in the Convention to be less rigid in points of inferior magnitude, than might have been otherwise expected. And thus the Constitution, which we now present, is the result of a spirit of amity, and of that mutual deference and concession, which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable.

"That it will meet the full and entire approbation of every State is not, perhaps, to be expected. But each will doubtless consider, that had her interest alone been consulted, the consequences might have been particularly disagreeable and injurious to others. That it is liable to as few exceptions as could reasonably have been expected, we hope and believe; that it may promote the lasting welfare of that country so dear to us all; and secure her freedom and happiness, is our most ardent wish."

Of this letter as a whole it may be said that it is devoted largely to two aspects of the situation; first, that the powers necessary to a general government are very important powers, and that the exercise of such powers cannot be vested in one body of men. Thus the plan of legislation necessarily incident to a compact between states was repudiated and disavowed as dangerous with reference to war, peace and treaties, levying money or regulating commerce. These views are set forth as conclusive views which compelled the Convention to establish a government containing two

branches,—a Senate and a House of Representatives. This arrangement of necessity annulled the sovereignty of states in regard to the great powers of government, powers essential to a government adequate to all the exigencies of peace and war.

(2) Upon this declaration the Convention sets forth the duty of making sacrifices and the magnitude of such sacrifices is made to depend on situation and circumstances. They admit the difficulty of drawing a precise line between those rights which must be surrendered and those which may be reserved. Their important declaration is in these words:

"In all our deliberation on this subject, we kept steadily in our view that which appeared to us the greatest interest of every true American, the *consolidation of our union, in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, perhaps our national existence.*"

It cannot be said of the letter that there was any attempt on the part of the Convention to conceal from the people the truth in regard to the character of the government which they were setting up. They declared it was a consolidated government. They had omitted from the Constitution all the distinguishing features of the Confederacy. They declared that the Confederacy had failed in substance and that a confederated government was inadequate for the exigencies of peace and war. It follows from all this that from a legal point of view the people and states that ratified the Constitution ratified it upon the understanding that the Confederacy had disappeared and that a consolidated government was then to be established.

The people and states of the Union thus became morally and legally bound to the Constitution upon the declaration which had been set forth in the letter of the Convention, if the Constitution itself was consistent with the declarations which the letter contained. The Constitution upon the single point whether it was a compact or a union or in other words a consolidated government was not left open to dispute or controversy. It was settled by the people themselves, who having before them the letter of the Convention in which the opinion and purpose of the Convention were distinctly set forth, did by their ratification of that document, ratify it upon the theory set forth in the letter as to the nature and character of the Constitution which the Convention had submitted to the people of the country. Thus every citizen of the country became legally and morally bound to support the Constitution upon the doctrine set forth in the letter, and especially as the Constitution appears to be consistent with the doctrines set forth in the letter. Therefore, the question whether the Constitution is a compact or a consolidated government is not now, and subsequent to the ratification of the Constitution never was, open for debate as to whether it was a compact or a consolidated government. It had been ratified as a consolidated government and every citizen was bound by that ratification. It follows that any attempt to treat the Constitution as a compact was a violation of the constitutional obligations to support the government of the country, which obligations then rested and must continue to rest upon every citizen.

The conduct of the South—which

for the purpose of this paper is to be tested in the case of General Lee—is to be considered in two aspects. The inhabitants generally, and the leaders perhaps, were ignorant of the existence of the letter of the Convention or they may have treated its statements as of no value, or they may have misinterpreted them; and if so, they are entitled to whatever justification may be found in the presence and combined action of ignorance and honesty. They may not have considered the subject in all its relations, and they may have been honest in their view that the government was only a compact,—a production in some form of the Confederacy of 1778, but the right remains and the duty of citizenship continues, whatever theories may be maintained or acted upon and an error as to the nature and extent of one's rights does not justify his conduct when the legal aspect of his doings is under consideration.

By the terms of the Constitution, and by the letter of the Convention in harmony with those terms, the whole country was bound, and if by those provisions in the presence of the letter the government created was a consolidated government, those that contended that it was a compact, merely, were in error, and being in error, they are responsible for their misdoings. Hence, when the states of the south passed ordinances of secession and took up arms against the government of the United States, they were attempting to repudiate an agreement by which they were bound, which included the character of the Union or Government established in 1787 and which, by the terms of the agreement, could be dissolved only by force exercised against constitu-

tional authority vested in the Government of the United States, and derived originally from the assent of the states and people that ratified the Constitution of 1787. The construction was justified by the continued observance of the Constitution according to the terms recognized in it and set forth in the letter of the Convention.

It follows that the distinction between the Northern view as represented by Mr. Lincoln, and the Southern view as represented by Jefferson Davis and General Lee, is in this: that Mr. Lincoln was maintaining what was constitutionally right according to the agreement as set forth in the history of the Convention of 1787, and that Jefferson Davis and General Lee were in the wrong in their attempt to violate an agreement which had received the assent of all the States and people of the country and which recognized in the general government the right of self-existence and of continued self-existence independent of the opinion of any State as to whether the acts of the National Government were wise or unwise. The parties may have been equally honest minded, of that we can not form an opinion. That one party was clearly in the wrong, and that the other party was clearly in the right constitutes a distinction in law and in ethics which separates the parties as widely as justice and injustice are ever separated.

If these propositions can be accepted, then it follows that the doers of wrong, whether honest or otherwise, are not to be canonized nor are monuments to be raised to their memory.

General Lee was bound, as every other citizen of the country was bound, to support the Constitution

as a Union, and especially and personally he was bound by his oath to support the Constitution of the United States and the Government of the United States as it should be administered. I may assume, as I do assume, that General Lee was honest and misguided. I assume that he was honest in the course that he adopted, but I assert also that he was misguided and that he lent his capacity as a soldier and his influence as a man to the support of a policy which was in violation of his duty as a citizen, and especially in violation of the duty he had assumed when he accepted a commission in the Army of the United States. The honors that his name and memory may receive should depend upon the disposition of his friends to preserve his name and memory for the contemplation of future generations, but upon the record I venture the expression of the opinion that he is not entitled to the gratitude of the country. General Lee was examined by the Committee on Reconstruction of which I was a member, and his testimony may be found in the report of the committee part 2, page 133. From an examination of great length I extract questions and answers which throw light on his course in 1861. These questions refer to the body of secessionists:—

Q. And that the ordinance of secession so-called, or those acts of the States which recognize the condition of war between the States and the General Government, stood as the justification for their bearing arms against the Government of the United States?

A. Yes, sir; I think they considered the acts of the States as legitimate, that they were thereby

using the reserved right which they had a right to do.

Q. State, if you please, (and if you are disinclined to answer the question you need not do so) what your own personal views on that question were.

A. It was my view that the act of Virginia in withdrawing herself from the United States carried me along as a citizen of Virginia and that her laws and acts were binding on me.

Q. And that you felt to be your justification in taking the course you did?

A. Yes, sir.

On two occasions in the year 1866 I was present as a member of the Committee on Reconstruction, when General Lee was under examination. The impression that I received of him justifies every favorable view that has been taken of his character and purpose in life.

The preparation of this paper has been delayed that I might obtain authentic information either in corroboration or refutation of a statement made by Mr. Blaine in the first volume of his work, "Twenty Years in Congress." On page 302 he makes this statement:

"It ought not to escape notice that General Robert E. Lee is not entitled to the defense so often made for him that in joining the dis-union movement he fol-

lowed the vote of his state. General Lee resigned his commission in the Union Army and assumed command of Confederate troops long before Virginia had voted upon the ordinance of secession."

Virginia passed the ordinance of secession the 17th day of April, 1861. In reply to my inquiry I have received the following letter from the War Department dated July 20, 1903:

SIR:—

"In reply to your further inquiry in letter to the Secretary of War of the 13th inst., I have the honor to inform you that General Robert E. Lee tendered his resignation at Arlington near Washington April 20, 1861, that it was forwarded on the same date to Gen. Scott's headquarters by the Adjutant General of the Army, and by him submitted to the Secretary of War April 24, and accepted by Secretary Simon Cameron April 25, 1861."

This letter shows conclusively that Mr. Blaine was in error in his statement and relieves General Lee from the charge that might have been made that his testimony before the Committee on Reconstruction was either inaccurate through error or intentionally false.

As an explanation it may be said that the letter of the Convention was not known until many years after the death of Mr. Madison and when the Haynes controversy was neglected or forgotten.



Poetry of Frederic Lawrence Knowles

AMONG the output of books for the year 1900, there appeared a little volume of verse entitled "On Life's Stairway," in which discerning critics recognized at once the work of a new poet—a poet of fresh and original fancy, of insight and imagination. The author was Frederic Lawrence Knowles, whose second volume of poems, "Love Triumphant," will appear in the fall of this year. It is certain that in his new volume, Mr. Knowles has made a very definite advance in the mastery of his art, and its publication will undoubtedly add to his growing reputation as a poet.

The *New England Magazine* takes pleasure in presenting its readers with some hitherto unprinted specimens of Mr. Knowles' verse which are to be included in the book, "Love Triumphant." But first, it may be interesting to learn something in regard to the poet himself.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts,

September 8, 1869. His father was an ex-army officer, educator, and clergyman. Among relatives on both sides of the family, he can count about fifty preachers and teachers. His ancestry is English and Scotch. He was educated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and at Harvard, graduating from the latter in the class of 1896. He has edited numerous anthologies, beginning with "Cap and Gown, A Book of College Verse," Second Series, 1897; the latest is "A Treasury of Humorous Poetry," 1902. He has also compiled "The Famous Children of Literature" Series, and written "Practical Hints for Young Writers."

Mr. Knowles is a member of the Boston and New York Authors' Clubs, and is a Bostonian by residence. He says that he has been much influenced by Whitman, Browning, Tolstoi, and Emerson, but his own poetry shows an originality and individuality not to be mistaken.

The Steps

Seize your staff! beyond this height
We shall find the Infinite Light!
Gird your thigh! this sword shall hew
Paths that reach the untroubled blue!
Though dark mountains form the stair,
It is ours to climb and dare!
Law, truth, love—the peaks are three:
Sinai, Olives, Calvary!

God's Heart

Come down with me to the moon-led sea,
Where the long wave ebbs and fills,—
Are these the tides that follow
As the lunar impulse wills?

Nay, rather this is the heart of God,
Naked under the sky,
And we hear its pulse with wonder—
The shore, and the clouds, and I!

Unearthly, awful, uncompelled,
Eternity framed in clay,
The urge of exhaustless passions,
Rocking beneath the gray!

Its life is the blood of the universe
Through cosmic arteries hurled,
With the throb of its giant pulses
God feeds the veins of the world!

And the lands are wrinkled and gray with time
And scored with a thousand scars,
But the sea is the soul of the Infinite,
Swinging beneath the stars!

To a Discoverer

Long was my spirit like some lonely reef
In gray, unvisited oceans, where the Sea,
Relentless, drove its salt waves over me,
A cold, monotonous surf of unbelief;
But ere I hardened into hopeless grief,
Thou camest, bringing love, faith, sympathy;
I found myself and God in finding thee,
And my long dream of doubt looked void and brief.
Then was my soul, with her new glory dazed,
Like that green island among tropic seas
When the strange sail approached the wondering shore,
And startled eyes beheld the Cross upraised,
While the great Spaniard sank upon his knees,
And the Te Deum shook San Salvador!

To Mother Nature

Nature, in thy largess, grant
I may be thy confidant!
Taste who will life's roadside cheer
(Tho' my heart doth hold it dear—
Song and wine and trees and grass,
All the joys that flash and pass),
I must put within my prayer
Gifts more intimate and rare.
Show me how dry branches throw
Such blue shadows on the snow,—
Tell me how the wind can fare
On his unseen feet of air,—
Show me how the spider's loom
Weaves the fabric from her womb,—
Lead me to those brooks of morn
Where a woman's laugh is born,—
Let me taste the sap that flows
Through the blushes of a rose,
Yea, and drain the blood which runs
From the heart of dying suns,—
Teach me how the butterfly
Guessed at immortality,—
Let me follow up the track
Of Love's deathless Zodiac
Where Joy climbs among the spheres
Circled by her moon of tears,—
Tell me how, when I forget
All the schools have taught me, yet
I recall each trivial thing
In a golden, far-off Spring,—
Give me whispered hints how I
May instruct my heart to fly
Where the baffling Vision gleams
Till I overtake my dreams,
And the impossible be done
When the Wish and Deed grow one!

A Challenge

Defeat and I are strangers; though the scourge
Of wild injustice, knotted with all wrongs,
Writhe round my spirit, if I cannot smile,
Then write me craven, say, "He met the test
Sent to all souls, only to faint and fall,
His courage grovels, let us call him slave!"
O rather, when the mad Hands through the dark,
Unseen and self-provoked, shall lash my will,
Let me the stauncher bare me to the blow,
Rise, hide my hurt, suppress the groan, fold arms,
Erect and scornful, though my back may bleed,
Though flesh, nerve, sensibilities, cry out!
Not otherwise Zenobia must have felt,
Fettered with golden fetters, when she walked,
Behind Aurelian's chariot, still a queen!
Not otherwise Napoleon, when he trod
That abject island, where the very guards
Felt him the master, though they bore the guns
And he was weaponless, the man whose eye
Could daunt Disaster and command the world.
Thus would I live and thus would die; I come
God knows! of a long lineage of kings:—
Burke, Cromwell, Luther, Paul, and Socrates,
Emerson, Milton, Cranmer, Charlemagne,
Columbus, Tolstoi, Lincoln, Augustine—
The monarchs of the spirit in all times,
Exalted thrones defiant of decay.
Then hurl all thunderbolts upon my brow,
Dash me, O life, with waves of salt and blood,
Empty thy quiver, Sorrow, in my breast,
Ye cannot, O ye Powers, compel my soul,
For, rob me as ye will, three things are left
Which make your fury impotent and vain:
That pride in self that lifts me from the worm,
These sympathies that join me to my kind,
This Higher Hope that hands me on to God,
And armors me in immortality!

The Thief

With all his purple spoils upon him
 Creeps back the plunderer Sea,
Deep in his rayless caves he plunges,
 Fed full with robbery;

His caverns filled with dead men's treasure,
 With coins and bones and pearl;
For curtains and for golden carpet,
 The hair of some drowned girl!

O bandit with the white-plumed horsemen,
 Raiding a thousand shores,
Thy coffers crammed with spars and anchors,
 And wave-defeated oars!

I hear again thine ancient laughter,
 Thy mirthful, mad unrest,
Yet catch the notes of shame and torture
 Within thy bravest jest.

For lo! there is a Hand that holds thee
 And curbs thy proudest wave,
Thy boundaries have been set forever—
 Thou art thyself a slave!

The lash is given to wild task-masters!
 Thy lips may foam with wrath,
Still moons shall call and thou must follow,
 Still winds shall scourge thy path!

O impotent thief! I scorn thy pillage,
 Marauder of pale coasts!
The brigands whom I dread are fiercer
 Than thou and all thy hosts!

For Death hath stolen friend and comrade,
 Love robbed the heart of rest,
Sin snared a soul, while thou wast hoarding
 Some sailor's treasure chest.

O braggart, laughing o'er thy booty,
 Boast on till days are done,
And the frail star where thou disportest
 Hath dropped into the sun!

Love Immortal

Churches, nay, I count you vain,—
 Lifting high a gloomy spire,
 Like some frozen form of pain
 Aching up to meet desire;
 Standing from God's poor apart—
 Granite walls and granite heart!

Sects, ye have your day, and die,
 Eddies in the stream of truth,—
 The great current, sweeping by,
 Leaves you swirled in shapes uncouth,
 Born to writhe, and glint, and woo—
 Broken mirrors of the Blue.

Creeds!—O captured heavenly bird,
 Fluttering heart and folded wing!
 Shall ye see those pinions stirred?
 Can your caged Creation sing?
 Will ye herald as your prize
 What was bred to soar the skies?

Rites and pomp, what part have ye
 In the service of the heart?
 Rituals are but mummery,
 Faith's white flame is snuffed by art;
 Candles be but wick and wax,
 Alms have grown the temple-tax.

Yet the East is red with dawn,
 Like a cross where One hath bled!
 And upon that splendor drawn—
 Gentle eyes and arms outspread—
 See that figure stretched above!—
 As God lives! its name is Love!

Love that lights the fireless brands,
 Love that cares for world and wren,
 Bleeding from the broken hands—
 Crowned with thorns that conquer men;
 Only Love's great eyes inspire
 Church, sect, creed to glow with fire.

Then our lips shall have no sneer
 For the spire, the mosque, the ark,
 Broken symbols shall be dear
 If they point us through the dark;
 Laws and scripture served our youth,
 Who have grown the sons of truth!



PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM PAXTON

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New England Artists at the St. Louis Exposition

By JEAN N. OLIVER

IN spite of the conspicuous absence of many of Massachusetts' best known artists from the state section of the Art Exhibition of the St. Louis Fair, the men whose work is represented are, on the whole, fairly typical of the best painters of New England. As a matter of fact, one who knows the geographical distribution of those whose work has been thus honored, is struck by the extremely narrow limits within which the artists represented are confined. Nearly all of them come from Massachusetts and the larger part of these reside in the city of Boston. The reason is a simple one. The practice of art, like that of other industries, is subject to the laws of concentration, and, after New York, Boston is unquestionably the art-center of this country.

The preliminary exhibition held in Boston during February of the artistic output intended for the St. Louis Exposition was sufficiently interesting and comprehensive to satisfy one that New England's repre-

sentation does not lack dignity and worth. The Massachusetts section is not as large as the New York display, but it will be worth while remembering that a very large number of New York's most prominent artists are, in reality, Boston men; having here received their instruction and the achievement of their first successes, later to be lured away by the greater opportunities and rewards of the metropolis. To be precise in instances, may be mentioned Childe Hassan, Winslow Homer, Abbott Thayer and Theodora Thayer, Robert Reid, and H. O. Walker.

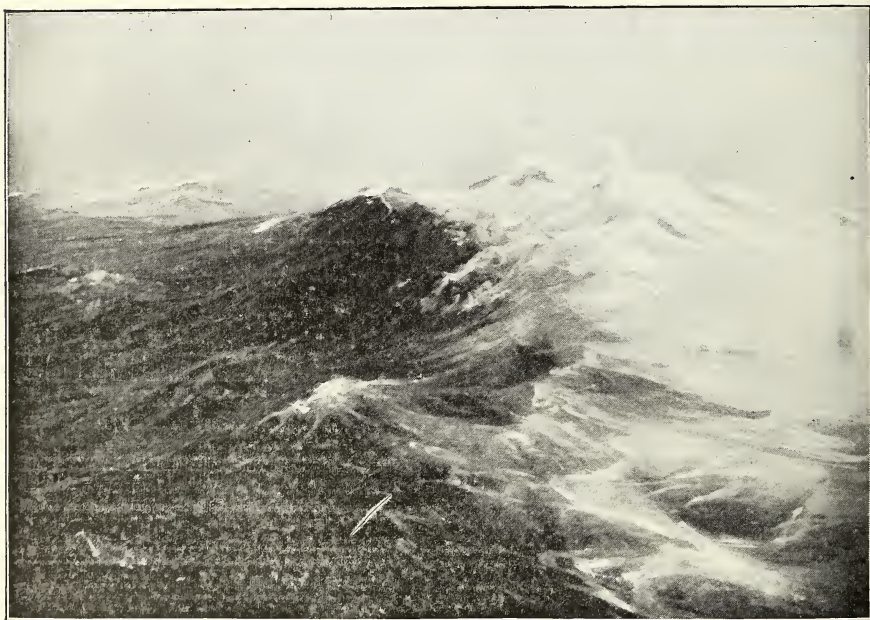
It is not because Massachusetts is the home of the Woman's Rights movement that one of the most notable features of the collection is the heroic statue, "The Volunteer," by Mrs. Theo. Ruggles Kitson. It holds its prominence by right of masterly excellence, and in the exhibition may be taken as symbolical, not only of the idea for which it was definitely intended, but as express-

ing also the volunteer spirit which has made Massachusetts the pioneer in all advance movements.

Mrs. Kitson is a young woman who, at the age of seventeen, with her hair in two long braids and wearing a short dress, received from the astonished officers of the Paris Salon a medal for her beautiful child figure, "The Young Orpheus," her first exhibited work of sculpture.

a long one and her distinction is even yet only in its youth.

Perhaps the most striking and mind-haunting of all the paintings which represent the art of New England at St. Louis is Charles Herbert Woodbury's big sea picture called "The North Atlantic." It seems trivial to designate this simply as a "marine" for the impression of its beauty and strength is overwhelm-



THE NORTH ATLANTIC,
BY CHARLES H. WOODBURY

Every subsequent year has won for her new successes. She studied drawing for some time in Paris, and then coming under the direction of Henry Hudson Kitson, her abilities were rapidly developed and she made a name for herself while still in her teens. Beside this "Volunteer" she has recently completed a statue for Vicksburg. The list of her achievements in sculpture is

ing, lifting it above the thousands of sea pictures that deserve no more than a collective. It is the elemental, unconquerable soul of the ocean which the artist has portrayed in a moment of sternest power.

If Mr. Woodbury possessed the kind of mind that would have contented itself with the interpretation of the sea in its passive moods, as so ably expressed in Whistler's Noc-

turnes, it is not an overword to say that that great yet jealous master would probably have found in Woodbury's work much to praise with his condemnation. But the latter attempts and surmounts the wave as Whistler did the ripple, with as much subtlety and artistic finesse, and, with the added value of a virile expression all his own.

In the last few years Mr. Woodbury has worked almost entirely upon the problem of the strength of

tion as an artist in lead pencil and in the early part of his career originated a method of drawing in that difficult medium that is still used in public and studio drawing classes. He is a native of Massachusetts, having been born in Lynn in 1865. He comes of a well-known old family but is the first of his name to distinguish himself in art.

Mr. Woodbury's wife, Marcia Oakes Woodbury, is equally celebrated in her own field of subjects.

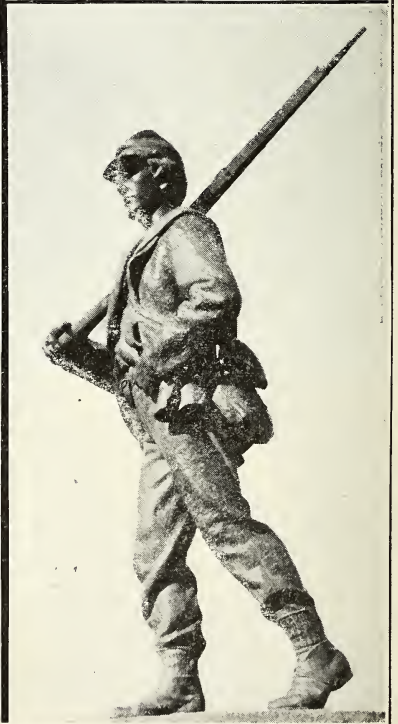
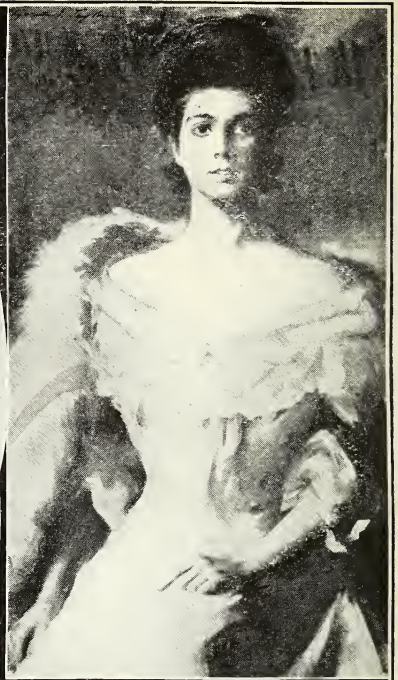
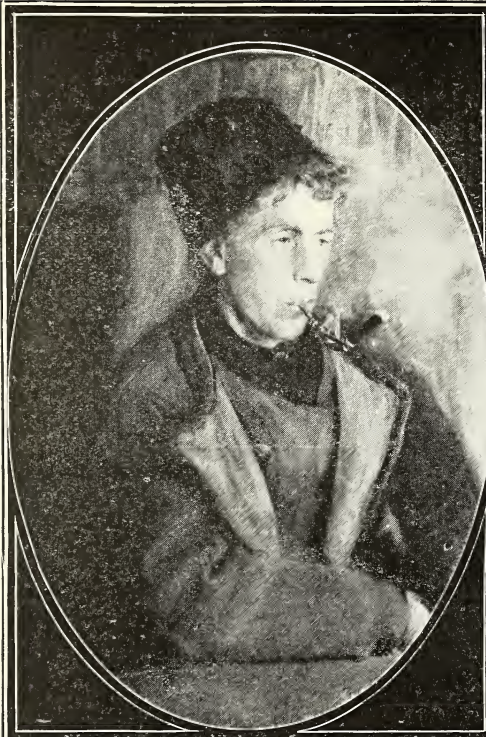


BALLAST HAULERS,
BY WALTER L. DEAN

waters and since the exhibition ten years ago of his first sea picture, his progress in the understanding and expression of the irresistible forces of the deep has been accretive and profound. One of his large canvasses, "Rock and Sea," received a medal at the Paris Exposition and also at Buffalo. The Berkshire Athenaeum now owns "Mid Ocean," and another of his masterly paintings is in the Carnegie collection.

Mr. Woodbury has also won dis-

A few drawings of children exhibited in the Boston Art Club exhibition of 1888 marked her entrance into the world of art, and later, after a year or two spent in Holland, she showed a collection of studies of Dutch children that immediately established her as a painter with a rare understanding of the character and moods of children; always difficult subjects to present with truth and vivacity. Except for some early instruction in drawing from



THE SMOKER, BY MARCIA OAKES WOODBURY PORTRAIT BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR WATSON
 PORTRAIT BY LEE LUFKIN KAULA STATUE, THE VOLUNTEER,
 BY THEO RUGGLES KITSON

Tomaso Juglaris, Mrs. Woodbury has worked out her own artistic destiny, a noble one under any circumstances. As she has said about herself, she has learned what she knows by her failures.

Mrs. Woodbury has received many honors, among them a prize from the Boston Art Club, honorable mention from the Nashville Exposition, a medal from the Mechanic's Association of Boston, and one also from the International Exposition at Atlanta.

A justly celebrated painting, entitled "The Smoker," holds a definite place for her in the present Exposition at St. Louis.

In contrast to Mr. Woodbury's conception of the sea, yet equal in truth and understanding of both medium and subject, is that of Mr. Walter Dean, whose shore-picture "Ballast Haulers," is filled with human as well as marine interest and tells its own story well, a merit too often ignored by present-day artists. The rough heavy shore in the foreground, the elusive sea beyond, the heavy cart and patient horses, and the figures of toilers of the sea, make a composition dramatic and faithful to life. Another of Mr. Dean's paintings is of the deep sea fisheries, entitled "Halibut Fishing." Mr. Dean paints boats and the sea as if he knew them by heart, which indeed he does, for since childhood he has spent at least a third of the time on the water. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman and at one time was a winner in many regattas with his yacht "Clithro." It has been his custom in the fall of the year to start off with the herring fleets to the fishing banks, studying effects of light and movement and masses, both by day and night.

Mr. Dean's first master was Ar-

chille Oudinot, of Boston, but later he went to Europe where he studied for three years under Jules Lefevre and Boulanger. Part of this time was spent rambling about the coasts of France, Holland, Italy and England. In 1892 one of the best-known paintings in the country was "Peace," a painting of the Squadron of Evolution, the first of the modern navy. He has since exhibited in all the large exhibitions in the country, and his pictures are to be seen in many galleries, among them the Ayer Library, the Fitchburg Art and Library Building, and the Boston Art Club. He was born in Lowell, but with the exception of the years spent abroad, has always lived in Boston.

A most "live" portrait is the one of Miss Christine Woollett, by Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Watson. It is painted with the fresh enthusiasm of a young painter and the technical dexterity of an old one. Mrs. Watson is a product of the Boston Art Museum and in her art pays an original tribute to Mr. Tarbell's work. She was born in New York but came to Boston as a child and was one of the youngest pupils of the Museum school. During recent years she has exhibited in all important shows throughout the country. Among her notable portraits are those of Dr. McColister, Miss Elizabeth Lawrence and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Edwards.

Among Boston's young painters whose pictures are immediately notable in the present exhibition are Herman D. Murphy, William M. Paxton, George H. Hallowell, Arthur Hazard and Louis Kronberg. Mr. Murphy has contributed four interesting subjects, a portrait of Rev. James Reed being especially



A FLOWER
BY ARTHUR HAZARD

distinguished by great subtlety of handling and dignity of pose.

Mr. Paxton shows a portrait executed in his best manner and Mr. Hallowell two paintings; strong and unusual portrayals of life among the lumbermen of the Maine woods. In arrangement and color they portend for him a future of great possibilities.

Mr. Hazard, although a young man, has accomplished a surprising amount of work, and has already made a name for himself. He was born in North Bridgewater thirty years ago and at an early age adopted art as a profession. He studied for several years in the Boston Museum School and the Cowles' Art School; at the latter place under the influence and instruction of that master-draughtsman, Joseph DeCamp. In Paris, later, he was a pupil of Rene Prinet and G. Courtois. Since his return from abroad he has painted portraits of high excellence of Dr. R. R. Shippen, of Washington, Rabbi Fleischer, the daughter of the late Frank Robinson, and the beautiful Mrs. Edward Mower, of Chicago. Mr. Hazard has traveled over his own country with a thoroughness that few Americans can boast, and has also spent two winters in Jamaica, where he made interesting studies of native life in the tropics. He contemplates shortly seeking, as so many others have done before him, the larger successes of New York.

Mr. Kronberg, a native of Boston, has devoted his abilities to one special branch of painting and is perhaps to America what Degas is to France, a painter of ballet girls and pictures of the stage. He was a pupil of the Museum School, later, in New York, of William M. Chase, and as the winner of the Longfellow

Traveling Scholarship, a student for three years in European schools. Returning to Boston in 1898 Mr. Kronberg painted in quick succession portraits of many noted musicians and actors, among them Gabrilowitch, Coquelin, Richard Mansfield, and Benjamin Woolfe. He has exhibited several times in the Paris Salon and in the exhibitions of this country. The painting at St. Louis is in subject somewhat out of the artist's usual choice—a Salon picture, Egyptian in theme, and undoubtedly the finest composition that he has yet produced. The painting is of an Egyptian priestess, sitting between the giant paws of a Sphinx, holding in her uplifted hand a lotus blossom. It is full of the sombre mystery of the dead faiths of ancient Egypt.

Sarah C. Sears (Mrs. Montgomery Sears) is represented by two portraits in pastel and three water colors, distinguished by broad sure qualities of color and drawing. Mrs. Sears was born in Cambridge and was a student of the Museum School. Another field of endeavor in which she excels is that of decorative metal work.

A large and important canvas by Henry H. Gallison called "The Grey Mist" is sent by the Detroit Art Museum. This painting is typical of Mr. Gallison's style, which is truly American. He paints a rocky pasture, or an open meadow, or a sloping hillside as few landscapists can. Mr. Gallison has exhibited much abroad, and his pictures have always received marked appreciation in London, Paris and Munich. Recently the Italian government purchased a painting by him, exhibited in the Turin Exhibition, for the Government Museum. In all the important exhibitions in this coun-



PORTRAIT BY SARAH C. SEARS

try, also, Mr. Gallison has shown his work and has received many awards.

Mr. Gallison is a native of Boston, where he has had a studio for many years; first in the old Studio Building, and later in the Copley Hall. He was born in 1850, and after studying for some years in this country, went to Paris for a long stay. Mr. Gallison spends at least half the year in the country, and has a summer studio at Annisquam, Massachusetts, where he finds much of the material for his pictures.

Two portraits by Lee Lufkin Kaula are painted with a sympathetic understanding of character and a most clever handling of the material. One is of an earnest looking girl in a white dress, which received marked appreciation at the Paris Salon, at the Pan American and Atlanta expositions. Mrs. Kaula first studied in the Metropolitan Museum School, later with Charles Dewey, and in Paris with Colin and MacMonnies in the Academy Vitti. She now resides in Boston.

Two sculptors of Boston, Cyrus E. Dallin and Bela L. Pratt, show work of a high order; the former by two character studies, a reduction of "Medicine Man," and "Don Quixote," and the latter by three figures in marble from his "Fountain of Youth," exquisite figures classically conceived and beautifully executed.

Few miniatures are to be seen in this collection, but the eight shown are most interesting. Miss Laura Hills' stand preëminent for their characterization and decorative qualities. Perhaps no American miniaturist has so well succeeded in depicting upon a few inches of space such wonderful color relations, such individuality of portraiture, as has

Miss Hills. Microcosmic in expression, Miss Hills' art is cosmic in its feeling. All of a great picture glows within the limits of the little ovals that enclose her jewel-like paintings.

She comes from the quaint old town of Newburyport. In drawing she was a pupil at the Art Students' League, in New York, and the Cowles' Art School, in Boston, but in her miniature work she has not had, nor has she needed, any better master than herself. Her exquisite work is known in Europe as well as widely known in this country.

Miss Ethel Blanchard and Miss Sally Cross also show good work in this line. Miss Sally Cross has two miniatures of unusual excellence. She paints in an original way, with good sense of color, and an understanding of values. The little boy with a violin is especially interesting. Miss Cross is a New England girl, having spent the greater part of her life in Boston. She studied at the famous Cowles' Art School, and came there under the influence of Joseph DeCamp, and other well-known painters. She has exhibited at the Boston Art Club, Copley Society, New York Society of Miniature Painters, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and in all the important exhibitions.

Miss Ethel Blanchard is another Boston miniature painter, formerly a student in the Museum of Fine Arts. She has lived all her life in Boston or vicinity where, with the exception of two years in Chicago, she always has had her studio. She has painted a number of children and seems to have remarkable understanding of their moods and feelings. She is a member of the Copley Society, the Society of Miniature Painters, and has exhibited in all



PERSIS BLAIR
FROM THE MINIATURE BY LAURA HILLS

the well-known exhibitions of the United States.*

The remarkable painting of "Death and the Captive," which Miss Mary L. Macomber sends to

St. Louis, will be remembered from its first appearance in the Copley Society Exhibition a few years ago. It is not easily forgotten, for it appeals strongly to the imagination, as

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Miss Jean N. Oliver, the writer of this article, and an artist and miniature painter of reputation, is also represented by a miniature at the St. Louis Exposition which she has reluctantly allowed us to reproduce in this connection. Miss Oliver was formerly a student at the Museum of Fine Arts. She has exhibited in the Copley Society, the Boston Art Club, etc. She was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, but has had a studio in Boston for the last five years.

all her work does, having something to say apart from their technical excellencies. Miss Macomber's career has been one of the hardest kind of work and well merited success. She studied for a number of years at the Museum of Fine Arts, under the direction of Mr. Benson and Mr. Tarbell. Her first publicly exhibited picture was in 1889, in the National Academy and since that date she has been a constant exhibitor in all the leading exhibitions in America.

Two other clever women painters, Adelaide Cole Chase, and Mary Fisher (Austin), show representative work, modern, well-painted and interesting.

W. B. Closson, who ten or fifteen years ago was known as one of the best wood engravers in this country, and who is now equally well known as a portrait painter in pastel, shows in this exhibition but one picture, a fascinating study of "A Nymph." This is a youthful, golden-haired figure contrasted well against the brilliant greens of the bank which forms a background—a mellow yellow glow over the whole painting giving it much depth of tone.

During a long career as a portrait painter Mr. F. P. Vinton has painted many distinguished people, and now the portraits of Hon. A. W. Beard and Henry Howland are added to the list.

Mr. Thomas Allen, is one of the best known men in Boston, although he is not a native of this state. He has been since 1876 a contributor to all the important shows, and his first success was in an exhibition given in the Williams and Everett Gallery in 1883. For a number of years his studio was in the old Pelham Building, but later he established himself in his present

place at 2 Commonwealth Avenue. Mr. Allen studied first in Dusseldorf, and later at the Royal Academy, where he was graduated in 1878. During this time he exhibited in the National Academy and four years later he was represented in the Salon for the first time.

Mr. Allen's one contribution to the St. Louis Exhibition is a water color, "Dartmoor," a seriously painted composition with a remarkable atmosphere. There is in this painting a feeling of air and light and movement, while the color is good, and the relation of one mass to another is well expressed.

In the years that John J. Enneking has been in Boston since 1865, his name has been familiar to every one interested in art, and it is not too much to say that in his own class of work he is without an equal. He paints the late afternoon effects of a November day as one who understands the subject, and with a real love for it. His career is interesting, for he has worked himself out of commercial life into art entirely by his own efforts. It was in Munich that he first studied seriously, attracted there, as so many students were in the seventies; but his own sense of rich color was disappointed by the methods in vogue, and, after a short stay, he went to Paris. There he worked under Bonnat and other celebrated masters for three years. By the advice of Daubigny he then studied landscape painting in the different European sketching places. Since his return to Boston he has had a studio, and has always been represented at important American exhibits.

William J. Kaula's pictures have remarkable depth of tone and quality. He paints when the subject



DONALD BY ETHEL BLANCHARD
 PORTRAIT OF MISS M. BY JEAN N. OLIVER

PORTRAIT BY SALLY CROSS

pleases him with a most sensitive feeling for nature. The two landscapes he sends to St. Louis are most interesting, both as regards the color scheme and the composition.

Frances C. Houston's "Indian Summer" is perhaps the best of her later works, and is a noticeable painting, full of charm and poetic feeling. Her pictures never give the impression of having been painted merely as clever studies, but are satisfactory and complete.

Eric Pape's picture of "Foaming Surges" is highly decorative in theme, suggesting the fanciful conceptions of some of the leading French painters.

Mr. Philip Hale is well represented by his two paintings, differing as they do in subject. They are "The Boxers" and a portrait.

Among other New England artists whose work creditably

sustains their reputation in the St. Louis exhibition may be mentioned: Maurice Prendegast, Joseph Linden Smith, Dodge McKnight, Theodore Wendell, I. H. Caliga, Edmund Garrett, William Picknell, Charles Davis, Charles Hopkinson, Albert Schmitt, William Burpee, Howard Cushing, Augustus V. Tack, Charles Pierce, Ernest Major, Caroline Rimmer, Lucy Conant, Harold Warren, Mary Wesselhoeft, Hendricks Hallett, Charles Hudson, Sears Gallagher, M. L. Bumpus, Florence Robinson, Susan Bradley, Dawson Watson, M. R. Sturgis, Charles Pepper, Edward Barnard, Anne Blake, Dwight Blaney, Margaret Fuller, J. H. Hatfield, Geo. Leonard, Lilla Perry, F. H. Richardson, Leslie P. Thomson, James Rich, E. L. Chadwick, Warren Nettleton, Wm. Henderson, Charles Adams, T. B. Meteyard, and D. J. Nolan.

Imagination

By H. ARTHUR POWELL

A sylvan path, whose trees and leafage form
 Arcades of emerald, color-shot, yet cool,
 Where prismy ardor makes a very storm
 Of rainbow lightnings play o'er yon dark pool.
 A pact 'twixt man and nature, sweet as rare,
 Uplifts to dignity the passing hour;
 While, charged with sympathy, the crystal air
 Suffuses grief with glamour, pain with power.
 This, then, the woodland way that may be thine;
 Yet heed the warning that a lost one cries—
 It is a path that, forking at a Shrine,
 Leads, this to madness, that to Paradise.

Mrs. Bassett's Fall

By ELIZABETH ROBBINS

A COMELY woman in her fiftieth year, but straight and almost as slender as when a girl, with hardly a wrinkle on her fair, pleasant face,—a woman to whom one felt instinctively drawn. Such was Mrs. Bassett. She stood in her cheerful, immaculate kitchen contemplating the two pies she had just taken from the oven and set on the table; pies with delicately browned, flaky crust, diffusing a delicious fragrance. "I believe I'll take one over to Emma; there'll be just time before dinner," she soliloquized, glancing at the clock. "Will is coming home to-day and she will be glad to have it."

Her daughter's house was on another street but by going through her own back yard and across a small field she had only to climb a wall to be in her daughter's yard. "I declare!" she laughed, as she squeezed through a gap in her back fence, pie in hand, "if there isn't Emma starting over here!"

The younger woman did not wait till they met before speaking. "Will has come," she said, "and what do you think? He's had a splendid position offered him, out there,—twice as much salary as he's been having, and the work hardly any harder."

"Is he going to take it?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Why, of course he'll take it, mother," the daughter answered, a little irritably. "We're going to be-

gin packing up right away. Will hired a house there before he came home. I'm glad to have the pie,—how good it smells. It's the first apple pie I've seen this season. Well, I must hurry back, I was only coming over to tell the news.—I'll run in again towards night.

"You haven't heard from Edith?" she paused at the wall to call back.

"Yes, day before yesterday. They were at Liverpool, just about to go aboard the steamer. They're probably in New York now. Her father was homesick, she said."

"Well, he ought to be," commented Emma severely. "It was the greatest idea, his going with them on their wedding trip."

"Well, I don't know," mused Mrs. Bassett, as she returned to her own house. "It seemed to me the most natural thing for Mr. Morrison to go, seeing how devoted he and Edith have always been to each other. You don't often find a father so all wrapped up in his daughter as he is. In all the twelve years they've boarded with me, I never have known him to speak a harsh word to her, or think of himself first. And she was worth all his care and thoughtfulness. Edith is a dear, good girl. It most broke my heart to have her go away, and I'm going to miss her dreadfully,—and her father too. Mr. Morrison is a good man if ever there was one.

"But dear me! what a mother I am to be thinking of them, and here's

my own daughter going away out West to live," she reminded herself reproachfully. "Emma never liked here, and she always wanted to live in a city, so she's pretty well pleased, I guess, though she probably couldn't live anywhere but what she'd find something to worry about. I declare! I don't see how Will stands it. He couldn't if he hadn't the evenest disposition that ever was. I wish it wasn't so far. But then, it's only two days' travel after all, and with Will's salary she can afford to come back on a visit once in a while."

Mrs. Bassett was one to whom a refined way of living had become a habit, so that her table for one was set as carefully and daintily as though she had been expecting the most fastidious guest. Everything was ready and she was thinking how lonely it was to dine alone, when the outside screen-door opened and closed and a man appeared at the dining-room door,—a prosperous looking man of middle age, with a kindly face.

Mrs. Bassett's face lighted up. "Why, Mr. Morrison!" she exclaimed.

They shook hands cordially and were frankly glad to see each other. In the manner of neither was there a trace of self-consciousness. "How is Edith?" Mrs. Bassett asked, as she went to get another plate and knife and fork.

"She's nicely. I left them in New York, this morning. They're going to stay at Sam's aunt's, while they are getting ready to go to house-keeping," Mr. Morrison answered. "I thought I would come and get the things I left here, before beginning to work again. I've engaged board with the Willetts. You've heard me speak or them?"

"Then you are not going to live with Edith?"

"No, nor retire from business," Mr. Morrison answered, a shade crossing his face. "That was what we planned at first, but—well, Sam is a good fellow and well meaning but he's young and naturally somewhat thoughtless and selfish and I don't feel as if I could stand his way with Edith always. I'd be likely to speak out sometimes and it would make trouble. They have got to get used to each other and it will be better for them to have no third party around to complicate things. I thought it all over and that is the conclusion I've come to."

"I think you're right about it," said Mrs. Bassett, "though it's hard on you,—and on Edith too. But you will be going to see her often."

"Yes, she made me promise that." He looked thoughtful for a moment, then changed the subject. "Mrs. Bassett, your dinner tastes the best of anything I've eaten since I went away. Talk of French cookery! American cooking beats it out of sight. I'd rather have a slice of your bread and butter than anything I saw or ate all the time I was gone. And Edith said the same thing." He looked about the room, and drew a deep breath of the September air that was drifting in through the open windows. "Everything is so clean and sweet and wholesome here," he said. "Oh, why must young people go and get married?" he questioned whimsically. "It does seem as if Edith was a great deal better off with her old father than she is now,—but they will do it," he added with a sigh.

Then he began talking of the sights he had seen while abroad, and continued to talk after they had finished eating and while Mrs. Bas-

sett cleared off the table and washed and wiped the dishes, she making a comment now and then or asking a question. "I've missed the train I meant to take," he said, "but the next one will do as well. However, I think I'll go and get those things ready for the expressman, before I say any more."

Mrs. Bassett had changed her dress for the afternoon and was in the sitting-room sewing when he returned. He had thought of something more to tell her, and so came near missing another train. "Oh!" he exclaimed as he rose to go. "I nearly forgot that I was to give you Edith's love, and say that she will write the first minute she gets and that you are to make her a long visit next winter."

"She's a dear girl," said Mrs. Bassett, with emotion.

"Yes, she is," her father agreed. "And you made a happy home for us all these years. I wish it needn't have been broken up."

Mrs. Bassett watched him go down the street. "Yes," she said, half aloud, "Edith is a good girl, and I don't wonder he feels broken up. I somehow feel worse about her going away than I do about Emma's going. I must be a very unnatural kind of a mother. I'll go over and help Emma pack. There's nothing especial to keep me at home now; I can go day-times as well as not."

Then her thoughts went back to Edith and wandered to next winter and her visit to New York. It would be something pleasant to look forward to all the fall.

A little while after supper, Emma came in. She sank into a chair with a sigh that was almost a groan. "It seems as if I never was so tired in all my life," she complained. She was always so thin and nervous and

worried that she looked nearly as old as her mother. There were some who insisted that she looked older.

"Will and I have decided that you must go with us, mother," the younger woman said presently. "There's nothing to keep you here, now the Morrisons have gone, and I shouldn't have a minute's comfort thinking of you all alone here. There's plenty of room in the house Will has rented, and you can let this house. Will thinks we could find someone who will take it just as it is, all furnished,—or you could sell it."

Mrs. Bassett's work had fallen in her lap, and she was staring at her daughter as if dazed. "But—why, Emma, I don't want to go!" she gasped, as soon as she could find her voice.

"Now, mother!" Emma protested, in the tone of impatient long suffering one might use with a fractious child, "of course you want to go. It will be ever so much pleasanter in every way than it is here."

Mrs. Bassett was silent. She had never been one to argue; it seemed to her like quarreling.

"You must go," her daughter continued. "You wouldn't want me to be perfectly miserable in my new home, thinking of my mother all alone here, so far away?"

"There's nothing to harm me here, Emma," pleaded Mrs. Bassett.

"Nothing to harm you!" cried her daughter scornfully. "Do you never read the papers, mother? There's always some dreadful thing happening to women who live alone."

"Perhaps I could get someone to live with me," said Mrs. Bassett. "I might take a boarder."

"Yes, and slave yourself to death! You've worked enough in your life;

you ought to take things easy now, —and don't you have any affection for me?" pursued the daughter in an aggrieved tone.

"Of course I do," Mrs. Bassett answered, with a touch of indignation.

"Then you will go with us and not make any more fuss," Emma concluded. "Will can put the place in the hands of a real estate agent to-morrow morning—"

"Oh, no! he must n't," cried Mrs. Bassett agonizingly.

"Why, what will you do, then?"

"Oh,—leave it empty—if I go."

"Yes, and have people breaking in to steal the furniture, and boys breaking the windows and everything going to pieces. Now, mother, do be reasonable."

There was a short silence.

"I saw a man that looked like Mr. Morrison going by the corner this noon," Emma said. "He hasn't been out, has he?"

They talked about Mr. Morrison and his daughter for a while and then Emma returned to the former subject, and so persistently did she argue and plead and scold that when she went away she had extracted a half promise from Mrs. Bassett that she would go West with her.

But when she was again alone, Mrs. Bassett's soul rebelled and she wept bitter tears. She could not go and leave this pleasant home endeared by precious memories. It seemed a part of her very life. And there were her friends and neighbors and acquaintances; she personally knew nearly everybody in the town and loved them and was interested in all that affected them. There was her church, also. How could she leave it all and go to a strange city where she knew no one?

And with Emma! Mrs. Bassett

recalled the years of her married life. She had formed a romantic attachment for a man considerably her senior,—a nervous, fretful, exacting invalid—and after a brief courtship had married him at nineteen. Her disillusionment had been swift and complete, and the three years in which he lived had been very unhappy ones for her. Emma had grown to be like him. It was very wearing to have her come only to spend the day; what would it be to have to live with her?

But how could she help it? She knew from many past experiences that when Emma set out to have her way there was no withstanding her; she simply wore one out so that one had to give in to her.

Mrs. Bassett could not sleep that night. She thought over the many years of happiness she had had in the beloved home and all of she would lose in leaving it, and the more she thought the worse she felt.

Along toward morning, she suddenly resolved that for once in her life she would not give in. She would assert her right to stay where she wanted to stay, and she tried to think of all the reasons she could bring forward to fortify her position.

"But, oh, dear!" she sighed, as the dawn began to show in the east, "when I see her and she began to talk, I shall just do as she says, the same as ever."

Emma returned to the fray immediately after breakfast, and, as she had feared, Mrs. Bassett found herself yielding inch by inch.

"Of course," said Emma at last when she felt that her case was nearly won, "if you had some one to take care of you—if for instance you were married, or even expecting to be married—it would be a very different matter." She wished

her mother to see that she was not wholly unreasonable.

If she were married, or even expecting to be married. To Mrs. Bassett, seeking wildly for some way to escape, a sudden inspiration came. To be sure it was deceit but was not even deception justifiable in one so sore beset? She hesitated but for an instant.

"I *am* thinking of getting married," she said desperately.

"You—are thinking of—getting married!" Emma gasped.

"That was what I said."

"Well, well!" ejaculated her daughter, recovering from the shock. "Of course it is to Mr. Morrison. He must have spoken yesterday, when he was here. Why didn't you tell me before? How could I know why you were so set on not going West with Will and me?"

"I hardly know myself, yet," Mrs. Bassett answered. "And, Emma, you must not tell anybody,—not *anybody*, do you understand?"

"Of course not, if you don't want me to. When is it to be? Soon I suppose, as long as there is no reason for putting it off. Hadn't you better go with us after all, and be married from our house?"

"When I marry it will be from my own house," her mother answered with dignity.

"Well, then, I don't see but what I shall have to give up my plan of having you live with me," Emma said slowly.

Mrs. Bassett's heart thrilled with exultation. She was free once more, and how easily it had been accomplished.

"As soon as I get my own work done I'm coming over to help you pack your things," she said calmly.

"I shall be glad to have you,"

Emma said. "It seems if it would take forever, there is so much stuff;" and she departed with a subdued and vanquished air that caused Mrs. Bassett to laugh inwardly.

"I hoped you were going with us, mother," Will said significantly, as they were working together that afternoon, "but under the circumstances I don't suppose we can expect it."

So Emma had told him! Mrs. Bassett was vexed. "I thought I made her understand," she thought uneasily. "Will Bradley is the best fellow that ever lived but everybody knows he can't keep anything to himself." She took pains to caution Emma again. "You must impress it on Will that what I told you this morning isn't to be mentioned to a living soul till I give the word."

"I did," said Emma a little guiltily. "I don't think he will tell,—though I don't see why you need to be so terribly private about it. It is what everybody has been expecting for years."

Will was to go to the city on an errand the next day and Mrs. Bassett was in an agony of apprehension lest he see Mr. Morrison or some mutual friend and mention the forbidden subject. But when he returned there was nothing in his manner or words to indicate any such encounter or disclosure and she breathed more freely.

Mrs. Bassett well knew there was to come a day of reckoning with her conscience, but she postponed it. For the present it was enough that she was not forced to go away from what she held so dear. Indeed, she was so busy that she had little time to think.

But at last Will and Emma were gone, and with the return of her simple, quiet life, Mrs. Bassett's

conscience began its work. Now that she was face to face with herself she was aghast at what she had done. She, a Christian woman, to so far forget herself as to tell a lie! And so indelicate, so shameful a lie! What would Mr. Morrison think if he knew? She was as sure as that the sun shone that the idea of marrying her, or any other woman, had never entered his head. How could she look him in the face if she should ever see him again?

Well, one thing was clear: she must give up her class in Sunday-school and cease to attend Communion service.

As the days passed she went less and less among her neighbors; she was no longer fit to associate with good people, she told herself. She who had been the busiest, the cheeriest, the most neighborly of women, now stayed closely at home and would sit for hours at a time brooding over her wrong doing. She was very lonely, and the days dragged interminably. She dreaded the long nights in which she could not sleep, and when morning came there seemed to be nothing in life worth getting up for.

Her many friends became quite concerned about her. They had not thought she cared so much for Emma, they told each other. Some of them came in often and tried to divert her mind and others thought she was ill and urged her to see a doctor. But to none of them, not even to the minister, could Mrs. Bassett tell her trouble.

At last, one morning in November she arose with the light of a new determination in her face. She had neglected her housework somewhat of late and the forenoon was spent in restoring everything to its accustomed state of order and clean-

liness. After dinner, when she had made herself nice for the afternoon, she sat down to her desk to write to Emma. The body of the letter was short,—“I am ready to come and live with you, if you still wish it. I am not to be married.” A great peace filled her heart as she addressed and sealed the envelope. Her home and all connected with it was as dear as ever, but a clear conscience was above everything and surely to give up all she had sinned for would atone for the sin.

“I will put on my things and carry it to the post office right away,” she said to herself. Her step was elastic and her eyes bright as she started across the room.

As she was passing through the little front hall the door-bell rang. “Some peddler, it is likely,” she thought, and opened the door. She started back involuntarily, the color rushing to her face, for the person standing on the doorstep before her was Mr. Morrison.

“Did I frighten you?” he asked.

“You startled me a little,” she answered, with a nervous laugh. “I wasn’t expecting you.”

He took off his hat and overcoat, and they went into the sitting-room and sat down. Mrs. Bassett made a heroic attempt to conceal her embarrassment and appear as usual. She asked after Edith and talked of the weather and other commonplace subjects.

For some reason Mr. Morrison did not seem as responsive as usual. Was he embarrassed too? He certainly no longer looked at her in the old frank, impersonal way, but rather as if he now saw her for the first time and was studying her face. The conversation was fitful, and there were awkward pauses.

Mrs. Bassett grew more and more

uncomfortable. "Have you noticed my rose tree?" she asked finally, rising and going to it. "There are twenty-seven roses and buds on it. I remember you always admired it very much."

He came and looked down on it, absent mindedly. "No, I hadn't noticed it," he said. Then suddenly he turned toward her. "Mrs. Bassett," he began, "I have something particular to say to you and I might as well out with it. A week or more ago a friend referred to my 'approaching marriage.' I was somewhat taken aback, he spoke so confidently, but I recovered myself immediately and asked him how he happened to know of it. He said he had it from a mutual friend. Then I asked him of the mutual friend had mentioned the name of the lady and he said that he did, and that it was Mrs. Bassett."

Mrs. Bassett had averted her face. Her heart was beating wildly, and she bit her lip to keep it from trembling. The way of the transgressor was indeed hard.

"It seems incredible now," Mr. Morrison went on, "but such an idea had never entered my head till that moment. The more I thought of it, however, the more attractive it seemed. I have always had the very highest regard for you, but since I heard that I was going to marry you my esteem has changed to a much strong sentiment,—I came here to-day to ask you to be my wife."

The tears came to Mrs. Bassett's eyes as she bravely faced him. Of course he would despise her but he should know the truth. She had had enough of deception.

"Do you know where that report started?" she asked. Then, without waiting for him to answer, "It started with me. Emma wanted me to go West and live with her and I felt as if I *couldn't*. She would have made me go but she happened to say that if I was married she wouldn't expect me to, and I told her I was thinking of marrying. She thought it was you and I let her think so." She covered her burning face with her hands. "You see now that what you ask could never be. You wouldn't want—a liar—"

He put his arms around her protectingly. "Wouldn't I?" he said. "There may be two opinions about that."

"Are you sure you understand?" she faltered.

"Perfectly sure, little woman," he answered. "I am quite well acquainted with Emma and I see just how it was. The temptation was too strong for you and you succumbed to it,—and have no doubt suffered for it and repented."

"Yes," she answered eagerly, "I have and I wrote to Emma today."

"Ah!" he said. "Is that the letter on the table? May I read it?"

"If you want to."

He opened it and ran his eyes over the few lines. Then he deliberately tore it in three pieces and put the pieces in the stove. "It isn't true now, you know," he said as he came back to her, "for you are *not* going to live with Emma, and you *are* going to marry me." And then he drew her to him again and kissed her.

A Friend of Washington's

By CHARLES W. STETSON

AS the steamer turns from the main channel of the Potomac and begins winding its way between the buoys which bound each side of the narrow cut leading to the landing at Mt. Vernon, many visitors must have noticed the high wooded bluff at the water's edge of the Virginia shore two miles to the south. The river channel, crossing and recrossing its wide shallow bed, comes nearly to the foot of the bluff, so that the descent under water from the shore is almost as abrupt and precipitous as it is above land. At low tide a narrow beach five or six feet wide skirts the bottom of the cliff, but when the tide is in, even this is covered, and the steep wooded ascent rises directly out of the water. At one point a sharp ravine breaks the face of the bluff, and here twenty-five or thirty years ago a short wharf projected into the river. At its end was a long low white pavilion surmounted by a pretentious red cupola. The locality was then familiar to Washington excursionists under the name of the "White House Landing," but both wharf and pavilion gradually rotted away, and the only habitation now visible from the river is the little brick cabin of a negro fisherman. In the 18th century the bluff and the plateau back of it bore another name. It was then "Belvoir," and upon the commanding point overlooking the river for miles up and down stood the substantial mansion of the Fairfax family.

The connection of the Fairfaxes with Virginia dated back to the latter part of the 17th century, when Charles II undertook to bestow upon Lord Culpeper all the unpatented lands of the Colony. The grant raised such a storm even among the loyal colonists that Lord Culpeper was obliged to content himself with the proprietorship of the unclaimed lands in the Northern Neck, the territory between the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, reserving for himself and his heirs a quit rent of two shillings a hundred acres upon each tract which he granted. As this section of Virginia gradually filled with settlers, and fresh counties were carved out of it, the quit rents grew into a very handsome revenue. Lord Culpeper's only daughter married the fifth Lord Fairfax, and upon her death the Northern Neck became the property of Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, the early patron of Washington. As the proprietors lived in England, the actual business of the collection of rents and the granting of land patents devolved upon their colonial agent. This office was for many years held by the cousin of Lord Thomas, William Fairfax, who built a residence for himself at Belvoir in 1736. His eldest daughter, Anne, married Lawrence Washington and the young couple established themselves on the neighboring "neck" of Mount Vernon. This William Fairfax was a man of consequence in Virginia. He was Presi-

dent of the Council of State and the Collector of Customs for the South Potomac.

One of our earliest glimpses of Washington occurs in a letter of his to Lawrence Washington, written in 1746,—when George Washington was fourteen.

"George," he says, "has been with us and says he will be steady and faithfully follow your advice, as his best friend. I gave him his mother's letter to deliver, with a caution not to show his. I have spoken to Dr. Spencer, who, I find is often at the widow's (Mrs. Washington's) and has some influence, to persuade her to think better of your advice in putting George to sea."

Lawrence Washington, it seems, wished to procure a midshipman's warrant for his younger brother and Mr. Fairfax promised to lend his influence. The project, however, came to nothing as Mrs. Washington would not consent to it.

In 1746 Lord Fairfax made a visit to Virginia to inspect his possessions. He made his home with his cousin at Belvoir. The visit was unexpectedly prolonged into a forty years' sojourn, for his Lordship never recrossed the ocean to England again, though he lived long enough to see the tie which bound the colony to the mother country severed. The tide of population was just beginning to flow into the Shenandoah Valley, and there about twelve miles from Winchester, on the edge of the wilderness, Lord Fairfax established himself at Greenway Court. Biographies of Washington often give a romantic touch to his long life there by describing it as the lonely retreat of a hermit driven from the world by a disappointment in love. Such chance letters of his as have survived give the impression rather of an active man of affairs, busy with the man-

agement of his property and the collection of his quit rents and alive to the public interests of the colony and his own country. He was for many years the Lieutenant, or executive officer, of Frederick County, and as Justice of the Peace presided in the County Court at Winchester; he took an active and fearless part in the defence of the frontier after Braddock's defeat. Many strong cultivated men in our own day find an exhilaration in living upon the confines of civilization, close to the solitude of nature, and Lord Fairfax may have been of a like mind. His retirement was neither gloomy nor inactive.

About the time Lord Fairfax built Greenway Court, Washington entered his employment and set out on his famous surveying expedition. His companion on the trip was George William Fairfax, eight years his senior, and the eldest son of Mr. William Fairfax of Belvoir. A healthy, though a rough experience, the excursion proved to both young men. After several days of work, Washington noted in the Journal which he kept of the trip:

"Worked hard until night and then returned. After supper we were lighted into a room, and I, not being so good a woodsman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly and went to bed, as they called it, when to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else but one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did. Had we not been very tired I am sure we should not have slept much that night. I made a promise to sleep so no more, choosing rather to sleep in the open air before a fire."

The little Journal closes with the entry:

"Mr. Fairfax got safe home, and I to my brother's house at Mt. Vernon, which concludes my journal."

The influence of William Fairfax soon after procured for Washington the position of Adjutant to the northern division of Virginia militia. This brought him to the notice of Governor Dinwiddie when occasion arose for communicating with the French on the Ohio. The French and Indian War took both young friends to the frontier. Washington's resolution and genius won him greater laurels but Fairfax was not idle. Writing to Governor Dinwiddie after Braddock's rout had carried consternation up and down the Shenandoah Valley, he says:

"This instant Mr. Dennis McCarthy came here and gave me the agreeable news of Col. Dunbar's being ordered back (Dunbar commanded the army after Braddock's death) with my friend Colonel Washington who is to have command of the forces to be raised by this colony, which undoubtedly is a great trust, but I dare say he will discharge it with honor. * * * I cannot help expressing my intention and great desire of serving my country at this juncture, not sembling in the least to serve under my valuable friend. * * * I hope I am not too late in my application and must beg the favor of you to postpone any office you may incline to favor me with until I consult my good and indulgent parent and my worthy patron L'd Fairfax, who I am in hopes will spare me from his office. Wives, good sir, are not to be consulted on these occasions, but I make no doubt mine would consent to so laudable a call."

The wife of whose consent the writer speaks so jauntily was Sarah, daughter of Colonel Cary, a wealthy Virginia planter, and a lady with whom Washington corresponded during the Braddock campaign. The gallantry of some chance expressions in his letters have given rise to the unfounded suspicion that he was in love with his friend's wife.

The death of William Fairfax in 1757 made George William Fairfax

master of Belvoir, as the death of Lawrence Washington's only daughter a few years before had made George Washington master of Mt. Vernon. The future careers of the two proprietors seemed likely to run along parallel courses. The next few years Fairfax spent mostly in England. While abroad he kept Washington informed of the doings at the center of the Empire:

"The chief talk of the metropolis is of immediate peace (the Seven Years' War was about to be concluded) and of the King's marriage with the young princess of Brunswick, not quite fifteen years of age, but I believe neither certain, though the stocks rise every day. The changes and other particulars I shall refer you to the magazine here enclosed, and I wish I could say they were satisfactory to the people."

A rumor that Washington intended to change his residence from Mount Vernon evidently gave him much concern,—

"should be glad to know of your determination about leaving that part of the world, for I assure you 'tis our greatest inducement and will turn the scale very much whether we come back or not."

Another letter written in the fall of 1761 alludes to an attack of malaria—river fever, it was then called in Virginia—from which Washington was recovering and suggests that a change of air might be of benefit,—“and if you have any business or even fancy to see England, we shall be extremely glad to see you at York, or at out little retreat not many miles from it”; and the writer goes on in confidence to deplore the bad influence which one Martin, a nephew of Lord Fairfax, has over his Lordship and to fear “that it will daily lessen the esteem which people have for the good old gent'n.” Washington, on his side,

appears to have been a faithful correspondent, as the letter just quoted begins by acknowledging the receipt of four separate letters from him. The only one which has survived contains a long circumstantial account of the death of a valuable mare which had been left by Fairfax in his charge.

On the cessation of hostilities between England and France, Fairfax and his wife returned to Virginia and began anew their quiet pleasant life at Belvoir. The immediate estate on which they lived was a peninsula or "neck" containing about 2000 acres of land, with the Potomac in front, and on two sides estuaries formed by the mouths of two creeks. The land lay high and level. Perhaps a fourth of it was cleared and under cultivation. Tobacco and corn were the chief crops. On the high bank which rose 200 feet above the Potomac stood the mansion, with its wide spacious central hall, four rooms upon the first floor and five upon the second, garrets above and cellar with servants' hall below. Surrounding the house and its flower garden, after the manner of the Eighteenth Century, was a low brick wall. Close at hand stood the little office building which the elder Fairfax and George William had till lately used to transact the business of the proprietor's agent. Nearby there were other brick out-buildings,—kitchen, dairy, servants' quarters, stables and coach house,—for Belvoir of course had its chariot; and forward across the lawn where the cliffs fell away in sheer descent to the river, was the summer house. Below at the foot of the steep rocky roadway which wound its way down a narrow defile was the private landing where the yacht and barge of the proprietor were fastened. Fur-

ther down the river where the fall of the water was more gradual, was the warehouse and wharf from which the tobacco of the plantation was shipped to the owner's factor in London. The fisheries which supplied the slaves of the plantation with a great part of their food, centered at the wharf. Other tenements for slaves were scattered here and there over the estate.

On the next "neck" below Belvoir was "Gunston Hall," the home of George Mason; and elsewhere in the country, mostly in sight of the river, were the modest homes of other gentlemen,—the Wests of "West Grove," the Cockburns of "Springfield," the McCarthys of "Cedar Grove," the Alexanders, the Johnsons, the Chichesters. Several miles down the river was "Leesylvania," the home of the father of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, Washington's devoted friend and follower, and beyond the seats of other Washingtons, Fitzhughs, Stuarts. Still further down where the river widens out into an arm of the Bay lived Councilman Carter of "Nomini," and near his seat was "Stratford," the great house of the Lees.

The duty of public worship and the desire for social intercourse drew the gentry of the country together weekly at Pohick Church,—old Pohick, for the present church was not finished until a few years before the Revolution. The Sunday scenes before its doors were no doubt like those witnessed before the door of another Virginia Church, by Philip Fithian, the young Princeton tutor in Councilman Carter's family and by him set down in his Journal:

"It is not the custom for Gentlemen to go in Church til Service is beginning, when they enter in a Body, in the same

manner as they come out; I have known the Clerk to come out and call them after prayers. They stay also after Service is over, usually as long, sometimes longer than the Parson was preaching."

Washington and Fairfax were both vestrymen of Truro Parish and each purchased pews in the new church, though a misunderstanding afterward caused Washington to change his attendance to Christ Church, Alexandria. In the general wreck of the Episcopal Church of Virginia which followed close on the Revolution, Pohick became deserted and stood for many years open to wind and rain. The initials G. W. F. on the Fairfax pew were still to be seen until the Civil War. Close to the new church was the "race course near Bogges." Every Virginia county had its track and most more than one. Northumberland appears to have three as early as the beginning of the Eighteenth Century.

The daily "where and how my time is spent" which Washington kept gives many glimpses of the pursuits and pleasures of his neighbors. No entry occurs more frequently than—"Colo. Fairfax and his lady * * * dined here; and * * * stayed the night,"—or the reciprocal entry,—“Went to Belvoir with Mrs. Washington and dined.” The two houses were not over four or five miles from each other by the road, and by water they were little over two miles apart. Hardly a week passed without some intercourse between the two families, and during this period Fairfax was Washington's most intimate friend. This same diary in which Washington set down the daily round of his occupations and happenings enables us to guess what his neighbors were doing. The outward tenor of all

their lives was the same. What Washington did one day, Mr. Mason or Mr. Fairfax was likely to be doing the next.

Thus we find that one day Washington

"planted out twenty young pine trees at the head of my cherry walk. Received my goods from York. Hauled the sein again, caught two or three white fish, more herring than yesterday and a great number of Cats. Made another plow, the same as my former one, except that it has two eyes and the other one."

A day or two later:

"The heavy rains that had fallen in these few days past made the ground too wet for plowing. I therefore set about the fence which encloses my clover field."

On another day:

"Visited my plantations and found the new negro Cupid ill of a pleurisy at Doeg Run Quarter, and had him brought to the house in a cart for better care of him.

"Mr. Carlyle and his wife still remaining here, we talked a good deal of a scheme of setting up iron works on Colo. Fairfax's land on Shenandoah.

"Finished threshing and cleaning my wheat at Doeg Run Plantn.

"Began shearing my sheep.

"Cold northerly wind. Colo. Fairfax and I set out (for the Court House in Alexandria) to settle and adjust Clifton and Darrell's accounts, conformably to the decree of our General Court."

The Referees found it more convenient to hold subsequent sessions at their respective houses, and—

"according to appointment Colo. Fairfax and Mr. Green met here upon Clifton's Affair, he being present, as was Mr. Thompson Mason, as counsel for him * * * others left at six, but Colo. Fairfax and Mr. Green stayed the night."

Other entries tell of occasional relaxations:

"Went fox hunting with Colo. Fairfax, Captn. McCarthy, Mr. Chichester, Posey, Ellzey and Manley, who dined here with Mrs. Fairfax and Miss Nicholas.

"Went to Alexandria to see Captn. Little-dale's ship launched, which went off extremely well.

"Went fishing in Broad Creek.

"With Mrs. Washington and ye two childn. went up to Alexandria to see Inconstant or the way to win him" (played.)

So the years went busily and happily by, with little heed to occasional ominous political rumblings. In 1768 Fairfax was made a member of the Council, or upper house of legislature. He had some years before this served a term as Burgess. Washington represented Fairfax County in the House of Burgesses from 1764 to the meeting of the First Continental Congress, so the two were frequently in Williamsburg together during the last years of the colonial government.

In 1773, through the death of his father's brother, Mr. Fairfax inherited some property in Yorkshire and found it necessary to make another voyage to England. As his stay was to be of several years' duration, Belvoir was offered for lease. The advertisement describing its "beautiful site," its "mansion house all brick," its "large and well furnished garden stored with a great variety of valuable fruits" and its "valuable fisheries" may still be read in the faded columns of the Virginia Gazette. Washington undertook in his absence to "perform the duties of a friend by having an eye to the conduct of your Collector and steward."

Fairfax never returned to Virginia. Indeed he was hardly settled in his Yorkshire home when the unhappy dispute between the two great branches of the English race passed into a conflict at arms. There was little for him to do but to remain where he was. With his many English connections, and attached to England as he was from his many visits there, he would probably not in any event have taken an active part in a war against her authority.

Had he been in Virginia when hostilities broke out, he would doubtless have remained there, a pained and inactive spectator of events, sympathizing in a measure with each party. Another Member of the Council, who was confined for his loyalty by the Virginia Convention,—Ralph Wormeley of "Rosegill"—expressed what must have been the attitude of many whom their contemporaries called Tories, when he set out in a petition which he presented to the Convention,

"that he had from the origin of the unhappy contest disclaimed the right of taxation in the British Parliament, but that it was his great misfortune to differ in sentiment from the mode adopted to obtain a renunciation of that unconstitutional claim."

It is hardly accurate though to call George William Fairfax a loyalist. Living in England where the war naturally aroused much bitter feeling against the Americans, his sympathies seem throughout to have been with his friends in Virginia. When he heard that John Randolph, Attorney General of the Colony, had come to England after the breaking out of hostilities, he writes to his informant that he was "never more astonished" and fears it "bodes no good to his country," and, "I should not be surprised if I should see in the papers his appointment to some lucrative place here." The suspicion was unjust to that unfortunate loyal gentleman, who lived and died in obscurity in England, leaving the last request that his body should be carried over the ocean and buried in his native colony.

The rest of the letter reveals in a measure Mr. Fairfax's views on the struggle in progress and is worth quoting.

"I cannot really believe that the Ministry will be able to get 50,000 men landed in America (as his correspondent had heard was planned) or that the commissioners will do anything effectual unless they are allowed to treat with the Continental Congress. They may indeed protract matters and enrich themselves with the overflow of your T—y, but I expect very little national advantage from their negotiations. However I do most sincerely and heartily wish that I may be mistaken and that the commissioners may obtain peace and tranquillity through the British dominions, though from letters lately received from G. W—I must agree with you that there is little prospect of so happy an event. Sad reflections for me, my good sir, whose chief resources are now cut off and forced to contract his living to the small income he has here" * * *

The letter was written shortly after the evacuation of Boston by the British. Lord Howe and General Howe had been appointed members of a commission to treat with the colonists, but without authority to recognize the Congress. The time had probably gone by when an accommodation of any kind could be effected, but the mode suggested in this letter,—recognition of Congress and an adjustment of difficulties through it,—was surely the one course which presented any hope of reconciliation.

Washington had now an opportunity of repaying the debt of gratitude which he felt he owed the Fairfax family for his early advancement; and he did it with ample interest. His services in protecting the aged Lord Fairfax in the enjoyment of his property brought from the latter at his home at Greenway Court a touching letter of acknowledgement. When Bryan Fairfax, the brother of George William, in the middle of the war, determined to go to England, he furnished him with a safe conduct to the British lines at New York, but Bryan Fair-

fax found the oath prescribed for loyalists by the British General was so strict that he preferred not to take it and returned to his home in Alexandria. When a project was on foot in the Virginia legislature to sequester the estate of George William Fairfax, he wrote to a friend in that body:—

"I hope, I trust, that no act of legislation in the State of Virginia has affected or can affect the property of this gentleman otherwise than in common with that of every good and well disposed citizen of America,"

and the knowledge of his disapproval was enough to prevent the plan from being carried farther. He could not, of course, act any longer as the agent of his friend when he was compelled to entrust his own affairs to the care of others. And like all persons residing in England to whom American debts were owing, Fairfax found that his remittances ceased during the war.

In spite of hostilities, Washington found opportunity to write to Fairfax occasionally during the years 1775 and 1776. The tone of his letters shows that he counted upon the latter's sympathy with the American cause. Thus he took care that Fairfax should have the American as well as the British account of Lexington, concluding his letter in a strain of passion unusual for him:

"unhappy it is, though, to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice."

A little later he communicated the news of his appointment to the command of the Continental Army and gave an American version of Bunker Hill. After this there seems

to have been no correspondence between the two for several years. The reports he had from Virginia of the neglected condition of Belvoir induced Washington to write again in 1780.

Archdeacon Burnaby, who knew Mr. Fairfax, adds a few details of his life in England during the war. He says:

"During the ten years' contest, the consequences of which Mr. Fairfax early foresaw and lamented, his estates in Virginia were sequestered and he received no remittances from his extensive property. This induced him to move out of Yorkshire, to lay down his carriages and retire to Bath, where he lived in a private but genteel manner, and confined his expenses so much within the income of his English estate that he was able occasionally to lend large sums of money to the government agent for the use and benefit of American prisoners."

Just before the war ended Belvoir was burned to the ground; and Fairfax gave up all thought of returning to his Virginia home.

With the return of peace the old correspondence was renewed, and Washington's letters show the strong attachment he still felt for the friend of his youth. In a letter from New York, after its evacuation by the British Army, he says:

"There was nothing wanting in (your) letter to give compleat satisfaction to Mrs. Washington and myself but some expression to induce us to believe that you would once more become our neighbors. Your house at Belvoir, I am sorry to add, is no more, but mine (which is enlarged since you saw it), is most sincerely and heartily at your service till you could rebuild it. As the path after being closed by a long, arduous and painful contest, is, to use an Indian metaphor, now opened and made smooth, I shall please myself with the hope of hearing from you frequently, and till you forbid me to indulge the wish, I shall not despair of seeing you and Mrs. Fairfax once more the inhabitants of Belvoir and greeting you both there the intimate companions of our old age, as you have been of our younger years."

In another letter written at Mount Vernon in that peaceful interval of retirement between the resignation of his commission and his election as President, Washington says:

"Though envy is no part of my composition, yet the picture you have drawn of your present habitation and mode of living is enough to create in me a strong desire to be a participator in the tranquillity and rural amusements you have described. I am getting into the latter as fast as I can, being determined to make the remainder of my life easy, let the world or the affairs of it go as they may. I am not a little obliged to you for the assurance of contributing to this last by procuring me a buck and doe of the best English deer * * * My manner of living is plain. I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of that are always welcome." * * *

Mr. Fairfax's health had been failing for several years and in 1787 he died. Mrs. Fairfax survived him until 1811. He left no children, and the estate passed by his will to the son of his brother Bryan. Belvoir was never re-built.

We know that agriculture upon a large scale became singularly unprofitable in tidewater Virginia toward the close of the Eighteenth Century, and that old society of landed gentry which had flourished there and which made the name of Virginia famous, suffered shipwreck. John Randolph said it was dead by the year 1800. Just what caused the catastrophe, nobody has satisfactorily explained. The exhaustion of the soil, to which it is sometimes ascribed, may have been an element, though agricultural chemists of the present day are sceptical of the final and permanent exhaustion of any soil. The same estates had stood the drain of tobacco growing for a long period before the downfall, and at no time were the

planters who lived upon them more prosperous than before ruin came upon them. Perhaps some deep-seated economic change, consequent upon the opening up of the Western prairies, contributed, though it could hardly have originated the disaster.

But the Revolution itself, and the democratic legislation which Jefferson carried triumphantly through the Virginia legislature must have had a large share in bringing about the result. The war cut off entirely for eight years the principal market for Virginia tobacco. The long settled connections between the planters and their English factors and mercantile agents were broken up, and were never re-established. When peace came, the planters found, perhaps to their surprise, that the freedom of trade with all the world which they had gained, did not compensate them for the loss of the practical monopoly of the British tobacco market, which the legislation of the mother country had secured to them.

During the war the system of entails by which estates had been kept together from generation to generation in the hands of the same families, was abolished, and the present system of fee simple holdings established. And for primogeniture had been substituted the more equitable system of an equal division among the surviving heirs. Such changes were no doubt inevitable under the conditions of modern American civilization, but they told against the permanence of a society which had been founded upon a different basis. The system of entails kept the capital of the colony in a few hands. The profitable application of slave labor to the production of a crop like tobacco required both capital and a large scale of opera-

tions. With the splitting up of estates the individual holdings became smaller, the slaves fewer, and the margin of profit inadequate to support any but those who worked with their own hands.

But whatever the cause there can be no doubt of the fact. Randolph writing to Francis Scott Key in 1814, says:

"What a spectacle does our lower country present. Deserted and dismantled country houses, once seats of cheerfulness and plenty, and the temples of the Most High ruinous and desolate."

And Bishop Meade, who travelled extensively throughout the old tide-water country a few years later, describes it as almost a desert.

As it was elsewhere in the lower counties, so it was in the neighborhood we have been describing. Washington bequeathed the 2000 acres of his estate which adjoined Belvoir to his nephew Maj. Lawrence Lewis, and to Nellie Custis who had married Lewis. Together they built there the noble brick mansion of "Woodlawn." Lewis had for some years been the manager of Washington's farm, and the latter thought highly of his business capacity. Yet after years of unremunerative effort, Maj. Lewis and his wife simply abandoned house and estate and moved westward to another property in the Shenandoah Valley. Mount Vernon itself, and the bulk of the estate, as is well known, were devised to Judge Bushrod Washington, who was certainly neither improvident nor careless in his management of it; yet he also found the prevailing conditions too adverse to cope with successfully. By 1854 it is said there were but three white families living upon the whole of the 8000 acres which the Mount Vernon tract comprised in 1799. Broom sedge and pine bar-

rens covered what in Washington's day had been cultivated fields. Almost as sad a fate overtook the noble estate of Gunston Hall, though George Mason left behind him capable and energetic sons who strove hard to maintain the prosperity of their ancestral home.

Under such conditions the cultivated fields of Belvoir gradually lapsed again into forest land, and before the Civil War the estate became the property of a retired Washington butcher, whose descendants still own it though they have never lived upon it. Of its 2000 acres a clearing of perhaps 150 lying around one of the tenements of the old estate is still cultivated. Here and there, through the rest of it, timber is occasionally cut into firewood, and in the autumn the boys and young men of the country find the shooting on the peninsula excellent.

Close to the bluff there is a little opening in the forest and the sun-

light peeps through. Here one may find five or six little mounds of grass-covered brick, a well filled almost to the surface with earth, the remains of an extensive cellar, a few worn-out cherry and pear trees, long since past bearing, and, mingled with the grass around, "a host of golden daffodils," descendants of those which a century and a half ago bloomed in Mrs. Fairfax's garden. Through the trees to the northward, one catches a glimpse of the wooded slope of Mount Vernon; and the obvious contrast is suggested of the different fates of the homes of these two friends;—one a shrine of pilgrimage for the world, the other a forgotten ruin. One brings to mind the vision of the mighty America which worships there; the other that "extinct race of country gentlemen" whose homes once adorned the banks of the Potomac, the Rapahannock and the James.

Heirs of God

By BURTON IVES

Life is God's legacy. Joint heirs are we
 To vast creation's limitless estate;
 Ours are the treasures of the land and sea,
 And ours the boundless unpaid wealth of fate.

And out of the great fortune that is ours,
 Grim Time, the trustee, pays us, one by one,
 The golden days of labor, love, and flowers,
 Which, well or ill, we spend 'tween sun and sun.

The Whistler Memorial Exhibition

By MAURICE BALDWIN

TAKING the first night of the opening of the Whistler Show, held in Copley and Allston Halls in Boston, during February and March, as a foundation for a study of the exhibition, it must be admitted that on that occasion the people who had come to see the works of this dead, great, and little-understood painter of pictures formed the most interesting feature of the evening.

These twelve or fifteen hundred holders of special tickets set the rank of those to whom Whistler's art makes its appeal, and that the quality of appreciation was both high and rich may be gathered from the character of those who made up that first collection of visitors.

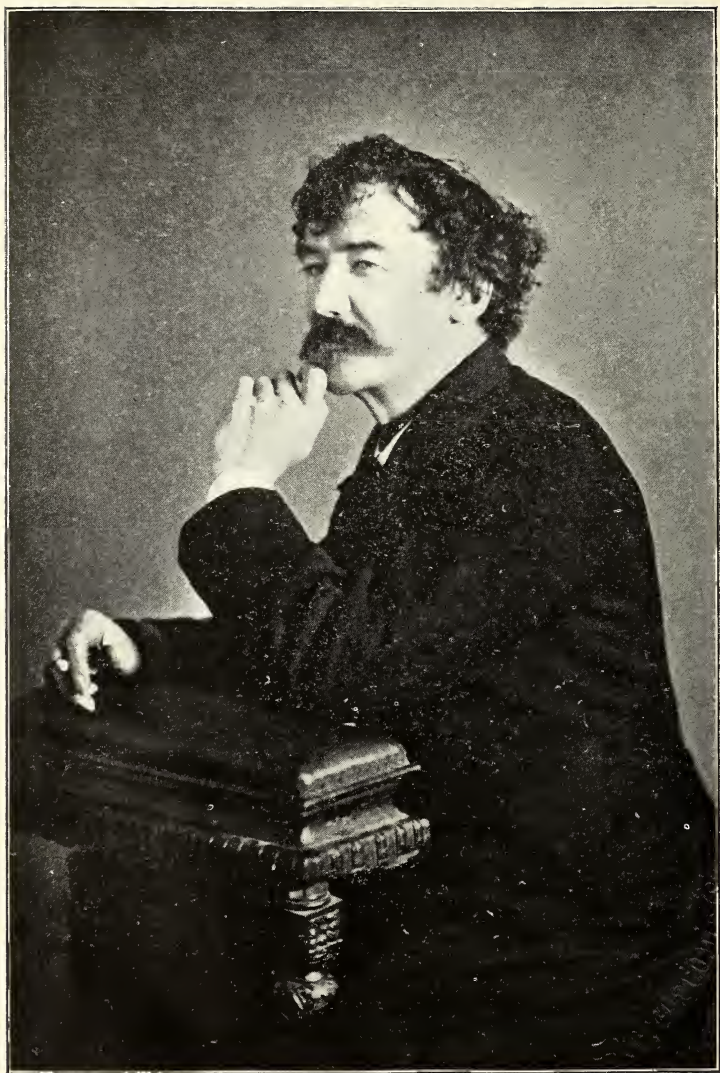
During March the Automobile Show in Symphony and Horticultural Halls drew, on the first night, eight thousand people. Automobiles and Whistler are the fashion, and very much else, as well; and both, during these exhibitions attracted the same two classes of people—those who understood fine workmanship and high inventive genius, and those who can afford to own the products of special and great skill.

After these two classes follow, of course, the sheep—that amiable and facile-minded multitude who gave to fads and fashions and follies the strength of numbers.

Boston society, with no small abetment from the best of other

cities, set the seal of its interest and approval upon the Whistler Show on its initial night. As nearly as might be, those whose names may directly or indirectly, be traced back to the passenger list of the Mayflower, were present on this occasion. Boston's Smart Set is very much more than an aggregation of fashionables. Its erudition, its interest in and understanding of the greater things of life, art, philosophy, literature, music is sincere and genuine. In spite of its politics and its city council, Boston is still a city where great social distinction and intellectual distinction are reasonably compatible terms.

During the days that followed, the attendance at the exhibition, both day and night, and on Sundays, was large and appreciative. People came from El Paso, Texas. Orlando, Florida, and way stations, to view Whistler's "Nocturnes" and etchings. Boston for a time, as on many previous occasions for other reasons, became a Mecca. Student bodies from the art schools of other cities visited the galleries. Artists from everywhere made definite their appreciations and doubts. Teachers, school boys and girls, college professors, business men, actors and politicians, Christian Scientists and Socialists, Russians and Japanese formed part of the heterogeneous stream of interested humanity that attended the show. In the low hum of comment and conversation before



JAMES ABBOTT MCNEILL WHISTLER

the pictures could be discerned the drawl of the West, the lilt of the South, the patois of the East. The railroads might easily have made the Whistler Show an excuse for reduced rates. On Thursdays tea was served by prominent society women. A Boston paper referred to it editorially as an affair of both national and international importance—the exhibition. The Copley So-

ciety, under whose auspices the exhibition was held, very justly benefited greatly, financially and otherwise, by the event.

If one's sense of humor be somewhat stirred by the pious seriousness with which Boston took this chief exhibition of the year the event itself does not suffer either in dignity or importance. Both as a memorial to a great American artist

and as an exhibition of art the affair was of unusual distinction and value. As a recognition of the genius of Whistler this gathering together from all parts of the world of so large a number of his works was an extraordinary testimonial of appreciation, only worthy of the very great. Whistler's fame will

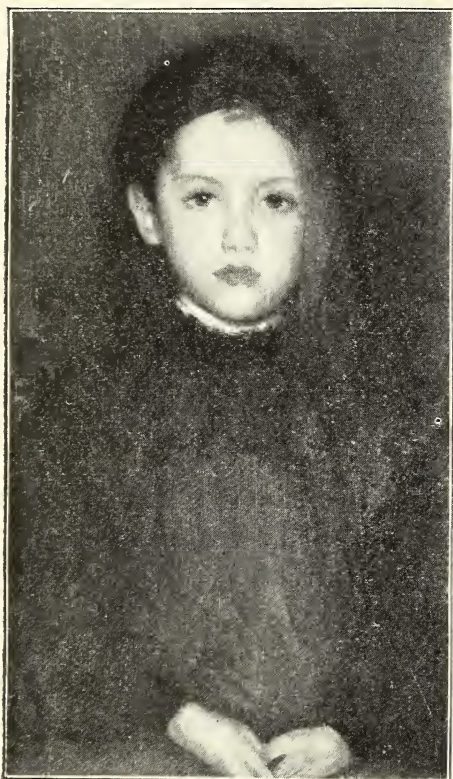
It was one of Whistler's insistent ideas in his own exhibitions in London, that the exhibition itself should possess a decorative character—that is, that the display of his works, whether paintings or prints, should have a definitely complementary setting. He proposed that the effect of his paintings should gain from the



WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER

not suffer after the exuberance and over-praise have subsided, for both the artist and his art have entered the eternal life. This exhibition alone places Boston in the same rank as an art center in America, that London holds in England and Paris in Europe.

environment of their frames—that the whole exhibition should, in a sense, be a Whistler picture. However one may question the entire wisdom or right of an artist to depend upon the surroundings of his work for the enhancement of its artistic qualities there can be no



LITTLE ROSE OF LYME-REGIS

doubt that a certain consistency and, consequently, benefit is to be gained by a regard for the secondary considerations of arrangement and background.

In preparing Copley and Allston Halls for the exhibition the committee in charge endeavored to provide a decorative scheme which should follow as closely as might be the ideas and preferences of the artist. Certainly the result was an effective and beautiful one. The entire interiors were repainted, repapered, and redecorated. In Copley Hall a very beautiful pearly-gray grass cloth of Japanese manufacture covered the walls. A few Japanese brasses, woodcarvings, gilded stucco wreaths, a number of bay trees and

small decorative shrubs relieved the long lines of the hall. A wall with wide arched doors was placed across the stage to which a circle of steps led, thus making a small room in which some original pencil sketches and studies were hung. This room, brilliantly lighted, was covered with a warm straw-colored grass cloth, and seen through the two doors from the main entrance saved the larger hall from a gray monotony. Between these two doors hung "The Princess du Pays de la Porcelaine," one of the most brilliantly colored, as well as beautiful, of the paintings. Opposite it, upon the screen at the entrance to the hall, was the famous "White Girl." Two small alcoves enclosed small marines and street scenes, and a number of lithographs made in Whistler's youthful days.

On the two long walls hung about a hundred of the chief oil paintings of the artist. It is unlikely that there will ever be another exhibition of Whistler's works so comprehensive and extensive as was this. The collection contained about one hundred and fifty oils, water-colors, and pastels; about two hundred and twenty-five etchings; and a large collection of lithographs and drawings. "The good and the bad, the worst and the best" of the painter's work were here. The exhibition was Whistler's artistic autobiography, the unqualified truth of his weakness and his strength, his failures and successes, his whims and phantasies, his triumphs. Its very humanity ennobled it; its uneven merit was one of its charms; its greatness explained the failures.

And now before discussing what Whistler was as an artist let us consider some of the things he was not, for upon these latter points have been built up a structure of adverse

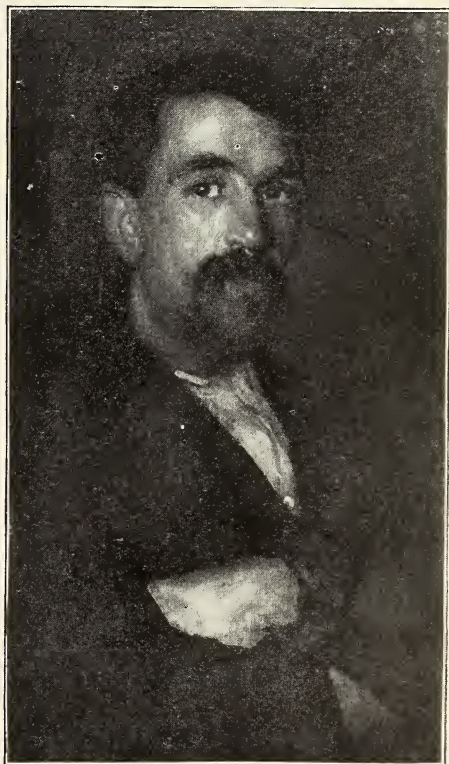
criticism and misunderstanding as unjust as it is ridiculous.

One of the most common expressions heard during the exhibition, and which was made by quite intelligent and often highly cultivated people, was that "Whistler's portraits don't look like anybody." Well, why should they? Yielding to the importunities of insistent friends, sometimes under pressure of circumstances. Whistler occasionally painted pictures in which his sitter played a part. The only satisfaction to the vanity of the subject lay in having one of Whistler's pictures named after him and in paying for the honor. The police force would have found Whistler's portraits, with three or four exceptions, useless as means of identification. In the first place Whistler was not a portrait painter and didn't want to be one. When he painted the three or four exceptions referred to they were simple *tours-de-force*—boasts merely to show what he could do if he tried. And as portraits and boasts, his paintings of his "Mother," "Thomas Carlyle," "The Blacksmith," and the "Little Rose" are perfect. Having proved that his style of art was elective and not a limitation, he proceeded to follow his bent.

Out of every hundred persons who have the vanity and the money to have their portraits painted there is not more than one who is worth painting. The domain of art is Beauty—it has no other reason for existence and needs none. Apart from their possible historical significance, portraits, with one exceptional consideration, are of no earthly value. Great art may save them from being tiresome, but in these cases it is the art and not the persons portrayed that makes the paint-

ings worth the space they take. Photography is the proper resort of those who wish their features perpetuated. There is a place for miniatures if the subject be worthy. The only excuse for a portrait is the call of love for an enduring presentment—which time may not mutilate nor custom stale—of someone dear. And because true love—deep love—would not vaunt itself and its tenderness to the world, neither should the portrait, the symbol of an idol, be much larger than the heart in which, like a secret shrine, its worship burns.

But for the thousands of paintings of smug aldermen, financiers, and fat ladies, there is really no place in art. High technical skill



THE BLACKSMITH

may save one from becoming sick at the sight of them, but beauty alone remains the purpose and the true goal of art.

And so thought Whistler. He entered fully into that reserve which is a characteristic of Japanese art, which he greatly admired and was influenced by—the disinclination to use the human form and face in any other way than as part of a decora-

dreamer, nature provides no more than a stone from which to spring into flight. The uplift of wings takes him who soars further away from the earth from whence he sprung: its facts of sea and land, of rock and tree, of life and death, become spiritualized and changed to something other than they are in the pure ether of the altitudes, and it is this illusion which alone gives to a



BLACK LION WHARF

tive intention. The expression of beauty in color is the total of what Whistler strove for in his art. The expression of those phases of beauty in color which made a special appeal to his imagination was the end to which he bent all his energies and the subtleties of his genius. Whistler was a colorist, a poet of the brush, a musician in tint, a dreamer of iridescences and designs. To the true artist, poet, musician, or

poem or picture or a song its beauty, which is its soul.

In his so-called portraits, then, and indeed in nearly all of the paintings executed in Whistler's best manner, there is evident no other intention than the interpretation of the beauty of color as he chose to see it. To him subject was incidental, very often accidental, serving no more than as a spur in the side of his intent, an excitant to an

emotion which could only find expression in a tonal harmony, a relation of values depending only upon their truth for their beauty. Whistler clothed nearly all of his themes in a rich and subtle glamour—the mist of dreams. His pictures might have suggested these lines from a forgotten poet:

Every thought has a hue—
Red or blue,

Black and Brown"; the uninteresting "Comte Robert of Montesquiou-Fezensac" and more uninteresting "Arthur J. Eddy"; the "Sarasate," full of distinction; the portrait of Miss Cassett; "The Andalusian," a beautiful study, in dark grays, of a Spanish woman with back turned to the beholder, a cheek showing over the shoulder.

In none of these paintings was



LIME HOUSE (ON THE THAMES)

There are atoms of perfume
In gloom;
There are colors heard when sleeping,
There is music seen when weeping,
There are concerts vague of tune
In the moon.

To finish with the portraits, those shown in this exhibition include "The Fur Jacket," one of the most appealing and exquisite of the full length studies, holding in its vague outlines and the delicate flesh tones of the face a rare and tender charm; the finely posed and effective "Miss Rose Corder," an "Arrangement in

perceptible any of the oriental feeling that pervades many of Whistler's smaller figure studies. And in none of them was apparent much of the Velasquez quality which some have claimed to have perceived in them. Whistler's fastidious, sensitive genius seems quite another thing than that of Velasquez.

"The Symphony in White—The Little White Girl," with its dainty Japanese treatment of accessories seemed to be the apogee of Whistler's delicate and exquisite taste.



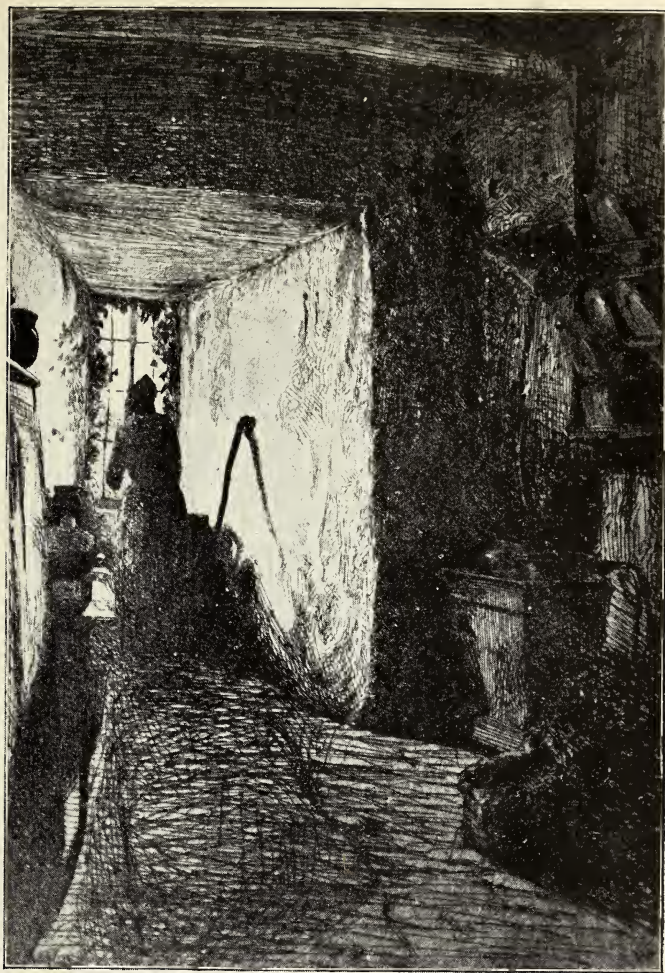
GERMAN RAG PICKER

There is drawing enough in this perfect and lovely thing to satisfy the most exacting realist, but it was not of the drawing that one thought in contemplating this masterpiece so filled with the white charm of innocence and youth. It seemed a maiden-soul—almost without the clay, so radiant and sweet and pure it is.

Near this painting hung a famous and especially delightful group of five decorative studies very Japanese

in arrangement and treatment—the “Symphony in White and Red,” “Venus,” “Symphony in Green and Violet,” “Symphony in Blue and Green,” and “Variations in Blue and Green.” Their delicacy of color and the illusive grace of their drawing made them of especial note.

On the western wall of Copley Hall hung the final utterances of Whistler’s art—the incomparable “Nocturnes.” These supreme paintings embodied all the refinement,

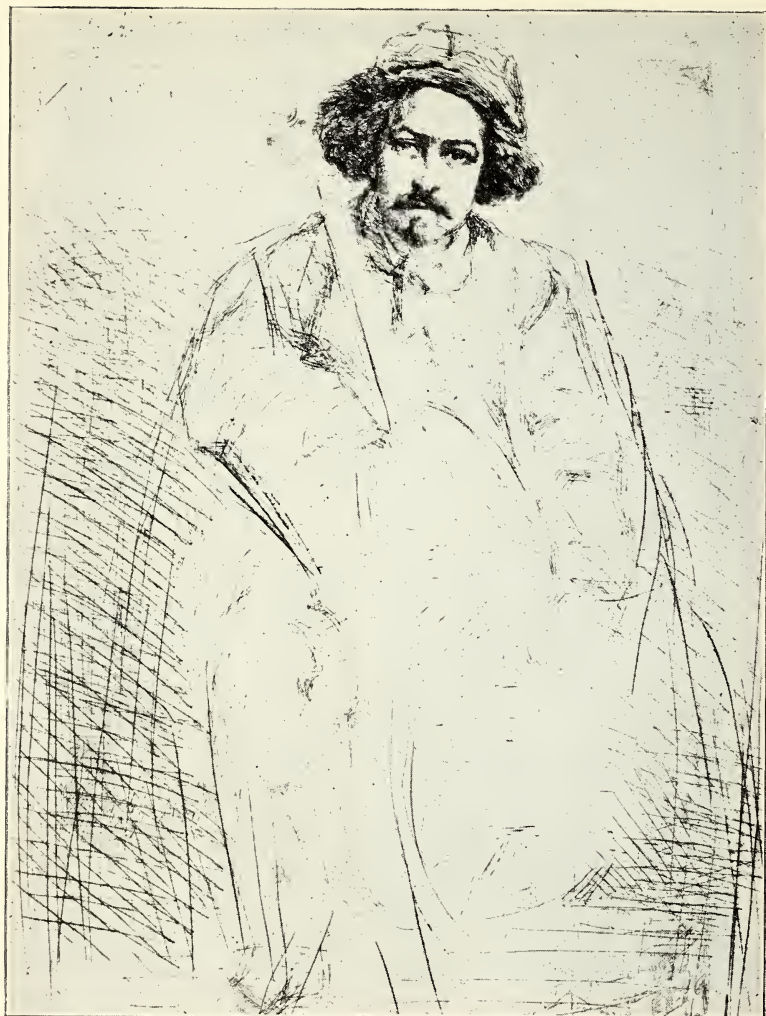


THE KITCHEN

poetry, feeling, insight, and manual dexterity of the painter's life as an artist. Flawless, marvelous, spiritualized twilight and darkness—it is hard to describe the beauty which seems to be diffused from these splendid canvasses. Their technical simplicity is not the least wonderful thing about them. In these are particularly noticeable a fine poetized glamour—the wistful intangible grace of hidden things—the witcheries and mysteries of night. No other artist has ever expressed

the sweet still hush of eventide so exquisitely or so simply. In gazing upon them the observer slowly felt the sober pensive loveliness of dusk and dreams stealing over him. As someone said, "a moment more and one might expect the stars to break through the deep velvety skies, and to see their reflections in the placid waters." It is useless to attempt in words to convey an idea of their memory-haunting loveliness.

Their names describe them as well as may be. Three in "Blue and



THE FIDDLER

Silver—Bognor—Battersea, and Cremorne Lights," Nocturne in "Black and Gold—The Falling Rocket," "Nocturne—Southampton," and the rest of the group; perfect in their expression of night's elusive enchantments.

With these more important works to which only the briefest reference has been possible were numerous small paintings of figures, street scenes, landscapes and the sea.

These "bits" were in quality and character equal in every way to the more pretentious canvasses. In them the sensitive color feeling predominated and made each a gem—precious miniatures of flower-like perfection. Looking at these tiny paintings one realizes that Whistler had no disdain for an illustrative value when it did not intrude upon the color quality which he desired to retain.

Of the large number of etchings and other studies which filled Allston Hall nothing need be said. Whistler's fame as an etcher was made permanent years ago. Even in these his passion for color gives them a unique character.

Great as is Whistler's contribution to the beautiful paintings of the world his gift to the knowledge of art is greater. His insight as to the

relations of values and his acute perception and taste in color will long possess a wealth of suggestion and instruction for artists to come. When the foolishness of faddism has passed away Whistler's paintings will take their just place among the great art treasures of the world and Whistler's name will be found among the names of the masters.

Abby Sophia's Legacy

By HARRIET A. NASH

"I COME right over just as soon as I heard," declared Mrs. Foster, seating herself in the large rocker. "'Twas dretful sudden, wasn't it?"

"Sudden at the last," agreed her hostess, a tall thin woman, whose gingham wrapper hung limply about her, and who seemed to radiate an atmosphere of overwork. She hung a huge brass kettle upon the crane as she answered and added a stick to the fire beneath it.

There were five neighbors sitting about the room before Mrs. Foster's arrival, but Mrs. Merritt had mournfully assured each and all of them that "there wasn't a thing they could do."

"I was settin' in front of the fireplace piecin' a quilt," explained the newcomer, "when all to once there come the awfulest bell in my left ear. I clapped my hand up to my head and says I, 'What poor creature's dead now?' 'Twasn't half an hour before 'Lisha come in with the news. 'Poor Abigail Merritt's gone at last,' says he."

A counterpart of the thin woman before the fireplace came softly through the stairway door, a huge armful of clothing almost concealing her face.

"How d' you do Mis' Foster," she said in a subdued tone. "You heard poor Abigail was gone, I s'pose? Well she's been a poor sufferin' soul and I for one can't wish her back." The six neighbors cast some significant glances toward one another. They had often expressed sympathy for Eleazer Merritt in his peculiarly assorted household, which had included, besides two maiden sisters of his wife, his own widowed sister, the fretful invalid just gone from earth. The fact that the deceased woman possessed a substantial property left her by her husband, while the "Simmons girls" were dependent upon their brother-in-law, was not believed to add to the household harmony.

"I wonder'f she left a will," suggested Mrs. Foster.

A nearer neighbor nodded with some importance. "Ezry'n I witnessed it," she explained. But when further pressed for particulars as to its contents, she was obliged to admit that she did not know.

Sophia Simmons having deposited her load upon the wooden settle, came back to seat herself among the callers.

"I s'pose you've heard about the will," she began. "It seemed kind of unchristian to open it before the funeral, but we knew she'd left directions as to just what she wanted done, so we had to. It'll be a pretty lifeless affair with neither singin' nor flowers, I'm thinkin', but them's her own wishes. Abigail was naturally of a gloomy turn of mind and her trouble aggravated it, poor thing."

"She'n Henry never spoke after they separated, did they?" questioned a neighbor.

"Never. She always blamed his folks for that. He sent for her when he was dyin' but she didn't get there till it was too late. I always thought it showed a good disposition in Henry Clark to leave her all his property after all. But she was terrible sparin' in the use of it, as if she begrudged bein' beholden to him. And Oak Hill's never been lived in from that day to this."

"I supposed," suggested an interested neighbor, "that Abigail would naturally leave Oak Hill back to the Clarks."

Sophia Simmons shook her head with some importance. "The Clarks hadn't any claim to it," she said shortly. "Henry made his money himself in Californy and if he'd wanted them to have it it stands to reason he'd said so. She willed—"

The busy hostess turned from her

dye kettle. The little flush upon her thin cheek betokened that she knew what privileges were hers by right. "She left Oak Hill to Abby Sophia," she announced.

A little figure uncurred itself from the settle in a shadowy corner.

"Who, me, ma?" she inquired amid a chorus of interested exclamations.

"I didn't know you was there child," replied her mother shortly, as she resumed her work, but Sophia Simmons continued.

"Yes, you. How do you suppose you'll feel to be sole mistress and owner of Oak Hill? You'll have to be an awful good girl to deserve such a piece of luck. There's a condition to it though which you'll do well to remember. There's Merritt enough about you to make you go contrary to your Aunt's will after all."

"Sophia!" interrupted Mrs. Merritt sharply, but her sister continued, addressing the guests: "Oak Hill is left to Abigail Sophia so long as she don't marry one of Alexander Clarkses boys," she explained. "You hear now, child."

A subdued laugh, quickly checked, ran around the room, while the little girl, uneasily conscious that she had suddenly become an object of interest, retreated to the window. Mrs. Merritt stirred the black dye with an offended air.

"Abigail meant well by the child, no doubt," she admitted, "but I sh'd rather she'd left the property elsewhere than had foolish notions put into her head too young."

There was a sound of wheels in the dooryard, a bustle in the side entry, and the third Simmons sister entered the great kitchen, loaded with boxes and bundles. Sophia turned eager attention to the various

packages while the new arrival removed her bonnet and greeted the guests in decorous tones, in keeping with the near presence of death.

"I've been out to the village borrowing mourning," she announced. "'Lizy bein' naturally forehanded has had hers all ready for months, but Sophia and I don't calculate to mourn after the funeral, and so long's Lizy's got the children's summer things all made up she ain't calculatin' to put any of them but Abby Sophia into black for good. She wouldn't her but for the will. You've all heard, of course? So I borrowed for the two oldest girls and Viry Ann and the baby. I got Mis' Judge Haskell's best crape for me, Sophy, and her second best for you. The children's things I had to pick up around, a bonnet here and a cape there. They say it's goin' out of style for children to mourn."

Eight heads clustered about the table where Sophia was critically inspecting the borrowed raiment. Mrs. Merritt with the air of one who has no time to waste upon trifles gave close attention to the contents of the brass kettle.

"'Lizy's terrible put out at havin' to color today," the eldest Miss Simmons whispered to a neighbor. "She makes it the pride of her life to be forehanded in everything, but she got belated this time owin' to her never dreamin' how the will run."

Abigail Sophia from her window, watched her mother with fascinated eyes. Her ten year old brain was sadly perplexed with events of the past few hours, since she had awakened to find herself elevated to a position of importance, which, as third of her father's five daughters, she had not previously occupied in

the household estimation. Now, had come this new piece of information. She was the owner of Oak Hill, and in order to retain it she must remember never to marry any of the Clark boys. Abby Sophia had long since determined not to remain single and follow in the footsteps of her maternal aunts, but further than that her matrimonial plans were all unformed. Aunt Abigail need not have worried about the Clark boys; for her niece was deeply in terror of Tom and Silas, who were among the dreaded "big boys" of her school, and Henry was only a little boy. It became evident to Abby Sophia, sitting thoughtfully in the south window, that when she married, her choice would be a gentleman, like Elder Spooner or Dr. Drake.

At that moment Mrs. Merritt lifted Abby Sophia's best red cashmere dress and plunged it into the kettle of boiling dye; it came up a moment later, a dripping black mass, which the child regarded with swelling heart. Oak Hill with its great house and wide gardens overgrown now with neglected shrubbery, was a very poor substitute at this moment for her beautiful dress; but remonstrance she knew was useless. Tears blinded her eyes as she turned to look far down the road to the schoolhouse where her sisters had been sent as usual.

"Mother," she petitioned restlessly. "Can't I go out in the yard a little while?" Mrs. Merritt looked doubtful.

"I don't care—" she began, but the eldest Miss Simmons interrupted. "Of course you can't when your poor aunt's died and left you all her property," she said severely, while her sister Sophia added: "I should think you'd be ashamed not

to show a proper spirit of grief, Abby Sophia."

Abigail Sophia found her perplexity deepening, as passing days developed her changed position in the household. It was not unpleasant to receive at home and abroad the deference considered justly due the owner of Plainville's finest estate, and to be pointed out to strangers who found their way to the Huckleberry district, as the little girl who had inherited Oak Hill; but the pleasure ceased when she began to learn how many enjoyments, permissible to the third of her father's five daughters, were considered unbecoming the heiress of her aunt. The two Miss Simmons who felt themselves equally responsible with their sister and brother-in-law for the proper training of their nieces, did not fail to keep before her a high standard of excellence. The future mistress of Oak Hill must walk and not run, must keep her curly hair smooth and sit erect in her chair; and when the minister called, instead of slipping out with her sisters to play "going to meeting" in his roomy carryall, must sit silent with folded hands in a corner of the parlor, listening to the conversation and endeavoring to profit thereby. Her mother set long "stents" of sewing in spite of tearful objections.

"You'll be only too thankful to me, child, when you come to have the over-seaming and hemming of a large house on your hands," Mrs. Merritt assured her daughter. Even the easy going father began to demand an excellence in school work and to criticize a lack of proficiency in arithmetic. "You can't know too much about weights and measures, to saw nothin' of notes and interest," Eleazer Merritt declared. "It's

a solemn thing for a woman to be left in charge of a fine property like Oak Hill, Abby Sophia."

Yet it was at school that Abby Sophia met her most serious difficulties. A guarded line of conduct became necessary, lest the girls should consider her unduly elated by her inheritance. The boys made derisive inquiries concerning her spring planting, or petitioned with mock humility for privilege to go nutting in the Oak Hill woods "come autumn," while the entire school tormented her sensitive nature with significant allusions to the Clark boys, and warnings against any special interest in them.

Tom and Silas Clark laughed good-naturedly when the childish banter reached their ears, but their younger brother writhed in spirit, feeling the will of his uncle's widow an insult to his name and race.

"You needn't be scared," he scornfully assured Abby Sophia when he met her upon the playground one day. "You won't never lose Oak Hill through me 'cause I wouldn't marry you if 'twas leap year and you asked me to." Nevertheless the next time Abigail fled from her tormentors to weep in a retired corner by the stone wall Henry valiantly precipitated himself upon the pursuing group.

"Taint any of your business," he asserted between vigorous blows of his hard little fists. "I guess the Clarks and Merritts can settle their own affairs without any interferin' from any of you, and the next scholar that says 'will' or 'marryin'' in my hearin' is goin' to get licked if its a boy or chased with dead snakes if he's a girl. I'm tired 'n sick of this."

The fact that Tom and Silas never allowed Henry to fight his battles

singlehanded bore weight with the larger boys, and Abigail found life more endurable from henceforth.

"Why didn't Aunt Abigail want me to marry the Clark boys?" she asked her mother that night after a long hour spent in considering the question. Mrs. Merritt made an impatient gesture.

"The Lord knows," she answered. "I wish to goodness she'd burnt Oak Hill and scattered its ashes to the four winds, before she put foolish notions into your head. You hadn't ought to thought of marryin' for a dozen years to come."

"They're good boys," declared Abby Sophia stoutly.

She cast a look of gratitude towards her champion when she reached the schoolhouse the next morning, but he, intent upon trading slate pencils with a classmate, had apparently forgotten her existence. Abby Sophia considered again as she laboriously studied her geography lesson. Her grateful heart had no intention of carrying a debt of gratitude for any length of time, but it was some days before an opportunity presented itself for lightening the burden. With it, came a demand for self sacrifice to which she rose heroically.

"Goin' to the circus to-morrer, Henry?" she heard a schoolmate ask.

"If I leave off to the head to-night, I be," replied Henry with pleasing optimism. "I get a quarter every time I leave off, but pa says I shan't have any money given to me to go."

Abby Sophia heard with interest. She herself was sure of attendance upon this same circus, for her father had promised to take all of his children who had perfect lessons to-day. She felt very doubtful about Henry whose place was near

the foot of the class. Secure in her own position at the very head, she looked down the long line. There were many pupils between them, for Henry on ordinary occasions was an indifferent student. To-day he spelled carefully and correctly each word as it came to him, and Abigail was gratified to observe that he came upward to the very middle of the class. If he had only more time he would earn his quarter, she decided as she spelled evolution with a careful choice of letters. The little girl at her elbow mis-spelled chemicals and a panic carried the disaster on down the class. A moment later Henry had mounted to the second place. Abigail wished it was last night again that he might succeed to her place. A sudden thought came to her as the word "mosquito" came up to her from the foot. Abigail fixed her eyes upon the floor; her cheeks were crimson with the enormity of the deceit. "M-u-s-k-e-e-t-o-e," she spelled deliberately, while a smothered laugh ran through the class, and Henry, spelling the word correctly, went above her.

"You must have got muddled," he whispered sympathetically. "You've spelt lots harder words'n that."

Abby Sophia sat upon the doorstep and contentedly watched her sisters drive away to the long talked of circus, next morning, consoling herself with the assurance that when she was actually mistress of Oak Hill she could attend unlimited circuses at her own pleasure.

Eleazer Merritt was not a wealthy man, and the many feminine demands upon his purse made careful economy necessary. As his daughter's guardian he gave careful attention to the Oak Hill property, keep-

ing the unused buildings in repair, and the large farm in a proper state of cultivation. It required more time than he could well spare from his own farm work, but he declined to recompense himself from the Oak Hill income or even to use any part of it for Abby Sophia's expenses.

"I guess 'Leazer Merritt can bring up and educate his own children," he asserted when his wife's sisters lamented the folly of his course. "It don't make any difference if Abby Sophia's future station in life does demand higher privileges now. The Clarks ain't goin' to have it to twit on that we're livin' on Henry's property. When she's twenty-one she can begin to spend it, but up to that time we must manage to get what she needs ourselves."

Yet Abigail continued to wear muslin and cashmere while her sisters were forced to content themselves with calico and delaine, and at the age of fifteen was transferred to the village high school though Martha and Jane had cheerfully completed their education at the little district schoolhouse.

Truth to tell Abby Sophia had not even yet arrived at an age where she appreciated her superior advantages, and was deadly homesick in the unaccustomed routine of the village school. She roomed in the kitchen chamber of a family friend and boarded herself upon food brought fresh from home each Monday morning. It was something of a comfort on the second morning to discover Henry Clark's freckled countenance among the many unfamiliar ones.

"I didn't know you was here," she said shyly, when she met Henry on the broad walk at recess. "I thought you was going to be a farmer."

"So I am," replied Henry in a burst of confidence. "But I want an education all the same. I never could see any reason why ministers and lawyers should have all the learning."

Abby Sophia didn't mean to be deceitful, but somehow it was far easier to make no mention of Henry on her Friday night visits home. So she missed the specific prohibitions of his acquaintance which the two Miss Simmons would have promptly laid upon her. Henry cheerfully walked the two miles between his home and the village each night and morning, bringing to his homesick neighbor daily reports from the Huckleberry district. They were no longer classmates, for Henry developing a brilliancy of scholarship which far surpassed Abby Sophia's conscientious efforts, was bent upon completing the four years' course in three.

"Then I'm going to the State College," he confided to Abby Sophia one moonlight night when neighborly courtesy demanded that he "see her home" from the High School Literary Club.

"You'll be too grand for the Huckleberry district after that," suggested Abby Sophia doubtfully, as she stood upon the doorstep of her boarding place.

"No I won't," replied Henry firmly. "The Huckleberry district needs breadth of character much as the village does and I'm going to college more for experience than for learning."

Abigail Sophia was nearly nineteen when Eleazer Merritt sold his yearling colt to purchase a graduating dress with elaborate trimmings of real lace which did full credit to her future home.

"I'd much rather have plain white muslin like the rest," the girl objected sensibly, but the two aunts joined in silencing her. Even her mother whose highest ambition in Abby Sophia's behalf was to "keep her free from foolish notions," declared sagely, "the others ain't owners of Oak Hill child. Take what you can get and be thankful for it."

"It's to be hoped she won't marry before she comes into her property," grumbled Miss Sophia. "Her father'd probably scrimp us all and mortgage the farm to fit her out, rather'n make use of what's her own."

"Leazer Merritt'll prob'ly do as he pleases with what's his own," retorted Mrs. Merritt in a sudden burst of independence. "And so long's his wife that's helped to earn it don't object, I guess outsiders needn't feel called on to interfere."

So Abigail graduated in the lace dress, then cheerfully bestowed it upon her next younger sister for a wedding gown. Viry Ann who had for years been clothed in Abigail's outgrown raiment accepted the dress with much pleasure. The second sister had married a year earlier, while the eldest seemed to follow the example of the two Miss Simmons.

"You must try and do something for Martha when you're twenty-one," urged the second sister with the patronizing air of young matronhood. "It's really too bad for poor father to have another old maid on his hands."

Abby Sophia cheerfully settled herself to teach the Huckleberry district school and wait for her twenty-first birthday, on which date it had been agreed in family council, she should take up her abode at Oak

Hill. She went sometimes to visit the great house with its cheerful rooms and rich furnishings with which the years had dealt kindly, and saw visions of herself living there alone through a long vista of years. She always came away with a feeling of depression wrought by remembrance of the great house's early history.

"Poor Aunt Abigail," the girl often sighed, gazing off from the wide veranda over a rich farming country closed in by far off hills. Yet a little of reproach usually mingled with her pity. "She ought to have been happy here," Abby Sophia decided with the swift judgment of youth. "She didn't have to live alone."

Still if the future held anything of loneliness it also promised independence and a blessed freedom from the daily criticism which had been her lot from childhood. There were many long accumulating plans to be carried out in the immediate years following her coming of age. "I shall do just as I please about everything," declared Abby Sophia, "and give the other girls all the good times and pretty clothes they want."

But as the long expected birthday drew near and various articles which had been accumulating since childhood, were packed for removal to the new home, it became apparent that the two Miss Simmons were also packing.

"Are you going visiting?" the girl inquired innocently one day as Miss Joanna brought down a hair covered trunk from the attic.

"Bless you child, we're going to live with you," replied Miss Sophia.

"You didn't suppose a girl of your age was goin' to be left to manage that great house and farm alone, did you?"

So Abigail, though nominally the owner of Oak Hill, found herself by no means its mistress and was quite as much under orders as she had been in younger days. She would have celebrated her advent by a quiet family gathering, but Miss Joanna firmly put the preference one side.

"Your poor dead aunt's memory requires something more," she declared, and arranged for a large party to which the whole countryside should be bidden.

On the night of the party Henry Clark came home from college. Miss Joanna would not have considered this an important circumstance, since the Clarks were the only family in the Huckleberry district who had not been invited, but neighbors whispered the news to one another and commented on what might have been had Henry Clark, Senior, remembered his duty to his own blood.

It was not an enjoyable party to Abigail, though she delighted in such gatherings, as a rule. Tonight she was burdened with the solemn realization that to be mistress of a house and fortune did not bring unclouded happiness as she had long supposed.

She had gone this afternoon bankbook in hand to her father urging him to accept from her the money which her education had cost him. Eleazer Merritt had drawn himself proudly erect.

"If sister Abigail had desired me to have any of her property, it was in her power to will it to me," he declared obstinately. "So long as she didn't I could bring up my children without her help."

In the light of his reply many of the things which had puzzled the girl became clearer. What wonder

if the hard working farmer had cherished a slight resentment all these years. It would have been so easy for Aunt Abigail with her wealth to have lightened a little of his many cares. Even her sister Martha had proudly refused the offer of a new dress for the party. Indeed when Abigail came to reflect upon the matter, the two Miss Simmons were the only members of her family who were willing to share her fortune.

"Abby Sophia, have you spoken to the Petersons?" demanded Miss Joanna, as the crowd surged through the rooms. "They've driven way out here from the village, and we must show a proper appreciation of the effort."

The girl obediently started in the direction indicated, but Miss Sophia stopped her. "You must go and talk with Mis' Judge Haskell," she commanded.

Abigail, unable to obey both commands, rebelliously turned about and went out, down the steps into the summer moonlight. At the foot of the steps she met Henry Clark.

"I'm afraid to say how long I've been standing here, waiting for a glimpse of you," he explained. "I only returned home tonight and didn't know about the party, but it didn't seem as though I could wait for what I had to tell you."

They were walking down the gravelled path towards the summer house and Abigail in her surprise was permitting him to hold the hand she had offered in greeting.

"I haven't much of worldly goods to offer you in exchange for Oak Hill," Henry continued, "but it would be an insult to your womanhood if I kept silent for that reason. I love you, dear. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Long ago," replied Abby Sophia solemnly. "Ever since I was a little girl."

"It's a fine old place," Henry declared a long half hour later, as he stood looking up at the house. "Are you sure you won't regret it, if finances sometimes go hard with us—later on?"

Abby Sophia clasped her hands upon his arm.

"Not for a thousand Oak Hills," she declared fervently. "And it isn't a sacrifice at all, for oh, Henry, it hasn't been anything like what I thought it would be."

"Father," she inquired next morning, seating herself on the stone wall near the corner where Eleazer Merritt was industriously hoeing, "what becomes of Oak Hill if I don't have it?"

"I don't know," replied her father, absently calculating the long rows yet unhoed. "For that matter I s'pose nobody livin' knows since old Squire Knox that drew the will died four years ago come August. There's a codicil in his son's hands to be opened on your weddin' day, whomsoever you marry. Your mother'n aunts don't know or they'd wore my life out years ago. What do you want to know for?"

"Because," replied Abby Sophia tranquilly, "I don't want Oak Hill any longer. I'm going to marry Henry Clark."

Eleazer Merritt resumed his hoeing. "I might have expected you'd do some such fool thing, bein' a woman," he said.

Great was the consternation among the feminine members of the Merritt family. The aunts in wrath declared it should not be, the married sisters argued from a worldly wise point of view, while the mother declared drearily that she always ex-

pected some such result from foolish notions being put into the child's head so young. Her sister Martha met the announcement with reproaches.

"I might have married Silas Clark and had a comfortable home of my own," she declared, "but they made me break it off because Aunt Abigail left her money to *you*."

Oak Hill became closed and tenantless once more; the Misses Simmons came back to the brother-in-law's home and Abby went about modest preparations for a simple wedding.

"I should rather been engaged longer and given you time to get ahead a little," she explained to Henry beneath the lilac bushes by the front gate. "But there'll be no peace at home until it is over, and besides Aunt Abigail's money belongs to somebody and it isn't right to keep them waiting any longer. My father has an idea that Oak Hill is to be used for an old ladies' home or something of the sort."

Henry who had paid his own way through college answered cheerfully that he should "get ahead" much faster with a wife to help him. He had taken a large farm to work "on shares" for the summer and was already fitting up a little cottage for their abode. In a year or two they would have a place of their own.

Eleazer Merritt resolutely declared that he had no money to spend on his third daughter, but Abigail cheerfully constructed a dress from some muslin window curtains bought with her first school money, and contrived a lace bonnet from the ever resourceful "piece bag." "Silas says he'll stand up with us if you will," she informed her older sister, and having won Martha's reluctant consent, lavished

far more care upon the bridesmaid's toilet than upon her own.

After the simple little service in the parlor of a village parsonage the four drove directly to young Lawyer Knox's office.

The lawyer deliberately broke the red seals of the codicil and examined with much interest a sealed enclosure.

"This seems to be intended for you—Mrs. Clark," he said. The bride's white gloved fingers unfolded the message from the dead reverently.

DEAR NIECE ABIGAIL:—

I'm singling you out from your sisters to will you my property, partly because you bear my name but more because you are clear Merritt, while the others show now and then a streak of Simmons. And I'm making a curious condition because it suits my fancy. Long before this reaches your eyes Henry Clark and I will have met and made up our differences where misunderstandings come no more. He was the best man that ever lived, and it was only his money that came between us. I hope you've grown to be a sensible woman who isn't going to let either the possession of money or the lack of it spoil your life. I know from the way my will reads all Huckleberry district is going to declare I held hardness against the Clarks up to the last, but it isn't true. Henry Clark was a man of sterling virtues, and since he didn't leave a son to inherit his good qualities, there's no reason why his nephews shouldn't have got them all. I hope they'll

grow up to be just such a man as he was, and nothin' would please me better than to have you turn your back on Oak Hill to marry one of them. Perhaps you'll never marry at all, but with your two Simmons aunts before your eyes it isn't to be expected that you'll follow in their footsteps. If you do marry the blessing of a good man's affection ought to outweigh money values. Anyway I have arranged that on your wedding day whomsoever you may marry, one-half the property I leave shall be settled on you forever, while the other half goes back to the family from which it came and into the hands of Henry Clark, Junior, nephew and namesake of my beloved husband. I expect the whole Huckleberry district and your Simmons relation in particular will say I'm crazy but I know the Merritt disposition and I wouldn't be a mite surprised if you'd been attracted to the Clarkses ever since you heard my will read.

Hoping these few lines will find you happy and contented, I am

Your Affectionate Aunt,

ABIGAIL MERRITT CLARK.

"The happiest possible arrangement," declared young lawyer Knox with enthusiasm. "Your aunt, Mrs. Clark, was possessed of extraordinary prophetic gifts. The bride turned from his offered congratulations to clasp her hands upon her husband's arm.

"Poor Aunt Abigail," she said with tearful eyes, "don't you see how much more than Oak Hill she's left us—each other and all the happiness she somehow missed herself."



The Pilgrim Fathers on the Kennebec

By EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON

THERE is always a great charm in the beginning of things; and to trace to its origin a local tradition has untold fascination. But when, having followed one such story to its source, we find it to be veritable history, and not that only but the history of the founders of the Plymouth Colony, then we wonder why such a record was ever suffered to pass into the realm of the half-forgotten.

The story of the Pilgrim Fathers on the Kennebec is one of the most interesting and important in the early annals of New England, yet it has lapsed into an almost legendary form, and today, many of the dwellers on the banks of the Kennebec are unaware that the Pilgrim Fathers were ever sojourners on its shores. Nevertheless it is true that more than a hundred years before the erection of old Fort Western which is still standing in the city of Augusta, there was a flourishing English trading-post in this locality; and here for thirty-four years the men of Plymouth dwelt beside the Abenaki Indians and carried on a profitable trade with the aboriginal inhabitants of Maine. Of this long period no consecutive record exists. We can only ask, Who came and went as the Pilgrim barque plied back and forth between Plymouth harbor and the Kennebec? Who were the successive commandants of the trading-post? How

did these men live in this remote region? What did they learn of the life, character and ancient traditions of that remarkable people whom the early voyagers called the "Gentle Abenakis," and what did they gain from their traffic and intercourse with these Indians?

In order to answer these questions one must search carefully not only the writings of the early New England chroniclers and historians but also the works of the first French missionaries and voyagers, and especially the Jesuit records kept at Quebec and Montreal.

In the writings of the early New England historians the references to the coast of Maine and the Kennebec are comparatively few and brief, but every one is of inestimable value; and in these scanty records there are two facts which stand out with remarkable significance. The first is, that when the Pilgrim colonists were on the verge of starvation their lives were saved by supplies from Pemaquid and the adjacent islands. The second is, that when the Pilgrim Fathers were on the verge of despair and hopelessly discouraged in regard to their finances they were enabled through the profits of their trade on the Kennebec river to discharge their obligations to the London Company and thus establish their colony in the New World.

The students of New England

history have already recognized the fact that there were important settlements well established in Maine long before the landing of the Pilgrims, and that the early colony on the Maine coast was neither a daughter of Plymouth nor in any way dependent upon the Plymouth Colony. It is also known that there were profitable fishing and trading-posts at Pemaquid, New Harbor, Damariscove and Monhegan already existing in such a flourishing condition that they were able to send supplies to Plymouth at the time when the Pilgrims were dying of famine. In these fair havens on the Maine coasts an extensive trade had been carried on since 1607; and in 1622, when Edward Winslow came hither for supplies he found more than "thirty sail of ships" at anchor, or fishing, in the Pemaquid waters. Gov. Winslow himself tells us in his "Good News From New England" that "about the end of May, 1622, our store of victuals was wholly spent having lived long before with a bare and short allowance." Learning of the plenty that prevailed on the Maine coast Winslow was sent there by Gov. Bradford. "Here," writes Winslow, "I found kind entertainment with a willingness to supply our wants. * * * They would not take any bills (of Exchange) for these supplies but did what they could freely * * * and supplied our necessities for which they sorrowed, provoking one another to free gifts for the colony to the utmost of their abilities." "In the time of these straits," adds Winslow, "we must have perished unless God had raised up some unknown or extraordinary means for our preservation."

But the years of plenty which followed the famine afforded little be-

yond what was needed for the support of the colony at Plymouth and the leaders were overwhelmed by their debt to the London Adventurers. In the year 1626, this debt, which amounted to eighteen hundred pounds sterling with six hundred pounds additional due to other creditors, was assumed by Gov. Bradford, Myles Standish, Isaac Allerton, William Brewster, John Howland, John Alden and Thomas Prence. These men undertook the payment of the public debt, and this they accomplished by their fur trade with the Indians on the Kennebec.

To Edward Winslow belongs the honor of founding and establishing the ancient Kennebec trading-post. In the year 1625, accompanied by six comrades he came with a shallop-load of corn to trade with the Indians at Koussinoc where the city of Augusta now stands. At this period the shores of the Kennebec were a primeval forest unbroken except here and there by small clearings where the Abenaki Indians built their villages and cultivated their fields of corn. It is said that there were at this time thirteen Abenaki villages on the banks of the Kennebec and along the coast of Maine, and numerous round stone hearths where the Indians had their council-fires may still be seen up and down the valley of the Kennebec. Winslow at once saw the possibilities for trade with the Indians of this river, for the Kennebec was the great water-way leading from Moosehead Lake and the forests of Canada. If a trading-post were established near the Indian village at Koussinoc, all the hunters would speedily learn of this market for their peltries. At the same time it would be so far from the sea that

it would not attract the attention of the fishing and sailing vessels that were always on the lookout for traffic with the Indians on the coast. The first voyage of the Plymouth men was very successful. As Gov. Bradford tells us, "It was made by Mr. Winslow and some of ye old Standards, for seamen had we none." These brave landsmen started out from Plymouth in a little vessel built for them by the house-carpenter of the colony. "They had laid a deck over her midships," writes Gov. Bradford, "to keep ye corne dry but ye men were fain to stand out in all weathers without shelter, and at this season of the year it begins to grow tempestuous, but God preserved them and gave them good success for they brought home 700 pounds of beaver besides some furs, having little or nothing else but this corne which they themselves had raised out of the earth."

Encouraged by this success the colony began life with new hope, and the Plymouth merchants at once determined to build a permanent trading-house on the Kennebec. "In 1627," continues Bradford, "having procured a patent for the Kennebec, they erected a house above in ye river in ye most convenient place for trade (as they conceived) and furnished the same with commodities for that end, both summer and winter, not only with corne but with such other commodities as ye fishermen had traded with them, as coats, shirts, rugs and blankets, pease, prunes, etc., and what they could not get out of England they bought of the fishing ships, and so carried on their business as well as they could." A little later the Pilgrims were able to secure a large amount of wampum which was made only by the

Narragansetts, Pequots, or other coast tribes, and which the Indians of the interior were very eager to obtain, and the control of this currency gave the Plymouth men a great advantage over any other traders who might wish to buy furs of the Kennebec Indians. The shipments of beaver from the Kennebec to England from 1631 to 1636 were very large, that of the year 1634 alone amounting to twenty hogsheads. These cargoes brought large profits to the Plymouth colony, especially since the whole expense of the business was defrayed by the sale of otter skins and other small peltries.

Considering these facts in regard to the early dependence of the Pilgrim Fathers upon the resources of Maine, it is surprising to learn how little the historians of Plymouth have to say of the Kennebec trading-post and the men who occupied it for so many years. It has even been intimated that the Pilgrim traders did not care to advertise this very profitable source of their supplies and were purposely reticent on the subject. It would, however, have been extremely interesting if Gov. Bradford had told us who those "old Standards" were who came on that first trip with Edward Winslow. Now we can only learn the names of the noted men who subsequently came to the Kennebec. Among them were Gov. Bradford, Myles Standish, John Alden, Thomas Prentice, John Howland, Thomas Southworth and John Winslow; the three latter each being here for a term of years in command of the Plymouth trading-post.

What wonderful stories these men might have told us and what a remarkable volume of folk-lore they might have edited. Here was

an ancient people who claimed to be the first and only perfect creation of the Great Spirit. They had a wonderful and musical language. They had a system of writing and communication with other and distant tribes. They lived in villages; they cultivated the soil; they were gentle, unsuspicious and generous. They greeted the stranger kindly and shared with their white guests whatever they possessed, all of which was most cordially accepted; and yet how few and meager are the words which these early visitors to the Kennebec have left in acknowledgement of their debt to the Indians. We cannot plead that the men of Plymouth were ignorant, unlettered emigrants whose energies were wholly absorbed in the struggle for existence. Edward Winslow was an educated, philanthropic man; Gov. Bradford thought it worth while to keep the Log of the Mayflower and the records of Plymouth; Myles Standish was well versed in the Bible and the Commentaries of Caesar; while John Alden, as Longfellow writes, "was bred as a scholar" and "could say it in elegant language"; and yet these men came to these newly discovered shores where the air was scintillant with local color and the wigwams just overflowing with available material, and left us no record whatever of their experience.

We cannot help wondering how these great and wise ancestors of ours did employ themselves during the long days and evenings, "both summer and winter," as Bradford writes; which for thirty-four years they passed in this remote region. They really could not have spent all their time trafficking with the Indians. And there must have been much of interest constantly tran-

spiring before their eyes, for Kousinoc was the great rallying place of the Abenakis. Here the solemn councils were held every autumn before going on the great hunt to the Lake of the Moose, and here the spring-time feasts were celebrated when the braves returned laden with their trophies. Here were performed all the sacred rites and ceremonies of the tribe. At these celebrations there were games and dancing and feasting. The young braves exhibited their prowess in shooting-matches, foot races, wrestling, and ball playing. The medicine men performed their wonderful tricks in magic and jugglery, and after the feasts and games were ended the Indians gathered around their camp-fires and here the songs were sung and the tales re-told which their fathers had repeated from generation to generation.

Now we know from the valuable fragments of Abenaki folk-lore, which happily have been preserved to us, what a wealth of poetry and tradition these Indians once possessed. Their system of folk-lore was truly wonderful, and presented many legends which, for genial humor, poetic beauty and mythological significance, are comparable to those of any European folk-lore. Some of these tales possess a subtle sense of fun and sarcasm, others have a very curious psychological element showing that these Indians were dimly conscious of the old struggle between good and evil which is constantly going on in the human soul; and if the few legends gathered here and there at this late day from the scanty remnants of the Abenaki tribes are so wonderful, we can imagine what their folk-lore must have been in the palmy days of their tribal existence when every

village had its poet and story teller and the Men of the Dawn re-told all that their sires had taught them from the beginning of the world.

But of none of these things did the Pilgrim traders who came to the Kennebec make any record. We must therefore cease to sigh for the poetry and romance that we might have had, and content ourselves with the few historic facts which we are able to gather from English and French sources.

One of the first agents in command of the Plymouth trading-post was John Howland. Among all the notable men of the colony there was no one who bore a fairer record for bravery, efficiency and general usefulness than this sturdy youth from Essex County; and with his "military turn" and adventurous spirit Howland was well fitted for the administration of the business of the colony in this important location. He was, moreover, one of the company responsible for the public debt, and therefore especially interested in the success of the enterprise on the Kennebec. We also find John Howland and John Alden frequently associated in the affairs of Plymouth; and in May of the year 1634, while Howland was in command at Koussinoc, John Alden came from Plymouth to bring supplies to the trading-post. The spring trade was just then opening with the Indians. One by one the great canoes glided down from the head waters of the Kennebec laden with the hunters' spoils, and a very profitable season was anticipated. It was at this time, at the height of prosperity of the Plymouth company, that the tragic Hocking affair occurred.

It seems that the Piscataqua Plantation had become very jealous of the success of the Pilgrim traders

who held complete and absolute jurisdiction over the territory in the vicinity of Koussinoc for fifteen miles up and down the river, thus controlling all the trade which came from Moosehead Lake; and having determined to secure a portion of this trade, Piscataqua sent John Hocking to intercept the Indian canoes as they came down from the lakes.

Hocking boldly sailed up the Kennebec and anchored above the Plymouth post. Howland at first went out in his barque and remonstrated with Hocking for thus infringing on the Plymouth rights, but receiving only abusive threats in reply, he ordered Hocking to drop below the Plymouth limits. Hocking refused, and Howland sent three men in a canoe to cut Hocking's cables. The old Plymouth records state that these men were "John Irish, Thomas Rennoles and Thomas Savory." They cut one of Hocking's cables and then, as their canoe drifted down the stream, Howland ordered Moses Talbot to get into the canoe and cut the other rope. Talbot accordingly went "very reddyly," and brought the canoe back within range of Hocking's vessel. Hocking, standing on deck, carbine and pistol in hand, first presented his piece at Thomas Savory; but the canoe swung around with the tide, and Hocking put his carbine almost to Moses Talbot's head. Then Howland, springing upon the rail of his barque, shouted to Hocking not to shoot the men who were only obeying orders, but to take him for his mark, saying that he surely "stood very fayre." But Howland's bravery was in vain for Hocking would not hear, but immediately shot Talbot in the head. Whereupon, "a

friend of Talbot's, who loved him well," seized a musket and returned the fire; and Hocking "was presently strook dead being shott neare the same place in the head where he had murderously shot Moyes."

John Alden, although at the trading-post at the time this unfortunate affair took place, had no connection with it. He soon returned to Plymouth, and being in Boston a few weeks later, he was arrested and imprisoned by the Massachusetts magistrates to answer for Hocking's death. The Plymouth people were very angry at this unwarrantable interference in their affairs, and the indomitable Myles Standish at once started for Boston and effected Alden's release. Righteous Boston, however, insisted upon an investigation of the matter, and requested all the plantations, especially Piscataqua, to send delegates to the hearing. But after all their efforts none of the plantations invited, not even Piscataqua where Hocking belonged, manifested sufficient interest to send a representative. Winslow and Bradford appeared in behalf of Plymouth, and Winthrop and Dudley represented Massachusetts. Two or three ministers were also present, and after mature deliberation it was decided that the Plymouth men acted in self-defense and that Hocking alone had been to blame. The sad story of this early tragedy on the Kennebec is relieved only by Howland's dash of bravery, and the touching loyalty of Talbot's friend "who loved him well"; but it is of especial interest in this connection because it proves that John Howland and John Alden were both at the Kennebec trading-post in 1634.

The next agent at the trading-post was Captain Thomas Willett,

a young man who had been a member of the congregation at Leyden and who had followed the Pilgrims to Plymouth in 1632. He became eminent among the colonists and had served them very efficiently at Castine before coming to the Kennebec. Later in life, Willett engaged in trade with the Manhattan Dutch and, in 1664, became the first English governor of New York. The record of Willett's service on the Kennebec, like that of all the other agents, would be very dim and unsatisfactory were it not for the flash-lights cast upon this unknown ground by the writings of the old French fathers. From these, we learn that Capt. Willett was just and tactful in his dealings with the Indians, that he was interested in their welfare and won their confidence and esteem.

But while a new and strong light is thus cast by the Jesuit records upon these elusive pictures of the past, giving us in a single glimpse the material suggestive of a whole chapter of history, it is much to be regretted that the story is not more connected, and especially that some of these authors so frequently speak of "the Englishmen" on the Kennebec without mentioning their names.

Thus, on one occasion, Ragueneau speaks of a certain gentleman who had just arrived from Boston and "who spoke very good French." We wish he had told us the name of this accomplished gentleman. We would also like very much to know who was in command at the trading-post in 1642 when one of the Indian converts from Quebec came to visit the Abenaki village at Koussinoc. This Indian had been converted and baptized by the name of Charles, and furnished with a rosary and an image of the Virgin. The Abena-

kis at once took their guest to visit the English settlement which, as is stated, was very near. Of course, the new convert had not then learned that there were two kinds of Christians, Catholics and heretics; so he proudly displayed his rosary at the trading-post. Great was the Indian's surprise when "an Englishman" told him that his rosary was "an invention of the devil" and that his beautiful image of the Virgin was worth no more than an old rag which was lying upon the ground. But these Indian neophytes were well instructed, and the new convert promptly retorted that it was the devil who put these words into the Englishman's mouth and that the Englishman himself would certainly burn in hell since he despised what God had made and ordered. "After that time," says the old French writer who tells this story, "the heretics left him in peace," and the Quebec Indian had the comfort of seeing the Kennebec chieftain, who was with him, speedily converted and baptized.

In studying these early records of the relations of the French and English with the Indians of Maine, we cannot fail to be impressed by the very curious fact that the Pilgrim Fathers, during their long sojourn on the Kennebec, made no attempt to civilize or christianize the "Gentle Abenakis." The policy of the French at this time was quite different from that of the English. The French made every effort to conciliate and convert the Indians and to make use of them as a political power and as allies in their long wars with the English. One of the old French historians makes the following very ingenuous statement in regard to this point: "We believe that God raised up the Abe-

naki nation in order to protect the French people in Canada whom he wished to save; * * * and that God gave to these savages their bravery and valor in fighting that they might become redoubtable to the enemies of France." Charlevoix also declares that "the Abenakis were the principal bulwark of the French against the English," and that they were so recognized by the court and king in France.

But while the Pilgrims did not undertake the work of christianizing these Indians themselves, they seemed very willing that the French should do it; and therefore when Father Gabriel Druillettes, a highly educated and cultured Frenchman, was sent into the wilderness of Maine to take up his abode with these savages the Pilgrim traders gave him a cordial welcome. This was in the year 1647, when John Winslow was in command of the trading-post.

John Winslow was the brother of Gov. Edward Winslow and was one of the ablest and best men of the Pilgrim Republic. He came over in the "Fortune" to unite his lot with that of the Pilgrims and married the pretty Mary Chilton, who, according to some historians, was the first of the Mayflower emigrants to set foot on Plymouth Rock. Winslow became one of the wealthiest and most influential merchants of the colony, and was for many years closely connected with the trade on the Kennebec. It is not much wonder that the Plymouth merchant, during his long and lonely sojourn at the trading-post, should form a warm friendship with such a man as Father Gabriel Druillettes, or that the French priest who came to establish a mission-chapel at Koussinoc should be frequently

entertained at Winslow's table. One passage in the journal of the priest shows the friendly relations which existed between these two remarkable men.

"I love and respect the Patriarch," said Winslow, using the title commonly bestowed upon the priest. "I will lodge him at my house and treat him as my brother." And Father Gabriel writes, "I shall henceforth call him (Winslow) my Pereia, on account of the friendliness he ever showed me."

The name "Pereia" is here an allusion to a Portuguese merchant named Pereia, who was the devoted friend of the famous Jesuit priest, St. Francis Xavier; and this name was thus very appropriately applied to John Winslow, who was the devoted friend of Father Gabriel Druillettes.

It is said that the Indian village at Koussinoc contained at this time five hundred inhabitants, including the women and children. There were fifteen large lodges on the pleasant intervale by the river's side and in their midst stood the mission chapel of the Assumption. The descriptions which Father Druillettes gives of his life and work, and of his associations with the English on the Kennebec, are extremely interesting; and one of the most important episodes mentioned is the diplomatic mission of the French priest to Plymouth and Boston whither he was accompanied by his faithful friend John Winslow.

The object of this mission was to establish an alliance between the English colonies, on the one hand, and the French and their Abenaki allies, on the other. A short time previous to this the New England confederacy, consisting of the four colonies of Plymouth, Massachu-

setts, New Haven and Connecticut, had been very anxious to establish a commercial treaty with New France in order to gain a share of the profitable trade on the St. Lawrence. In return the French government now proposed to agree to such a treaty providing the English would unite with the French and Abenaki nation in keeping the hostile Iroquois from their territory.

The record of this embassy opens with a picturesque scene at Kousinoc. On St. Michael's Eve, September 29th, 1650, the French envoy arrived from Quebec and had again the pleasure of meeting John Winslow, with whom he had been pleasantly associated during his former sojourn on the Kennebec. On the following morning, Father Druillettes, in his diplomatic character, made a visit of state to the trading-post. The Father was accompanied by his intelligent and faithful interpreter, Noel Negabamet, of the Sillery Mission at Quebec, and followed by a train of attendants all decked in the splendid finery of the Abenaki braves. After the opening ceremonies Noel presented Winslow with a valuable gift of beaver skins and made a formal address in behalf of Monsieur the Governor of the river St. Lawrence. In response, Winslow not only accepted the gift in behalf of the English government but consented to go personally with Father Druillettes to Plymouth and, as it is recorded, "to do with reference to the governor and the magistrates all that could be expected from a good friend."

It will be remembered that at this time the Massachusetts colonists had just passed a law by which no Jesuit priest could set foot upon their soil under penalty of death.

But, notwithstanding this law, Father Druillettes, as the accredited envoy of the French government, ventured to visit the forbidden territory and was everywhere received with courteous hospitality. In company with John Winslow, he left Koussinoc and made the journey by land as far as Merrymeeting Bay. "The road was difficult," writes Father Druillettes, "especially to the agent who is already growing old, and who assured me that he would never have undertaken it if he had not given his word to Noel." On reaching Boston Father Druillettes was entertained by Major Gibbons, who cordially received the French priest and who even gave him a key to an apartment in his house where he could, with complete liberty, offer prayer and perform his religious exercises. Thus the Jesuit Father, whose life might otherwise have paid penalty of the law, was not only kindly received but actually permitted to perform mass under a Puritan roof. On the 13th of December he was invited to dine with the Governor and chief magistrates of Boston and given an opportunity to explain his mission.

Proceeding to Plymouth, Father Druillettes was also courteously welcomed by Gov. Bradford, and the day being Friday, Dame Bradford gave him a dinner of cod-fish out of regard for his religious scruples. During his stay in Plymouth, Father Druillettes was lodged at the house of the wealthy merchant, William Paddy, whose name the French priest softened into *Padis*. This William Paddy was one of the five "farmers" to whom the business of the Plymouth trading-house was leased in 1649. He must have been a very exemplary man, for his

tombstone, which was unearthed in 1866 under the north side of the old Boston State House, bears this inscription:

"Here sleeps that blessed one, he
Whose lief God help us all to live,
So that when tiem shall be
That we this world must lieve,
We ever may be happy
With the blessed William Paddy."

Subsequently, Father Druillettes made a visit to Roxbury where he was greeted as a brother by John Eliot, the Massachusetts apostle to the Indians. There was undoubtedly much of sympathetic interest between these two missionaries, for John Eliot listened to his guest "with great respect and kindness" and begged Father Druillettes to spend the winter with him and share his labors among the Indians of his fold. These details throw a kindly light on the character of both the Puritan and the Pilgrim who in their hearts, perhaps, were not so bigoted as they have sometimes been represented.

Father Druillettes remained in Plymouth nearly all winter. His mission apparently grew in favor with the colonists, and when he returned to the Kennebec in February he rejoiced in the assurance that his mission had been a success. This assurance was confirmed by Winslow who arrived in Koussinoc in April. "The agent assures me," writes Father Druillettes, "that all the magistrates and the two commissioners of Plymouth have given their word and resolved that the other colonies be urged to join them against the Iroquois in favor of the Abenakis who are under the protection of Plymouth." Winslow also said that Governor Bradford had sent Captain Thomas Willett—"who was much interested in the

Abenakis, owing to his acquaintance with them while he was in command at Koussinoc"—with letters to New Haven and Connecticut, urging these two colonies to join the alliance. Father Druillettes evidently had good reason to hope that the treaty would soon be made. Great was his grief and disappointment, therefore, to learn that the courage and goodwill of the colonists had disappeared soon after his departure and that a resolution had been passed in Plymouth to have nothing to do with the French alliance. The facts in the case undoubtedly were that while Plymouth men were anxious to protect their trade on the Kennebec and while the other colonists were eager for the commercial benefits which would result from the treaty with New France, they had not the courage to form an alliance which might involve them in difficulties with the hostile Indians.

It is, of course, idle now to speculate as to what the results might have been had this treaty been made at this time between the English and the French and Abenakis. But the caution of the colonists did not save them from the dangers which they feared. King Philip's war broke out in 1675. The long conflict between France and England produced its inevitable results in the colonies. The Indians naturally fought with their French allies; and a whole century of horror and bloodshed followed.

In contrast to this century of warfare and desolation, the thirty-four years of the Pilgrim occupancy of the Kennebec trading-post seem like a peaceful pastoral prelude preceding the long tragedy of the Indian wars. It was during this period that the doughty captain, Myles Standish, frequently came to the

Kennebec to bring supplies to the agents, and perhaps also to visit the good father of the chapel of the Assumption. The alleged Catholic tendencies of Myles Standish are a matter of curious interest. It is rather hard for us to conceive of the bluff old captain of the Pilgrims telling his beads or saying his prayers in the little mission chapel at Koussinoc, and yet it is well known that Standish came of Catholic ancestry in England and that he never united with the Pilgrims in their church covenant. It has therefore been suggested by some students of Pilgrim history that Standish in his heart remained constant to the faith of his ancestors, and that he may have found some comfort to his soul in visiting the black-coated priest at Koussinoc. It is possible that it was Myles Standish whom John Winslow had in mind, when he told Father Druillettes that if he established his mission on the Kennebec "some English would come to see him."

In 1654, we find Thomas Southworth in command at Koussinoc. Southworth was the son of Alice Southworth, the second wife of Governor Bradford. He was "a man eminent for the soundness of his mind and the purity of his heart" and was held in high esteem in the colony. He was employed as agent in charge of the trading-post for three years, and, like the other prominent men of Plymouth, cheerfully bore the privations and discomforts of this temporary exile in the wilderness for the good of the colony and the maintenance of the trade with the Indians.

It was in 1654, also, that Thomas Prentice came into the Kennebec region and assembled the settlers at Merrymeeting Bay. His object was

to establish the authority of Plymouth over the Kennebec settlers. Governor Prentice must have been a man very well qualified for his numerous and important offices, for as the old records state "he had a countenance full of majesty and was a terror to evil doers." Sixteen settlers, or planters, appeared at this conference at Merrymeeting and swore allegiance to the English crown and also to New Plymouth. And thus, as the historian gravely records, "the Pilgrim Republic had reached the dignity of holding a colony." A few wise and practical laws were enacted at this time for the preservation of peace and order, and especially for preventing the sale of strong drink to the Indians.

During this long period in the history of the trading-post, the Kennebec patent had changed its ownership several times. In 1620, King James made a grant of New England to the council established at Devon, and from this council William Bradford and his associates received the patent conveying to them "all that tract of land lying in and between and extending itself from the utmost limits of the Cobbossee Contee which adjoineth the river Kennebec towards the western ocean and a place called the falls of Nequamkike, and the space of fifteen miles on each side of the Kennebec." In 1630 this patent was confirmed to William Bradford, his heirs, associates and assigns. In 1640 Bradford and his associates surrendered this grant on the Kennebec, of which they held the exclusive rights, to all the freemen of the colony of New Plymouth. A few years later, in 1648, the colony adopted the system of leasing the trading-post, usually for a period of five years, but still retained juris-

diction over the territory. Accordingly, in 1649, the business was leased to five prominent Plymouth men known as merchants or "farmers." They were Governor Bradford, Governor Thomas Prentice, Mr. William Paddy, Mr. John Winslow and Captain Thomas Willett. In order to strengthen their claim to this territory, if possible, Governor Bradford at this time secured a deed of the land from the famous Indian chieftain Monquine, more familiarly known as Natananada. This chieftain, in consideration of two hogsheds of provisions, one of bread, one hogsheds of pease, two coats of cloth, two gallons of wine and one bottle of strong water, conveyed to William Bradford, John Winslow, Thomas Prentice, Thomas Willett and William Paddy the territory from Koussinoc up to Wesserunsick for the New Plymouth Colony. A copy of this curious and interesting deed is now in the Registrar's office of Lincoln County, Maine.

It must be remembered however that such a deed as this was practically worthless; for the Abenaki Chieftains held no personal or representative rights in the lands of their tribes, and had no comprehension of a legal transference of their territory. By these deeds so frequently given, and sometimes of the same land to different parties, the Indians at first understood that they were merely granting to the stranger the right to occupy the land and to hunt and fish in common with themselves. Thus, in 1725, the Abenaki Chiefs refused to acknowledge any exclusive claim of the English by right of possession. "We were in possession before you," they said, "for we have held it from time immemorial. The lands we possess were given us by the

Great Master of Life. We acknowledge only from him." And again, in 1744, when Governor Shirley exhibited the deeds signed by the Indians as a proof of his claim to the territory, the aged chieftain, Ongewasgone, replied, "I am an old man, yet I never heard my ancestors say that these lands were sold."

But long before the struggle for the permanent possession of the Kennebec valley began, the trade with the Indians had commenced to decline and in 1661 Plymouth sold the entire territory for four hundred pounds, to Antipas Boies, Edward Tyng, Thomas Brattle and John Winslow. By this time, however, the days of prosperity for the trading-post were over, for game had grown scarce and the hunters few. Many of the bravest of the Abenaki men had been killed by their enemies, the Iroquois; and the remaining chiefs had begun to realize that their rights were being permanently encroached upon, and they became dissatisfied with the business, the profits of which went entirely to the white men. In a very short time therefore the new purchasers abandoned the trading-post. The buildings fell into decay. The tangled vines and spreading ferns grew over its ruins and at last nothing was left to mark its place. The heirs of the last-named purchasers held the property for nearly one hundred years, the land lying dormant and unsettled until Fort Western was built in 1754.

The men of Plymouth were thus spared any hostilities with the Indians. For thirty-four years—a whole generation—they frequented the Kennebec and dwelt in peace

with the "Gentle Abenakis." They braved the dangers of the sea and the privations of the forest, not for their own personal gain but for the financial upbuilding of the colony, and withdrew before the Abenakis were involved in the general and inevitable conflict.

The picturesque Indian village, as well as the Plymouth trading-post, soon disappeared from the banks of the Kennebec; and its name afterwards became corrupted into "Cushnoc." But fortunately the word in its original form is preserved in the old French records; for Father Druillettes, writing in 1652, states that "the Abenakis have a village and burial ground where they meet every spring and fall in sight of the English who live at Koussinoc."

In regard to the meaning of this name there are several interesting theories; but Maurault, in "*Histoire des Abenakis*" tells us that "Koussinoc" signifies in French, *il y en a beaucoup*—meaning in English, "there are many of them there"—and that the village was so called by the Indians because the English had greatly increased in numbers at this place.

It is a matter of regret that the capital of Maine does not still retain its ancient name, but the word is replete with historic associations and is in itself a precious legacy. It brings before our minds a series of pictures vivid with life and local color, and in which the elements of adventure, hardship, bravery and romance are mingled. And as we repeat this musical old Indian name, we are forced to think of our Pilgrim ancestors at Koussinoc, and to remember that, in those olden days, "there were many of them there."

The Gypsies

By D. C. CAHALANE

"And though we should be grateful for good houses,
There is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors."

—[STEVENSON.]

SOCRATES grasped the idea—how many things there are in this world we do not want. The man who does not learn this lesson, cannot appreciate the solitude of the woods and fields.

What, after all, is civilization but tyranny? Its limitations and restrictions harass us at every turn from the cradle to the grave. Convention tells us we must do certain things, and so complicates the conditions of our lives that we spend years in soul destroying toil to satisfy these silly assumptions. In our blind conceit we sacrifice youth and health in order that we may pass on to generations unborn, share certificates and other bauble, which in turn yield the recipient—principally worry.

Thrice happy is the man who in these days of complicated living heeds the wisdom of the preacher—"All is vanity"—and takes himself for a season out of the beaten paths and comes into closer touch with the elements. How many of you who read these lines, have mused by the road-side camp-fire of those children of nature—the Gypsies, or revelled in a world of mystery by your own camp-fire in the woods. The memory of our tribal ancestor as he sat by his camp-fire has come down to us in our blood. Sitting in its glow

we are back home again, resting in freedom from care.

For real camp-fire company, give me the companionship of a boy. John Burroughs long ago observed that the boy is the true companion of the woods and fields. Boys are epitomes of the early life of the race. If you want to delight a youth, set him to work building a camp-fire. Somehow the boy is a part of nature. He seems to be more familiar with its processes than the man. Watch him as the sun disappears with its afterglow of gold and the air is full of strange whisperings. No sound escapes his ears. With the hooting of the owl the drowsy eyelids close over visions of coming pleasures on the morrow and in my arms I bear him gently to the tent. Half asleep, half awake, always looking toward the future, he tells me of his plans for the coming day. Then sleep gently draws the veil before his eyes, allowing him to dream of the pleasures of the day.

The instinct which drives men to the woods is possessed in no small degree by the Romany race, who are the true wanderers. Their life is one of poetry compared with the commonplace existence of mankind in general. It affords quiet dignity, refined simplicity and the companionship of divine things. It means freedom from the small talk of the drawing room, from snobbery of every sort. In exchange it gives the magic of sunshine, the green



ONE OF THE BOSWELLS

A Man Well Versed in Latin and a True Type of the Real Romany Stock.

fields and shady lanes—the companionship of every flower that blooms—of every bird that floats in the soft summer sunshine.

The history of the Gypsies forms an intensely interesting study. Their “wonderful story” cannot be quickly told. Time in its mighty changes disturbs them not. The customs of centuries cling to them today as tenaciously as life itself—all of which bespeaks the nobler and more ancient origin than is usually allowed. Mr. Paul Kester says that a fancy of his is, “that the ancestors of our friends of the road were once a savage race in India, a race—like the Arabs—of warrior kings; that conquest and subjection followed their supremacy, and that they slowly sank into the degraded condition that prevailed before the beginning of their exodus, still cherishing their pride and their free spirit while cringing to their conquerors, the

pitiful remnant of a prehistoric race.”

Since the twelfth century have they been in Europe. Stanley long since wrote:

“Why floats the silvery wreath
Of light thin smoke from yonder bank of
heath?
What forms are those beneath the shaggy
trees,
In tattered tents scarce sheltered from the
breeze?
The hoary father and the ancient dame,
And squalid children, cowering o’er the
flame,
The swarthy lineaments—the wild attire,
The stranger tones bespeak an Eastern
sire.”

The origin of the Gypsies was the subject of inquiry in Europe more than 400 years ago.

Although I find early record of over a score of theories on the origin of the Gypsies which have been entertained by men who have studied the race, there is finally but



A GYPSY TYPE

one reasonable conclusion, viz: that they had their origin in India. Grellman nearly a century ago was the first to assert that the Hindostan language has the greatest affinity with that of the Gypsy. Grellman's method of reasoning was the only true method of determining the origin of these people.

His dissertation printed in 1807 quite conclusively proved the eastern extraction of the Gypsies, par-

ticularly by the similarity of their language to that of Hindostan.

The different appellations by which the Gypsies were distinguished in earlier times appear to have reference to the countries from which it was supposed they had emigrated. For example; the French having the first accounts of them from Bohemia, gave them the name of Bohemians. The Dutch supposing they came from Egypt,

called them Heydens—Heathen. The idea of the English appears to be similar in pronouncing them Gypsies—Egyptians. These people appeared in Europe in the 15th Century. Mention is made of their being in Germany as early as the year 1417. In Germany they spread so rapidly, that in 1418 their names were recorded in the annual publications of various parts of the country. Hoyland (a later writer than Grellman) says they traveled in bands, each having its leader, sometimes called Count, others had the title of Dukes or Lords of lesser Egypt.

German historians are agreed that when the Gypsies first made their appearance in Europe they chose to be considered as Pilgrims and that their profession met with the more ready belief as it coincided with the infatuation of the times.

Grellman stated that several old writings mention the credulity with which people cherished the idea that they were real pilgrims and holy persons, which idea procured for them toleration and safe conduct in many places. Hoyland gives an account of Hungarian Gypsies being employed in Hungary in the working of iron about the year 1650. This occupation appears to have been a favorite one with them in



GYPSY FAMILY AT RAGOWITZ FAIR, NEAR BUDAPESTH

those far off times and is even to this day.

An interesting item in Pasquier's "Recherches de la France" is a note copied from an old book in the form of a journal, the latter the property of a doctor of divinity of Paris, which fell into the hands of Pasquier. He says: "These people wandered up and down France, under the eye and with the knowledge of the magistrates, for 100 or 120 years. At length in 1561 an edict was issued commanding all officers of justice to turn out of the Kingdom, in the space of two months, under pain of the galleys and corporal punishment, all men, women and children who assumed the name of Bohemians or Egyptians."

An early Italian writer on Gypsies tells us that there was a general law throughout Italy that no Gypsy

should remain more than two nights in one place. By this plan no place retained its guests long. The writer above referred to observes that Italy rather suffered than benefited by the law.

Whatever their origin, no race is more widely scattered over the earth's surface than the Gypsies. Go where you will, you will find these wanderers. Something like a million

America. Yet in January, 1715, nine Border Gypsies, men and women, by the names of Faa, Stirling, Yors-toun, Finnick, Lindsey, Ross and Robertson, were transported by the magistrates of Glasgow to the Virginia plantations at a cost of thirteen pounds sterling (*Gypsy Lore Journal*). That is practically all we know concerning the coming of the Gypsies to America.



PEASANTS AT MARKET, BELGRADE

is their probable number in Europe. Of the number of Gypsies in America I have not the vaguest notion, for there are no statistics of the slightest value to go by. Just when Gypsies came to this country is uncertain. In Appleton's *American Cyclopedia* (1874) the writer of the article "Gypsies" pronounces it questionable whether a band of genuine Gypsies has ever been in

There is a record of Gypsies in New York as far back as 1850. To-day we have distributed throughout this country thousands of the race from England, Scotland, Hungary, Spain, one knows not whence else besides.

Groome, speaking of the Gypsies as Nomads, says, "we do not know within a thousand years when the Gypsies left India." It is well

known however that India was their original home, and that they so-journed long in a Greek-speaking region, and that in western and northern Europe their present dispersion dates from after the year 1417.

The English Gypsies who leave Great Britain usually go to some English-speaking country, princi-

of the real Romany in the Stanleys, Coopers and others. The latter are particularly noted as a most decided type of pure blooded, old-fashioned Romany stock.

We find record of one hundred Gypsies who arrived by train at Liverpool in July, 1886. They were called the "Greek Gypsies" and had started from Corfu, but according



RAGOWITZ FAIR—SWINGS, MERRY-GO-ROUNDS AND GYPSY WAGONS

pally to Canada and the United States. The Romany race with us today are all descendants of early Gypsy immigrants, their surnames Lee, Cooper, Stanley, Lovell, Bosvills, Smith, Herron, Hicks, etc., dating back to the 16th and 17th centuries.

Among the American Gypsies may be found many fine specimens

to their passports came from all parts of Greece and European Turkey, bound for New York. The United States being closed to pauper immigrants, no steamboat would accept them and they encamped at Liverpool. Their encampment was visited by Mr. David MacRitchie and Mr. H. T. Crofton, the joint author with Mr. Bath Smart of the

admirable "Dialect of the English Gypsies" (1875). In Chambers' Journal for September, 1886 may be found an excellent article by Mr. MacRitchie concerning their camp. After camping some time at Liverpool they crossed to Hull, but failed in getting passage there. About a year later Groome discovered some of this party in Yorkshire. Their subsequent fate is unknown. No

Francis H. Groome who died in January, 1902, in Edinburgh—and whom Theodore Watts-Dunton designates as the "Tarno Rye" and says of him that he (Groome) was one of the most remarkable and romantic literary lives that, since Borrow, have been lived in his time,—was next to Mr. Sampson, the librarian of University College at Liverpool, an ideal collector of



A GYPSY CAMP IN A BOSTON SUBURB

doubt at some later date some of them, at least, succeeded in reaching these shores.

So then, this wandering race, from time immemorial established in Europe, but immigrants originally from India, must have fascinating folk-tales which will surely be of interest to every student of Indo-European Lore.

Welsh Gypsy folk-tales, as the scores of stories published by him in 1899 amply prove. The Welsh dialect is probably the best preserved of all Gypsy dialects, and the Groome's folk-tales are well worthy of study.

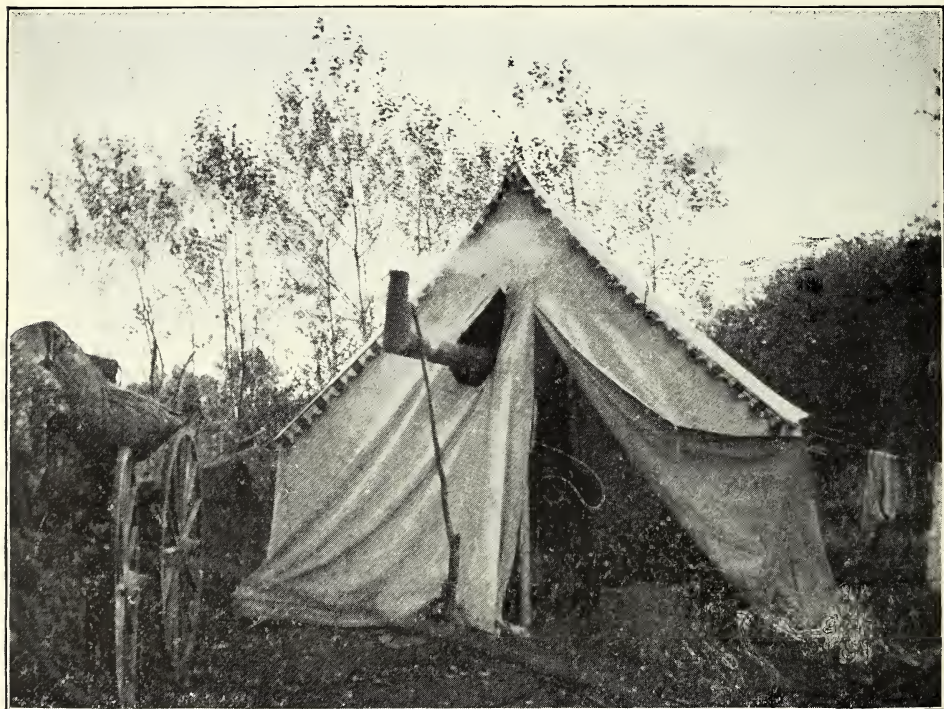
In a visit to a camp last summer I found a pleasant surprise in a family of Welsh Gypsies who came

to this country the season previous. From Theodore Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin" I had learned of the picturesque Snowdon Hills and that of fascinating "Romany Chi" Sinf Lovell. Here I was at last face to face with a party of Welsh Gypsies who had lived in the very locality described by the author of "Aylwin."

Not less interesting was a camp of Russian Gypsies of which the

looked rather hard for their winter's wear. I have often wondered how they since fared and what became of them.

The average person is wont to associate small crimes with the Gypsies. The "low down" native, himself often a midnight marauder in poultry yards is ever on the alert to ply his calling when there is a Gypsy encampment in the neighbor-



A GYPSY TENT IN A BOSTON SUBURB

members were all typical Gypsies in physique, the women beautiful, all rags and tatters and most inveterate beggars. One of the men was an accomplished linguist and could speak Greek, Russian and two or three other dialects of south-eastern Europe. A Gypsy acquaintance of mine met this same band early the following spring and they

hood. So these nomads always have shared and always will have to share the blame of these depredations, regardless by whom committed.

To be sure, some of the poorer classes like my friends the Russians, being often sorely pressed, sometimes trespass on neighboring cornfields and potato patches. As a rule acts of kindness shown the Gypsy

wayfarers inspire them with a feeling of honor and they rarely, if ever, violate any trust reposed in them.

When small boys we were told of Gypsies kidnapping children of other people. Fresh in the minds of all was the fruitless search among the Gypsy camps near Boston in the summer of 1902 for the small boy who had so mysteriously disappeared. Such crimes emanate usually from the versatile brain of a writer of Gypsy romance.

Fortune telling is a practice which has long prevailed among the Gypsies of all countries. There are always multitudes of people looking for light from some sibyl, whose prognostications are believed to be the offspring of some supernatural agency. Sighing and disappointed lovers are the Gypsies' best customers. They hope to find in the Gypsy mother a panacea for the anguish which destroys their happiness or mars their peace of mind.

Gypsies are good discriminators of human nature and have the shrewdness to adapt their speech to circumstances.

Yet even in Gypsy life there are plenty of opportunities for the honest earning of livelihoods, such as the weaving of carpets, basket making, knife grinding, repairing of clocks, tin and china ware, lace making, hawking of all kinds, horse dealing and many other employments.

I never visited the tent of Gypsies without receiving a hearty welcome. If you can *rakker the jib*, however little, you will be assured of courteous treatment, and pressed to take refreshments; and the tent or van will be at your service at night if you are *apray the drom* and lack shelter for the night.

Let me add, many Gypsy beds are clean and inviting with linen as

pure and white as will be found upon your own bed at home—and among the wanderers, in many a van may be found silk gowns and jewels.

Should your actions, however, creat suspicion, even though you be a student of ethnology, you will not add materially to your fund of information from your interview with members of this strange and fascinating race, whose romantic life to the most of us is shrouded in mystery.

Gypsies are the Arabs of our country. They present the singular spectacle of a race who regard with absolute indifference the comforts of modern civilization, false refinement and struggle after wealth. They are not, as many suppose, outcasts of society, but they refuse to wear the bonds it imposes. To the Gypsy who dwells in the town in the winter, with the first spring sunshine comes the longing to be off and he is soon on the road.

As the smoke of his evening camp-fire goes up to heaven, and the savory odor of the roast "hotchi-witchi" floats in the air, he sits in the deepening twilight drinking in all the sights and sounds around him. He feels

"'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen to the night winds
creep
From leaf to leaf."

Cradled from his infancy in such haunts as these "places of nestling green for poets made," he sleeps well with the dearly-loved lullabies of his far away ancestors soothing him to rest.

Several years have elapsed since Charles Leland (Hans Breitmann) and Frank Groome met for the last time at a folk-lore congress in Lon-

don. Both these scholars of Gypsylore went to their final rest not many months ago. Leland was laid away, far from his native land, at Florence, Italy; and Groome was

buried among his forefathers at Monk Soham in Suffolk, England. I am proud of the slight acquaintance I had with Groome, the Romany scholar.

Black Jake's Souvenir

By HENRIETTA R. ELIOT

DID you ever see a negro pale with fright? I did when I was ten years old, and though I am an old man now, I have not forgotten it, and never shall.

It was a mid-summer afternoon and I was eating cherries up in the tree behind the house, when crash! the board fence at the back of the yard banged and rattled like a volley of musketry, two boards fell inwards and "Black Jake"—*our* Jake—no longer black, but a dreadful sort of putty color, sprang through the gap and over the splintering boards, and shot past me toward the front gate. I scrambled down as fast as I could and reached the gate in less than a minute but he was already out of sight, while a fresh crash and splintering of the fallen fence boards turned my eyes again to the back yard in time to see the last of three men—one of them a local police-man—plunging toward me through the hole which Jake had made.

"Where did that blamed nigger go?" shouted the foremost man as he ran toward me.

"Right out of this gate," I answered, "but he—"

"Which way'd he turn?" interrupted the man.

"I don't know. He ran like gee whizz! and when I got here I couldn't see him either way."

The man did not stop for the end of my sentence but dashed past me and around the nearest corner, with his followers, while I mechanically finished it to the empty air.

A police-man after "Black Jake!" What did it mean? He had split our wood, spaded my mother's flower beds, and done all the odd jobs about our house almost ever since I could remember, and I had often heard my father praise his honesty. Indeed, every one trusted "Black Jake." He had escaped from slavery five years before and had come directly to the little town in northern Ohio where we lived, and being at that time the only negro in the place, had by common consent received this name, which had ever since clung to him, along with an affection and even respect seldom given by a community to its "hewers of wood and drawers of water"; and now a police-man was after him! What did it mean?

Suddenly I remembered something my father had told me about the fugitive slave law and I was sure those men were trying to catch Black Jake and take him back into

slavery! And my father, who might have helped him, had started for Boston only the day before! O, how glad I was that I had not been able to tell which way he ran!

[The broader sympathies of these later years have drawn North and South together, and Northern people have learned to understand, at least in part, the relation which a conscientious believer in slavery bore to his slaves—and the almost insoluble problem which the institution presented to the very few Southerners who did not so believe. But I am speaking now of a by-gone time.] To me, as to many another Northern child of that day, slavery meant only whipping, cruelty, heart-break and torture of every kind. The thought of Jake's being caught was more than I could bear, for a special bond of comradeship existed between Black Jake and my small self. Whatever the job might be for which he had been hired I had always worked with him, when out of school, and I could not remember, even back in my petticoat days, when he had not made me feel that my labor was as important as his own, and I loved him dearly. I ran to tell my mother what had happened and what I feared, and she comforted me as mothers can.

"If those were slave hunters," she said, "he may get away from them into Canada—it is but a few hours away."

To my childish imagination her cheerful "may" meant "will," and, quite re-assured, I went whistling to the cellar to split the morning's kindlings (my special daily task) before the supper bell should ring.

As I selected some straight-grained sticks from the wood pile, (for my Yankee mother never could be converted to the use of coal, and

we burned the costlier fuel,) I heard a sort of tapping, and stopped whistling to listen.

"Dat yo' Mars' Clar'nce?"

The voice was a tremulous whisper, but I knew on the instant that it was Black Jake, and that he must have turned down our side cellar-way instead of running through the yard to the street.

"O Jake," I whispered, "is that you? I'll tell mamma you're here, and she'll help get you to Canada;" and I started for the stairs.

"Fer de Lawd's sake," the voice broke from a whisper to louder tones as I ran, "come back Mars' Clar'nce—ef yo' tell yo' ma, I'se plum done fer," whispering again as I stood still. "Fer de lub o' goodness keep yo' mouf shet, en come behime yere whar I be."

Still as a cat I climbed to the top of the pile—the half emptied front rick of sticks making the climb easy—pulling myself along on my stomach across the four ricks which, remaining entire, rose to within a foot of the ceiling, then let myself down, first on to Jake's shoulders, and then to the ground, in a space barely wide enough for us to stand side by side, both facing the wood.

"Yo' done guess right Mars' Clar'nce," Jake whispered. "De nigger ketchers is atter me sho, but yo' mustn't tell yo' ma. I reckon she ain't nebber lied sence she was bawn, en' eben ef she tuck'n argified wid hussef, 'twell hit seem like she's jestified, she couldn't never make no sess un it. I 'low dey'll year dat I wuks fer yo' pa, en dey'll such dis house 'fo' dey's thoo, en' dey'll quizitate yo' ma—but honey—wat folks don' know, dey caint tell, so I ain' gwine tell yo' ma, en' I ain' gwine sen' no wud to Ruby."

"Now listen, honey." I had to, for

his frightened whisper was almost inarticulate and he stopped between the words to catch the sound of any possible approaching step.

"Listen, honey. I'll hatter stay right yere, 'twell de good Lawd show me some way fer gittin' acrost to Canada."

"But Jake," I interrupted, "you'll starve."

"Not wile you'se roun' chile," he answered. "I'se 'pendin' on yo'. Nobody ain' gwine bodder yo', caze yo' ain't seem 'sponsible. But," he added, "yo' *is* 'sponsible—'mazin' 'sponsible, en' I knows I kin trus' yo'."

As he spoke I could feel his arm twisting and his elbow shoving me, in the narrow space, as he felt in his pantaloons' pocket.

"Dar, Mars' Clar'nce, is de money fer a loaf er bread en' a Balogna sassage—I ain't hungry now, but I 'low I'll be bleegeed ter eat ter-morrer, fer to keep up my strenth fer ter git ter Canada. I'll boost yo' outen yere in a minit, en' atter supper, (dere's yo' supper bell now) yo' ast yo' ma, nat'ral like, ef yo' kin play ball in de square, en' den yo' kin git de bread en' sassage on de way, en' come back acrost de lot and thoo dat hole I done make in de fence; chuck de grub inter de cellar way 'twell yo' kin pump some water, (yo' kin take de ole tin bucket I keeps in de shed fer to drink fum while I'se wukkin) en' fotch 'em all down yere en' hide 'em in de ash pit, en' den yo' go ter splittin' de kintin's like nothin' ain't happen. I kin crope outen yere en' git 'em in de night—en' doan yo' come yere agin," he was boosting me out as he spoke, "'twell yo' come ter split de kindlin's ter-morrer evenin'."

I *must* have shown my fright and nervous sense of responsibility in my poor little face when I appeared at the supper table, in spite of my valiant efforts to the contrary—but whatever my mother noticed she probably attributed to my recent excitement over poor Jake, and tactfully diverted my mind—or thought she did.

"Have you finished your kindlings?" she asked.

"No," I answered, "but I won't forget them, but please may I go first to the square to play ball? The game will be half through if I do the kindlings first."

Why must I feel like a double-dyed villain, when I was trying so hard to do right? Surely, as Jake had intimated, the habit of perfect truthfulness is strong, and hard to break!

Arrived at the square, I played so badly as to disgrace myself with my fellows, and returned through the fence hole with my bundles, only to confront my mother examining the boards to see if they were too broken to replace. I hastily dropped my bundles before climbing through, and my mother had evidently been too intent on the boards to notice them.

"This hole makes a convenient short cut," she said, "but it must be nailed up all the same—with your father and poor Jake out of the question, you and I will have to see what we can do." And she began replacing one of the boards.

"Now, Clarence," she said, "hold this in place while I hammer."

Of course I had to obey, although I was separating myself from my bundles. Meantime the light would soon begin to wane, and I must get them to the cellar before Ann, the cook, locked it.

I grasped the board and my mother stooped for a nail—she took one, dropped it, took another, dropped it, raked the pile in the box back and forth and pushed them from her.

"They're all either too large or too small," she said. "I think there are some that are just right in the house. I'll look, any way," and she started.

This was my chance and I must risk it. With the disappearance of my mother's skirts through the kitchen door, I sprang through the hole, grabbed my bundles, thrust them into the cellar-way, and ran to the tool shed for the bucket. As I came from it my mother appeared. She looked annoyed.

"Put down that old bucket and come here," she said. "You should not have let go of the board. It's so badly broken already I'm not sure we can make it do, however carefully we handle it."

[Alas! The "right way" may always be narrow, but surely it is not always straight!]

At last the boards were nailed, and my mother, praising my efficient help and telling me to go to my kindlings, strolled toward the front yard. I seized my bucket in desperation, but fearing to call attention to myself by the sound of the pump, I ran to the kitchen faucet instead, and called down the wrath of Ann, for bespattering her newly wiped sink—but my bucket was full and I tried not to care that my eyes were too. In another minute food and water were safely hidden in the ash pit, and with such fading light as fell through the open cellar way, I was just finishing my kindlings when Ann came to lock up.

"Yer mother is always afther tellin' yez to shplit thim kindlin's before

supper," she snapped. "One of these foine nights, ye'll be choppin' off wan of yer fingers and nobody to blame but yerself."

In spite of my relief that Jake's provisions were safe in the ash pit, the evening was not a happy one. I went to the sitting-room where the lamp was newly lighted and tried to read, but hand-cuffs and lies, Bologna sausages and maps of Canada, jostled each other in my mind as I tried to make sense of the page before me, and I was glad when half past nine—my usually dreaded bed-time—struck.

The next day was as bad. I kept away from the cellar as Jake had directed, but the image of the poor fellow wedged flat between the wood pile and the wall never left my thoughts. I actually felt him, like a pain in my bones, no matter how I tried to busy myself. And the afternoon brought fresh trials.

My mother had sent me to buy some eggs and I was starting through the sitting-room door which opened on the side yard, when I bethought me that I might have no equally good opportunity to buy, unobserved, the food Jake would need for the next day. I slipped back across the room, unnoticed by my mother—who was reading in the parlor adjoining—and had just taken my own purse from the drawer where I kept it, when my ear caught the rasping voice of the man who had called to me the day before. The maid was showing him into the parlor and I could hear the rustle of my mother's skirts as she rose to meet him.

What should I do? I dared not cross the room for the folding doors were open, so I stood as still as my knocking knees would let me.

"I'm hunting a runaway nigger,"

the man explained. "I don't never want to trouble the ladies, but you see a dozen people hereabout seen the nigger go into your yard, and nary one seen him come out, though there was twicet as many people to the front of the house as to the back. Likewise we've had a watch on the nigger's house, and you've been seen twicet since yesterday going back and forth betwixt this house and his'n. And the upshot is, we've decided he's hid somewheres on these premises. We've got a search warrant and four men are watching the outside doors, and we're bound to get him, if he's here, but it'll save you and us a lot of muss and trouble, if you'll give him up, pleasant and easy, to begin with."

"If I did know where the man was, I would not tell you." (I could feel my mother's eyes pinning the man to the wall like a beetle.) "But I do not. He is nowhere on the premises to my knowledge. In fact my little boy told me he ran through our yard and out of the front gate. As to the man's poor wife, Ruby, I certainly have tried to comfort her and shall continue to do so. Now if you have a search warrant you can proceed to your business."

"I'll talk with the little boy first," said the man, "youngsters often see things that older folks don't. Where is he?"

"He has just gone for an errand," answered my mother, her voice trembling with indignation, "but I know he knows nothing of the poor man's whereabouts. The child never kept anything from me in his life."

And there I stood behind the angle of the open folding doors, trembling with the certainty that it was but a matter of minutes before

the slave catcher must enter. He was already moving—I grew rigid—but no, it was toward the front door, which he opened to admit another man. It was a noisy door to open and, while it scrawked on its hinges, I opened the door into the dining-room, unheard, and sped through it and the kitchen into the yard, followed by Ann's vituperations, for she knew I was forbidden to go that way.

Our town was built without alleys, and back yards backed on to back yards with no gates between, but the side fences were low, and jumping these and running across three back yards, I was soon on the street far from the house. I made my errand cover the time, as near as I could guess at it, that the men would take to search the premises, and returned as I had gone, over the fences, sick with anxiety as to poor Jake's fate, but resolved to say or do nothing which might betray him, if his hiding place had not yet been discovered. I had bought a new bucket and a loaf of bread—my money would go no further. Putting these in the cellar-way, I hurried with the eggs to the kitchen door.

Ann was swelling with rage, (not at me for a wonder this time), and was talking to herself.

"The nasty bastes! Is it nagers they're afther huntin' in me kitchen? I'll tach thim manners wid me broom shtick, if iver they cooms nager huntin' around *me* agin." Then she saw me, and came to the door for the eggs.

"Thim eggs is moighty shmall fer their size," she said acidly.

"Did they find—" I began impulsively, then caught my breath and stammered, "I mean, did they dirty your kitchen?"

But Ann was already half way

across it with the eggs and had not heard me. I ran to the cellar.

"Are you there Jake?" I called in a stage whisper, as I pulled the door to, behind me.

"Yes, Mar's Clar'nce," he whispered, "I'se plum tuckered out, but I'se yere. De Philistines deys ben atter me, but de good Lawd hab delibbered me outen dere han's."

"I can't stay," I said, "but here is some bread," and I sent it skating across the top of the wood toward him. I feared my mother would note my long absence but I must take my chance while I had it. I snatched my bucket and ran to the pump. O, had it ever made so much noise before? I felt at each stroke as if some one would surely run out and ask what I was doing and why I was doing it; but no one did, and in another instant the water was safe in the ash pit and I was hurrying to my mother.

She met me flushed but smiling, and evidently not intending to let me know what had been going on. I looked at the clock and was grateful to see that it was nearly six.

"I'll split my kindlings now," I said, and so made my escape to the cellar again.

"I wuz pow'ful thusty," said Jake, as he took the bucket, (which I had managed to get to him over the wood pile) from his lips. It held two quarts, but he had already half emptied it.

"Hit do seem mighty unprovidin' to drink so much ter wunst," he said, "but I'se 'lowin fer ter come outen yere ter-night, so's I ain't so savin' un it."

"But Jake," I exclaimed, (I was was wedged beside him as I had been before,) "you just can't go to Canada to-night. Those men'll catch you as sure as you live!

You've got to stand it, and stay here till we know they've gone away. I didn't have money enough to buy anything but the bread, but my pockets are chuck full of cherries, and they'll taste good. Could you lie down and sleep in here last night without most choking?"

"Bress you honey! I didn't stay yere atter I year yo' ma lockin' up de house. I crope up en' lay un de top er de wood de hull night, bein' mighty keerful do ter git down agin, 'fo' Ann came roun' in de mornin'. But we's wastin' time en' de supper bell gwine ring any minute. Now, yo' see, honey, dis yere house done ben suched, en' yo' ma done ben axed all she gwine be axed, so's I ain't skeert no mo' er her knowin' dat I'se yere, en' atter yer supper yo' kin tell her; but be mighty keerful der don nobody else year, en' doan fergit ter say dat atter de house is done locked, en' de lights is out, I'se gwine crope up en' 'vise 'long wid her.

II.

"O whacky! but weren't you scared, Jake, when those men came into the cellar?" I asked, as I sat beside him in the kitchen four hours later, while he ate the supper which my mother had insisted should precede his talk with her.

"Yes, Mars' Clar'nce, I suttinly wuz mos' onrighteously skeert. Mos' specially w'en one un um begun fer ter pull down de wood pile. But des den de odder give me 'surance. 'Dey ain't no nigger in *dat* wood pile,' he sorter singed, en' dey bof laff ter split. 'Dey ain't no nigger dar,' sezee, 'caze he cain' pile de wood back on hisself, en' der cain' no one else pile it dat-a-way, good en' eben, 'thouten bein' cotched at it, wid de cellar bein' used all de time—en' er one thing I'se suttin'

sezee, 'ef dat nigger's hid in dis yer house de folks don' know it! Dat lady war *mad*, but she warn't lyin'! Dats wat he sez Mars' Clar'nce, en' I wuz mos' mazin' glad yo' ain't tole yo' ma."

"But Jake," I asked, "how did you ever come to think of that place to hide away?"

"You wunnerin' how I come ter make straight fer dat wood pile, honey? I tell yo' Mars' Clar'nce hits proned inter niggers wen dey sees a good hidin' place not ter disremember it offen der mines! Wen I tuck'n pile dat wood fer yo' pa, en' he done tole me ter pile it dat-a-way offen de wall, long er hits bein' green, I 'lowed to myself dat it wuz de bessest place roun' fer hidin'. Five years ago, wen I wuz runnin' 'way fum ole Mars' Henry—hidin' in de swamp en' ridin' unner freight kyars en' sleepin' in plow furrers, I 'lowed ef ebber I got to de Norf, I wouldn't ast no mo'. I 'lowd I'd feel safe yere—but Laws, Mars' Clar'nce, ef onct de feelin' er summon's huntin' yo' gits clar inter yer bones, yo' caint nebber git shet un it! Fer two years attar I come to dis yer town I ain't got no peace. Hit seem like I'se spectin' summun gwine jump down fum somewhars atop er me ev'y breathin' minit! En' I dassent go ter Canada fer I 'lowed dey'd hab my 'scription on all de boats."

"But why didn't you go after two years?" I asked. "It must have been safe then."

"I reckon I doan't 'zactly know." Jake scratched his head thoughtfully. "Fus' 'twas marryin' Ruby. Den one ting en' nudder, en' den de baby, 'twell byme bye I reckon I'se so use ter feelin' skeert dat I warn't skeert no mo'. But ef de good Law'd'll kyar me dar now, I

ain't takin' no mo' chances."

"If you're through eating, Jake," said my mother, speaking softly at the door, "you can come into the dining-room. Our minister, Mr. Dayton, is here, and we have made a plan which I will explain to you. Can you write?"

"Not like Ruby kin," answered Jake, taking the seat at the table which my mother offered, "but right smart fer a nigger dat's jes startin' in. Hit pears like yo' caint cotch onter nuffin attar you'se growed up, but Ruby she's wukked pow'ful to larn me, en' I kin write some."

"Then take this paper and pencil," said my mother, "and tell Ruby, in the fewest words you can tell it in, that you are well and send your love and will try to send money for her to join you in Canada. Write, and I'll explain afterwards," she added as he hesitated.

Hurry as Jake would, this literary effort consumed half an hour and was finished while Mr. Dayton stood waiting, hat in hand.

"Now address this envelope to her," he said, placing one already stamped in front of Jake. This took ten minutes more and Mr. Dayton, pouncing upon it before Jake's slow hand had raised from the last stroke, thrust it into a larger envelope, already addressed and, with an "I'll get it there in time" spoken back over his shoulder, left the room, and we heard the front door close behind him.

"Now, Jake," said my mother, "listen carefully. Mr. Dayton has not taken that letter to Ruby, but to the conductor of the midnight train, who will take it to Detroit and mail it in the morning to a friend of mine in Toronto who will take it out of the big envelope and mail it back to Ruby, and it will

get to her with the *Canada post mark*, you see, by day after to-morrow! It is a deception," she continued as if to herself, "but this fugitive slave catcher, in trying to take a man from his family has forfeited his right to the truth." Then to Jake again, "After Ruby gets the letter, it won't be an hour before every one will be telling every one else that 'Black Jake' has outwitted the slave hunters and is safe in Canada. The slave hunters themselves will hear of it and assure themselves of the truth of the rumor by calling on Ruby to see the letter, which she will only be too glad to show them, and they will go back to where they came from. You, Jake, can sleep on a cot in the attic locked store room where no one but myself ever goes, till we are sure they are out of the way and then you can safely make the journey to Canada."

Jake had listened, wide-eyed and open-mouthed—"Bress de good Lawd," he said turning from her to me, as one to whom in his excited state he could address himself more easily. "Bress de good Lawd! He hab showed me de way, but yo' ma, she am de angel pintin' it!"

* * * * *

I have lived on the Pacific Coast for thirty years but I have never lost track of Jake, and last year, going East by the "Canadian Pacific," I stopped off at the little town of ——— where he and old Ruby are still living. Their seven children were scattered long ago by marriage or death, and I found them quite by themselves, a dusky Darby and Joan.

"Hit do seem mos' strawdinnery," said old Jake speaking to himself, when, our greetings over and Ruby

gone to get the supper, we sat together in their little front room. "Hit do seem mos' strawdinnery dat dis gemman air li'l Mars' Clar'nce!" Then addressing me, "Wy it seems like you'se mos' as ole as I is. 'Cose I oughter knowd you ain' gwine stay dat way I lef yo', but 'clar to gracious, ef I ebber knowed in my bones dat yo' wus done growed up, 'twell dis yere blessed minit."

He sat gazing at the floor, the dissipation of a cherished vision evidently clashing with the pleasure of seeing me as I was in the flesh. Presently he arose, and crossing to the mantle piece took down some sort of nondescript dangling arrangement that hung over it.

"Dis yere's de way my li'l Mars' Clar'nce'li allus look ter me," he said, holding out a small photograph of my ten year old self which my mother had given him when he started for Canada. It was framed and depended from one end of a heavy curved piece of iron wire, from the other end of which hung a small faded green silk bag, the wire itself being tied mid-way with a bright bit of new scarlet ribbon by which it had hung to the wall.

"Dats de spittin image ob de li'l chap wat stud by me in de wilderness," he said gazing with a sense of injury in his eyes, at my gray bearded face, "en' dis," opening the little green bag, "is his har."

Could that sunny curl ever have danced on my bald head?

"But Jake," I said, "what is that they are tied to?"

"Dat?" repeated Jake, "wy, dat's de han'le er de ole itn bucket li'l Mar's Clar'nce fotch de water in dat fus' night." He spoke in the third person, as seeming to begrudge my identity with that of the child of years gone by. "I tuk it offen de

bucket, en' put it in my pocket fer a 'membrancer dat night wen I wuz awaitin' fer ter go up ter his ma; en' ebber since, 'Ruby en' me keeps a sorter passover feast ebbery year wen de time ob my delib'rance comes 'roun'. We puts dat han'le on de table wen we eats, en' wen we'se done, Ruby she ties a new ribbon onter it en' hangs it up agin. Them

was hard 'sperences fer li'l' Mars' Clar'nce, 'thouten his ma nor nobody, en' dat outdaceous Ann a har-ryin' en' a pesterin' of him—I heern her—por li'l' chap!" A film gathered on old Jake's spectacles, and as he sat looking at the floor with the bucket handle in his hand, I think he had quite forgotten that I was in the room.

Concerning Oriental Rugs

By MARY R. TOWLE

THE literature of oriental rugs is very meagre. Though for years travellers and merchants have been busily collecting these beautiful pieces of handiwork at fairs and markets in almost every city and village in the orient, "from silken Samarkand to cedar'd Lebanon," and though no modern mansion is regarded as artistically complete unless its floors reflect back in glowing but subdued colors the glories of the paintings and tapestries upon its walls, yet the subject of rugs is one which has received very little attention from writers, except for a few savants who have not succeeded in inspiring the public with any great degree of their zeal. After reading a half dozen or so of books, mostly by German scholars, anyone who wishes more detailed knowledge must rely on his individual taste and powers of observation.

It is hard to understand just why this should be so, for nearly everyone admires good rugs and many people are intensely enthusiastic about them. But ask some specific questions of your friends who have

been known to spend whole days at rug auctions, and nine times out of ten they will refer you, not to a book on the subject, but to some local dealer who has awakened their interest by volunteering some detached bits of picturesque information.

We in America are practically but just beginning to appreciate rugs. Fifty or even twenty-five years ago, when old and valuable specimens were much more plentiful than now, and when every caravan load that came across the desert contained many fine pieces, the good and the bad were bought and used without distinction, and both were esteemed almost wholly from the standpoint of their utilitarian value. The daughter of a well-known author and editor who died some years ago, recently told me that her father and mother prided themselves on the fact that it had been their custom to make wedding presents of antique rugs when the latter cost less on this side of the water than Brussels carpeting. But for one instance of such discrimination there could probably be cited hundreds of cases

in which rugs that would be priceless now, fell into the hands of people who, not realizing their value, put them to rough and continuous use, and thus, within a few years, either destroyed them or injured them beyond hope of repair. Now that the taste of the American public has been gradually educated up to a much higher point of artistic appreciation we are paying large prices for the remains of these old rugs wherever we can find them; at auctions, at private sales, or in the hands of dealers.

Many people who wonder at the present high price of oriental rugs do not realize the amount of time and labor that the latter represent. The apparatus usually employed in rug weaving consists of two upright poles supporting a frame on which is stretched the warp, and from the top of which are suspended balls of the variously colored yarns. In front of this frame sits the weaver and works from the bottom of the rug upward and from right to left, tying rows of knots. The design he keeps in his brain, or roughly drawn on a bit of paper. In some rugs of very fine weave it is an entire day's task for a skilled workman to tie one row of knots, and such a rug not infrequently requires twenty years for its completion. Yet the oriental is satisfied with his lot because with him work is not merely a means of livelihood, but a part of life.

We of the west, who so completely separate our work from our pleasure, would find it hard to realize how much sentiment has been connected with the weaving of many of the rugs in our own possession. Some rugs, notably the Kish-Kilims, are the work of young girls about to become brides, and are

woven as gifts to the bride-groom; sometimes an entire family work side by side on a rug. Nearly always it is an object of pride to the weaver, and the thing on which he concentrates the best efforts of his skill and imagination. Works of art of the highest order, it has often been pointed out, are produced only in this way. In so far as rugs are the expression of the individual, their art is of the highest order; in so far as they are made in factories and on the principle of the division of labor, it is not.

For the best rugs are made, not in the great factories recently established by western firms in the orient, where set designs furnished by professional designers are copied to the letter by deft but unthinking workmen; they are made in homes and in little shops where hand and brain work in unison under the inspiration of some cherished ancestral pattern which may be varied here and there, to accord with the weaver's fancy, by the broadening of a stripe or the deepening of a color.

The dyeing of the wool is, of course, one of the most important steps in the making of a good rug. Formerly only vegetable dyes were used in the orient, and then, a few years ago, came the introduction of aniline dyes and a train of evil consequences. The aniline dyes do not hold their color and when they fade they become, not more beautiful, as do the vegetable dyes, but merely dull and lifeless. Besides this, many of them rot the wool in which they are used, causing the rugs to wear out almost immediately. The Shah of Persia has lately issued an edict prohibiting their importation into his dominions, and a strong feeling against them seems to be

growing up among rug dealers everywhere. In the east whole families devote themselves to the dyer's trade, and great rivalry exists between these separate small groups of workers. Usually each family especially excels in the mixing of some one particular color, for which the much prized formula is handed down with the most profound secrecy to successive generations. After the mixing of the different shades, the greatest art in dyeing is in knowing just how long to the minute wool should be allowed to remain in the dyeing solution. Sometimes in a patch of plain color in a rug there will be noticed, here and there, a slight variation in shade, and this has often been explained by saying that the wool used in these particular spots was left in the dye an instant too long. I prefer to believe, however, that the difference in coloring was intentional, and that the eastern workman understood how these little irregularities would make his rug more beautiful, just as the irregularities in a statue cut by the sculptor's hand make that statue more beautiful than one cut from exact measurements by a stone-mason.

Certain patterns and color combinations in rugs have from time immemorial been associated with certain countries, villages, and tribes, and although these patterns and color combinations have been modified from time to time through the influence of migration and travel, they still remain substantially the same as they were five hundred years, or even longer, ago. These characteristics are of course the principal factors in determining where a rug was made. A thorough knowledge of them would require the study of a life-time, but a few of

the more common and general may be mentioned here as examples.

The design of a rug made in a Mohammedan country is never perfectly symmetrical, the weaver's idea being to symbolize the fact that only Allah is perfect. Also, a Mohammedan rarely or never employs the color green in a rug, as he considers that color sacred, and is unwilling to put it in a position where it will be trodden upon. An oriental rug that contains green is almost certainly of Russian origin, or else the green has been added by means of a clever chemical process, often after importation. In the latter case the green color is more likely to be present in stripes than in solid masses, and its application may sometimes be detected by a certain indistinctness along its edges. Broadly speaking, a striking characteristic of Persian rugs in contradistinction to others is that the figures in the designs of the former are more elaborate and branching and less conventional, often consisting of floral devices, while in the Turkish, Turkoman, and Russian rugs the designs are more often made up of geometrical figures, or conventionalized forms of the simplest natural objects, such as crabs and fishes. A rug that contains a representation of a lion and the sun is, of course, Persian, that being the emblem of the Persian empire. The so-called "prayer rugs," in which a place is distinctly marked out for the kneeling worshiper, are made by the Mohammedans, and when in use are supposed to be laid in such a way that the devotee shall kneel with his face in the direction of Mecca, the holy city. These rugs not infrequently contain short Arabic inscriptions, usually woven to the right of the place of kneeling.

Besides these and many other characteristics having a general signification, experts recognize as indicating the origin of a rug, countless more or less subtle peculiarities concerning which it is hard to particularize in words alone. These peculiarities show themselves in the colors and designs of centres, of borders, and even of selvedge. For instance, anyone who has observed rugs at all is familiar with the distinctive geometrical figures that mark a Bokhara, with the elementary reds, blues, and greens of a Kazak, and with the central medallion of a Sinneh, and nearly everyone can tell a Cashmere, or, rather, what is known as a Cashmere.

A recent writer on the subject asserts that the border of a rug is more reliable as an indicator of locality than the centre. The central design, being more striking, is more easily carried in the observer's mind from place to place, and thus a simple and effective centre soon ceases to be characteristic of the tribe or village where it originated; whereas often an unobtrusive border, while continuing indefinitely to satisfy the people whose ancestors first used it, will not attract notice or imitation from without. Mr. Ellwanger, in his fine work on oriental rugs, mentions as an example of this the Koulah border. This border is in the form of a simple spiral on a ground of some plain color, and is solely characteristic of Koulah rugs.

Among the patterns quite generally used both in the borders and centres of rugs throughout the orient are the "crab," "fish-bone," and "palm-leaf" patterns. The crab or star-fish pattern consists, as might be expected, of several arms radiating from a centre. The fish-

bone pattern is less easily recognized, it being a representation, not of the outward semblance of a bone, but of a cross section of a bone—the back-bone—of a fish. The so-called "palm-leaf" pattern, though bearing a considerable likeness to a leaf, is not intended to represent one, but a curve of the river Indus.

Another significant thing about a rug is the length of its nap. In general the long, thick naps come from the north, especially from Caucasia, while the Turkish and Persian rugs have shorter ones. One of the most beautiful naps is that of the well-known Kirmanshah rug, which is, by the way, not made at Kirmanshah, but at a town near by. The subject of the nap reminds me of an odd fact which may not be generally known. It is that in many cases the peculiar silkiness of the nap of old rugs comes not so much from the quality of the wool employed in them as from the oriental habit of never walking on a rug with the shoes on. A life-time perhaps of rubbing against practically bare feet splits into their separate fibres the ends of the yarn forming the nap, and thus produces the beautifully smooth, pliable texture.

The coloring and design are of course the most important things to be considered in selecting a rug. Silkiness of nap and fineness of weave are as nothing if the reds and blues are harsh and crude and the pattern inconsistent. It is a common thing for a dealer, in displaying a rug, to lift up a corner of it and, turning it wrong side uppermost, call the prospective buyer's attention to the number of knots to the square inch. If the buyer seems ignorant and enthusiastic the dealer will go on to tell how each one of these knots was tied by hand,

the wool having been worked in with the fingers, and how for performing this delicate and fatiguing labor the poor oriental received but thirteen or perhaps fifteen cents a day. All this is interesting, and of course, other things being equal, fine, carefully woven rugs are preferable to coarse, carelessly woven ones; but after all it is not the main point. A coarse but beautifully designed and colored rug may grow in the affections of its possessor, as a woman with a plain but noble face grows more and more beautiful in the eyes of her friends. Both possess the essentials of attractiveness. But a finely woven and badly colored or designed rug grates more and more harshly on artistic sensibilities, just as the beauty of a shallow, unkind person gets to seem more and more disturbingly incongruous with his inner nature.

Modern rugs, especially the cheaper ones, are liable to have the fault of being "liney." It may be laid down as a good general rule never to buy a rug in which the lines rather than the colors first strike the eye, for a rug should have the effect of being composed, not of sharply defined figures, but of patches or masses of beautiful, soft color. This is the same principle that makes a true artist prefer old stained glass windows to most new ones. The windows of the famous "Sainte Chapelle" at Paris are among the finest existing examples of old stained glass. In them the design is not at first quite clear to the eye; but to one contemplating,—undisturbed by the exercise of the reasoning faculty—their gorgeous masses of varied color, this fact appeals at once as a gain rather than a loss. In the worst type of modern windows,

on the contrary, the figures stand out in bold relief and the meaning is apparent at a glance, the color scheme being, in consequence, necessarily subordinated. The only pleasure to be got from looking at such windows is of the sort that Mr. Bernhard Berenson, in his "Florentine Painters" describes as the pleasure derived from illustration; that is, the pleasure that comes originally from some sentiment about the subject represented.

Almost everyone who has lately written on the subject has called attention to the fact that genuine antiques are becoming remarkably scarce. One reliable authority even goes so far as to predict that within twenty years the rapidly diminishing supply will be completely exhausted. If this is so we cannot too carefully treasure the few that remain to us, nor too earnestly hope that modern designers in the rug industry will study and imitate the antique coloring and perpetuate in their purity the best of the antique patterns. I do not mean to speak as if good rugs and old rugs were necessarily synonymous. It is true that in the matter of color old rugs have a decided advantage over modern ones from the fact that no chemical has quite the softening effect of time, but this merely means that while some modern rugs are as beautiful in coloring as antiques there are many others that should not be selected unless one is buying for posterity.

Perhaps the worst thing that can be said of modern rugs in general is that their designs are often composed of elements borrowed from totally different schools and inartistically combined. The modern designer, considering this central medallion effective and finding that

border popular, often yields to the temptation to unite the two, and in doing so produces, instead of the masterpiece expected, a rug which is only comparable, in its hybrid atrocity, to certain Venetian churches of the seventeenth century. The beautiful centre of the so-called "diamond" Sinneh rug has been especially subjected to abuse of this sort, and may be seen, surrounded by some incongruous border, hanging on the walls of almost any department store. To do the modern designer justice, however, it must be admitted that this sort of thing is most noticeable in the cheaper grades of rugs.

A plea has of late years been put forward by rug enthusiasts that good rugs, like paintings and other products of a high order of artistic merit, be considered their own excuse for being, and that their original utilitarian purpose be to a certain extent lost sight of. This has from time immemorial been more or less the case in the orient, where rugs of the better sort receive much more tender and appreciative treatment than is usual with us. The Turk or Persian in his native country hangs his finest rugs on the walls, and it would never occur to him, in selecting one, to consider the amount of his available space, or the colors of the other furnishings of his room. To him a man who should be guided by such considerations would seem something as a man would seem to us who should walk into a shop and ask for "a yard of red books" or for "some pretty picture about two feet six inches long."

Perhaps one reason why we seldom regard rugs as separate works of art is that in speaking of them it is hard to refer to them individually

by name or by any but the most minute description. If in describing a picture we say that it is a landscape painted by Carot, and add to this that it contains a great willow tree on the right, a lake in the centre of the background, and to the left, on the shore of the lake, a castle in the distance, the person to whom we are speaking will have at least some rudimentary idea of what the picture looks like. It is true that the facts thus mentioned are not in any way indicative of its importance as a work of art, but they serve as pegs on which to hang reminiscences of its more subtle characteristics. On the other hand, suppose we are trying to describe a rug. We say, perhaps, first that it is a Kazak, and that the background of the centre is a lightish red,—and there we stop. How picture the three great central medallions with their irregular divisions? The peculiar appearance of the nap? The many-colored borders? It is as impossible to describe a rug to a person who has never seen it as to describe, under like circumstances, the odor of some rare tropical flower.

But whether we choose our rugs for their intrinsic artistic value or merely with a view to general effectiveness and harmony we can hardly over-estimate the service that they have rendered our young civilization in the formation of its taste. From how many a middle-class home has the gradual, quiet influence of a good rug banished first the horrors of painted plush, and then, in their turn, long cherished and hideous sofa cushions, "tidies," and pieces of cheap pottery! Many newly-rich families who dislike to recall the callow period of their gentility will nevertheless testify in their hearts to the appropriateness

of this tribute. Then let us not mourn the passing of the antiques, since so many of them have been immolated in such a cause, but

rather hope that they may have worthy successors to bear a part in shaping the aesthetic ideals of future generations.

Reminiscences of An Old Clock

By ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

AS I have kept minutes of the proceedings of the Windmere family during four generations, it occurs to me that I am prepared to give the public a few reminiscences and at the same time to vary the monotony of my occupation as a retail dealer in time.

I came into the possession of the Windmere family as a wedding gift to Mr. Timothy Windmere, an upright man, endowed with all the square-toed virtues and scarcely any of the graces. Clock-hearted as I am, I used to pity Mrs. Windmere when her stern-mouthed lord so continually accentuated the solemnities and scanted the courtesies of life. Yet will I do him justice. If he rarely bestowed a caress or a term of endearment upon his wife, he was most loyal to her in every thought and act of his life, which is more than I can say of some of his descendants who were more prodigal in their expression of affection. But I am anticipating myself.

It was when the first Windmere baby came that Timothy forgot to wind me and in the unticked stillness of the night I could feel the intensity of the atmosphere to the leaden ends of my winding strings. I stood in a corner of the hall, where I could glance into Mrs. Windmere's bedroom and what I saw in

Mr. Windmere's face made me penitent for my severe judgment of him. Mrs. Windmere also saw the long-suppressed passages of tenderness written on her husband's white face in the clearest italics which emotion can use. And when he knelt by her bed and took her hand in his, I felt thankful that I had not been wound, for my ticking would have seemed brutally impertinent on such an occasion.

I was also aware of a dumb sense of limitation because I could register on my wooden face nothing but the passing of time, while upon some human faces a hundred varying moods and emotions could be instantaneously recorded.

Nay, do not scoff at my fancies as incongruous and improbable in a sedate guardian of the hours. You must remember that I am no tiny nickel-plated time-piece giddily beating off the minutes, with the vulgar haste of three ticks to a second, but a grandfather's clock, of dignified stature and presence and one whose pendulum swing suggests the rhythm of the universe and the solemnities of eternity. Am I not, moreover, a clock whose powers of collecting associations and memories is unrivaled among our entire race of chroniclers?

Some license of imagination as well as rights of digression I may

therefore claim in my confession. But to return to matters of more lively interest than my own time-worn charms.

The morning after the memorable scene in Mrs. Windmere's bedroom, I caught sight of the head of Timothy Second protruding from the end of a long bundle of white fluffy clothes; and if I may be as accurate in the statement of my impressions as the life-long habits of a time-keeper should have made me, I shall have to confess that Timothy The Second was far from prepossessing in his appearance. But the expression on the face of Timothy's mother, as she looked upon that tiny package of humanity, at once convinced me that my vision was crudely defective in that nice focusing power which makes the maternal sense of perspective so wonderful an endowment. Had Timothy looked ten times worse than he did,—a supposition which carries one quite over the brink of the thinkable—his mother's glance would still have persuaded me that my vision of him was a slanderous figment of my own fancy.

So I accepted Timothy on trust, as his mother did, and his later development applauded my swift discretion; for a finer, bonnier lad than Timothy grew to be I have never seen in all my ninety-eight years of ticking. A shy, sensitive little fellow he was, and even as a child, keenly alive to every message that spoke from bird or blossom. Once I saw him sit a whole half hour peering into the petals of a bunch of sweet peas he held in his hand—looking as though his little white soul were in closer rapport with the flower-souls than his elders could be.

Sometimes I heard him talking to the flowers, which he was always carrying about with him, and snatches of his conversations I remember to this day:

"Where did you get your little pink frock and white apron, little sweet pea," said Timothy, "and where does your mamma buy the patterns for your pretty dresses, and isn't it lonesome in the garden at night, when your mamma doesn't come to kiss you and tuck you in?"

Another time I heard him talking to a little toad that he had captured in a box.

"Poor little toad," said Timothy, "do you know how homely you are? Would you know if I brought you a little mirror so you could take a look at yourself?"

"I will," he cried with a sudden impulse; and away he ran, bringing back a small mirror from his mother's bedroom.

But midway his tender heart was seized with a qualm: would the toad feel very bad to know that he was such a homely little thing?

"Dear little toad," he began tentatively, "would you care so very, very much if you saw that you were awful homely, all but your eyes?"

Timothy paused for reply; but as the toad seemed stoically indifferent on the subject of his charms,—or lack of them—Timothy cried, "Well, then, if you don't care, take a look at yourself!" and he placed the mirror squarely in front of the toad's eyes.

But the toad, never deigning to glance at it, made a sudden bound, and landed on the window-sill.

"Humph!" said Timothy, "You aren't a bit like our cook. I've seen her stand an hour before her mirror." Where upon, Timothy, quite discouraged in his attempt to initiate the toad into one of the first rites of

civilization, carried his toad out into the garden where he might enjoy the bliss of his ignorance undisturbed. But that evening in the middle of his prayers, he baffled his mother with the inquiry, "Why are toads so homely and birds so beautiful?"

You will hear more of Timothy later. Meantime, while he grows to manhood, I will tell you of his three sisters who led me such a life as I verily believe no other clock ever endured.

To save time, as becomes a clock, I will omit the history of their early childhood, except to record the fact that as children these sisters were always using my case for a doll-house and giving my pendulum and weights such continual jerking that I had nervous prostration and a clock-doctor was called. As is customary in such cases, the physician remarked that I was "all run down" and that I had evidently "suffered some severe strain."

It was in my pendulum to retort, "Yes, those girls!" But as I have said I was all run down, so I made no response.

When they are grown, I thought, I can have a little peace; wherein I reckoned without my addition table. For when they were grown, they proved so very attractive that suitors swarmed the halls of the Windmere home and I discovered that my troubles instead of coming to an end, were only beginning. No sooner did a young man's calls begin to ripen to visits than he invariably attempted to make me bear false witness against time by setting back my hands, or stopping my pendulum.

At first I imagined that the young woman in the case would resent such an impertinence to a respecta-

ble member of the household. But will you believe me, she only laughed, and in this regard, all three of the sisters were shamelessly alike.

If it was embarrassing for me in the evening to sit by with my hands idle—like a chaperone without her fancy-work—and hear and see all that I was obliged to hear and see, it was doubly so in the morning, when one of the girls had set me by guess and I was sure to be too fast or too slow. Then Mr. Windmere would look at me and perhaps exclaim, "Dear me! is it so late as that. I must be off at once." And away the poor unsuspecting man would hurry, though I knew very well that he would be half an hour ahead of his appointment.

You will scarcely credit me, but Mr. Windmere was such a guileless soul that it was not until I had been stopped scores and scores of times, by the various young men who called on the Windmere sisters, that their father discovered the cause of my strange unreliability. But the discovery came just as Mr. Windmere was beginning to grow mellow in his disposition, and more porous to the beneficent beams of humor, an effect wrought by time, his wife and his children. As a consequence, his daughters did not receive a reprimand for allowing a clock of Puritanical training to be thus cavalierly foresworn in their presence. On the contrary, Mr. Windmere bettered the instruction he had received. Carefully choosing the psychological moment in the evening, he would set me ahead, little by little, until my two compensating errors very nearly forced me into the orbit of truth, though I once heard Mr. Windmere himself say that there was no lie big enough

to cover up another. But this is a digression which I trust will be pardoned in an old clock like me. I will get back to the young women of whom I grew to be exceedingly fond, in spite of their pranks with me. There was Almira, the eldest, whose severe Puritanical mould was so much like her father's, that a wit of the neighborhood said he never saw her that she did not suggest the personification of the Wordsworthian line:

"Stern daughter of the voice of God."

Almira's suitors were all "sound in the faith," such as it was, and their habits were what was called in those days, "steadygoing." Their vocabulary of admiration was limited to handsome and very pretty, pronounced to rhyme with *fretty*. They possessed those solid hardware abilities, which eventually insure what is known as a "competence" and equally insure its enjoyment upon a strictly hardware basis, which delights in fine trappings and resplendent dinners. In few, they were all endowed with the Peter-Bell attitude towards life in all its manifestations which appeal to the imagination and higher faculties.

But as Almira herself was the kind of woman who thinks poetry "the silliest stuff in the world," fate was kind to her in furnishing her suitors whose taste was pitched in the same key. So when she finally decided that Hiram Beesly was fore-ordained for her from the foundations of the earth, I applauded her choice. Yet how she could choose at all between men of such sparrow-like similarity I never could understand. To speak with entire frankness, I was glad when the wooing—if one may dignify so crude a performance by that name—was at an end; for mechanical as I am, it

made my weights sag heavily to hear a man's proposal couched in such terms as these: "I say, old girl, let's hitch up, and not waste any more time courtin'." And the proposal was matched by the first gift which followed the engagement. It was a book on raising poultry, profusely illustrated with cuts of all manner of fowls in all manner of poses. Hiram said he thought he would give her something that would be useful to them both.

From these chronicles you will understand why I was as willing to have Hiram Beesly take his leave, as Hamlet was to have Polonius take his.

The next set of suitors who came to see Melissa were all musical and a decided improvement on their predecessors. One of them had a fine tenor voice and another played the violin, so that the tête-à-têtes to which I was obliged to beat time were occasionally relieved by music and such conversational play of fancy as a musical nature would suggest.

The lovers' last words, too, were less aboriginal in their choice and enunciation than the forms used by the Hiram Beesly coterie. Ellery Marden, the violinist, unveiled his sentiments to Melissa by telling her that he needed a fifth string to his violin to insure its finest melody, and she was the only woman who could furnish him with one. Oddly coincident in its metaphorical inspiration was the confession of Ambrose Sewell, who confided to the lady of his heart that she was the lost chord which his soul had discovered in some more inspired existence and for which he had been groping ever since.

I sympathized with Melissa in her perplexity over Cupid's machina-

tions which had made the same woman one man's fifth string and another man's lost chord. "Dear me!" she ejaculated, after the departure of her musical lovers, "I expect the next one will tell me that I am 'his missing soft pedal.'"

For aught I know, this may have been the form of the next tender announcement, which I regret to say I missed because it was time for me to strike eleven just at the crucial moment. I saw Albion Porter take Melissa's hand and I observed in his face a good deal of the same unutterable expression with which I was tolerably familiar and I heard him make a beginning: "If you knew how long—" At this point, my clamorous bell broke in with unnecessary ictus and indecent punctuality, drowning gentle fancy in a flood of irrelevant fact. Only these concluding words did I catch, after my clapper had ceased striking: "All a dream tale."

Certainly what I heard was in no wise convincing, at least it would not have been to me. But women are so unaccountable. Melissa seemed convinced as she had been in no previous situation of the kind, if I might judge from the evidence which followed. She seemed, moreover, willing to be convinced again, in the same manner, which surprised me as none of her other suitors had been allowed to come nearer than a longarm's length. However, these things be the things of Allah and what right has an old clock that knows nothing of such mysterious rites to be hypercritical concerning them?

I knew very well from what I had seen and heard that another fledgling would soon leave the Windmere nest, and my wheels clogged a little at the thought. I had a

strong grandfatherly affection for the Windmere daughters and a lively interest in their love affairs, which I had watched in their various stages of development.

It was even as I surmised. Three months from the scene I have mentioned Melissa became Mrs. Porter and went to the far West. After her departure, it was my duty to umpire the last game which Cupid played in the old Windmere home.

Elfreda, the youngest daughter, and her romances gave me more anxiety than any of the others, for she was not one of the sparrows, which, when they choose to pair, make their matches anywhere. Her sisters could have been equally happy with anyone of a hundred men of more or less sparrow-like abilities and attainments. But Elfreda had one of those rare souls whose true mate may not happen to live around the nearest corner. While this fact greatly added to the possibilities of a happiness of four dimensions with the true mate when found, it also increased the possibilities of misery should she accept as a life-partner a man with only one octave range when she had five.

I need not have worried however, for Elfreda's instincts were so sensitive and accurate that she could tell at a glance, or by the timbre of a man's voice, whether he was in her circle of psychical response. If he was not, she was too honorable to allow him to think he was and so cross the rubicon of a bootless declaration. This I considered one of the marks of her superiority over her grandmothers, or even her elder sisters; for they had that first infirmity of noble minds, which could take pride in the number of their proposals, unconscious that their pride did them as little credit as the emo-

tion which made the Indian glory in the collection of his scalp-locks. For when a man makes an unavailing confession of love it generally means but one of two conditions. Either the woman in the case has falsely encouraged him, or the man in the case has been so stupid that he could not perceive when he was discouraged.

As neither of these conditions furnish any adequate ground for pride, the woman who judges them adequate simply advertises her own lack of discrimination and delicacy.

But to Elfreda the brazen trophies of Cupid made no appeal. Neither was she one of those who mangle their ideals beyond recognition to make them match the stature of a suitor who is only externally eligible. Her father once remonstrated with her because she was so indifferent to the attentions of a young man of fair fortune and a character which was pronounced "irreproachable" even under the dread search-light of a church society.

"But my dear father," replied Elfreda, "mere colorless irreproachability cannot inspire my affection. The potato is doubtless an altogether irreproachable vegetable, but it lacks any particular flavor. And I half suspect that Herbert Pippin's irreproachability is only an apron-string kind after all. In the three years I have known him, I recall only one remark that he ever made which had force enough to secure a lodging in my memory longer than two seconds and the remark which furnished the exception did so merely because of its monumental stupidity. 'What can you see to like in Lamb's essays?' quoth this irreproachable young man. Now I do not blame Mr. Pippin because he

cannot like Lamb; but the fact that he cannot, is an infallible token that I cannot like Herbert Pippin. Then his name—*Herbert Pippin*, would damage his suit in my eyes were he ten times less irreproachable. I never knew a man whose name was so pertinent—to himself, I mean."

"My daughter," rejoined Mr. Windmere, somewhat sternly, "I fear you are very capricious and unreasonable. Mr. Pippin has, I am sure, good wearing qualities."

"That all depends on upon whom he is going to wear them. He's worn them threadbare on me already."

"You are a strange girl, Elfreda; a strange girl and quite unlike the girls I used to know when I was a young man. Fancy your mother not liking me because I didn't like Lamb!"

"Oh, but that is different," said Elfreda; though she was somewhat perplexed how to make the difference clear and at the same time distinctly soothing to everybody implicated.

"The woman who is doomed to make Herbert Pippin happy," continued Elfreda, "will be sure to think Lamb the very whey of literature. I do wish Herbert would find her soon, for I am sure they will be happy."

Whereupon Elfreda kissed her father good-night, but called back over her shoulder, as she mounted the stairs, "Any fruit but Pippins for me, father."

I saw Mr. Windmere's mouth relax its rigidity of expression a fortieth of an inch as he answered, "Well, well, child, you must talk with your mother about it. Good-night."

Chapter II.

As an impartial observer, I am free to state that my sympathies were all with Elfreda in her argument with her father. What could a man like Mr. Windmere know about the subtle requirements of a nature like Elfreda's?

I knew, moreover, that there was a young lawyer in town, Vinton Dexter by name, whose coming made Elfreda's heart beat nearly as fast as the little nickel clock in the kitchen. To a steady-going old clock like me it seemed a wonderful thing that anybody's approach could change the heart's ticking. I knew that my pendulum never went any faster when Elfreda wound me than when her father did.

But as I have said, it was quite otherwise with Elfreda when Vinton Dexter was near. I have sometimes been called slow, but I was not so slow that I failed to perceive that in some mysterious way Mr. Dexter affected the red tide of Elfreda's being as the moon affects the tides of the sea. I also knew that Mr. Dexter was subject to the same mysterious influence; for I heard him tell Elfreda that in her presence, his heart always played a good many grace notes that Nature had not written in her original score.

Whereupon, Elfreda asked him if he were sure that Nature did not include those grace notes in her original score. "She is such a capricious composer you know, and often writes an air in one soul and its accompaniment in another. But I sometimes think she is most careless in the way she scatters the leaves of her music. I have known cases where her Lead-Kindly-Light airs have been played for life to an accompaniment obviously intended for Yankee Doodle."

"Thank heaven she didn't scatter the leaves of our music that way, Elfreda. Even so simple an air as mine, with your accompaniment—" At the word accompaniment, it was time for me to strike twelve; in fact I had hung on to my clapper three seconds beyond its exact striking time, so I might hear the whole of Mr. Dexter's sentence. A pest on my calling, I thought, which is continually abridging the little poetry that is interpolated into my prosaic existence. Why don't these amorous pleaders come in the early afternoon, so that if I must break into their eloquence, it will be only for two or three strokes. Nor was I the only one that was put out by by these *contretemps*. Sometimes when I was obliged to strike twelve, not only myself missed the end of the sentence, but the lover himself would be so discomfited by the discord I made in his harmonies that he could not finish his sentence at all—at least not with words. In such cases there was usually a collaborated ending, which did not vex me so much, for I could see it, if I did not hear it.

When I recall my experience in detail, I find it truly remarkable that so many different sentences can be finished with a collaborated ending, not only without apparent loss of continuity but with an effect which is almost climacteric.

But I must not wander off into rhetorical speculations while the reader is left in doubt concerning the destiny of Elfreda and Vinton. Despite the depth, height and breadth of the affection between these lovers, no other wooing had filled me with such sadness, for I knew it was the last that I should witness. So I hardly think I deserve all the jests that were made at my

expense when I struck thirty-eight without stopping on Elfreda's wedding day. Mr. Windmere thought it was because he had deranged my works, winding me when his own nerves were over-taut at the thought of losing Elfreda. But he took no account of the possibility that I might be over-taut from the same cause. I kept a brave face, however, and never once interrupted the marriage service with my striking, though I ticked with my gravest ictus to let Elfreda know that I appreciated the solemnity of the occasion.

I was sure she would be happy—and yet—her father and mother and brother were sure she would be happy and yet—. Even Elfreda herself, who was surest of all that she would be happy, choked down the sobs when her father in an unprecedented moment of demonstrativeness, took her in his arms and kissed her twice on the forehead.

During such a stress of emotion, it was not strange that nobody remembered to wind me. To tell the truth, I didn't care if I was never wound again and I knew from the expression on the face of Elfreda's mother, father and brother that they felt much as I did. But it has been one of my mottoes to "keep a goin'," and I think I have lived up to it as well as most people live up to their mottoes.

The next evening I was wound as usual, and after the winding, something happened to bring back the vanished atmosphere of romance in which I had lived so long. Mrs. Windmere had been looking out of the window considerably longer than anything in the landscape seemed to justify when her husband went up to her and awkwardly putting his arm around her whispered

brokenly, "There, there, don't take it so hard, mother; Elfreda will come to visit us often and we shall have each other and Timothy for a long time to come, I hope."

And Elfreda did come back, again and again, finally bringing two chubby children, whose faces were so illuminated with dimples and laughter that they alone would have been sufficient certificate of their mother's happiness, if any were needed, for only a very happy woman could have been the mother of children with such sun-lit faces.

Chapter III

After occupying for innumerable evenings a box so close to the platform where were enacted the scenes I have described, you can easily imagine that time hung heavy on my hands when the players were gone and the stage deserted. But my continual attendance at such performances had cultivated my dramatic perceptions to such a degree that I was as astute in scenting a romance as an antiquarian is, in a neighborhood where there is a rare bit of faience hidden away.

It was therefore but natural that I was the first in the house to discover that Timothy was in love. I had premonitions of the fact when I saw him brush his clothes so very carefully when he went out of an evening. It did not seem to me that he would be quite so particular if he were going to see his friend Henry. Neither did it seem probable to me that the bouquets of wild violets and hepaticas which he often took with him when he went out, were for his friend Henry. They were just such bouquets as Vinton used to bring Elfreda. I also noticed that Timothy read a great deal of poetry at this time and tried

to write some which he always tore up. He was likewise absent-minded to an absurd degree, for one so young. I distinctly remember one occasion when his mother asked him to get her gloves and he gave her his mittens. Yet another of Timothy's symptoms was a newly developed habit of looking at my face a dozen or more times after I had struck seven in the evening. I felt certain that there was no new attractiveness in my face and when Timothy invariably left the house after his last glance at me I understood.

Once convinced of the true indication of Timothy's symptoms I felt a great desire to see the young woman in the case. I had acted *in loco chaperonae* for all the other love affairs of the family and it did not seem right that the last romance should be conducted entirely without my assistance. I wondered if there were a friendly old clock like me at her house and I wondered if Timothy set it back as I had been set back, and I wondered if it sometimes struck eleven or twelve, *in medias res*, as I had done; I wondered if the girl were good and wise enough for Timothy—it hardly seemed possible that she could be—and a clockful of other things I wondered while Timothy was out of an evening.

Very anxiously, too, I studied the expression on Timothy's face, when he returned from his evening calls, which grew longer and longer as I had been tutored to expect. Sometimes his brows were knitted with doubt, and perplexity, when he returned; and at other times he looked so melancholy that I resented it. What business had any girl, however good she might be, to make Timothy look sad, my Timothy who

was so brave and strong and tender? What was the trouble? Did Timothy undervalue himself, or was it simply his words which hung fire? How I wanted to drop a bit of grandfatherly counsel. "There, there! Timothy," I should have said; "look cheerful. Won't the girl hear you or can't you get it off. Why not practice on me? I won't laugh. I'm used to all kinds of declarations from the most prosaic terms of barter and incoherent mumblings, to perfervid eloquence which would move any heart made of penetrable stuff."

But the poor boy was wholly unaware of my sympathy, which he could not read between my ticks, and upstairs he went with a step which did not belong to a healthy young man of his parts.

So matters went on for several weeks and Timothy grew paler and thinner and I fidgeted till I gained nearly half an hour a day one week, so that I was obliged to have one of those clock-doctors, whom I detest. Just as he had taken off my pendulum and was about to remove my upper case, in rushed a beautiful girl who seized the clock-doctor by the arm and cried:

"Quick! Quick! Timothy has fallen from the ladder where he was trying to mend my bird-house."

You will not need to be told that not only the clock-doctor, but Timothy's mother and father rushed wildly out of the house, leaving me in an agony of suspense, whose nervous tension I could not even relieve by ticking, as my pendulum had been removed.

"I've seen the girl anyway," I thought; "and if Timothy sees what I saw in her face when she came in, he won't mind a few broken bones";

for I refused to believe that worse had befallen him.

And I was right. The clock-doctor lived quite near us and in less than three minutes they all came back, bringing Timothy, who looked snow-white and lifeless as they laid him on his mother's bed. But restoratives were promptly used and he came to in time to see the whiteness of his own face so perfectly matched in the face of his sweetheart that his heart read its answer before the question was put. Then a swift flush of hope spread over his brow and its afterglow was reflected in the maiden's face. And naught of all this escaped the eyes of Timothy's mother, who went up to the maiden and gently putting her arm around her, whispered, "You will stay with us till Timothy is better."

And the maiden stayed. Thus did it fall out that I was permitted to witness at least a part of Timothy's wooing.

I must own that at first I indulged in a few disgruntled ticks, which might have been interpreted, "Humph! only a clock-tinker's daughter!" But I was speedily ashamed of myself; and when I had seen more of Barbara Lyndon I discovered, as Timothy had, that she was a great deal more than a clock-tinker's daughter—a woman with a wonderful soul.

As for myself, my riper acquaintance with Barbara revolutionized

my attitude towards the entire race of clock-tinkers and threw such a high-light upon Barbara's father, in particular, that I was only too happy to get out of repair for the sake of cultivating his acquaintance. It was pleasant, too, to have Barbara stand over her father while he doctored me and ask all manner of questions about me. But I must not interpolate a record of my own Platonic palpitations into the history of Timothy's romance, which made such rapid progress during his illness that I could hardly dare hope that we might keep him beyond a few more moons.

Nor were my conjectures wrong; for I had acquired such skill in making conjectures that I could catch in my swaying pendulum the subtle vibrations of coming events. Even with the hour I had divined, the event kept its appointment and once more the old home surrendered its sunshine to warm and illumine a new household.

Ah me! that was millions and millions of ticks ago; and yesterday Almira, Melissa, Elfreda and Timothy, with their children and grandchildren, all revisited their old home, filling the house with youth and laughter, as they told the tales of the vanished past.

I, meantime, ticked softly on in my old corner, proudly conscious that it was not in vain that I played chaperone, in the love-lit evenings of long ago.



The Japan of To-Day

By HIROSHI YOSHIDA, OF TOKIO, JAPAN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Hiroshi Yoshida is one of the best known among the younger Japanese artists. He was represented at the Paris Exposition of 1900, to which his pictures were sent by the Japanese government, together with those of other artists. He received "Honorable Mention." He first visited America in 1900, holding an exhibition of his works in Detroit by invitation of the Director of the Art Museum, and later at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The next year his pictures were shown at the Boston Art Club, the Providence Art Club and the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. This year he has again visited America, where he is holding successful exhibitions of his work.

I HAVE been told by many people that my country possesses a great fascination for Americans, who are never tired of hearing about it. Hence, it is with pleasure that I have responded to an invitation to tell the readers of the *New England Magazine* something about the habits and customs of modern Japan. It may be a good opportunity, too, for correcting many mistaken impressions about my country that are common among foreigners, for, let me say here, most of the books that have been written about Japan contain errors and wrong statements.

The customs of America and Japan are not so widely different as many people suppose, or as might be expected, when it is remembered that scarcely half a century has elapsed since your distinguished Commander Perry opened our land to the intruding tide of Western civilization. Before that time, Japan was a nation dwelling in proud exclusiveness, quite content within her own boundaries, holding fast to her primitive ideals, and looking upon Europe with scorn and pity. But behold the miracle! Now, her cities are almost cosmopolitan (although far back in the country, old customs

are not yet extinct) and her people have adopted in their manner of living all that has seemed good to them of foreign ideas and improvements.

For instance, the telephone is now found in all business houses, and in the private houses of the rich; the steam cars travel the length and breadth of the land, and the busy electric cars traverse the principal towns. The streets of Tokio and other large cities are lighted by electricity, while many large buildings, and all the government schools are heated by steam. A contract was even made recently for an elevated railway! and soon, alas! we shall see its clumsy framework erected in the centre of our beautiful streets, seeming to deride, with its aggressive ugliness our grand old buildings. To such an extent has modern commercialism invaded our picturesque land! Automobiles, too, will soon be whizzing over the roads, leaving behind their smoking trail. Yes, we Japanese are certainly progressing along the line of "modern improvements," but at the sacrifice of much that is beautiful.

I suppose that cold compound which we, like the Americans call



HIROSHI YOSHIDA, BY HIMSELF
DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

"ice-cream," and which with many other foreign foods, can now be found in all our restaurants may also be classed under the head of "modern improvements." But I am afraid the term cannot be applied with so much truth to the habit of smoking cigarettes, for which our young men have conceived a great fondness. Already a few of us play at that solitary game which we learned from our friend, the sculptor, Mr. Henry Kitson—the game of golf.

Many of our people, too, wear for

business convenience, the European dress, but we do not like it very much, and in our own homes we make haste to dress again in Japanese clothes. But there is one great American convenience that we do not have—the dizzy elevator; for, as most of our buildings, especially our dwelling houses, are only one story high, there is hardly so much need of this invention in Japan as in a country where the buildings are so high, they seem to have been erected for the clouds to rest on.

I have found that among you

Americans, education is a matter of paramount importance; your broad land is thickly dotted with schools and colleges; and it is this fact, I am sure, that has lent so much vigor to your national life, that has produced in your people of all grades and conditions that alert intelligence and high ambition that foreigners are so quick to note.

And with us it is largely the same. If there is one country in the world

building. As far as I have been able to observe, our schools are very much like those of America in discipline and method of study. We have all grades—Kindergarten, Primary and High Schools, which are attended both by boys and girls; but for the higher education we have separate academies for the young girls and colleges for the youths.

The schools in summer time, except during the vacation of six



SUMMER SHOWERS AND WIND
FROM A PAINTING BY HIROSHI YOSHIDA

where the public school is thought more indispensable than it is in America, I believe that country is Japan. Even the smallest towns and villages have their school-houses.

When the people are so poor that they cannot build a schoolhouse, they take some deserted temple and arrange that for the convenience of pupils; and there is always provided a large playground around the

weeks, are opened at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and closed at eleven, but in the winter season the pupils enter them much later—about ten o'clock—and stay until four, taking always a luncheon with them.

Before 1870, the education of children was a serious effort for parents. Then the teaching was done often in the houses of the instructors, and when a father took his child for the

first time to such a house he offered as a gift a keg of *sake* (rice spirit) beside some fishes, and a large package of *kawaneshi*, (a compound of rice and beans). Each child had to provide a small table, and some writing materials, for then blackboards and slates were not known. The writing was done just as it is to-day, with the little brush—*fudi*, and a cake of ink which is made of

portunity for developing the reasoning powers. It does cultivate the memory, and the faculty of observation; it also develops great skill in the use of the fingers, but the years of study required for mastering the written language are so many that there is little time for the pupils' own ideas to assert themselves.

Our written language is a very



VIEW OF YOKOHAMA

lampblack, united with glue and some water. To use this, it is rubbed on an ink stone with water, and from it many degrees of blackness can be obtained.

On the whole, and speaking candidly, I think there are still grave deficiencies in the Japanese system of education, which I hope and believe time will improve. The chief trouble is that it gives so little op-

portunity for developing the reasoning powers. Seven or eight thousand words can be used, and there are different ways of spelling each, which makes learning very difficult. The boys, even in the elementary government schools, are required to know how to write perhaps three thousand Chinese characters, and that is very tiresome, considering



1. TRAVELLERS' COSTUMES

2. DRESSING THE HAIR

3. BLIND BOY MASSEUR

4. THE OLD-FASHIONED METHOD OF GOING TO SCHOOL

5. PLAYING A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

that forty-seven symbols are all that we need for ordinary use.

To strangers the fact that the people in the far South speak a language strange to the far northern people is surprising, for the written characters are the same, but the expressions are often unlike, and the accent is different. I myself have had difficulty in understanding the idioms of people not of my own section of the country.

I have not failed to note the im-

case a woman of the better class does so, it is because of some great need, as for instance, when a woman is left alone, without husband or parents. The girls who are hired to work are found in the fields, and in the houses as servants; they also weave silk on the hand looms, and clean rice, and spin. Many girls of the poorer class, also are hair-dressers, and go from house to house, arranging the hair of all the women in the household. The cost,



RESTAURANT IN PARK OF HIKONE

portant and independent position that woman occupies in the United States. To us Japanese it seems very remarkable. We would not let our sisters go out into the business world to earn their own living, as so many young girls do in this country. We should think it ungenerous to refuse them a share of home and shelter here.

So it is only lower or poor class women who work for money, or in

about two cents, is small enough, and the hair, when once arranged, keeps its own place, and has to be done over again only once in two or three days. The girls and women sleep on hard little pillows, shaped with a hollow to allow the head to rest, without disturbing the hair. Men, however, are more comfortable on soft pillows, and, if it is not a selfish feeling to express, I



A LITTLE MOTHER

cannot help being glad that I do not have to sleep as women do.

The ladies of family learn many domestic duties, and they all know

how to cook well, (tho' the servants do the hard work always). They know how to sew by hand—for sewing machines are not found in Japan yet—and they study a year or more a course of lessons in the arrangement of flowers—which we consider a very important part of their education. They also learn to play on the *koto*, a fine musical instrument. These are all their accomplishments, although our girls, like our boys, are instructed in the usual branches of knowledge, too.

I cannot help feeling that there is more real home life among the Japanese than among the people of this country. Domestic ties are much stronger. Children are always in the company of their mothers, going wherever they go, and are seldom put in the care of servants. So, as a child grows older, it shares all the hopes and interests of its parents. Obedience to parents is a strict law with us. Even a married son obeys his mother as long as she lives, even though he may have children of his own. With us, old age is honored more than in any other country. Divorce is not common in Japan. I have never known many husbands to separate from their wives, for it is not the custom, and perhaps this is because all people learn from the time they are babies to be most gentle and polite. To be rude, or talk loud is considered a serious fault.

It seems to me that the men of Japan are fonder of their homes than American men. Clubs are not common, although there are a few for those who wish to go to them and I fear that club life for men is another foreign custom that will one day become more general in Japan.

Our houses are very simple when compared with the elaborate homes

in America. They consist of one story, and instead of many rooms, we have one large floor space, which can be divided at will into many small rooms by means of folding, or sliding partitions. In every house, a special place called the "to konoma" is decorated and reserved for honored guests. This is somewhat like a mantel-piece, but divided into two parts, one for flower arrangement, where fresh flowers are often placed, and the other for vases or ornaments. In front of this place,

pleasant it is to sit there with the ornamental garden just beyond. We like better to decorate a garden than a house, so have many flowers and stone lanterns there, and ponds of clear water, and dwarf trees; and we spend many hours listening to the songs of birds. Indeed, I think we like Nature better than Europeans do, for many times we gather friends into our houses; then all start for a visit into the country of a whole day, to see the iris fields, or to spend time by the river with



CHILDREN TEA PICKERS

the oldest guest is always made to sit.

Bedrooms used only to sleep in are not known among us, for we sleep in all rooms at night, and then in the morning, the pillows and coverings are put into closets out of sight, and we have the entire house for the uses of the day. One part, however, is always reserved for women, for hairdressing purposes.

The long verandah, which is a feature of all Japanese houses, extends along the front, and very

cherry blossoms over head, in the Springtime. Although we are very hospitable as a people, we do not have so many social functions as Americans because we make very many calls on all our friends, near and far away, and expect friends any hour in the day to see us. As soon as friends arrive we hasten to offer them tea, and sweet meats, and all kinds of little cakes. We have dinner companies too, and then wear all the fine costumes we have, although this is a form of en-

tertainment that women care for more than men.

A very popular card game which we play when calling upon or entertaining our friends is called "flower cards." The cards are arranged to typify the twelve months of the year. January has the symbol of rising sun, and pine tree and white birds; February, plum blossoms; March, the cherry-blossom;

formed many fine plays, being mostly old tragedies. The prices for seats in our theatres are very cheap when compared to prices that obtain in American theatres. Twenty-five cents is the usual fee, and many seats are something less. The plays are very long, sometimes three, and often four hours in performance, but we rest between the acts, and eat the luncheon that we



JINRIKISHA AT MUKOJIMA, TOKIO

April, the iris; May, the peony, etc. There are four cards for each month, and seven are given to each of the three players. The game is not unlike some of your card games here, but more intricate, the object being to match the cards on the table with those held in the hand.

One of our most popular amusements is the theatre, where are per-

always take with us. We have rice cooked in many ways, for this kind of meal, also little sweet cakes, and other things easy to carry with us. Many of the plays are performed in the afternoon, which is a sensible time I think. We have music, too, with our plays—several kinds of instruments being used. Besides the theatre, we have for amusement

many festival days, and gayeties for the children.

I think we Japanese are wise in the especial care and attention we give to our children—the future men and women of the nation. Childhood is indeed a very happy time in Japan. The children have games and sports without number and live a great part of each day in the sunshine. The first of January, the beginning of the New Year, the boys all prepare to fly the kites which they have perhaps been making ready for several weeks. There are sometimes very large kites made in the shape of men and animals, some of them being fifteen or twenty feet long and ten feet wide. These have long tails of straw rope, and a tongue of whale bone—which sings in a high wind like some strange bird. The kites, triangular in shape, are without tails, and can, in skillful hands, be made to dive and dash through the air in a most wonderful manner. The tops made for our children are of very fine workmanship, and are sometimes exceedingly intricate. Top spinning is a profession that is often practiced by jugglers.

The little girls have many dolls, and these play things accumulate from one generation to the next, owing to an old custom with us. When a daughter is born in the



SPINNING

house, a pair of Hina, or images, are purchased by the parents, and when this child grows old enough to marry she takes with her into her new home, all her dolls. Once a year, on the third day of March, there is a festival of dolls and all the treasures are brought from the safe place where they have been stored. The good work put into the manufacture of dolls makes them last sometimes one hundred years or more.

In the training of our boys there is practised an exercise that is a great favorite with the students. It is called the sword dance, and is most often performed by only one person. The music is furnished by a friend who sings or recites a poem,



AN ACTOR

to which the dancer keeps time, acting the poem as it is being repeated. Sometimes the performance is gay and sometimes sad, but it is always interesting to watch. We have no regular dancing schools, as you have here, for we prefer to pay people to dance for our amusement rather than dance ourselves. The famous Geisha girls are taught by private lessons.

In my country we do not have so many helpless people as you have here. The blind, for instance, have two professions that no other people can enter. If they have an ear

for music they are taught that from earliest childhood, or if they have no musical taste, they are instructed in massage. The blind boys especially become masseurs or shampooers and are the most skillful in the world.

Food in Japan is much cheaper than in America. We have three meals a day, with tea at any time. Our breakfast consists usually of soup, made from vegetables, and always rice. In the middle of the day, a light luncheon is served, and at night we have a hearty meal of soup, fish, meat and *tsukemono*, a

kind of salad. Men drink, at night, a little rice wine, but women are not expected to drink anything but tea. Although we have all kinds of meat, we do not eat much sheep, because we do not like it, and the animals do not grow in our country. Chicken is a favorite dish with us.

The Japanese costume has been always the same for hundreds of years, and suits us very well. It would be too cold to wear in America. It is alike all over the country, and the little children are dressed the same as their big brothers and sisters, but in brighter colors. Red is worn only by persons less than sixteen years of age, or on the stage, and white is the mourning color, instead of the black meant to express grief elsewhere. The women can make their own clothes and sometimes also make their brothers' or fathers', but important robes for the men are made at a tailor's.

One thing we would be very sorry not to have in Japan is our Jinrikisha, for it is safer and much cheaper than the horse and carriage. We can hire a Jinrikisha man for the whole day for about one American dollar, and he will trot through the streets with us, on his straw shoes, without tiring himself very much. He can go into small places where carriages cannot go, and he does not try to run away from us! For the heavy work, such as hauling big logs, or stone, we use often ox carts, and a few horses are to be seen also in carts. Then some, but not many, wealthy families own horses for their use in pleasure driving.

I suppose, being a painter of pictures, that I am expected to say something about the art of Japan, and I have left this subject, upon which space demands that I touch but lightly, until the last.

I have been often asked by Americans if the old style of art in Japan is dead. Such however, is not the case, for only a very few of us, and those the younger artists, paint in the Western, modern way. The old style is universal and perhaps will always remain so.

The government is much interested in artists, and provides for their instruction very good schools. These were arranged several years ago, on the method of study in European art schools, one of the best artists in the country being sent to study for that purpose in France and Germany. The course is long,—four years, a thorough knowledge of drawing being insisted upon before we are allowed to use colors.

It is my opinion, however, that too much art study hinders, rather than develops the imaginative and creative powers, and we all need ideas more than technique.

I cannot help thinking that, after all, we Japanese have the best country in the world. Indeed it is the most beautiful of all, with its flowering fields, and its wonderful temples, and its many trees, and its noble mountain—Fuji Yama—that has snow crowning its peak, and flowers growing at its feet. Yes, we have all these, and all modern advantages besides, except those we do not need,—the elevator, the chiropodist and divorce.

Newspaper Satire during the American Revolution

By FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

ONE has but to glance over the dingy files of the "New York Packet" or the "Pennsylvania Journal," now preserved in some of our larger libraries, to be vividly impressed with the contrast between the newspapers of a century and a quarter ago and those of to-day. Even the most aspiring of the former were small, poorly printed sheets, barren, for the most part, of illustrations, and altogether lacking in numerous desirable qualities now to be found in the commonest product of journalistic enterprise. Yet in proportion to their number and the facilities which existed for their circulation, the newspapers of the Revolutionary era constituted no less important an influence in the life of the people than do those of our own time.

They were not merely newspapers. They partook largely of the nature of controversial brochures and became the clearing-houses of the literary-minded. They were utilized to the utmost by the lawyer, the physician, the scholar, the poet, and most of all by the politician.

In the year 1768 the number of newspapers published in America was twenty-five, to which several were added before the close of the Revolutionary period. As the breach with the mother country widened these newspapers became the storm-centres of the controversy.

Until 1775 one finds comparatively little satire—of a political nature, at least—in the volume of colonial literature. But after the actual outbreak of the war such literature grows voluminous.

The specimens which follow are not chosen to represent any particular type but rather the range and qualities of the satire which filled the newspapers of the Revolution and which had so much to do, on the one hand with sustaining, on the other with impeding, that movement.

It was on Tuesday, December 16, 1773, that a party of fifty New Englanders disguised as Mohawk Indians put to a practical test in Boston harbor the vexed question as to how "tea would mingle with salt-water." Of course the episode created no little astonishment and aroused a vigorous discussion in governmental circles in England. "To repeal the tea-duty now would stamp us with timidity," declared Lord North, the Prime Minister; and the dominant political party quite agreed. Following this line of argument, it was determined, though against much protest, that the tea-duty should remain. Tea, in other words, was to be made the exclusive instrument of maintaining the avowed parliamentary right to tax the colonists. This decision determined the direction in which the spirit of resistance in America

should find its chief expression. Obviously the British designs might best be thwarted and the authors of them most discomfited by a general refusal throughout the colonies to use tea in any quantity or under any conditions until the odious tax should be removed. Numerous resolutions and considerable legislative enactments were accordingly passed to this effect. But there were some whose patriotism could not be stretched quite so far as to deny themselves their favorite beverage—particularly in the face of the following somewhat urgent invitation which went the round of the British and Tory newspapers:

"O Boston wives and maids, draw near and see

Our delicate Souchong and Hyson tea,
Buy it, my charming girls, fair, black, or brown,

If not, we'll cut your throats and burn your town."

The following, communicated by "E. B.," is taken from the "Pennsylvania Journal" of March 1, 1775, and is, of course, directed against the considerable number of people who, as a contemporary put it, placed "Hyson-tea" before "Liber-tea":

"The following petition came to my hand by accident; whether it is to be presented to the Assembly now sitting at Philadelphia, the next Congress or Committee, I cannot say. But it is certainly going forward and must convince every thinking person that the measures of the late Congress were very weak, wicked, and foolish, and that the opposition to them is much more considerable and respectable than perhaps many have imagined:

"The Petition of divers OLD WOMEN of the city of Philadelphia: humbly sheweth:—That your petitioners, as well spinsters as married, having been long accus-

tomed to the drinking of tea, fear it will be utterly impossible for them to exhibit so much patriotism as wholly to disuse it. Your petitioners beg leave to observe that, having already done all possible injury to their nerves and health with this delectable herb, they shall think it extremely hard not to enjoy it for the remainder of their lives. Your petitioners would further represent, that coffee and chocolate, or any other substitute hitherto proposed, they humbly apprehend from their heaviness, must destroy that brilliancy of fancy, and fluency of expression, usually found at tea tables, when they are handling the conduct or character of their absent acquaintances. Your petitioners are also informed that there are several other old women of the other sex, laboring under the like difficulties, who apprehend the above restriction will be wholly unsupportable; and that it is a sacrifice infinitely too great to be made to save the lives, liberties, and privileges of any country whatever. Your petitioners, therefore; humbly pray the premises may be taken into serious consideration, and that they may be excepted from the resolution adopted by the late Congress, wherein your petitioners conceive they were not represented; more especially as your petitioners only pray for an indulgence to those spinsters, whom age or ugliness have rendered desperate in the expectation of husbands; those of the married, where infirmities and ill-behavior have made their husbands long since tired of them, and those *old women of the male gender* who will most naturally be found in such company. And your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray, &c."

Throughout the Revolution the issuing of a British proclamation was always the signal for the sharp wits from one end of the country to the other. The orders caused to be published successively by Dunmore, Howe, Clinton, Cornwallis, and others of lesser note, were parodied and satirized until the originals had been made public laughing-stocks. It would not be an easy matter to estimate the influence which these parodies and satires had throughout the colonies in nerving the people to reject with scorn the offers of conciliation held

out by the enemy. General Howe's most noted proclamation was issued June 12, 1775. It offered pardon in the King's name to all (except Samuel Adams and John Hancock) who would lay down their arms and return to their usual occupations. Those who refused to do this, or who gave any encouragement to the two persons mentioned, were to be treated as rebels and traitors. Two weeks later the following version of "Tom Gage's Proclamation"—unique in meter and yet more so in rhyme—appeared in the "Pennsylvania Journal":

TOM GAGE'S PROCLAMATION;

Or blustering denunciation
(Replete with defamation)
Threatening devastation,
And speedy jugulation,
Of the new English nation,—
Who shall his pious ways shun?
Whereas the rebels hereabout,
Are stubborn still, and still hold out;
Refusing yet to drink their tea,
In spite of Parliament and me;
And to maintain their bubble, Right,
Prognosticate a real fight;
Preparing flints, and guns, and ball,
My army and the fleet to maul;
Mounting their gilt to such a pitch,
As to let fly at soldier's breech;
Pretending they design'd a trick
Tho' ordered not to hurt a chick;
But peaceably, without alarm,
The men of Concord to disarm;
Or, if resisting, to annoy,
And every magazine destroy:—
All which, tho' long obliged to bear
Thro' want of men, and not of fear;
I'm able now by augmentation,
To give a proper castigation;
For since th' addition to the troops,
Now reinforc'd as thick as hops;
I can, like Jemmy at the Boyne,
Look safely on—fight you, Burgoyne;
And mow, like grass, the rebel Yankees,
I fancy not these doodle dances:—
Yet ere I draw the vengeful sword,
I have thought fit to send abroad,
This present gracious proclamation,
Of purpose mild the demonstration,
That whoso'er keeps gun or pistol
I'll spoil the motion of his systole:

* * * *

But every one that will lay down
His hanger bright and musket brown,
Shall not be bruised, nor beat, nor bang'd,
Much less for past offences hang'd;
But on surrendering his toledo,
Go to and fro unhurt as we do:—
But then I must, out of this plan, lock
Both SAMUEL ADAMS and JOHN
HANCOCK;

For those vile traitors (like debentures)
Must be tucked up at all adventures;
As any proffer of a pardon,
Would only tend those rogues to hard-
en:—

But every other mother's son,
The instant he destroys his gun,
(For thus doth run the king's command)
May, if he will, come kiss my hand.—
And to prevent such wicked game, as
Pleading the plea of ignoramus;
Be this my proclamation spread
To every reader that can read:—
And as nor law nor right was known
Since my arrival in this town;
To remedy this fatal flaw,
I hereby publish martial law.
Meanwhile, let all, and every one
Who loves his life, forsake his gun;
And all the council by mandamus,
Who have been reckoned so infamous,
Return unto their habitation,
Without or let or molestation.—
Thus graciously the war I wage,
As witnesseth my hand,—TOM GAGE."

The first continental congress, assembled at Philadelphia in 1774, declared in favor of a policy of commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain. To make the declaration effective an "association" was devised, the members of which were to bind themselves to maintain no sort of trade relations with the mother country until there should have been a redress of grievances. Copies of the agreement were sent to all the colonies and every person was given an opportunity to subscribe his name. To sign meant, in many cases, forced adherence to the cause of the Revolutionists; not to sign meant in every case to become an object of suspicion and hatred. Indeed the situation of the non-sign-

er, always uncomfortable, threatened to become positively unbearable and many found themselves under the necessity of either signing or leaving the country. The struggle which this condition of affairs frequently produced in the minds of men who at heart were loyal to the King is well exhibited in the following unusually skillful parody which appeared in the "Middlesex Journal" for January 30, 1776, but which there is every reason to believe had been written, if not printed, shortly after the formation of the association two years before:

"To sign or not to sign? That is the question,
Whether 'twere better for an honest man
To sign, and to be safe; or to resolve,
Betide what will, against associations,
And, by retreating, shun them. To fly—
I reckon
Not where: And, by that flight, t' escape
Feathers and tar, and thousand other ills
That loyalty is heir to: 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To fly—to want—
To want? Perchance to starve: Ay,
there's the rub!
For, in that chance of want, what ills
may come
To patriot rage, when I have left my all—
Must give me pause:—There's the respect
That makes us trim, and bow to men we
hate.
For, who would bear th' indignities o' th'
times,
Congress decrees, and wild convention
plans,
The laws controll'd, and injuries unredressed,
The insolence of knaves, and thousand wrongs
Which patient liege men from vile rebels
take,
When he, sans doubt, might certain
safety find,
Only by flying? Who would bend to
fools,
And truckle thus to mad, mob-chosen upstarts,
But that the dread of something after
flight
(In that blest country where yet no
moneyless

Poor wight can live) puzzles the will,
And makes ten thousand rather sign—and
eat,
Than fly—to starve on loyalty.—
Thus, dread of want makes rebels of us
all:
And thus the native hue of loyalty
Is sicklied o'er with a pale cast of trimming;
And enterprises of great pith and virtue,
But unsupported, turn their streams away,
And never come to action."

One circumstance which made satire inevitable was the marked discrepancy between the boasts of the British before the opening of the war and the actual achievements of the king's forces in it. It was commonly supposed among the British soldiery that the American provincials had no skill at all in military affairs and, what was more, no quality of courage to employ such skill if they had it. It was loudly boasted that the colonists could never "look British regulars in the face"; that "the very sound of a gun would send them off as fast as their feet could carry them." When, therefore, on the very first day of actual conflict the British regulars were found running in confusion along the Concord road, panic-stricken before an enemy whom they could not see, but of whose uncomfortable proximity they were painfully aware, the spectacle was one which the satirically inclined could not have been expected to pass without due notice. In the following stanzas, published anonymously in the "Pennsylvania Evening Post," March 30, 1776, under the facetious title of "The King's Own Regulars, and their Triumph over the Irregulars" we have a sort of mock heroic account of the retreat at Concord as told supposedly by one of the "Regulars":

"Since you all will have singing, and won't be said nay,
I cannot refuse, when you so beg and pray;
So I'll sing you a song, as a body may say,—
Tis of the King's Regulars, who ne'er ran away.

"No troops perform better than we at reviews,—
We march, and we wheel, and whatever you choose;
George would see how we fight, and we never refuse;
There we all fight with courage—you may see't in the news.

"Grown proud at reviews, great George had no rest;
Each grandsire, he had heard, a rebellion suppressed;
He wished a rebellion—looked around, and saw none—
So resolved a rebellion to make—of his own.

"The Yankees he bravely pitched on, because he thought they wouldn't fight,
And so he sent us over to take away their right;
But lest they should spoil our review clothes, he cried braver and louder,
For God's sake, brother kings, don't sell the cowards any powder.

"Our general with his council of war did advise,
How at Lexington we might the Yankees surprise;
We marched—and remarked—all surprised—at being beat,
And so our wise General's plan of *surprise* was complete.

"For fifteen miles they followed and pelted us—we scarce had time to draw a trigger;
But did you ever know a retreat performed with more vigor?
For we did it in two hours, which saved us from perdition;
'Twas not in *going out*, but in *returning*, consisted our *expedition*.

"Of their firing from fences he makes a great pother:
Every fence has two sides, they made use of one, and we only forgot to use the other;

That we turned our backs and ran away so fast,—don't let that disgrace us,—
'Twas only to make good what Sandwich said, that the Yankees could not face us!

"As they could not get before us, how could they look us in the face?
We took good care they shouldn't—by scampering away apace;
That they had not much to brag of, is a very plain case—
For if they beat us in the fight, we beat them in the race.

Oh! the Old Soldiers of the King, and the King's Own Regulars."

Second only to the British commanders and promoters of the war, the Tories throughout the colonies constituted the most constant objects of ridicule by Revolutionary writers. The "New York Journal" of February 9, 1775, contained a somewhat witty definition of the term "Tory." "Yesterday," said a correspondent of the paper, "some gentlemen were dining together in a house in New York, and in the course of the conversation, one of the company frequently used the word Tory; the gentleman at whose house they dined, asked him, 'Pray Mr. ———, what is a Tory?' He replied, 'a Tory is a thing whose head is in England, and its body in America, and its neck ought to be stretched.'"

Somewhat more than a year later, after the British had evacuated Boston, another New York paper, the "Packet," paid its respects to the detested Tories who remained behind.

"Yesterday," says the paper, "being the Lord's day, the Reverend Mr. Bridge, of Chelmsford, in Massachusetts, preached a most animating discourse from these words, 2 Kings vii., 7: 'Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight, and left their tents and their horses, and their asses, even the camp as it was, and fled for their lives.' Which passage of scripture is a good description

of the late flight of our ministerial enemies from Boston, for they left their tents and their horses, and a number of *Tories* for asses."

Feeling against them ran so high in some quarters that a considerable number of the *Tories*, or *Loyalists*, found it unsafe, or at least extremely inconvenient, to remain in America throughout the war. Accordingly many of them abandoned their property and went to England, hoping, but having slight reason to expect, sometime to regain what they had lost. Several of the refugees won royal recognition on account of their sacrifice of personal interests for the sake of the king's cause and quite a number received honors and offices of various kinds by way of reward. As a specimen of the contempt which this aroused among the *Whigs* in the colonies may be quoted a few items from the correspondence of the "Constitutional Gazette," May 4, 1776.

"His Majesty's right arm is lame, occasioned by a sprain from flourishing his sword over the heads of his new made knights.

"The Rev. Mr. Peters [a loyal Episcopal clergyman who had been forced to flee to England in 1774], from Lebanon, in Connecticut, has obtained his Majesty's leave to pick hops at 9d per day, a penny more than the usual price, as a reward for his past faithful services; and by this lucrative business it is supposed he will soon acquire a fortune equal to that he left behind him

"James Rivington, a Tory printer of New York who fled to England in January, 1776 is appointed cobweb-sweeper of his Majesty's library. There are many other posts and rewards given to persons who have fled from the colonies, equal to the above-mentioned."

On the 15th of September, 1776, General Howe took New York, from which city General Putnam beat a hasty retreat by way of King's Bridge, or Hell-Gate. A few weeks later one might read in the "lost, strayed, or stolen" column of the

"Middlesex Journal" the following item:

"LOST, an old black dog, of the American breed; answers to the name of Putnam;—had on a yellow collar with the inscription, '*Ubi libertas ibi patria, 1776. Long Island*': is an old domestic animal,—barks very much at the name of *North*, and has a remarkable howl at that of *Howe*. Was seen in Long Island some time ago, but is supposed to have been alarmed at some British troops who were exercising there and ran off towards Hell-Gate. As he was a great favorite of the Washington family, they are fearful some accident has happened to him."

The "Middlesex Journal," as might be surmised from the foregoing, was an organ of the *Tories*, though by no means so radical as some other publications in the northern colonies. An evidence of its conservative character is seen in the keen thrust at the temporizing policy which so seriously compromised Howe's generalship. The following verses on "The Prudent Generals Compared," published January 2, 1777, were unique in that they went the round of all colonial newspapers, *Whig* and *Tory*, alike,—only that there was of course a difference of interpretation, some saying that "Billy Howe" was to save the thirteen states for the British power, others that it was for independence that they were to be preserved:

"When Rome was urged by adverse fate,
On Cannae's evil day,
A Fabius saved the sinking state,
By caution and delay.

"'One only state!' reply'd a smart;
Why talk of such a dunce?
When Billy Howe, by the same art,
Can save thirteen at once."

"In the country dances published in London for next year," said the *Pennsylvania Journal*, "there is one called 'Lord Howe's Jig,' in which there is 'cross over, change hands, turn your partner, foot it on both sides,' and other movements ad-

mirably depictive of the present war in America."

Perhaps as subtle a thrust as one will find in the newspaper literature of the period is contained in an epigram published in "Freeman's Journal," February 11, 1777, the point to which lies in the fact that on the Hessian standards captured some weeks before at Trenton were engraved the words, "Nescit Pericula":

"The man who submits without striking a blow.

May be said, in a sense, no danger to know;

I pray, then, what harm, by the humble submission,

At Trenton was done to the standard of Hessian?"

The paragon of Tory printers in America was James Rivington, notice of whose "promotion" at court has already been cited from the "Constitutional Gazette." Rivington's printing office and book shop in New York were regarded throughout the war as indeed the very citadel of American Toryism; and no newspaper, Whig or Tory, could ever go quite so far in ridicule and vindictive abuse as "Rivington's Gazette"—more properly called the "Royal Gazette." Two of the milder and one of the more malicious satires on the American cause may serve to indicate the general quality of the organ most feared and hated by those to whom the cause of American independence was dear.

The first deals with the retiring of John Hancock from the presidency of the continental congress, October 29, 1777, after the congress had moved its place of sitting from Philadelphia to New York. Rivington's account, published December 21, is as follows:

"Deacon Loudon, editor of the Whig organ, the *New York Packet*, has taken upon himse'f to give in his extraordinary

Packet a garbled account of the late squabble among the Congress rapsallions, which terminated in Easy John's leaving the chair. As this production is calculated to mislead the public, we are happy to present to our readers a statement by an eye-witness, who has been watching the Congress since it left Philadelphia.

"As soon as the rebels learned that the British fleet was at the head of the Chesapeake, a motion was made in Congress for an adjournment to some place 'at least one hundred miles from any part of God's kingdom where the British mercenaries can possibly land,' which, after some rapturous demonstrations, was carried *nem. con.* Immediately the Congress commenced the retreat, leaving old nosey Thompson to pick up the duds and write promises to pay (when the Congress should return) the Congress debts. In the flight, as in the rebellion, Hancock, having a just apprehension of the vengeance which awaits him, took the initiative and was the first to carry out the letter of the motion of his associates.

"In four days they met at York. At the opening of the session, the President, having performed his journey on horseback, and much more like an express than a lord, was unable to take his seat, and for several days the chair was filled by a pro tempore. On the return of Hancock, he gave many indications of the intense fright he had experienced, and was observed to assume the chair with more than usual care and quiet seriousness; whether from soreness or a desire for the further remove of the Congress, his best friends could not tell.

"Out of the silent discontent murmurs soon sprung, and one day before the dinner hour of the Congress, he offered a motion that 'this body do adjourn until the troops under the Howes, now pursuing the freemen of America, retire altogether from the state of Pennsylvania.' This was not adopted. Hancock then arose and delivered the following, which is a fair specimen of rebel eloquence, and 'much to the pint,' as the Yankee parsons say:—

"'Brethren, Freemen, and Legislators:—It's now more'n two years sence you done me the honor of puttin' me in this seat, which however humbly I have filled I was determined to carry out. It's a responsible situation, and I've been often awaken'd of nights a hearin' them regulars a comin' for my head. I can't bear it. It's worked on me, and already I feel as though I was

several years older than I was. My firmness, which has made up for all my other infirmities, has been the cause of many heartburnings, which I am sure the candor of those among you who don't like it, will pass over. As to the execution of business, I have spared no pains, and shall return to my family and folks with that satisfaction. In taking leave of you my brethren, let me wish that we may meet soon under the glories of a free, but British, government.'

"After requesting the Congress to pass around his chair and shake his hand, the afflicter of his country retired, satisfied as usual with himself and the Congress, who, with equal satisfaction, welcomed his departure."

That considerable number of people in the colonies who throughout the war were Whig or Tory, "according as the winds blew," met only ridicule from both sides at once. The second extract from "Rivington's Gazette," entitled "The American Vicar of Bray," sets forth the boasting confessions of one of this class:

"When Royal George rul'd o'er this land,
And loyalty no harm meant,
For church and king I made a stand,
And so I got preferment.
I still opposed all party tricks,
For reasons I thought clear ones,
And swore it was their politics
To make us Presbyterians.

When Stamp Act pass'd the Parliament,
To bring some grist to mill, sir,
To back it was my firm intent,
But soon there came repeal, sir.
I quickly join'd the common cry,
That we should all be slaves, sir,
The House of Commons was a sty,
The King and Lords were knaves, sir.

Now all went smooth as smooth could be,

I strutted and look'd big, sir;
And when they laid a tax on tea,
I was believed a Whig, sir.
I laughed at all the vain pretence
Of taxing at this distance,
And swore before I'd pay my pence
I'd make a firm resistance.

A Congress now was quickly call'd,

That we might act together;
I thought that Britain would 'ppall'd
Be glad to make fair weather,
And soon repeal th' obnoxious bill,
As she had done before, sir,
That we may gather wealth at will,
And so be taxed no more, sir.

But Britain was not quickly scar'd,
She told another story;
When independence was declar'd,
I figured as a Tory;
Declar'd it was rebellion base,
To take up arms—I curs'd it—
For faith it seemed a settled case,
That we should soon be worsted.

When penal laws were pass'd by vote,
I thought the test a grievance,
Yet sooner than I'd lose a goat,
I swore the state allegiance.
The thin disguise could hardly pass,
For I was much suspected;
I felt myself much like the ass
In lion's skin detected.

The French alliance now came forth,
The papists flocked in shoals, sir,
Friseur Marquises, Valets of birth,
And priests to save our souls, sir,
Our 'good ally' with towering wing,
Embrac'd the flattering hope, sir,
That we should own him for our king,
And then invite the Pope, sir.

When Howe, with drums and great parade,
March'd through this famous town, sir,
I cried, 'May Fame his laurels shade
With laurels for a crown, sir.'
With zeal I swore to make amends
To good old constitution,
And drank confusion to the friends
Of our late revolution.

But poor Burgoyne's denounced my fate,
The Whigs began to glory,
I now bewailed my wretched state,
That I was e'er a Tory.
By night the British left the shore,
Nor cared for friends a fig, sir,
I turned the cat in pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir.

I call'd the army butchering dogs,
A bloody tyrant King, sir,
The Commons, Lords, a set of rogues,
That all deserved to swing, sir.
Since fate has made us great and free,
And Providence can't falter,
So long till death my king shall be—
Unless the times should alter."

On the 18th of January, 1781, the old Continental Congress ended its existence, in view of the approaching reorganization of the government under the Articles of Confederation. The next day "Rivington's Gazette" published the following account of the "Death of Congress," together with the "Last Will and Testament of that Body." Let any one who is disposed to criticize the modern newspaper on the ground of scurrility and sensationalism consider how impossible it would be for any respectable journal of to-day to publish such an article as this:

"Yesterday, in the evening of the lustre of their wretchedness, departed this life, to the great grief of all wicked men, their most exalted Excellencies the Congress of America; and about midnight their remains were deposited in a vault prepared for them in the most comfortable warm region of infernal misery. By their death that sweet babe of grace, Miss America Rebellion, who, from her birth (till the death of her parents) had been nursed and brought up with all the tenderness that such delicate charms, such bewitching beauty, and such perfect deformity, could require, is now left a poor helpless orphan, destitute of friends, and in want of the necessities of life.

"The following is the last will and testament of the deceased:—'In the name of the Devil, we, the Congress of America, in Congress assembled, being weak in body, low in credit, and poor in estate, but rich, high, and strong in expectation, that by our hellish, faithful behavior on earth, we shall be advanced to the highest esteem and favor of Satan in the kingdom which is his, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament in manner following. that is to say, first and principally we do (as by the strongest tie of duty bound) consign our, and each of our souls, purely vicious as they are, together with all, each, and every, the faculty and faculties inseparably adherent thereto, or to each of them, unto the most highly damned serpent, his Sovereign Majesty of Hell, he having by many titles a just claim thereto. And it is our will that our executor hereinafter named, do, as soon as conveniently may be

after our decease, or even before it, cause our names to be registered among the grand infernal records of hell. And, as touching our worldly wealth, which we have by so many noble frauds, robberies, and murders, amassed together and concealed, we give, devise, and bequeathe the same unto and between our two most dearly beloved and most vilely great and good allies, the French King, and King of Spain, to hold the same as long as they shall continue to act with the same uniform conduct, and promote the interest of their brother Sovereign, to whose kingdom we are hastening in a swift course of rapidity. But in default of such conduct in them or either of them as aforesaid, then we give, devise, and bequeath, all and whatsoever is before specified, in the last before-mentioned bequest, or the share of each defaulter, to and among all, any, or either of the potentates of Europe, who shall by his, her, their, any or either of their zeal, (manifested by real service to our most noble benefactor Lucifer), whether under the mask of armed neutrality, open or avowedly, or otherwise howsoever, cherish, succor, help, and comfort all those Americans who shall be inspired with the most noble sentiments of rebellion, against that great enemy to our constitution of Hell, George the Third of Britain, whose subjects in the most strange infatuation look up to, love, and honor their king. In him there is also the most surprising infatuation, that he governs them by their own laws, and wastes all his time to promote their happiness; nor does his infatuation cease here, he loves his queen and family; and, moreover, he is so righteously wicked that he loves and fears his God. Now, we should make another bequest, that is, of the land and soil of North America, by our will, by our free will, it should go to, and be divided between our two said great and good allies; but doubts arising in our purely vicious breasts concerning the operation of such bequest, we laid our case respecting the same before the Devil in council, who just now returned it with his opinion thereunder wrote, in the words following:—'No part of the land and soil of North America can be conveyed by your will;—it is as much out of the power of all hell to prevent North America being subject to Britain, as it will be in the power of the King of Spain to hold South America, for Britain will most assuredly extended her dominion over the whole.' Now, we do nominate and appoint our most

infernally noble and dearly beloved Devil, guardian to our dear and only daughter Miss America Rebellion, trusting to him, the sole care, maintenance, and education of that most dutiful, beautiful child. And we do also nominate and appoint him sole executor of this our will, made and executed in his presence this eighteenth day of January, and in the fifth year of our independence.

"Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered, by order of Congress, (just now expiring)"

The surrender of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, was the death-blow to the British cause in America. With it perished every hope of the Tories. The importance of the event was fully appreciated in the colonies—now taking on the name of states—and no small amount of newspaper satire was called forth by it. Some of the best of this was written by Francis Hopkinson; and, in view of the quotations which have been made from "Rivington's Gazette," perhaps this sketch cannot be better closed than by citing some selections from a mock advertisement written by Hopkinson and humorously labeled as if published in Rivington's journal. Rivington, as has been said, was probably the best known and most royally hated Tory in America. No one could have had better reason for fleeing from the country after Cornwallis's surrender than he. Hopkinson's advertisement, therefore, purporting to have been written by Rivington himself, begins by stating that the late surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army, together with a variety of other circumstances, "has rendered it convenient for the subscriber to remove to Europe." He accordingly requests the favor of an immediate settlement of all his accounts and then proceeds to offer at public sale his remaining stock in trade, consisting of "books,"

"maps and prints," "plays," "philosophical apparatus," and "patent medicines." Here are some items from his catalogue:—

BOOKS.

"The History of the American War; or, the Glorious Exploits of the British Generals, Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, Cornwallis, and Clinton.

"The Royal Pocket Companion; Being a New System of Policy, founded on rules deduced from the Nature of Man, and proved by Experience, whereby a Prince may in a short time render himself the Abhorrence of his Subjects, and the Contempt of all good and wise Men.

"Select Fables of Aesop, with suitable Morals and Applications. Amongst which are,—'The Dog and his Shadow,' 'The Man and his Goose which laid a Golden Egg,' etc., etc.

"The Right of Great Britain to the Dominion of the Sea—a Poetical Fiction.

"A Geographical, Historical, and Political History of the Rights and Possessions of the Crown of Great Britain in North America. This valuable work did consist of thirteen volumes in Folio, but is now abridged by a Royal Author to a single Pocket Duodecimo, for the greater convenience of Himself, his Successors, and Subjects.

"Tears of Repentance; or, the Present State of the Loyal Refugees in New York, and elsewhere.

"An Elegant Map of the British Empire in North America upon a very small scale.

PHILOSOPHICAL APPARATUS.

"Microscopes, for magnifying small objects, furnished with a select set ready fitted for use. Amongst these are a variety of real and supposed successes of the British Generals in America.

"A Complete Electrical Apparatus, with improvements, for the use of the King and his Ministers. The machine should be exercised with great caution; otherwise, as experience hath shown, the operator may unexpectedly receive the shock he intends to give.

PATENT MEDICINES.

"Vivifying Balsam: excellent for weak nerves, palpitations of the heart, over-bashfulness, and diffidence. In great demand for the officers of the army.

"Sp. Men. Or, the genuine Spirit of Lying. Extracted by distillation from many

hundreds of the *Royal Gazette* of New York.

"Anodyne Elixir, for quieting fears and apprehensions. Very necessary for Tories in all parts of America.

"N. B.—To every purchaser to the value of five pounds will be delivered gratis one quire of counterfeit Continental Currency. Also, two quires of proclamations offering Pardon to Rebels."

The Estrangement

By MARY WHITE MORTON

That you for this small fault should cast me off,
 With narrow, hasty judgment rating me
 Unfit your further care!
 O blind one, go your ways! Your murmured scoff
 Is hard for me to bear
 Because I hoped that you would larger be.

Yours is the loss. Had you but tarried here,
 You might have watched beyond this little mist
 The lofty mountain grow—
 First a blurred shadow, then an outline clear
 Warmed by the sunrise glow—
 So strong and firm, rock-crowned and heaven-kissed.

Yea, perchance nearer, in its secret ways
 You might have walked, and heard the glad streams rush
 With thunder-pealing song
 Down the foam-splashed ravines; the forest maze
 Have threaded, with its throng
 Of leaves and flowers, of winds and solemn hush.

I could have shown you—ah, what mysteries sweet!—
 The depth and highness of a woman true.
 You slight such spirit-world,
 O foolish one, wrapped in your own conceit!
 As from me you are whirled,
 I grieve, indeed,—not for myself, but you!



The Love of Libby Baxter

By IMOGEN CLARK

THERE was a woman who lived in this village once and what I am going to tell you is the story of her love for her son—Jem Baxter he was called, though he went mostly by the name of “Black Jem” on account of his evil ways. She’d been left a widow when he was naught but a little chap, mischievous as a puppy and about as troublesome; there were some who looked to the betterment of him as he grew older, same as you do of a dog, but most folks remembered his father and didn’t hope much for the son that was his image down to the ground. The Baxters, root and branch, have never come to any good, and Luke—Jem’s father—was the wildest of them all. ’Twas the talk of the countryside when he married, but even if folks hadn’t known Libby Weddersley—she that was the bride—from childhood up, they’d have known with just a look at her face that she was different from the Baxter tribe. Yet she wasn’t a psalm-singing woman, she’d a high spirit and a quick tongue often, only you felt through everything there was an abiding goodness at the core of her nature, as is the way with a sweet sound Nonesuch. But the child was all father; black-haired, black-eyed, black-tempered and black-souled too, almost to his undoing if it hadn’t been for the mother’s love. There I am—getting ahead of my story! It’s like taking off the lid of the pot to see if the

potatoes are boiling. Some folks are like that—cooking or talking—they can’t wait reposeful for the end, but must look forward as they go along.

She’d been left a widow early, as I’ve said, and comfortable too. Luke had put by a tidy sum—got, the Lord knows how! and Squire himself drew up the will, so fixing it that Libby had her bit sum quarterly; and at her death, house and land and money were all to go to the boy. That was a wise provision, for Jem wasn’t but a baby at the time of his father’s taking-off and Libby’d the name of a good manager, so ’twas to be expected that he’d be well provided for when, in the fullness of her days, she’d quit this world of ups and downs.

From the beginning she’d the tenderest love for the little lad and it grew and grew till it seemed to be as wide as earth and as high as heaven. Folks counted it a mortal sin on her part to worship a flesh and blood creation as she did, and they said something terrible would happen, it being tempting Providence to carry all your eggs in one basket. But Libby wouldn’t hear to reason. There might be other things going on in the same world that held her boy, only he came first. And so she laid her plans and dreamed her dreams about him and slaved for him early and late, pouring out the riches of her love for his sake. But he didn’t pay her back as ’twas only human she ex-

pected to be paid back; even the most generous natures look for some return of what they spend, though a crumb is gold to the most of them. However, Libby didn't get so much as a crumb, but that didn't sour her. She was always saying that to-morrow would bring the change in him, and you know to-morrow is always to-morrow!—those who look to it, hoping for the impossible, find it far off and dim.

I don't know why Jem was so hold-offish and cruel, unless it was the contradictionaryness in his blood. Luke Baxter had been passing fond of his wife when he could spare time from thinking of himself to give her a thought, but he'd cost his own mother many a sore day and folks said that he broke her heart at the last, though that wasn't in my time. Anyhow his father before him had been terrible wicked too, as boy and man, dying in his sins as the whole countryside knew, so Jem was noways different from his forbears. Wild and hard and fierce he was, having no care for anything, only p'raps the great out-of-doors of God—the moors, and the green growing things, and the sea over there in the distance. He'd no love for his kind and he wasn't anyways tender of life in bird or beast: it seemed as if he took delight in torturing all weak creatures, and yet—the dogs followed him. And Libby always held there's a spot of goodness somewhere in the man that a dog would follow, so she set to work to find it out in Jem. She meant to find it out!

Well, he grew to manhood, keeping by himself, or up to some bedevilment carousing with the lowest, and leaving the heft of the toil to his mother. What went on at their house none of the folks rightly

knew, they only suspicioned. Sometimes in passing they heard Jem cursing or nagging Libby, and once they knew he turned her out of doors at night when it was perishing cold, but they couldn't interfere, not even then—feeling 'twould grieve her to have them come between. Parson he did try to bring Jem to reason, but 'twasn't any use. And as for Libby, though Parson made his parish visits reg'lar, he owned up that she taught him more than he could ever teach her. But she altered—oh! she altered. She'd always been a terrible little body, though folks held when she was young she favored her mother and would grow into just such another cushion-shaped woman when she came to middle age. But life gave those words the lie. Her earthly tabernacle wasn't much to tell on—a little slendersome creature she always was, naught but skin and bones and the great soul inside. Not that she was ever ill. We were her nearest neighbors and though I wasn't more than a child I can remember how my mother'd say time and again that nothing would kill Libby Baxter. Heart-break and work clove their tracks deep on her white face, but she'd the strength of wire—nothing could snap her, and she didn't ail any. When the peddler came round with his pack, however, she'd never let him go without buying some of his medicines—cures for coughs, and rheumatism, and cholery, and every other ill that is known to suffering flesh. My mother, hearing from the man what he'd sold up to the Baxters, stopped Libby once when she went by to know the true why and wherefore.

"You ain't sick?" asked she.

"No," said Libby, smiling with

her poor patient lips and hungry eyes, "I ain't sick."

"Nor you haven't any symptoms?"

"Not that I know, but then," and she laughed very soft, "they may come unlooked-for like, so I hold 'tis best to be prepared. I don't want to die, Sally," says she.

"Life ain't been so rosy and tempered to you that you should cling to it," said my mother, "you'd be a sight happier over there."

"No," Libby answered, "I couldn't sleep quiet in my grave not knowing how Jem would fend without me. There'd no one understands him then but God, and God's very far away. It's the human he needs first."

"That's downright blasphemy, Libby Baxter," cried my mother. "It's Jem that has made the distance between himself and God, and I don't mean to jibe you, but you don't stand very near the boy either. 'Tain't human that will do it for Jem, nor yet super-human, he's just got to go the way to perdition."

"And won't a mother's love go that far?" asked Libby sharply. "Answer me that, woman."

"You poor creature," said my mother, "you poor, loving, tender creature, don't you know what we all know, that Jem's out of reach of your arms? Love him ever so, you can't save him. And there's no call that I can see for spending good money for medicine just to stand on your closet shelf and never to be used. Peddler will say it's right, of course, wishing to drive a bargain, but I tell you to leave him and his wares alone and go the way of all flesh without trying to set up obstacles at so much a bottle. Jem's mouth's fair watering for what your death will bring him.

Luke's last will and testament ain't to be broke, nor yet tampered with, but there!—you know Jem's whole being is set on the money that'll be his some day, and oh! you poor creature, he wants that day to be now."

"If I thought," Libby cried, not wincing at the hard truths, "that my bit of money would be to his welfare I'd die this minute in agonies untold so as to give it to him, but I know better. 'Twould drive him to worse evils and that's why I don't want to die and I don't mean to die. I'm going to live till he loves me and then, when he's softened and moulded into properer shape, I'll go, but not before—not a minute before."

"Who are you, creature of dust, to fling your say-so in the face of the Almighty himself?" my mother screamed, "I wonder at you Libby Baxter."

"I've settled it all with the Lord," Libby said softly, "He knows—ah! don't he know everything? Didn't He give me my child—didn't He mean me to have all? And have I had his heart? 'Tis stone in his breast, but I will have it one day and then He shall have it; only it's got to be mine first—if the human ain't in the heart of man, there ain't ever any room there for God. Ah! He knows."

My mother was that scandalized the breath clean left her body and before she could get it again Libby had gone on her way with that look of spirit in her face that somehow made you think of soldiers and warfare. Of course, after that, the neighbors were told what Libby had said, as was only fitting, and we all agreed that she wasn't quite right-minded—there'd been a queer streak in her grandmother's family, any-

way—and we concluded we'd leave the Baxters alone.

So for a time we didn't concern ourselves with their doings, but as the days went on Jem grew worse; it seemed as if the evil spirits whose name was Legion had taken up their abode with him. We heard of his devilments everywhere, 'cepting from Libby. She was as still as ever, only p'r'aps a little whiter and frailer-looking, with eyes that seemed worn with watching and yet were so hopeful and undaunted 'twould have saddened you to behold them. She just held on to life with both hands, so to say. If she died, who'd cook for Jem, mend for him, nurse him if he was sick? Who'd set the lamp in the window to burn the night through to guide his drunken footsteps safe to the home-door? She was right—she couldn't die. Then something dreadful happened—we didn't know how—we were never to know rightly how—but this is what fell out.

One afternoon, close on to sun-setting, Farmer Hawkins, driving home along the lower road, happened to cast his eyes over to the Baxter house. There never was a terrible deal of sense in Tobias Hawkins' pate—yet somehow as he looked he thought the cottage had a queerish aspect. Any other person would have stopped then and there to find out, but Tobias was made different. He went on his way and all the while he kept thinking and wondering to himself until at last he was fairly bursting with curiosity and had to turn back. When he reached the house everything was very still and deserted-looking; there wasn't even a sign of smoke from the chimney, though 'twas nearing meal-time. By nature he was a chicken-spirited man

and all on a moment he'd a great sinking seize him, so that he didn't know what to expect. But he went close to the door that was half open and, being well-mannered, he knocked; after a bit he knocked again and this time he called Libby by name. Answer there was none, yet as he stood there, there came a something very low that was half moan, half groan and wasn't rightly either. He grew bolder (that was the Lord's doings!) and pushed the door wide. The kitchen was all littered over, a chair sprawled on the floor and the fire was dead out; the whole place seemed terrible lonesome and bare of life. Still there came that dull sound and Tobias, acting under the guidance of Providence, crossed the room with shaky knees to the chamber beyond. And there on the bed lay Libby with a face as white as chalk save for a dark stain to one side. Her eyes were shut tight. She was all dressed even to her shoes, but her gown had been torn open at the throat and the whole shoulder of it was dark too—dark red. Tobias Hawkins wanted to run, only some thing mightier than he kept him stock still.

"Libby," he cried, "speak up, woman. Who's done this? Was it Jem?"

Her eyes flew open, she tried to move.

"No—no—not Jem. I—I fell—"

At that she grew gray as the ash on the ember and her eyes went to again, then Tobias—blessed all of a sudden with sense—ran out of the house and tumbled somehow into his cart and came galloping over to our house for mother. She didn't wait for anything, but climbed up beside him and they were off in a minute; and I, standing watching

them, remembered that the night before I'd looked in vain to see the light up to Baxters'. It had been pitchy black.

When mother reached the cottage she thought Libby was dead sure enough, but she worked over her with restoratives and such-like, and bimeby those hopeful blue eyes opened slowly.

"I—I—did it myself," she whispered, "I—I—fell—"

"Hush," says mother.

"And I couldn't reach peddler's lotion for—for accidents," she went on in a voice like a thread, "'twas too high up—but 'twill be all right." Then she stopped to breathe. "I ain't going to die," she cried the next moment, "I don't mean to die, Sally."

Farmer Hawkins left mother as soon as he got her over there, and went off for the doctor and more women and then he and a lot of the men got together and worked out the sum. They waited first to hear what the doctor would say—men-folks being fairer minded than women—but when he said that Libby'd been knifed and she couldn't have done it herself, and 'twas ten to one she'd die before daybreak, they went off *man*-hunting over the moors and to the near-by villages to all the low houses, and even as far as the sea. And the second day later, while the doctor and the women were still fighting death with Libby's help, they found Jem. He looked more like a ghost than a living, breathing man and he didn't gainsay them when they took him in the name of justice and brought him back to the village.

They put him in jail and then they waited. If Libby died, 'twas their intention to punish him for murder; for, though it wasn't right-

ly clear how the deed was done, the village was one mind in thinking the blackhearted crime must be laid to his door. No one else in the world would have hurt so much as a hair of Libby Baxter's head, she being so trustful and content with her lot that folks had a sort of affection for her they'd be hard put to frame into words, still they felt it deep down and along with it they'd a horror for Jem and his cruel ways. There wasn't one but would have been more than uncommon glad to have him meet with his comeuppance. Folks are terrible fond of seeing justice portioned out to their kind and, much as Libby was liked, there was a feeling of regret everywhere when the doctor said she'd get well, for then they knew Jem couldn't swing for murder. But punished he must be. So they brought him up before the Squire himself; even though they hadn't caught him redhanded, there was no manner of doubt but that he'd knifed his own mother with intent to kill.

The prisoner sat by himself in the little pen opposite the Justice, white-faced and struggling hard to hold his head high, while all around were the folks who'd known him the nineteen years of his life. Old folks, middle-aged and young were there and never a word was said by a soul in his favor. First one told of this unkindness he'd showed to his mother and then another would up and take on the tale; it seemed as if the Judgment Book itself was opened and we were having a glimpse of Jem Baxter's account. He didn't say anything, though the Squire would ask him every little while if he could deny this or that. He just kept still, but he did kinder stir when Silas Warren got up and

told how one winter's night, when he was passing the Baxters' house, he saw a little shape standing outside. At first he thought it was a ghost and then, from the light shining through the window, he saw it was Libby herself and he heard her cry: "Let me in, boy, it's mortal cold out here."

At those words the prisoner crouched lower in his chair and dropped his head on his chest and his eyes went down as if he couldn't bear to meet the looks on the faces roundabout. There wasn't a sound of speech in the room for some minutes so that bimeby he raised his head slowly, then the next moment something broke in his throat with a tearing noise and he half started to his feet, though he sank down again staring wildly before him. For there was Libby clinging to the side of the Squire's desk facing the whole room. He hadn't seen her crawl weak and slow up along between the folks, and they moving back as if she'd been the Queen herself that they were proud to honor; he saw her first standing there looking over at him with her heart in her eyes, and he heard her say, same as we all did:

"So you saw me that night, Silas, did you? But you didn't know that the door'd banged to with that plaguey newfangled spring and I couldn't open it from the outside, so I called to Jem and he—sleeping that sound by the fire—didn't hear me. You didn't know that, Silas?"

Farmer Warren heaved a big sigh and looked back at her without speaking. 'Twas common story in the village that he'd loved Libby when she was a girl and had bided single for her sake, so he couldn't give the lie to her words, though he knew—as we all knew—she hadn't

a spring to one of her doors and the only bar to her getting in that night was Jem and his wrath.

"It was mortal cold," he said at last, then he sat down and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, "mortal cold."

"Not so cold as some nights," she answered quick, "and what with stamping and walking about I didn't feel it any more'n June. I didn't have to wait long."

We didn't speak—we only remembered that the story had been she'd stayed there till the sun rose, but we kept still.

"Mr. Justice," she said then, "I'm come for my boy. 'Tain't right that he should be kept here with folks sitting in judgment on him. Who are folks that they can judge any single creature? What does any one know but God? Give me back my boy."

"He's a guilty man," Squire answered, "and the law's going to punish him. He can't deny the charges—"

"I don't deny 'em," Jem says, speaking up for the first time.

"Don't you listen to him, Squire," Libby cried forgetful of her manners, "that's his father all over again. Oh!" says she turning to the listening folks, "don't you remember how Luke would never gainsay aught that was said of him? He took a kind of glory in shouldering all the wrongs that were laid to his credit, though he hadn't done a tithe of them. Same way with Jem. You all think him bad and he ain't going to cheat you out of your thoughts. But I deny them for him, and I'm his mother—I ought to know. Leave him go, Mr. Justice, it's terrible lonesome and still up to my house and I want him back for company. Don't be cruel-hearted to

me, Mr. Justice, he's all I've got in the world—I can't live without him. Give him back to me."

And at that the Squire said sort of choked-like: "Release the prisoner." And when that was done, he says to him:

"Go—go with the woman who has plead for you, but mark this, Jem Baxter, we'll have an eye on you and if you do her harm we'll wreak a vengeance on you that will make the world stand still to see. Go!"

Folks made way silently to let the two pass, moving back from Jem as if he'd got the leprosy, but he didn't see them. He was staring straight before him at the sunshine and the waving trees outside the door not heeding aught, and Libby pressed close to him, clinging to his arm with both hands; her face, that showed against his dark sleeve like a withered white rose, shining with a joy that sent the tears to many eyes. I was nearest the door and I crept out behind the two. They stopped for a minute; it seemed as if Jem was mindful somehow that his mother was breathing short from weakness.

"Why are you so set on saving me?" he asked.

"Because I love you," says she.

"But you know I meant to harm you—to kill you—"

"You didn't kill me then," she cried with a ring of triumph in her voice, "you can't ever kill a mother's love, Jem boy. That's the way God made it. Come with me, lad, we'll begin again."

He looked at her wildly for a moment, then something seemed to go snap all of a sudden within him, and his face broke up with misery

and shame. There was a sound in his throat like a sob.

"Take me home, marm," he says like a little child, "take me home."

And so they went along, she leaning on him in her weakness, but 'twas as if she was leader and he was led.

Oh, there wasn't any great miracle happened. Jem didn't grow saint all at once—he was as his nature made him, moody and wild, and passionate by turns and slipping back often whenever he'd gained a step, but she kept the white arms of her heart close about him and she won him to her at the last. She'd the patience of God in some things; it seemed as if she was willing to wait and trust that the little good the dogs had found in him, and which she'd always known was there, should work out its own salvation. 'Twasn't a day, or a month, or a year that would do it, but it was bound to come as sure as shining. And so it did! He grew into a good man, better and kinder just because of his youth I'm thinking, and he came to be respected of men—slowly, because once given a bad name 'tis terrible hard to live above it—yet he won that too, out of sheer grit, right here in the place where the worst was known of him. It seemed too, that he couldn't make up to her for all she'd done for him, so he tried to better her in loving, though he fell short there. And when she went, he kept faithful to her teachings. A good man—yes! with a terrible easiness about him for sinners that put a cheer into their hearts and helped them more than the upright-from-the-cradle could ever have done.

The Old Mirror

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Dim-gleaming in the ancient room,
It hangs upon the oaken wall,
Where the pale lights of sunset fall
Athwart its mystic, changeful gloom,
While lagging seasons come and go
With bloom and snow.

No witching eyes of maid or dame
Linger before it now to look
At Beauty's own illumined book,
But mayhap from its tarnished frame,
At twilight, wavering faces gaze—
Fair in dead days.

All that the mirror saw of old
It holds in its remembrance still,
And summons forth at fancy's will
Dim shapes a watcher might behold,
As if uncertain wraiths should pass
Before the glass.

Perchance a girl in silken gown,
Smiling her loveliness to see,
Armored from Love's own archery,
Red-lipped, with mirthful eyes of brown,
And dimpled with the hidden thought
Her heart has taught.

Or a white bride may linger there,
Garmented in her marriage dress,
Outflowering in her tenderness,
To weave the roses in her hair,
Or muse a minute's space in mood
Of maidenhood.

Hush! If we wait may we not see
A weakened shaft of sunlight smite
A snowy shoulder, or the bright
Gold of long tresses? It may be
For us the mirror's joy or pain
Will live again.



MME. NORDICA
AS A CHILD



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MME. NORDICA IN THE ZENITH OF HER GLORY

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Farmington, Maine

By MARY STOYELL STIMPSON

THOUGH bearing her years with exceeding grace and beauty Farmington is by no means a young town. It was fully one hundred and twenty years ago that the first families moved up the shores of the Kennebec River, and reached Sandy River Valley—a valley whose luxuriant forests had, up to that time, been the vast hunting grounds of the Red men.

Farmington is the shire town of Franklin county and contains besides the incorporated one, three flourishing villages—West Farmington, Farmington Falls and Fairbanks. It was at the Falls (Messee Contee-Herring place) that early explorers found a small tribe of Indians, but when the settlers arrived in 1781, only two families remained, that of Pierpole and that of Phillips. The last named soon disappeared, but Pierpole stayed on, helpful and friendly to the white man. Not so his black-eyed wife, Hannah Susup—a daughter of the Norridgewock tribe—she distrusted the pale faces and showed them scant courtesy. Not long after the

arrival of the English settlers, Pierpole, his wife and children, the last of the aborigines, located on a lot in Strong which had been reserved for him by the state of Massachusetts. He built a frame house and adopted many of the habits of his white neighbors, but clung to the dress of his forefathers, wearing a blanket, moccasins and ornaments. He was repeatedly urged to copy the costume of the newcomers and did, on one occasion, don a pair of buckskin breeches, but soon removed them with the remark, "Too much fix um."

He was singularly intelligent, with good features and expressive eyes. He had a gentle disposition and performed many acts of kindness for the pioneers. As the years went by, the valley filling ever thicker with strangers, he perhaps felt cramped for room, and dreading further innovations, grew restless. Thus it came to pass that after twenty seasons of good comradeship with the thrifty farmers, he one day, with neither farewell nor explanation, placed his family in their

canoe and paddled out of sight, never to return.

"Where he went, no white man knoweth,
Whether to Canadian waters,
Whether to the rocking ocean,
Whether to the banks of Menan
No man knows, but down the rapids
Went the Indian forever."

The settlers along the Sandy River, which is a confluent of the

ington—eight families in all. But they were people of energy and intelligence. None of them were illiterate. Most of the early settlers came from Massachusetts towns where the common school system was in operation, and they lost no time in having their children placed under daily instruction. In a small



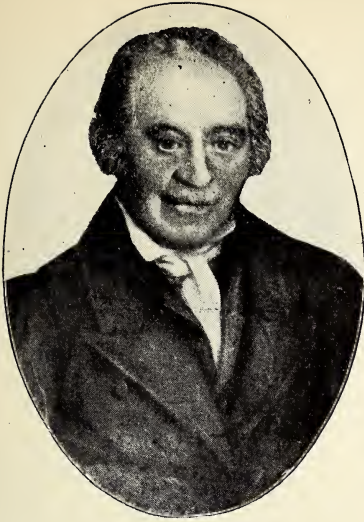
BIRDSEYE VIEW OF FARMINGTON

Kennebec, chose an auspicious period for their venture. The depredations of the Indians had ceased; the war for Independence was drawing to a close; our troops, weary of bloodshed and strife, were glad to enter upon the peaceful though arduous task of founding new homes in the wilderness.

It was a small band of pioneers who passed that first winter in Farm-

ington—eight families in all. But they were people of energy and intelligence. None of them were illiterate. Most of the early settlers came from Massachusetts towns where the common school system was in operation, and they lost no time in having their children placed under daily instruction. In a small

The town was incorporated in 1794 and it was only a few years later that its citizens built a church and a school house. In 1794 Dr. Aaron Stoyell began the practice of medicine and in 1800 the first lawyer, Henry Vassal Chamberlain, settled in Farmington. The first



Enoch Craig



Stephen Schomb—



Supply Belcher



Thomas Wendell

FOUR STURDY SETTLERS

religious services in the township were held in the log house of Stephen Titcomb, whose wife sent for a Methodist minister to baptize her infant son—the first white child born in this wilderness. Mr. Titcomb began his explorations as early as 1776, in the valley of the Sandy River, and built the first log house on the river. He soon had

cation, who had been engaged in mercantile life in Boston, and who had held a captain's commission under Washington, moved to Farmington in 1791 where he soon became a conspicuous figure. It was Captain Belcher who, acting as agent for the township, went to Boston and secured the necessary act of incorporation. He was a skilled



FARMINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
TEACHERS' ROOM

ASSEMBLY ROOM

a farm of abundant yield and by thrift and industry acquired a handsome property. This worthy couple, both of whom lived past the age of ninety, brought up a large family of children who "have maintained to the third and fourth generations, the sturdy virtues of their ancestors."*

Supply Belcher, a man of fine edu-

musician, being a singer, composer, and violinist, and was called the "Handel of Maine." He was the first choir-leader in town and the accurate, stately music rendered by "Squire Belcher's singers" was regarded with admiration. His wife, a Boston girl of broad education, is remembered as a woman of charming presence, and generous hospitality.

*From Butler's History of Farmington.

In that same year Thomas Wen-

dell, a direct descendant of Evert Jansen Wendell, "the immigrant ancestor of a family, long distinguished in American life and letters," who had arrived from Salem as early as 1786, began a clearing upon a farm on which he afterwards passed a long and busy life. He was deeply religious and "was one of the founders of the Congregationalist church in Farmington, serving it as clerk

and served on its board of trustees until his death.

Enoch Craig, having done faithful service in the Continental army, laid down his arms to explore the new country. He was among the pioneer settlers, and, having much skill in agriculture, was not long in showing broad acres under successful cultivation. Pretty Dorothy Starling was nothing loath to occupy



GEORGE DUDLEY CHURCH

Principal of the Abbott School, Farmington, Maine.



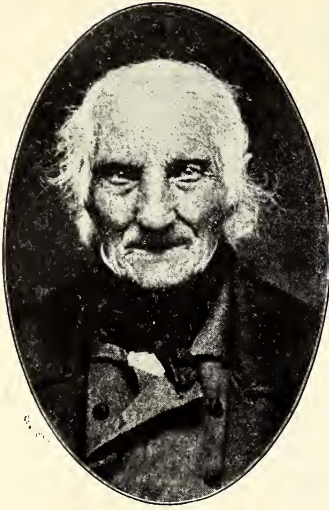
GEORGE C. PURINGTON

Principal of Farmington State Normal School.

from its organization in 1814 until his death." He was of erect figure, wore a long gray *queue*, and bore himself with exceeding dignity. By travel in his youth, and constant reading all his life, he stored his mind with such excellent material that his conversation was always listened to with interest and respect. He was a liberal contributor toward the establishment of an academy

"the best log house in the township," and so rode away, one day, with the capable young farmer, to the nearest Justice of Peace (who was more than thirty miles distant) to have their marriage solemnized. She lived to preside over a fine frame house and to see her husband occupy many important offices.

In 1812 the Farmington Academy was opened for instruction and



HON. NATHAN CUTLER

In whose memory the Public Library Building was given.

great was the joy of the citizens over an institution whose purpose was "the promoting of piety and virtue and the education of youth in such of the languages and such of the liberal arts as the Trustees should direct." For more than fifty years this Academy sent forth students whose names in many cases fill prominent places in Maine's history. Its last four preceptors—Alexander H. Abbott, Rev. Jonas Burnham, Rev. Horatio O. Ladd, and Ambrose P. Kelsey, have been widely known as educators in and beyond New England. Among the pupils of these years (1841 to 1863) may be quoted Dr. Edward Abbott who has been rector of St. James Episcopal Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for twenty-five years, and whose parishioners have recently given a fund for the erection of a church porch on the west side of St. James Church, to be called the "Edward Abbott Porch," as a testimonial of the af-

fection they bear him who has served them for a quarter of a century. Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, who was recognized at the Academy, at Bowdoin, and at Harvard Divinity School as a diligent student, was installed as minister of the Unitarian Society of Lynn, Massachusetts, as long ago as 1865, and still remains its honored leader.

Prominent among makers of books is D. C. Heath, president of the D. C. Heath & Company publishing house of Boston, which has branch offices in New York, London, and Chicago, and whose volumes are widely used in schools and colleges all over the country. He has a charming suburban residence, "Heathcote," at Newtonville, and in spite of his business activity, finds time for athletics, club life and various charities. Major S. Clifford Belcher, member of the Franklin County Bar, of distinguished record in the Civil War, and high in the Masonic Order, is not only re-

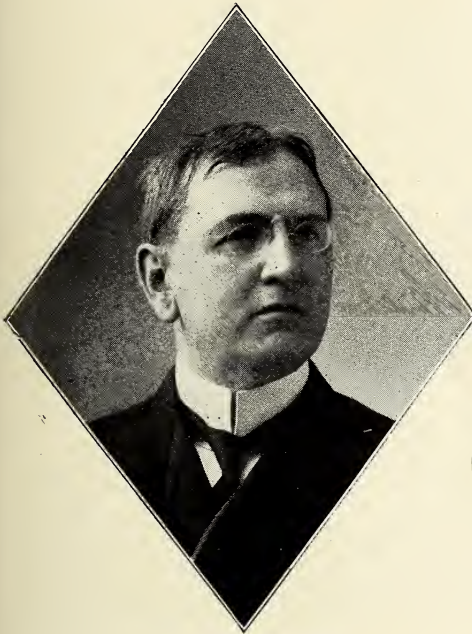


HON. FRANCIS G. BUTLER

Historian of Farmington.

membered as a student at the Farmington Institution, but as Principal of the Foxcroft Academy in another part of the state. Dr. Elbridge Gerry Cutler is a medical practitioner of repute, in Boston, and also instructor at Harvard Medical School. Major Nathan Cutler, another faithful servitor in the war of the rebellion, filled the post as Commandant at the U.S. Military Home at Togus,

ively. Moses C. Mitchell has for many years been the Principal of the Military School for boys at Billerica, Massachusetts, one of the best disciplined schools in New England. U. S. Senator Washburn and Judge Enos T. Luce, author of Maine Probate Law, were connected with the old Academy days, while one of the earlier pupils was Freeman Norton Blake (brother to George Fordyce



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CHARLES F. THWING, D. D.

President of Western Reserve University.



D. C. HEATH

President of D. C. Heath & Company, the Boston Publishing House.

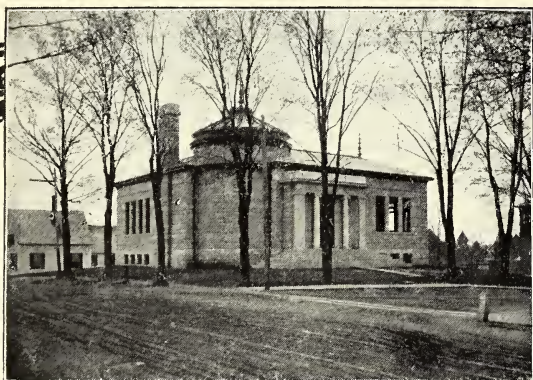
Missouri, later practising law in New York City. Horatio Quincy Butterfield, a Harvard theologian, has filled the President's chair at Washburn College, Kansas, and Olivet College, Michigan. Warren Johnson, after conducting a family school for boys at Topsham, Maine, became supervisor of schools in Maine and Massachusetts success-

Blake, one of Boston's wealthy inventors) who was American Consul to Canada under two Presidents—Lincoln and Grant.

In 1863 the trustees of the Academy made over to the state all the funds and other property for the establishment of a State Normal School, which was opened for instruction the following year. Its

first principal was the late Ambrose P. Kelsey, who was succeeded, in turn, by George M. Gage and C. C. Rounds. Since 1883 Mr. George C. Purington, a Bowdoin man, has occupied the chair. The brick buildings have been enlarged and remodelled, from time to time, until they now present a picture of architectural beauty, and are well-nigh perfect in their furnishings and

On a site next the Normal School Building, stands the Cutler Library building, a recent gift to the town from the late John L. Cutler and his brother, Isaac Moore Cutler, as a memorial of their father, the Hon. Nathan Cutler, who became a resident of Farmington in 1804. The giving of a store-house for books was a fitting tribute to one who was a man of broad culture, himself. All



CUTLER MEMORIAL LIBRARY

THE WILLOWS

equipments. Although this was one of the first schools of its kind to be established in the state it has always ranked high among the training schools of the country. Prof. Purington is devoted to its interests, and his reputation in educational work is enviable. He is a friend to music and has been a tower of strength in the Maine Music Festivals.

his tastes were scholarly, and from his college days at Dartmouth, whence he was graduated in 1794, to the day of his death in 1861, he was a student of the classics, and a lover of literature. It was immediately after his admittance to the bar that he settled in Farmington, where, though devoted to his profession, he yet lent himself, with vigor, to educational and political movements. He was one of the

founders of the Farmington Academy and a member of the charter board of trustees, so it seems eminently suitable that his memorial should adjoin the grounds of an institution in the founding of which he played so important a part. Situated in the centre of the town—on Academy Street—constructed of North Jay granite and containing all the modern library fittings, it is a model edifice of which the architect, W. R. Miller, of Lewiston, may well be proud. Both sons (the donors of this handsome building) settled, in middle life, far from their boyhood home, but lost neither their affection for nor their interest in Farmington. John Cutler was, like his father, an able lawyer, and all through his life was a friend to students and libraries. Isaac Cutler of Malden, (the other donor) has been the unknown benefactor in several worthy enterprises.

For more than a dozen years the May School was a prominent feature in the educational life of the young people. Miss Julia May is an author and lecturer, still busy with her pen. In her volume, "Songs from the Woods of Maine," several of her tenderest verses are dedicated to her sister, Miss Sarah May, of hallowed memory.

"The Willows," known beyond the confines of the state as a luxurious all-the-year-round hotel, was used originally as a boarding school for young ladies, conducted by Miss Lucy Belcher (now Mrs. Nathan C. Goodenow.) Among the pupils are remembered Mrs. Alice Frye Briggs, since prominent in educational and club movements and for two years, the President of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs; and clever Patience (Tucker) Stapleton who, though living only the briefest time

beyond girlhood, left behind a series of brilliant sketches and more than one novel of merit. Yet had she never written anything but that story of subtle charm (whose scene is laid on the island of Monhegan) "Trailing Yew"—her genius would have been established.

The famous Abbott School for Boys has always been a notable institution and from first to last has not only a pleasant history of its own but had for its builder no other than Jacob Abbott, and since it was conducted from 1844 until 1902 by some member of the Abbott family, has interwoven with its existence much that is interesting concerning a family prominent in American letters. The school has never been a large one—perhaps fifty or sixty pupils at the outside—but it has exerted a wide influence and ranked high among like establishments. A few years ago fire destroyed the dormitory and the closing of the school became imperative. Later, Mr. George Dudley Church, a former teacher, purchased the property and in corporation with a stock company built a new dormitory after modern design and restored the grounds. Mr. Church assumed the principalship and retained the name of Abbott School in recognition not only of the founder but of the long association of the Abbott family with its life and history. "Little Blue Boys" these students have always been called and will no doubt bear that name to the end of the chapter. Among its former pupils are included men occupying prominent positions to-day in Congress, and in state and municipal affairs. It was in the early '70s when Col. Alden J. Blethen (now an editor and publisher in Seattle, Washington) was principal, that Nat Goodwin, all round actor

and prince of comedians was enrolled as one of its students—showing then, in declamation and mimicry, his remarkable histrionic ability.

“Little Blue” was selected by Jacob Abbott as a family seat in 1837 or 1838 when he had gone to Farmington to visit his father who lived just opposite this unimproved

Blue out of respect to Mt. Blue which towered in the horizon twenty miles to the northward.” For six years he lived in a small cottage which he had built in the midst of these grounds, which were steadily growing in beauty under his industry and genius, and then he moved to New York; Rev. Samuel Abbott, a brother, leasing the place for the



JACOB ABBOTT

Author, Historian and Clergyman.

tract of land. He foresaw its capabilities and began developing its natural beauties. He deepened a brook into a pond, laid out paths, and “a rude sand bank where an insane hermit had, not long before, made his lonely cabin, was trimmed into graceful proportions with the scraper, soiled, sodded, planted with trees, receiving the name of Little

purpose of opening a family school for boys. At his death in 1849, Mr. Alexander Hamilton Abbott, a native of Farmington, but belonging to another branch of the Abbott family, succeeded him and he spared no time or expense in further developing the beauty of the twenty acres. He coaxed choice shrubs and exotics into luxuriant growth

and planted rare trees until the spot became the show place of the town and chance tourists often printed accounts of its unique charms.

Before going to Farmington to reside, Mr. Jacob Abbott had begun to write his "Young Christian" series, the first volume being received as enthusiastically in England, France, Scotland and Germany as in America. The popularity of

brothers, in New York, and when he retired from the school he again turned his attention to writing. Previous to his visit to Farmington, which culminated in the building of Little Blue, he had been a remarkable pedagogic power both by pen and word of mouth. He was a fore-runner of several progressive educational movements. When principal of the Mt. Vernon School in



FEWACRES

The Farmington Residence of Jacob Abbott.

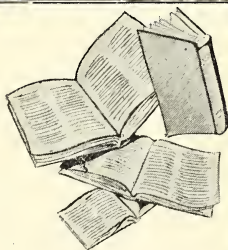
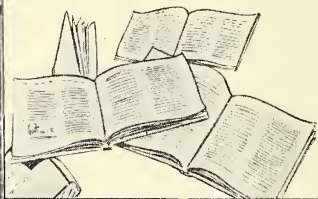
these books has never waned and some of them have been translated into French, German, Dutch, and several missionary languages. While residing at Little Blue his pen was unceasingly busy. The "Rollo Books," "Lucy Books," and the "Jonas Books" were written at this period. From 1843 until 1851 he was engaged in teaching with his

Boston he added an extra year to the regular course which made a semi-collegiate training possible for such girls as desired it; he was largely instrumental in inducing Lowell Mason to go to Boston to teach music in the Mt. Vernon and other schools, he caused some drawing cards to be printed for children to color, and in a volume called "The Teacher" advanced sugges-

tions (then new) which today are widely adopted. Always intelligently devoted to the spread of musical knowledge, he was the first president of the Boston Academy of Music, and did much for the beginners of musical cultivation in that city.

Jacob Abbott had four brothers

of achievement. All graduated from the University of New York; all but Edward studied law; all became authors and editors and each did years of service as church organists and choristers. Dr. Lyman Abbott practiced law for some years in New York City in partnership with his brothers, Austin and Vaughan.



"THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE"

Built in 1844.

THE ABBOTT SCHOOL
Showing the new Playground.

who like himself were all graduates of Bowdoin College—all five men studied theology at Andover, all were at some time pastors and teachers; and all save Samuel became authors. Jacob Abbott's four sons who lived to manhood, Vaughan, Austin, Lyman, and Edward, showed also a curious unity

Later he studied theology with his uncle Rev. John S. C. Abbott and was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1860. His first charge was in Terre Haute, Indiana, and since then he has filled the pastorate at the N. E. Church of New York City and the Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, New York. For eleven years he edited the Literary Record

of "Harper's Magazine" and for some time conducted the "Illustrated Christian Weekly." In 1876 he assumed joint editorship of the "Christian Union" with Henry Ward Beecher, and eventually had entire control of the paper. Two of his sons, Ernest and Lawrence, are on the staff of the "Outlook," while the third, Herbert, is a brilliant journalist of New York City.

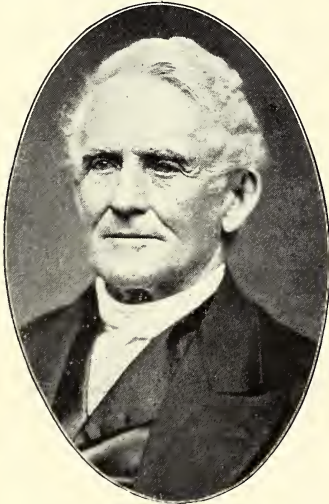
Dr. Edward Abbott was ordained to the Congregationalist ministry at Farmington, in 1863. In 1879 he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church and has been rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Cambridge, as previously mentioned, ever since. He has been editor of the "Literary World," one of the foremost critical papers of this country from 1877 up to 1903, with the lapse between 1888 and 1895. Beginning in 1869 he was for nine years associate editor of the "Congregationalist." He has written both prose and fiction. His paragraph histories of the United States and the American Revolution and his story in verse, "The Baby's Things," are perhaps his best known works. His descriptive writings have a peculiar charm. In his library, at his home on Dana Street, one finds wonderfully convincing proof of the industry and ability of the Abbott Family. Here are rare and odd editions of his father's works in every conceivable size and binding; scrap books relative to the activities, travels and writings of this remarkable group of thinkers; original manuscripts in Jacob Abbott's neat handwriting, and shelf upon shelf of bound magazines edited by Mr. Edward Abbott, who remarks as he points to them, "These are my play." Surely the reading world has profited by what

he pleases to term his recreation. His two daughters have the family gift for writing and teaching. Mrs. Madeline Abbott Bushnell has done clever editorial work and her sister, Miss Eleanor, has written charming poems and is the present Secretary of the State Normal School at Lowell, Massachusetts.

In the Dana Street library, in spite of able works on history, theology, law and literature, and the embarrassment of riches as to topics for reflection and interrogation, one's memory veers straight toward the author of "Gentle Measures with the Young"—Jacob Abbott—that "ideal Christian gentleman" who, from time to time, honored Farmington by his presence and who settled there quite permanently about 1870, on the old homestead, "Fewacres," which lay just across the street from Little Blue. He made many additions to the original buildings and all over the grounds delighted in laying out new paths, making seats, arbors, and terraces so that beneath his hand the place grew in beauty and enchantment. Although the last ten years of his life were spent in comparative leisure, he wrote one hundred and fifty books and the entire list of published works written and compiled by him comprises more than two hundred titles. Mrs. Clara Cutler and Miss Salucia Abbott, his sisters, who lived also at Fewacres, took a deep interest in the young, and planned many instructive entertainments for the children of the village.

John S. C. Abbott, widely known as the author of "Life of Napoleon," and such of the "Red Histories" as pertain to France, was acting pastor of the Congregational Church in Farmington for two years, where he

was deeply loved. He had a fine emotional nature and as a speaker was eloquent and dramatic. He graduated in the famous class of 1825 at Bowdoin College. His ministerial labors lasted forty years and his eight pastorates were all in New England. Aside from this he wrote more than fifty volumes and with his brothers was one of the pioneers for the higher education of girls in America. His sunny disposition and exquisite courtesy won friends all his life.



REV. JOHN ALLEN

Known as "Campmeeting John," and Grandfather of Mme. Nordica.

Farmington is the birthplace of the famous prima donna, Nordica, who has recently added to her laurels by receiving from the Crown of Bavaria a gold medal in recognition of her Wagnerian renditions at the opening of the new Wagner theatre. Mme. Nordica is the first American to receive this honor. She was born Lillian Norton and began her musical study at the New England Conservatory of Music. She showed great talent at an early age, inheriting it from both parents.

Her mother, a woman of strong character, was the daughter of Rev. John Allen—better known as "Campmeeting John," a man deeply respected for his earnest piety. As a youth he was converted at a campmeeting and ever after had a fondness for such gatherings. Having attended nearly four hundred he recently won his quaint sobriquet. Brilliant in repartee, uniformly cheerful, he was a unique character in the village life.

From the day Lillian trudged to school with her primer 'neath her arm, until the wealthy New Yorkers presented her with her magnificent tiara of diamonds, and crowned heads were lavish with their gifts, she has kept a loyal heart to her old friends and birthplace. Her grandfather did not have all the wit. There was strong mentality on the grand-mother's side as well. Annah Allen's father, Nathaniel Hersey, of Hallowell, was taxed in 1777 ten shillings for his "faculty," the queer old tabulation of that locality showing that tribute was paid on live-stock, real estate, poll, and *faculty* (this last being imposed upon such men as had, from superior education or native ability, a better chance for success than their fellows.)

Happy Nordica—paying neither for her faculty nor wondrous voice, her song delights the world and makes Maine proud indeed!

Farmington's church history has been, happily, one of peace, concord and steady growth. From the building of the old "Center Meeting-house," and the loving ministrations of quaint "Father Rogers" down to the present time, the citizens have given loyal support to the religious life of the community. Among the younger Farmington-born men to enter the ministry are the Revs.

Charles Herrick Cutler, Oliver Sewall and Arthur Titcomb. Rev. Roland B. Howard, Secretary of the American Peace Society, who died some years ago at Rome, was for several years pastor of the Congregational church.

The first president of a Farmington bank was Hon. Samuel Belcher, a citizen who held many town and state offices. He was Representative to the Legislature, Speaker of the House, County Attorney and Judge of Probate. Other presidents have been as follows: D. V. B. Ormsby, Reuben Cutler, Francis G. Butler, and Joseph W. Fairbanks. The last named is still living, actively busy in municipal affairs. Primarily a merchant, he has "been closely connected with the monetary interests of the town; entered the Legislature in 1865 as a representative from Farmington, was re-elected the following year, and for the two succeeding years was returned to the Senate.*

Timothy Belcher, who served the Sandy River National Bank as cashier through a long period of years, was a gentleman of unfailing courtesy who, during a banking and mercantile career of forty years, held the esteem and affection of the people. This pioneer bank is about to locate in larger, more modern rooms, having purchased the corner store on Main and Broadway, long occupied by the late Hiram Ramsdell, one of Farmington's most respected merchants, and a director of this institution.

The Franklin County Savings Bank was chartered in 1868, while a more recent banking house is The Trust Company, occupying fine quarters on Main Street and found-

ed by Messrs. George Wheeler, George Currier, and Bonney Bros. The Peoples National Bank is the newest and largest bank of the town, having been organized in 1901 and having resources of nearly a million dollars. Its president is Mr. George W. Wheeler and Prentice Flint its cashier.

It is an ever increasing satisfaction to the inhabitants that an accurate and comprehensive history of Farmington was written by the late Francis G. Butler, during the last few years of his life. It was fitting that his pen should transcribe the annals of a town in whose affairs he had played so conspicuous a part during his life of eighty years. He was a member of the Maine Historical Society, possessed a remarkable memory, and was a reliable statistician; thus his volume is a fine example of historical work.

The broad strips of intervals which stretch out from Sandy River to merge later into hills and mountains are constantly enriched by freshets so that the soil has become the richest in the state. A distinct line of the farmers' work in this section is the raising of sweet corn for Burnham and Morrill of Portland who have one of their many canning plants in Farmington.

Agriculture has been the prominent industry of this region but there are a few manufacturing enterprises carried on. The wood-turning factory of Russell Bros., gives employment to a number of people. Sportsmen value the split-bamboo fishing rods made by Charles Wheeler (the only ones of their kind manufactured in the state) and Greenwoods' Ear Protectors find ready sale in the colder states of the Union.

The Printing and Publishing

*Butler's History of Farmington.

House of Knowlton, McLeary & Company is a busy place to visit. The publications are mostly of an educational character. Mr. David Knowlton, the senior member of the firm, is a Bowdoin man who besides being a trustee of the Normal School has always had the interests of the common schools at heart.

A local paper, the "Chronicle," began its existence nearly sixty years ago and has been under the management of many able men. Its present editor is J. M. S. Hunter.

"Old Home Week" is no empty sound to Farmingtonians. During the summer months the town fills with sons and daughters from all points of the compass who take quiet, abiding delight in reviewing the familiar scenes. Prominent among the annual visitors is Dr. Charles F. Thwing, President of Western Reserve University and leading authority on College statistics in America.

One of Farmington's most prominent sons and present-day benefactors is Mr. Edmund Hayes of Buffalo, N. Y., who is a civil engineer and bridge builder of national reputation. He has been connected with some of the largest bridge building companies of this country and is now engaged in "harnessing Niagara Falls."

When weary Washington politicians and denizens of crowded cities turn for their vacation toward the fishing-grounds of Rangeley Lakes, they leave at Farmington the cars of the Maine Central R. R. and take the little toy train of the Sandy River R. R., which is narrow gauge. There are a good many interesting things about this road. At the time it was built (1879) there was no road in this country of so narrow a gauge and people

shook their heads when it was proposed, saying it wouldn't work, wouldn't pay and would be dangerous. But they were wrong in all three counts. George E. Mansfield, builder of the road and father of the narrow gauge system in this country, was not long in proving the three things he claimed—economy, safety, ease. The good points of the system so commended themselves to such as gave careful investigation that other similar roads were constructed until Maine now contains eight of the two feet gauge roads. The Sandy River R. R. has the happy record of having never in its existence of over a quarter of a century, taken a life or maimed a human being, and the wealthy capitalists who own it know they hold a road whose stock brings the largest price of any in the world. The president of this road is Mr. Weston Lewis of Gardiner, Maine.

A good many of the tourists like to break their journey by an all night tarry in Farmington, where they find every evidence of prosperity. The streets are wide and regularly laid out. The offices and stores are for the most part brick blocks. Its six churches are all substantial edifices. In front of the handsome court-house—in a bit of a green park—a fine soldiers' monument, the gift of a soldier citizen, has just been erected and will be soon dedicated. A movement is also under way whereby "Fewacres" will be restored to its former beauty, and preserved in memory of the author of the Rollo Books, Jacob Abbott.

The schools—a source of pride to the residents—have good buildings, while the majority of the private residences show an air of elegance. As far as the eye can reach, beautiful scenery stretches out before

one—scenery which is varied by green interval, winding stream and a sturdy background of wooded hills. In all New England there is

no spot fairer than Farmington—Farmington, in the valley of the Sandy, nestled 'twixt Mount Abram and the ocean.

That Angel Boy

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

“**I** AM so glad you consented to stay over until Monday, auntie, for now you can hear our famous boy choir,” Ethel had said at the breakfast table that Sunday morning.

“Humph! I’ve heard of ’em,” Ann Wetherby had returned crisply, “but I never took much stock in ’em. A choir—made o’ boys—just as if music could come from yellin’, hootin’ boys!”

An hour later at St. Mark’s, the softly swelling music of the organ was sending curious little thrills tingling to Miss Wetherby’s finger tips. The voluntary had become a mere whisper when she noticed that the great doors near her were swinging outward. The music ceased, and there was a moment’s breathless hush—then faintly in the distance sounded the first sweet notes of the processional.

Ethel stirred slightly and threw a meaning glance at her aunt. The woman met the look unflinchingly.

“Them ain’t no boys!” she whispered tartly.

Nearer and nearer swelled the chorus until the leaders reached the open doors. Miss Wetherby gave one look at the white-robed singers,

then she reached over and clutched Ethel’s fingers.

“They be!—and in their nighties, too!” she added in a horrified whisper.

One of the boys had a solo in the anthem that morning, and as the clear, pure soprano rose higher and higher, Miss Wetherby gazed in undisguised awe at the young singer. She noted the soulful eyes uplifted devoutly, and the broad forehead framed in clustering brown curls. To Miss Wetherby it was the face of an angel; and as the glorious voice rose and swelled and died away in exquisite melody, two big tears rolled down her cheeks and splashed on the shining, black silk gown.

At dinner that day Miss Wetherby learned that the soloist was “Bobby Sawyer.” She also learned that he was one of Ethel’s “fresh-air” mission children, and that, as yet, there was no place for him to go for a vacation.

“That angel child with the heavenly voice—and no one to take him in?” Miss Wetherby bethought herself of her own airy rooms and flowering meadows, and snapped her lips together with sudden determination.

"I'll take him!" she announced tersely, and went home the next day to prepare for her expected guest.

Early in the morning of the first Monday in July, Miss Wetherby added the finishing touches to the dainty white bedroom upstairs.

"Dear little soul—I hope he'll like it!" she murmured, giving a loving pat to the spotless, beruffled pillow shams; then her approving eyes fell upon the "Morning Prayer" hanging at the foot of the bed. "There! them sweet little cherubs sayin' their prayers is jest the thing fur the little saint to see when he first wakes up ev'ry mornin'. Little angel!" she finished softly.

On the table in the corner were hymn books, the great red-and-gold family Bible, and a "Baxter's Saint's Rest"—the only reading matter suited to Miss Wetherby's conception of the mind behind those soulful orbs upraised in devout adoration.

Just before Ann started for the station Tommy Green came over to leave his pet dog, Rover, for Miss Wetherby's "fresh-air" boy to play with.

"Now, Thomas Green," remonstrated Ann severely, "you can take that dirty dog right home. I won't have him around. Besides, Robert Sawyer ain't the kind of a boy you be. He don't care fur sech things—I know he don't."

Half an hour later, Ann Wetherby, with her heart thumping loudly against her ribs, anxiously scanned the passengers as they alighted at Slocumville station. There were not many;—an old man, two girls, three or four women, and a small, dirty boy with a dirtier dog and a brown paper parcel in his arms.

He had not come!

Miss Wetherby held her breath

and looked furtively at the small boy. There was nothing familiar in *his* appearance, she was thankful to say! He must be another one for somebody else. Still, perhaps he might know something about her own angel boy—she would ask.

Ann advanced warily, with a disapproving eye on the dog.

"Little boy, can you tell me why Robert Sawyer didn't come?" she asked severely.

The result of her cautious question disconcerted her not a little. The boy dropped the dog and bundle to the platform, threw his hat in the air, and capered about in wild glee.

"Hi, there, Bones! We're all right! Golly—but I thought we was side-tracked, fur sure!"

Miss Wetherby sank in limp dismay on to a box of freight near by—the bared head disclosed the clustering brown curls and broad forehead, and the eyes uplifted to the whirling hat completed the tell-tale picture.

The urchin caught the hat deftly on the back of his head, and pranced up to Ann with his hands in his pockets.

"Gee-whiz! marm,—but I thought you'd flunked fur sure. I reckoned me an' Bones was barkin' up the wrong tree this time. It looked as if we'd come to a jumpin' off place, an' you'd given us the slip. I'm Bob, myself, ye see, an' I've come all right!"

"Are you Robert Sawyer?" she gasped.

"Jest ye hear that, Bones!" laughed the boy shrilly, capering round and round the small dog again. "I's 'Robert' now—do ye hear?" Then he whirled back to his position in front of Miss Wetherby,

and made a low bow. "Robert Sawyer, at yer service," he announced in mock pomposity. "Oh, I say," he added with a quick change of position, "Yer'd better call me 'Bob'; I ain't uster nothin' else. I'd fly off the handle quicker'n no time, puttin' on airs like that."

Miss Wetherby's back straightened. She made a desperate attempt to regain her usual stern self-possession.

"I shall call ye 'Robert,' boy. I don't like—er—that other name."

There was a prolonged stare and a low whistle from the boy. Then he turned to pick up his bundle.

"Come on, Bones, stir yer stumps; lively, now! This 'ere lady's agoin' ter take us ter her shebang ter stay mos' two weeks. Gee-whiz! Bones, ain't this great!" And with one bound he was off the platform and turning a series of somersaults on the soft grass followed by the skinny, mangy dog which was barking itself nearly wild with joy.

Ann Wetherby gazed at the revolving mass of heads and legs of boy and dog in mute despair, then she rose to her feet and started down the street.

"You c'n foller me," she said sternly, without turning her head toward the culprits on the grass.

The boy came upright instantly.

"Do ye stump it, marm?"

"What?" she demanded, stopping short in her stupefaction.

"Do ye stump it—hoof it—foot it, I mean," he enumerated quickly, in a praiseworthy attempt to bring his vocabulary to the point where it touched hers.

"Oh—yes; 'tain't fur," vouchsafed Ann, feebly.

Bobby trotted alongside of Miss Wetherby, meekly followed by the dog. Soon the boy gave his trousers

an awkward hitch, and glanced sideways up at the woman.

"Oh, I say, marm, I think it's bully of yer ter let me an' Bones come," he began sheepishly. "It looked 's if our case'd hang fire till the crack o' doom; there warn't no one ter have us. When Miss Ethel, she told me her 'aunt'd take us, it jest struck me all of a heap. I tell ye, me an' Bones made tracks fur Slocumville 'bout's soon as they'd let us."

"I hain't no doubt of it!" retorted Ann, looking back hopelessly at the dog.

"Ye see," continued the boy, confidentially, "there ain't ev'ry one what likes boys, an'—hi, there!—go it, Bones!" he suddenly shrieked, and scampered wildly after the dog which had dashed into the bushes by the side of the road.

Ann did not see her young charge again until she had been home half an hour. He came in at the gate, cheerfully smiling, the dog at his heels.

"Jiminy Christmas!" he exclaimed, "I begun ter think I'd lost ye, but I remembered yer last name was the same's Miss Ethel's, an' a boy—Tommy Green, around the corner—he told me where ye lived. And, oh, I say, me an' Bones are a-goin' off with him an' Rover after I've had somethin' ter eat—'tis mos' grub time, ain't it?" he added anxiously.

Ann sighed in a discouraged way.

"Yes, I s'pose 'tis. I left some beans a-bakin', an' dinner'll be ready pretty quick. You can come up stairs with me, Robert, an' I'll show ye where yer goin' ter sleep," she finished, with a sinking heart, as she thought of those ruffled pillow shams.

Bobby followed Miss Wetherby

into the dainty chamber. He gave one look, and puckered up his lips into a long, low whistle.

"Well, I'll be flabbergasted! Oh, I say, now, ye don't expect me ter stay in all this fuss an' fixin's!" he exclaimed ruefully.

"It—it is the room I calculated fur ye," said Ann, with almost a choke in her voice.

The boy looked up quickly and something rose within him that he did not quite understand.

"Oh, well, ye know, it's slick as a whistle an' all that, but I ain't uster havin' it laid on so thick. I ain't no great shakes, ye know, but I'll walk the chalk all right this time. Golly! Ain't it squashy, though!" he exclaimed, as with a run and a skip he landed straight in the middle of the puffy bed.

With one agitated hand Miss Wetherby rescued her pillow shams, and with the other, forcibly removed the dog which had lost no time in following his master into the feathery nest. Then she abruptly left the room; she could not trust herself to speak.

Miss Wetherby did not see much of her guest that afternoon; he went away immediately after dinner and did not return until supper time. Then he was so completely tired out that he had but two words in reply to Miss Wetherby's question.

"Did ye have a good time?" she asked wistfully.

"You bet!"

After supper he went at once to his room; but it was not until Miss Wetherby ceased to hear the patter of his feet on the floor above that she leaned back in her chair with a sigh of relief.

When Ann went upstairs to make the bed that Tuesday morning, the sight that met her eyes struck ter-

ror to her heart. The bedclothes were scattered in wild confusion half over the room. The washbowl, with two long singing books lay across it, she discovered to her horror, was serving as a prison for a small green snake. The Bible and the remaining hymn books, topped by "Baxter's Saint's Rest," lay in a suspicious-looking pile on the floor. Under these Miss Wetherby did not look. After her experience with the snake and the washbowl, her nerves were not strong enough. She recoiled in dismay, also, from the sight of two yellow, paper-covered books on the table, flaunting shamelessly the titles:

"Jack; The Pirate of Red Island,"
and

"Haunted by a Headless Ghost."

She made the bed as rapidly as possible, with many a backward glance at the book-covered washbowl, then she went down stairs and shook and brushed herself with little nervous shudders.

Ann Wetherby never forgot that Fourth of July, nor, for that matter, the days that immediately followed. She went about with both ears stuffed with cotton, and eyes that were ever on the alert for all manner of creeping, crawling things in which Bobby's soul delighted.

The boy, reinforced by the children of the entire neighborhood, held a circus in Miss Wetherby's woodshed, and instituted a Wild Indian Camp in her attic. The poor woman was quite powerless, and remonstrated all in vain. The boy was so cheerfully good-tempered under her sharpest words that the victory was easily his.

But on Saturday when Miss Wetherby, returning from a neighbor's, found two cats, four dogs,

and two toads tied to her parlor chairs, together with three cages containing respectively a canary, a parrot, and a squirrel, (collected from obliging households) she rebelled in earnest and summoned Bobby to her side.

"Robert, I've stood all I'm a-goin' ter. You've got to go home Monday. Do you hear?"

"Oh, come off, Miss Wetherby, 'tain't only a menag'ry, an' you don't use the room none."

Miss Wetherby's mouth worked convulsively.

"Robert!" she gasped, as soon as she could find her voice, "I never, never heard of such dreadful goin's-on! You certainly can't stay here no longer," she continued sternly, resolutely trying to combat the fatal weakness that always overcame her when the boy lifted those soulful eyes to her face. "Now take them horrid critters out of the parlor this minute. You go home Monday—now mind what I say!"

An hour later, Miss Wetherby had a caller. It was the chorister of her church choir. The man sat down gingerly on one of the slippery haircloth chairs, and proceeded at once to state his business.

"I understand, Miss Wetherby, that you have an—er—young singer with you."

Miss Wetherby choked, and stammered "Yes."

"He sings—er—very well, doesn't he?"

The woman was still more visibly embarrassed.

"I—I don't know," she murmured; then in stronger tones, "The one that looked like him did."

"Are there two?" he asked in stupid amazement.

Miss Wetherby laughed uneasily, then she sighed.

"Well, ter tell the truth, Mr. Wiggins, I s'pose there ain't; but sometimes I think there must be. I'll send Robert down ter the rehearsal to-night, and you can see what ye can do with him." And with this Mr. Wiggins was forced to be content.

Bobby sang on Sunday. The little church was full to the doors. Bobby was already famous in the village, and people had a lively curiosity to see what this disquieting collector of bugs and snakes might offer in the way of a sacred song. The "nighty" was, perforce, absent, much to the sorrow of Ann; but the witchery of the glorious voice entered again into the woman's soul, and, indeed, sent the entire congregation home in an awed silence that was the height of admiring homage.

At breakfast time Monday morning, Bobby came down stairs with his brown paper parcel under his arm. Ann glanced at his woeful face, then went out into the kitchen and slammed the oven door sharply.

"Well, marm, I've had a bully time—sure's a gun," said the boy wistfully, following her.

Miss Wetherby opened the oven door and shut it with a second bang; then she straightened herself and crossed the room to the boy's side.

"Robert," she began with assumed sternness, trying to hide her depth of feeling, "you ain't a-going ter-day—now mind what I say! Take them things upstairs. Quick—breakfast's all ready!"

A great light transfigured Bobby's face. He tossed his bundle into the corner and fell upon Miss Wetherby with a bearlike hug.

"Gee-whiz! marm—but yer *are* a brick! An' I'll run yer errands an'

split yer wood, an' I won't take no dogs an' cats in the parlor, an' I'll do ev'rythin'—ev'rythin' ye want me to! Oh, golly—golly!—I'm goin' ter stay—I'm goin' ter stay!" And Bobby danced out of the house to the yard, there to turn somersault after somersault in hilarious glee.

A queer choking feeling came into Ann Wetherby's throat. She seemed still to feel the loving clasp of those small young arms.

"Well, he—he's part angel, anyhow," she muttered, drawing a long breath and watching with tear-dimmed eyes Bobby's antics on the grass outside.

And Bobby stayed—not only Monday, but through four other long days—days which he filled to the brim with fun and frolic and joyous shouts as before—and yet with a change.

The shouts were less shrill and the yells less prolonged when Bobby

was near the house. No toads nor cats graced the parlor floor, and no bugs nor snakes tortured Miss Wetherby's nerves when Bobby's bed was made each day. The kitchen wood-box threatened to overflow—so high was its contents piled—and Miss Wetherby was put to her wit's end to satisfy Bobby's urgent clamorings for errands to run.

And when the four long days were over and Saturday came, a note—and not Bobby—was sent to the city. The note was addressed to "Miss Ethel Wetherby," and this is what Ethel's amazed eyes read:

"My Dear Niece:—You can tell that singer man of Robert's that he is not going back any more. He is going to live with me and go to school next winter. I am going to adopt him for my very own. His father and mother are dead—he said so.

"I must close now, for Robert is hungry and wants his dinner.

"Love to all,
"Ann Wetherby."

New England in Contemporary Verse

By MARTHA E. D. WHITE

"Eastward as far as the eye can see,
Still eastward, eastward, endlessly,
The sparkle and tremor of purple sea
That rises before you, a flickering hill,
On and on to the shut of the sky,
And beyond, you fancy it sloping until
The same multitudinous throb and thrill
That vibrate under your dizzy eye
In ripples of orange and pink are sent
Where the popped sails doze on the yard,

And the clumsy junk and proa lie
Sunk deep with precious woods and nard,
Mid the palmy isles of the Orient."

THE fine lines rolled sonorous-ly from the lips of the Enthusiast, awakening in us all the eager attention that betokened the happy phrasing of our common

The poems that are included in this article are reprinted by courtesy of their authors. I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to them and to the editors of *The Atlantic Monthly* and of the *Century Magazine*.

thought. We were looking out to sea from a New England headland. The bare ocean sheathed its unbroken expanse to the misty, uncertain gray of the horizon, and our garrulity had been checked for a little by the exquisite sense of distance and mystery now so happily expressed in the quoted lines.

"Ah, Lowell!" murmured the Sympathetic One, "the New England landscape and the New England character withheld no secrets from him."

"But," and the voice of the Pessimist sounded harsh and complaining, "the secrets of New England seem all to have been told to those old fellows. She is as inarticulate to-day as the Sphinx."

"None so deaf as he who will not hear," laughed the Enthusiast. "It is not poets that New England lacks, but it is the appreciative mind that makes poetry a publisher's necessity, that is lacking."

"Nor is the poetry all unpublished," came in the voice of the Reader from her corner, "for I have been true to my grandfather's practice and no publisher's announcement of 'Poems' has escaped me. Now I have a shelf, not so very short either, where are gathered all the volumes of recent verse issued in New England."

"All about Greece and Bacchus and Provençal songs I'll be bound," growled the Pessimist, "precious little New England in the work of young men—women I mean."

While this gay and caustic argument was still vivid to me, I chanced to be indolently prowling in the alcove of our public library, that is devoted to poetry. A long line of small books bound in the thin muslin and inartistically applied gilt decoration of a decade ago,

invited my attention and I found them to be that interesting series edited so lovingly by Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poems of Places." With characteristic Yankee instinct I instantly ran my eye down the line to see what part New England had in this verse so patriotically inspired, and I was deeply grateful to find two volumes devoted to her landscape and life. "Poems of New England" the little books are called, and the New England they enclose is the New England of seer and enthusiast, or artist and patriot. To have been so sung is to have achieved place and distinction in the "Parliament of Nations;" it has given to New England that spiritual worth that makes her at once the pride and the regret of all her people.

It has become trite to say that poetry is a tradition in New England and a practice in New York. Even those who love the tradition most, have wearily given over trying to prove that it is not entirely true. But the inspiring example of those volumes that gray afternoon and the memory of that evening's talk incited me to break a lance, to look into the matter and determine if the New England of to-day and recent yesterday, had not been celebrated in worthy song. While I have found no broad stream of poetry, my search has been rewarded by many gleams of pure and sparkling verse, reminding me of nothing so much as a New England meadow in a late spring afternoon with its many gem-like pools, reflecting with a certain precise radiance, the sedges around them and the blue sky overhead.

The quality and the amount of verse contributed in recent years by our young writers and our surviv-

ing old ones in New England, indicate that it is not the spirit of poetry in our authors that is lacking, but instead it is a sympathetic and receptive public. We do not care for poetry. It deals with spiritual values. It is remote from actual life. It is no business of ours. All this the publisher knows, and manuscript verses wander their vagrant way from magazine to magazine with never a welcome even if reception is granted to them. Thin gray volumes representing in their makeup all the artistic zeal and painstaking care that so distinctly "did not characterize the "poetical works," of a former generation,—wide marginal volumes with a verse or two to a page, black letter, decorative type, head piece and marginal drawings,—these books lack nothing but readers; their authors frequently need nothing but appreciation.

Contemporary verse in New England is necessarily characterized by the formalism of immaturity. Its reminiscent quality and its burden of classicism are alike due to the youth of our authors, for poetry has become the happy practice of youth, not the inspired vocation of mature years. It is the harvest of the few idle hours wrested from the work-a-day practice of some remunerative profession. The daily newspaper habit, the more destructive habit of omnivorous fiction skimming, has determined the mould into which the writing genius must finally shape itself. The taste of the public requires scant seasoning of verse, and the taste of the public is a wayward determiner in matters aesthetic.

Nevertheless there is verse excellent in its technique, dainty in its theme and sometimes inspiring in

its emotional appeal; verse of so good a quality that the poetry lover need not despair for the art, nor for that which is much deeper than the art, the impulse to its production. But I am not ambitious to treat of New England verse comprehensively. I believe I purposed to group a few verses to show the possibilities of a not unworthy supplement to the two little volumes that made memorable one gray afternoon, to pridefully illustrate that New England places are still the inspiration of verse, and that verse, even repeating itself, adds the final touch of spiritual interpretation to the hill and mountain, moor and shore of her rugged landscape.

"Then hail, ye hills! like rough-hewn temples set,

With granite beams, upon this earth of God!

Austerer halls of worship never yet

Had feet of Puritan or Pilgrim trod:

Abrupt Chocorua, Greylock's hoary height,
Kahtadin (name that Music makes her own),

Storied Monadnock, and, in loftier flight,
Thou, rising to the eternal heavens,
alone—

Thy Sun-wooded sisters, less divinely proud,

Bribed to compliance by their Suitor's gold—

Thou, wrapt in thy stern drapery of a cloud,

Chaste, passionless, inviolably cold,

Mount Washington! sky-shouldering, freedom-crowned

Compatriot with the windy blue above,
'around!"

Mr. Frederic Knowles in this spirited salutation aptly characterizes "the hills" most frequently celebrated by artist and poet. "Abrupt Chocorua!" what epithet could more perfectly bring this scene of romance before us. "It is," writes Mr. Starr King, "everything that a New Hampshire mountain should be. It is named for an Indian chief.

It is invested with a romantic tradition." The story of Cornelius Campbell, with his masterful spirit, his physical superiority, his beautiful domestic life so cruelly ended by the revengeful hatred of Chocorua, the fate that befell the Indian chief, and the subsequent flight that fell upon the settlement, has been told in prose by Mrs. Child, but strangely enough no poet has as yet made the story his theme. The aspect of the mountain,—its moods, its shifting and evanescent beauty,—has been the subject of many sonnets written by Mrs. Whiton-Stone:

"Again with August fires thou beckonest me,
Chocorua, and at thy feet divine,
Where even gods might kneel as at a shrine,
My soul is flooded with thy majesty.
The sun has broken from the morning free,
And with the golden dust of heaven ashine,
The noonday vapors glittering round thee twine,
And thou art wrapt in amber radiancy.
And yet I saw thee once more tragic far,
When with the plaint of whip-poor-wills athrill
The moon leaned over thee in white despair
And spilled its silver agony, until
Imperial thou stoodst with bosom bare
And let its daggers stab thee at its will."

No better simple description of Chocorua has been given than this,—

"Before me rose a pinnacle of rock
Lifted above the wood that hemmed it in,"

but for the lover, this picture is bare, and he will delight in the many delicate fancies with which Mrs. Stone has invested her impressions. Contrast with Mrs. Stone's glowing August scene these lines by Mr. Frank Bolles who saw the mountain in the winter:

"Oh, how silent are the forests!
Oh, how desolate Chocorua!
Listening ear can hear no music,
Yearning eye can see no color."

To Mr. Bolles I am indebted for humanizing this mountain. Whether it was the influence of the tradition of that baleful curse or some more modern theory of malignancy, Chocorua had seemed a region of evil repute. Mr. Bolles' charming tributes, his tender recitals in "Chocorua's Tenants," have in some subtle way removed the curse even as it has been taken from the cattle of its pastures. I cannot forbear another stanza from this volume, for it celebrates a spot dear to all who frequent its locality:

"Where Chocorua water ripples
In its first half-conscious struggle
From its mother-mountain parting,
On its journey seaward starting,
Rises high a grove of pine-trees.
Graceful are they as the feathers
Bound about a chieftain's temple;
Graceful as the slender fern fronds
Swayed by every passing wind breath."

"Monadnock," says the lexicographer, "is a mountain visible from the State House in Boston, and is a sentinel for ships at sea." To me it is a delightful arrangement in delft blue and white, when seen from my hill-top in winter. To Mr. John W. Chadwick at Chesterfield it is,

"The merest bulge above the horizon's rim
Of purplish blue which you might think
a cloud
Low-lying there,—that is Monadnock
proud,
Full seventy miles away."

Ralph Waldo Emerson appreciating its ethical purport saw that

"Monadnock is a mountain strong
Tall and good my kind among."

But for our final vision must always be reserved the beautiful appreciation of Miss Edna Dean Proc-

tor who was in a sense kin to the scenes of which she wrote:

"Uprose Monadnock in the northern blue,
A glorious temple builded to the Lord!
The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
On crest, and steep, and wood, and valley
sward,
Blending their myriad hues in rich accord.

Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
Above the dome the stars hung faint and
fair,
And the vast temple hushed its shrines
in prayer;
While all the lesser heights kept watch
and ward
About Monadnock builded to the Lord."

Turning from Monadnock I look for Wachusett; away to the Southwest, I see its crouching purplish bulk low lying in the sunset or triumphantly vivid at noonday,—the touch of majesty, the tinge of pride in my landscape. I remember the tender lines it evoked from Whittier who stood at the foot of Wachusett looking toward Monadnock, in serene reverie:

"Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachusett laid
His head against the west whose warm
light made
His aureole."

It would be difficult to measure the part Wachusett plays in the life of the denizens of Eastern Massachusetts. Mr. Philip Savage may have been consciously ethical when he named his little stanza "The Anchor," or it may have been mere sensitiveness to things as they are, which is, after all, the higher ethics. But the verse, the homely, simple, singing lines, have given a needed interpretation to our daily vision:

"As when these autumn days, I ride
Along the painted country-side,
Meadow and way and wood go by,
A never-ending race,
But yet, beyond their passing, my
Wachusett holds his place."

Some one has said that to know a mountain one must hear its voice. I remember once looking vainly for a spot that had had particular meaning to me in my youth; despairing to find it, I paused for a moment listening and knew that I had found it. Closing my eyes the memorable, unmistakable song came to me across my years and what my eye denied, my ear joyously claimed. Perhaps no description however subtle could convey the sense of Katahdin so plainly as does this sonnet of Mr. William Prescott Foster.

"Would'st thou hear music such as ne'er
was planned
For mortal ear? Song wilder than the
tune
The Arctic utters, when its waters croon
Their angry chorus on the Norway strand,
Or where Nile thunders to a thirsty land
With welcome sound from Mountains of
the Moon,
Or lone Lualaba from his lagoon
Draws down his murmurous flood? Then
should'st thou stand
Where dark Katahdin lifts his sea of
pines
To meet the winter storm, and lend thine
ear
To the hoarse ridges where the wind en-
twines
With spruce and fir and wakes a mighty
cheer,
Till the roused forest from its far con-
fines
Utters its voice, tremendous, lone, aus-
tere."

In his sonnet, "The Wind Upon The Summit of Mount Washington," Mr. Foster evokes the peculiar meaning of this dominating peak:

"But mightier harvests from this height are
blown
Of storm and shower; here with deep
organ tone
The tempest sounds—this is the wind's
demesne."

Our contemporary White Mountain poet, Mr. Bradford Torrey, has

chosen to use the medium of prose for his sympathetic and poetical observations. Nevertheless he has been discovered "true poet" and we all "own the mountains" in a more particular possession since Mr. Torrey answered his own enlightened query. The pure poetry of this description needs no metrical device to mark its class. "There, straight before me, over the long eastern shoulder of Moosilauke, beyond the big Jobildunk Ravine, loomed or floated a shining snow-white mountain top. * * * Once, indeed, in early October, I had seen Mount Washington when it was more resplendent: freshly snow-covered throughout, and then, as the sun went down, lighted up before my eyes with a rosy glow, brighter and brighter, till the mountain seemed all on fire within. But even that unforgettable spectacle had less of unearthly beauty, was less a work of pure enchantment, I thought, than this detached, fleecy-looking piece of aerial whiteness, cloud stuff, or dream stuff, yet whiter than any cloud, lying at rest yonder, almost at my own level, against the deep blue of the forenoon sky." Many such rare and poetical pictures of definite scenes are included in Mr. Torrey's records of his pilgrimages. They make one "fonder of 'old Francony' sceptic or man of faith, naturalist or supernaturalist, who does not like to feel that there is somewhere a 'better country' than the one he lives in."

At Dublin, New Hampshire, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mrs. Higginson have their summer home, and their recent volume of poems, "Such As They Are," owes many glints of loveliness to their local surroundings. The wood-thrush "murmuring tender lays,"

the dance of the thistle-down, "floating wee balloons," the cool wind, "Monadnock's breath," and the ghost-flowers, "Weird flocks of light within the shadowed wood,—" from such allusions recurring constantly, comes the indigenous quality of this dainty verse. Two poems, "Glimpsewood" by Mrs. Higginson and "An American Stonehenge" by Col. Higginson are more direct in their application. The former is an impression of their home at Dublin. What more delightful vision of a poet's home could be conceived!

"The water glimmering through the leaves,—

One soft blue peak above,—

The murmuring quiet summer weaves,—
This is thy home, dear love!

The pewee's call awakes the day,
And in the twilight dim

The hermit-thrush's thrilling lay
Shall be thine evening hymn.

The forest birches wave and gleam
Through boughs of feathery pine,
Ah, no dead love! 'tis not a dream;
This fairy home is thine."

Col. Higginson has sympathetically interpreted that inalienable feature of a New England landscape, the stone wall, in his aptly named lines, "An American Stonehenge:"

"Far up on these abandoned mountain farms

Now drifting back to forest wilds again,
The long, gray walls extend their clasping arms,

Pathetic monument of vanished men.

* * * * *

Nearer than stones of storied Saxon name
These speechless relics to our hearts
should come.

No token for a priest's or monarch's fame,
This farmer lived and died to shape a home.

So little time on earth; so much to do,
Yet all that waste of weary, toil-worn hands!

Life came and went; the patient task is through;

The men are gone; the idle structure stands."

The habit of observation that is inbred by cultivating a taste for wayside poetry, is not the least part of the value such verse may have for its readers. Poetical recognition of Mount Washington is to be expected. Majesty should inspire poetry. There is a poetry of the slighter scene, the incidental, not in itself necessarily lesser poetry, that touches the imagination to a quicker recognition of the essential beauty in the commonplace everywhere.

"Day after day I travel down
From Billerica to the town,
Day after day, in passing by
A cedar pasture, gray and high,
See shining clear and far, (a mile),
The white church steeple of Carlisle;
And thrived between Carlisle and me,
Daily a glowing maple tree."

It is to such verse that one is indebted for a subtle enrichment of daily life. Unconsciously the picture becomes a part of one's mental gallery a spot of joy in a dreary, unlovely journeying. It will certainly add to my pleasure in Waverly Oaks if I see them with Mr. Knowles' vision, as well as with my own. His footnote to the scientific statement of these venerable trees makes vivid what otherwise is meaningless:

"How many a fruitful season ye have known,—

The planting, and the scything and the sheaves!

While races throve and died, ye tower'd alone,

Shedding the centuries lightly as your leaves.

* * * * *

Yes, ye have watched the generations die
After their little day of mirth and toil,
And still stretch forth your brawny arms
on high,

Gigantic guardians of New England soil!"

The New England village dear to song and story, particularly to story, has a characteristic represen-

tation in these lines on Petersham:

* "Here, where the peace of the Creator lies,

Far from the busy mart's incessant hum,
Where mountains in their lonely grandeur rise,

Waiting unmoved the ages yet to come,
Thou dwellest under broad and tranquil skies,

A green oasis with unfailing springs,
The undisturbed home of restful things."

Petersham has a special meaning to Americans because it was the chosen summer home of the historian, John Fiske. These lines were written by his son, Ralph Browning Fiske, and the tranquil picture they depict, speaks to us of the depth and quiet of John Fiske's rare nature. Happily many New England villages are still "the undisturbed home of restful things," but because the type is yearly passing, we hail with joy and pride every reincarnation in art and every survival in life.

Whittier immortalized the Merimac in verse. We are taught in our youth how many spindles are turned by its beneficent power, but there comes to our understanding sometime that, added to its economic value, it has been potent in making a poet, who, in turn, lovingly repaid its inspiration in lines replete with its individuality and charm. In recent verse little has been added to the river scenes of our earlier period, but there is one poem that in its excellence makes the desire for any other seem superfluous. This is a poem by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, †"To the Housatonic at Stockbridge."

*Reprinted by courtesy of "The Atlantic Monthly."

†Also by courtesy of "The Atlantic Monthly."

"Contented river! in thy peaceful realm
Of cloudy willow and of plummy elm:

Thou beautiful! From every dreamy hill
What eye but wanders with thee at thy
will,

Imagining thy silver course unseen
Conveyed by two attendant streams of
green

In bending lines,—"

Satisfying as these apostrophes
are, the native meaning of a New
England river is best recorded in
these final lines of the poem:

"Thou hast grown human laboring with
men
At wheel and spindle; sorrow thou dost
ken;
Yet dost thou still the unshaken stars be-
hold,
And calm for calm, returns't them as of
old."

Mr. John Townsend Trowbridge's
earlier New England verse is well
known, his "Old Man of the Moun-
tain" poem having received very
special commendation from Long-
fellow who called it, "the best poem
of that region ever written." The
pretty suburb of Boston, Arlington,
has been distinguished by Mr.
Trowbridge's poetical descriptions.
His recent contribution to scenic
verse is inspired by the contrasts
and incongruities of Mount Desert.
The poem contains many lines of
sympathetic description:

"Panoplied with crags and trees,

And begirt

By blue islands in soft seas,

Which invert

Idle yacht's on glassy days,—

Who shall paint you in a phrase,

Mount Desert?

* * * * *

Slim against the fringy line

Of the firs,

The outleaning birches shine,

* * * * *

Sheeny vapors ride the air

And the sea,

Touching, trailing, here and there,

Till each mountain seems to wear

A toupee."

Mr. Trowbridge observes in a
dual fashion—as a poet and as a
writer of fiction. To his latter hab-
it this stanza from the same poem
may be due:

"Rocks where dreamers half the day

Sit inert;

Where girls gossip and crochet,

Play lawn-tennis, and, they say,

Sometimes flirt;

Place to read or sketch, or row,

Town of hops and chops and show:

By these tokens tourists know

Mount Desert."

I recall that the Reader refuted
the Pessimist's theory of "Greece
and Bacchus and Provençal Songs"
with an argument mainly supported
by verse that had for its setting, if
not for its definite theme, the land-
scape of the North Shore. From Mr.
Woodberry's noble elegy, "The
North Shore Watch," she culled
many pictures of "The pine-fringed
borders of this surging sea;" pictures
that were not only entirely convinc-
ing by way of argument but also
rather embarrassing to those of us
who suffered from pride of apprecia-
tion. Perhaps we had not hitherto
reflected deeply anent the warp of
Mr. Woodberry's distinguished
verse. So we were somewhat silent
before the conviction that he has
produced his idealistic program
against a background of the "brine
and bloom of that dear rememberest
shore;" and that beautiful and intel-
lectual as his view of life is, it is per-
haps to the indigenous flavor of his
verse that we owe our chief delight.

"Still would we watch wave-borne from
dawn to dark,

The pools of opal gem the windless bay;

Or touch at eve the purple isles, and

mark

Where, by the moon, far on the edge of
day,

The shore's pale crescent lay;

Or up broad river-reaches are we gone,

Through sunset mirrored in the hollow
tide."

Lovers of the Beverly shore will appreciate the suggestiveness of these pictured scenes, and lovers of poetry will rejoice in the fine art that has reproduced the mood of the old lament for Bion amid the scenes of our local landscape. Mr. Woodberry's feeling is fine and true. Leaning little upon details of observation he has in his own suggestive way poetized his natural environment. In a different manner with much of concrete imagery and with a wealth of detail, Mr. Moody has pictured Gloucester Moors in what is, perhaps, the finest poetical production of recent years:

"A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.

Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the grey moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder, flame where the marsh-flags
grow
Was a scarlet tanager."

The picture is complete. The flash and charm of the phrase, the swiftness of the movement, the grasp and proportion of detail create an impression of freshness and joy, of freedom and motion peculiar to

Gloucester Moors. Mr. Moody's perception of this wonderful scene leads into an universal view of life touched with fine sympathy and imbued with an informing passion for humanity.

"Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town."

And the sharp, hopeless contrast of the "racing winds" and the "moiling street" that makes Gloucester not another Beverly, is finely imagined and faithfully rendered. The same enlightened sympathy enters into Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's poem, "Gloucester Harbor." Gloucester is not a summer carnival to Mrs. Ward. She does not see its harbor in the dancing sunlight filled with the white sail of pleasure yachts, but as "they who go down to the sea in ships:"

"Forever from the Gloucester winds
The cries of hungry children start.
Where breaks in every Gloucester wave
A widowed woman's heart."

The vision splendid of Cape Ann has attended the genius of many an artist and poet. Its stretch of moors, its dunes and cliffs, its evergreen and rose, its rocks and cruel smiling sea are deeply incorporated in our art. Its wayside poet, Lucy Larcom, has in her volume, "Wild Roses of Cape Ann," recorded many appreciative descriptions unassuming as the rose and imbued with her gentle philosophy:

"God's sweeping garment-fold
In that bright shred of glittering sea,
I reached out for and hold."

Poems of the sea are not frequent in our New England verse; in fact so infrequent are they that there is unmistakably color for the Reader's opinion that an age that makes its

observations through a seven by nine window pane can hardly expect to enclose the sea—the universal. It may be their rarity that accounts for the pride we have in a few sea pictures. This one from Campobello, "A Night Sketch" by Mr. Arlo Bates, is characteristic:

"Upon the sea the pictured moon
Floats like a golden shell;
On the dark sky their mystic rune
The constellations spell.

Afar a single sail
Has through the mist wreaths broke,
Like some lost spirit, wan and pale,
That strives toward heaven without avail,
To climb on incense smoke."

Or witness the contrast of the tides in Mr. Bates' verses on Pulpit Rock, Nahant:

"When the tide comes in cooing and woo-
ing sweet
With soft fond kisses in the summer
noon.

When the tide comes in in wrath of winter
night,
Beating with giant hands, and shouting
hoarse
Like viking in berserker rage, and might
Of all the whirlwinds rushing from their
source."

Of the same order are the many sonnet pictures Mrs. Whiton-Stone has produced of York Beach and Harbor:

"I watched the amber sun sink noiselessly,
And drown in amber billows of the west;
And the great crescent moon sail forth in
quest
Of a new height to sentinel the sea."

The closing lines of an August sonnet paint a picture full of the languor and relaxation of mid summer:

"And a faint film of heat o'erspread the sky
As if the soul of August hovered there;
And in a sapphire drowse the ocean nigh
Hushes itself to slumber unaware."

A higher type of verse is exemplified in Mr. William P. Foster's two sea sonnets. Perfect as sonnets, with the austerity and purity of classic verse, they also exhibit the local and particular; one who has heard the sea at Bar Harbor, or beating against the Maine headlands, will realize the inspiration of these lines:

*"Around the rocky headlands, far and
near,
The wakened ocean murmured with dull
tongue,
Till all the coast's mysterious caverns
rung
With the sea's voice, barbaric, hoarse and
drear."

The second of these sonnets has slight indigenous claim to quotation at this time; but as it illustrates not only a rather unusual degree of rightness in being merely a sonnet, as well as exhibiting the finest lines expressive of the sea produced by our recent poets, I shall venture its reproduction.

*"The sea is never quiet; east and west
The nations hear it, like the voice of fate,
Within vast shores its strife makes deso-
late
Still murmuring, mid storms that to its
breast
Return as eagles screaming to their nest.
Is it some monster calling to his mate,
Or the hoarse voice of worlds and isles
that wait
While old earth crumbles to eternal rest?
O ye, that hear it moan about the shore,
Be still and listen! That loud voice hath
sung
Where mountains rise, where desert
sands are blown;
And when man's voice is dumb, forever-
more
'Twill murmur on, its craggy shores among,
Singing of gods and nations overthrown."

In grouping this very imperfect anthology of verse relating to New England, I have purposely passed

by the many poems of character and characters,—such verse as that by Mr. Foss of Massachusetts and Mr. Holman Day of Maine. I have also reluctantly omitted ballad poetry. Miss Guiney's "Peter Rugg," Dr. Hale's recent New England Ballads, and many that may occur to the enlightened reader, have been alluring, but they unfortunately are another story; this story had merely to do with scenic verse and that to be of a definite character.

No writer wishes to be a mere wayside poet. In an attempt to get away from the purely local and indigenous in Art, the poet has been tempted far afield for his inspiration, finding an abiding joy in the atmosphere of older scenes and a more complicated emotional life. The most promising note in our verse today lies in the return to the background that New England offers for all beautiful structures of thought and fancy. The practice of Mr. Woodberry and also that of Mr. Moody, is a hopeful portent of our future poetry. To be indigenous is not to be commonplace; indeed, there can be no enduring art that is not rooted deeply in the world of sights and sounds that has nurtured the artist.

I remember that the discussion which occupied our intervals of

looking out to sea from a North Shore headland ended in harmonious agreement. The Pessimist conceded that there was more of New England and better than he had hitherto known in our recent verse. The Reader gratefully acknowledged the Pessimist's concession by deprecating the abstruse, and the feebly emotional quality in some contemporary specimens of poetry. And we, because we were New Englanders momentarily gathered together within her boundaries, lifted up our hearts in a chorus of acclamation, while the Enthusiast with youth and hope and patriotism glorifying their utterance, recited those generous, glowing lines of Philip Savage's "New England:"

"Whoe'er thou art, who walkest there
Where God first taught my feet to roam,
Breathe but my name into the air,
I am content, for that is home.

A sense, a color comes to me,
Of bay bushes that heavy lie
With juniper along the sea,
And the blue sea along the sky.

New England is my home; 'tis there
I love the pagan sun and moon.
'Tis there I love the growing year,
December and young summer June.

I'd rather love one blade of grass
That grows on one New England hill,
Than drain the whole world in the glass
Of fortune, when the heart is still."

Mr. William Prescott Foster's sonnets are reprinted by courtesy of the *Century Magazine*.

Bog Plants

By ROSALIND RICHARDS

THE value and beauty of bog and water plants for all out-of-door decoration is being more widely recognized every year. Wet bottoms, swampy places and damp hollows which in old days would have been drained and filled in at great expense, are now made the most beautiful corners of the estate, blossoming with iris and orchids, not only on the great places, but in the smallest of home gardens. Every year, too, our native bog plants, among the most brilliant and beautiful of the whole world, are being more widely established and domesticated. Many of our most lovely and delicate species, hitherto seen and loved only by campers and fishermen, are becoming every year more widely known, and still more important, the growing interest in their cultivation seems to be the only hope of saving them from utter extermination through forest fires, the opening up of wood lands, and above all through the carelessness and greed of people, whose one idea seems to be to tear up and destroy the flowers that they love.

Most of our beautiful bog herbs can be grown in the home garden, some of them needing only a shady corner and faithful watering, while a corner of marsh, or boggy hollow, can be turned in a few weeks into a swamp paradise, glowing with color, and an uninteresting stream can be made to flame with cardinal flower or marsh marigold.

One of the most interesting of our

native bog-flowers is the Pitcher Plant, (*Sarracenia purpurea*). The blossom is exceedingly handsome, deep maroon in color, with dusty yellow stamens. It grows in wet places, in sphagnum moss, but can be grown easily in any damp, or even merely shady, corner, if given leaf mould (better still peat mould), and watered freely. If there is natural moisture it takes care of itself.

The Pitcher Plant is one of the curious carnivorous plants of which the little Sun-dew is a common example. Its leaves from which it has its name, are strong and tough, and most oddly shaped to hold the dew and rain. The lip of the "pitcher" is lined with fine sharp hairs, pointing downward. Flies and other insects crawl in, find they cannot turn against the tiny guardian spear-points, and wandering farther in, are drowned in the water of which the leaf is always partly full, when the plant slowly absorbs them.

Another very beautiful plant for growing in wet places is the Wild Calla (*C. palustris*). It is singular that this flower is so little known. It is smaller than the familiar Calla of cultivation (the so-called Calla lily), but scarcely less beautiful. The spathe is a very pure white, tipped with green, the feathery spike white also, instead of yellow, as in the cultivated variety, the leaves shining and brilliant. It is found in most boggy places through New

England, often under the cat-tails and taller swamp. It is strong growths of an actual and hardy, and most easily grown, if planted in a really wet place. Mere shade and dampness will not do, but in a swampy open hollow in lawn or field, where water stands after a rain, it will make a beautiful show of white and shining green.

The splendid cardinal flower can be grown freely in gardens, making a border of glorious color, while any corner where water stands, the merest roadside hollow, can be made beautiful with that most delicately lovely of water plants, the Arrowhead.

Actual water plants can be grown more easily than is generally thought. The common water lily (*Nymphaea odorata*) the best known and perhaps the most perfectly beautiful of our native water plants, has of course been grown for generations both here and abroad. Almost any tiny place where water stands can be kept white with it through the later summer, or a tub or half barrel, sunk in the lawn, with six inches of peat mud, in which the roots are placed, and then six inches to a foot of water, will make a beautiful show of blossoms. The plants are perennial, and bear transplanting easily. The yellow Cow-lily, and the pretty little floating Bladderwort can be grown easily in a tank or tub of water.



PITCHER PLANT (*Sarracenia Purpurea*)

The beautifying of streams and borders of ponds, while an elaborate undertaking, results in almost infinite interest and pleasure, besides making fairylands of waste stretches. Flowering shrubs can be introduced among the alders and scrub willows, lining the banks with blossoming white all through the flowering season. We have a great variety to choose from. Perhaps the most beautiful, and certainly among the most easily grown, are our two native azaleas, the white and pink. Both are wonderfully lovely, both very fragrant, with slender flowers and long springing stamens. They are entirely hardy, and can be grown easily among any



POGONIA OPHIGLOSSOIDES

swamp shrubs as far north as central Maine. The great Rhododendron, too (*R. Maximus*), is easily grown in wet places, and where it thrives blossoms in masses of pale rose color and white, with a luxuriance of beauty that is beyond description.

For lower growth, *Ledum*, or Labrador Tea, is very satisfactory, a close growing shrub with very dull glossy leaves and close masses of feathery white flowers, of a delightful resinous fragrance. This is not found farther south than Northern New England, however, except along the mountains.

A curious and interesting shrub for growing in actual bogs is the Button-bush, (*Cephalanthus occidentalis*). Its blossoms, white, though not brilliant white, are massed in spherical heads, with long feathery stamens, beautifully fragrant, especially at night, and all day the haunt of butterflies.

The glory of a swamp is its orchids, the fragile meadow pinks, *Arethusa*, *Calopogon*, and *Pogonia*. in peat bogs, the beautiful fringed



CALYPSO BOREALIS

orchises, purple, white and yellow, in open marshes, and in cedar swamps and damper woods the Lady's Slippers, and the delicate Calypso. And here we come to a difficult problem, not merely how these most beautiful and interesting of all wild flowers are to be introduced into home gardens, but how they are to be saved from absolute extermination. Unlike most flowers, orchids seem entirely dependent on their wild surroundings. More land is opened for cultivation every year, timber is cut, forest fires spread, and everywhere the same thing is true,—that as the forest retreats, the orchids disappear. Whole tracts where the magnificent showy Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium spectabile*) and the shy and delicate Calypso blossomed in masses are



LABRADOR TEA (*Ledum Latifolium*)

AZALEA VISCOSA

WATER LILY (*Nymphaea Odorata*)

BUTTON-BUSH (*Cephalanthus Occidentalis*)

SHOWY LADY'S SLIPPER (*Cypripedium Spectabile*)

now open country, and their orchids are gone.

There are two hopes of saving them. One, a strong one, is in the intelligent preservation of forests by the National Department of Forestry. The other seems less hopeful, the chance of our native orchids being domesticated and grown in cultivation. Mere transplanting is in most cases a failure. The yellow Lady's Slipper, it is true, often bears it well, but the others of the family, the Pink (*Acaule*) and the Showy (*Spectabile*), though they may blossom a second time, dwindle and die

out after a year or two, so that the result is only a slower method of extermination. The true way seems to be to study how to raise native orchids from seed.

This suggestion was made in an admirable paper on the subject in the March number of *Country Life in America*. It is to be hoped that this study will be taken up generally by all lovers of wild flowers. Its importance cannot be urged too earnestly, as without it it seems as if the chief glory of our swamp and marsh plants, even of our entire flora, must soon be lost to us.



What Acadia Owed to New England

By EMILY P. WEAVER

THREE hundred years ago the little company of Frenchmen, gathered by De Monts to begin the colonization of his vast ill-defined territory of Acadia, sailed up the Bay of Fundy, and gave the name of Port Royal to the harbor now known as Annapolis Basin, and that of St. John to the great river,

called by the Indians the "Highway."

This event, of which the tercentenary is to be celebrated in this present month, may be regarded as the beginning of their history, though no settlement was made at Port Royal till 1605, nor at St. John

till about a quarter of a century later.

The chequered story of the first years of Port Royal is familiar to all readers of Parkman's brilliant account of the "Pioneers of France in North America." In his pages, De Monts and his associates—the enthusiastic Poutrincourt, the upright and downright Champlain, and the versatile L'Escarbot—seem to live again. We see them planning the building up of a "Greater France," exploring, collecting the products of the country, testing the soil, sowing their gardens, making friends with the Indians, writing verses, fighting the demon of melancholy. We catch glimpses of strange feasts held in the "habitation" of Port Royal, of elaborate mummery to welcome some returning exploring party, and of wholesale baptisms in the river flowing by the wooden walls. We follow the founders of the settlement through changing circumstances and changing cheer. Now all seems bright with the joy of much accomplished and the hope of an even more brilliant future. Suddenly the sky darkens. The monopoly, on which the whole fair plan of colonization depends, is withdrawn, and all crumbles into ruins. De Monts gives up the struggle, Champlain transfers his energies to other fields, but Poutrincourt, ruined in fortune, and harassed by enemies, still clings to his well-beloved Port Royal. At length, when the marauding Virginians under Argall send up in smoke and flame the "habitation" and all its contents, Poutrincourt in despair ceases his long toil to make a new home in the wilderness. But, even yet, his son Biencourt, refuses to admit defeat. To his short life's end, he holds doggedly on at Port

Royal, and in the hour of death bequeaths his rights and powers (such as they are) to his friend, Charles de St. Etienne, better known to history as La Tour.

This young man belonged to a noble Huguenot family. When he was a boy of fourteen, he and his father, Claude de la Tour, left their native land, hoping to find in Acadia means to mend their sadly broken fortunes, and they were as unwilling as Biencourt himself to give up the contest. After Argall's unwelcome visit to Port Royal, the elder La Tour moved to the mouth of the Penobscot, and there began to trade with the Indians; but his son remained with Biencourt, and succeeded as we have seen, to the doubtful dignity of "commandant in Acadia." All his life, Charles de St. Etienne was remarkable, it is said, for his courtly, gracious manners. He seems indeed to have possessed that lucky faculty of pleasantly impressing his will on those about him, known in our day by the vague term of personal magnetism. At more than one crisis in his adventurous career his arrival amongst half-hearted friends turned the scale in his favor. His tact, energy, and resourcefulness would doubtless have fitted him to play a part on a more conspicuous stage than that of Acadia, but there was something in the wild, free, half-Indian life in the woods that appealed to him, and, ambitious as he was, his aspirations were bound up with his adopted country. It was in Acadia that he desired to hold power, to win wealth, and to spend it. But his plans were destined often to be crossed and thwarted by one peculiarly jealous rival, and by complications of an international sort. The consequence is that his story

reads like some wild romance having a conventionally "happy ending," which in a work of fiction would be deemed far-fetched.

But we must go back a few steps. In 1620, several years before the death of Biencourt, the Pilgrims had landed on Plymouth Rock, and the history of New England had begun. Henceforth the Virginians troubled themselves no more about the

wide sweep of the little known, unoccupied continent.

The loneliness of their great wilderness does not appear to have oppressed them, but the presence at Penobscot of the handful of Frenchmen was a thorn in their sides. In 1626, an expedition was sent from New England to drive them from their post. Thus, before Boston was founded, began the interlocking



ANNAPOLIS ROYAL FROM OLD FORT, SHOWING THE RIVER AND GRANVILLE FERRY

French settlements to the north, but left them to the tender mercies of the stern Pilgrims and Puritans. At first the new-comers had enough to do to make good their own footing in America. But in half-a-dozen years the New Englanders began to find the land too strait for them, though to north and south on the storm-beaten coasts were hundreds of rarely visited harbors, and behind them was the whole

of the fate of Acadia with that of New England. It began, as for the most part it continued, in fierce antagonism, but was to show many phases. It was, to a large extent, the result of geographical position.

"Taking the seaboard settlements of the English on the one hand, the inland river settlements on the other, it is clear," says Lucas, in his "Geographical History of the British Colonies," "that Acadia naturally belonged to the former; it was within the sphere of which Boston was the centre, not

within that which was ruled by Quebec. The Boston fishermen went faring north, not into strange waters, for land and sea was as their own. Between Quebec and Port Royal, on the other hand, there was no natural connection, yet the possession of Acadia was of more vital importance to France than to England. With Acadia in French hands the New England colonies could still grow in strength; but English occupation of Acadia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland meant the beginning of the end for New France, the closing of the St. Lawrence, if England kept command of the sea."

And England, without regard to the French claims, backed though they were by an attempt at settlement, was already threatening Acadia. In 1621, that region, under the name of Nova Scotia, was granted by James I. to a Scotch knight, Sir William Alexander. After fruitless attempts to form a settlement, he sent out, in 1628, a small Scotch colony to Port Royal, which had apparently been deserted by the French on the death of Biencourt. In the same year, an English fleet under Sir David Kirk captured Claude de la Tour, who was returning from a visit to France, and took possession of all Acadia with the important exception of a fort at Cape Sable which Charles de la Tour had made his head-quarters.

Meanwhile Claude was carried prisoner to England, where he "turned tenant" to the king, married an English maid of honor, and was rewarded for changing his allegiance by the title of baronet and a large grant in Nova Scotia. The same favors were bestowed on his son, but Claude had reckoned without his host in imagining that they would at that time, be acceptable. The young man scornfully declined to play the traitor to his lawful sovereign. Persuasion and force alike failed to move him, and in the

end his father changed sides again. For a time Charles, it is said, would not trust his father within the fort, though he provided liberally for his wants. Later they were fully reconciled, for about 1630, the year when Boston was founded, Claude superintended the building of a new French fort near the mouth of the St. John.

This is practically his last appearance in the story, which without him is sufficiently perplexing and hard to follow.

A year or two later, Charles removed from Cape Sable to the new fort where with wife and children he lived in rude state, surrounded, like a mediæval baron with his fighting men. The huge, square, four-bastioned building was at once stronghold, trading-post, and mission station. To the end Lady La Tour was a staunch Huguenot, and her husband had many persons of the Protestant faith in his employ, but he himself had, by this time, joined the Roman Catholic church; and he always kept a priest or two to minister to the Indians. These missionaries often accompanied him on his journeys into the wilds, but, without leaving the fort, they had rich opportunities to preach to the heathen, for each summer brought down the river from the limitless "back-woods" a host of savages, with canoes laden with furs to barter for the goods of the French.

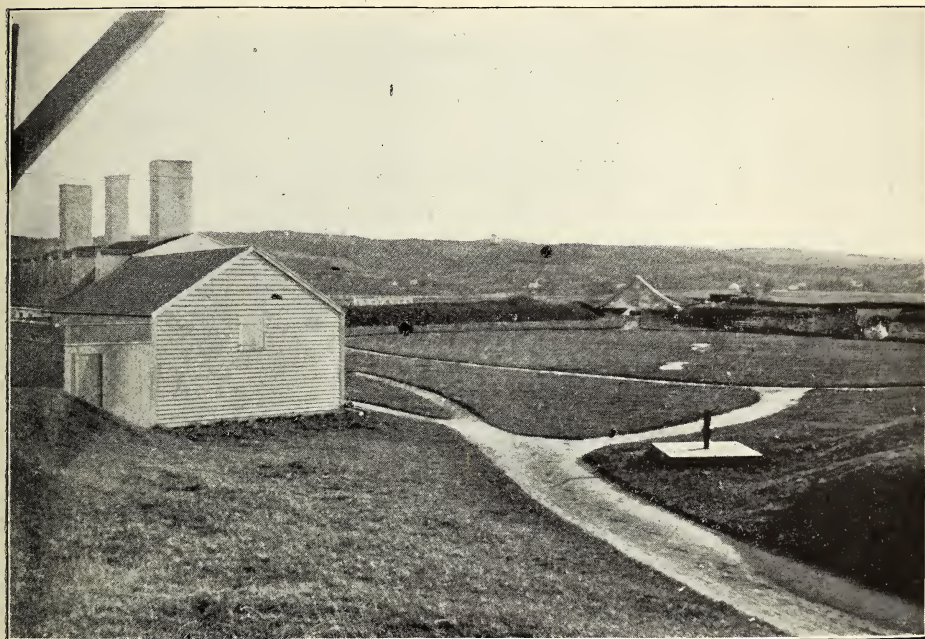
La Tour had perhaps pitched upon the best spot in all Acadia for his wild trade, and his wealth grew apace. But his prosperity provoked the jealousy of a rival, cruel as the grave, whom nothing but his absolute ruin could satisfy.

This man, D'Aulnay Charnisay, was like himself, a Frenchman of

noble family, and a royal governor. The situation could hardly have been more complicated, had it been specially devised by the home government, (as perhaps it was) for the purpose of creating dissensions in the colony. D'Aulnay had in some way succeeded to the possession of Port Royal, making it his headquarters. This was within La Tour's government of the peninsula,

him, hurried across the Atlantic to obtain troops.

Meantime La Tour was also preparing for the conflict. He turned for help to the Micmacs and also to the people of Boston. The result in the English colony, according to the old historian, Hutchinson, was "much division and disturbance." La Tour had trade connections with Major Gibbons and other merchants



GENERAL VIEW OF OLD FORT IN ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA

but, as a set-off, D'Aulnay held the chief authority in western Acadia, which division included St. John. So far the position of the rivals was nicely balanced, but D'Aulnay had the greater influence at the court. He accused La Tour of treason, and obtained an order for his return to France. La Tour refused to obey, and D'Aulnay, not daring to attack

of Boston, and in the autumn of 1641 he sent a French Protestant to try to persuade his Puritan friends to join in an attack on D'Aulnay, and to agree to freedom of trade between New England and Acadia. But the "Bostonnais" were not then inclined to bind themselves. In the following year, La Tour sent another embassy of fifteen men armed with letters "full of compliments," but

again his proposals were rejected. A few enterprising merchants, however, thought it a pity not to take advantage of his wish to trade, and sent a pinnace after his returning men. By this vessel the persevering La Tour sent to Boston a full statement of his case and his desires.

On the way home, it chanced to fall in at Penobscot with D'Aulnay; and he sent his version of the dispute, adding a threat to seize any vessel that presumed to carry goods to his rival.

In the following spring, D'Aulnay descended upon Fort Latour with half a dozen vessels and a little army of five hundred men. He was just in time to prevent the entrance of a ship from Rochelle, which was bringing supplies and reinforcements to the beleaguered garrison. But La Tour proved master of the situation.

One dark night he slipped quietly out of the fort with his wife, boarded the French ship, and set sail for Boston. Its sudden appearance in that port caused much consternation, for the town was absolutely undefended. Even the Castle was left without a man to guard it. As it happened the first act of the Frenchmen excited wild suspicions. On entering the harbor, they saw a boat containing "Mr. Gibbon's lady and family, who were going to his farm." One of the Frenchmen knowing her, a boat was manned with the polite intention of inviting her on board. But the lady, in great alarm fled to Governor's Island, with the too-hospitable Frenchmen in hot pursuit. There they found Governor Winthrop and his family. Meanwhile in the town men flew to arms, and in the utmost haste three shallops were got ready to guard the governor home. Had La Tour been

inclined to pay off old scores for the capture of the fort at Penobscot, he might easily have carried off the governor, and seized the Castle (which, by the way, was rebuilt during the next year) but he was intent only on the overthrow of his arch-enemy, D'Aulnay.

He prevailed on Winthrop to call together the heads of the colony, and though he obtained no aid from them "as a government," he was allowed to hire men and ships in Boston. Even this connivance seemed a dangerous step to many. They feared not only the ravages of D'Aulnay, but the ire of the French king, "who would not be imposed on by the distinction of permitting and commanding force to assist La Tour." They added that La Tour was a papist, attended by priests and friars, and that "they were in the case of Jehoshaphat, who joined with Ahab, an idolater, which act was expressly condemned in Scripture." Others, who wished to humble their dangerous neighbor, D'Aulnay, laid stress on Lady La Tour's "sound Protestant sentiments and excellent virtues," and on the fact that if her husband were left to his fate, there was little prospect of his ever repaying the sums he owed to the different Boston merchants.

It really was a most perplexing situation for little Boston. Grave warnings came from Gorges, deputy governor of Maine. The promise of aid to La Tour seemed to him certain to bring down D'Aulnay as a scourge not only upon Maine, but upon "all the North-East." After long waiting, at "an expence of £800 a month," to crush his foe, was it likely that he would submit tamely to interference? Gorges' expostulations were not prompted

by any tenderness for D'Aulnay however. "If a thorough work could be made, and he be utterly extirpated, I should like it well," he wrote, "otherwise it cannot be thought but that a soldier and a gentleman will seek to revenge himself." He fully expected that D'Aulnay would prove more than a match for the New Englanders, they "showing the will, having not the power to hurt him."

which La Tour and his English auxiliaries had the best of it.

They returned to their home port without the loss of a man, and with a quantity of valuable furs taken from a captured vessel of D'Aulnay's, but there opinion was still divided as to the wisdom of attempting to weaken or to propitiate D'Aulnay. In the end the Bostonians tried to do both. Lady La Tour, who had been trying to ob-



OLD SALLYPORT IN FORT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, SHOWING OFFICERS' QUARTERS

But Winthrop was less timorous. On giving a mortgage on his fort and its contents to secure the Boston merchants, La Tour was permitted to hire four armed vessels and one hundred and fifty men. With this help, he suddenly reappeared in the Bay of Fundy, and forced his enemy to fly to Port Royal. Thither La Tour followed, and, a sharp encounter occurred in

tain help for her husband in Europe, was brought to Boston through the bad faith of the master of the vessel on which she was carrying supplies. Bringing an action against him, she was awarded damages to the amount of two thousand pounds, and with this, by the connivance of the authorities, she hired in the harbor three London ships.

Meanwhile negotiations were in progress with D'Aulnay, but, from

first to last he treated the New Englanders with extreme haughtiness, and high-handedness. He agreed to free trade between the French and English, but on falling in with a Boston vessel bound for Fort Latour, he made a prize of it, kept the crew for ten days on a desolate, snow-covered island (where they could not even make a fire) and sent them home in a small old boat, "without either compass to steer by or gun to defend themselves." Nevertheless in the following year, when he condescended to send emissaries to Boston to treat of peace, they were received with honor, though one was suspected of being a friar in disguise. A treaty was agreed upon; and in satisfaction of all claims, D'Aulnay was to receive a "rich sedan-chair," made for the Viceroy of Mexico, but captured at sea by some freebooter, and presented by him to the sober Puritan governor, Winthrop.

Having succeeded by "his high language" in depriving La Tour of the assistance of New England, D'Aulnay seized an opportunity to attack the fort on the St. John during the absence of its lord, and many of its garrison. Though thus taken at a disadvantage, it was only by treachery, and on promise of good terms that Lady La Tour consented to surrender. But D'Aulnay basely broke his word. He hanged every man in the garrison but one, and threw the lady into prison, where she died in three weeks.

With the fort, D'Aulnay obtained furs and merchandize to the value of £10,000, and the Boston merchants were proportionately the losers. To one alone, Major Gibbons, La Tour owed £2,500, which the unlucky creditor never recovered. Yet, when La Tour visited

Boston soon after the disaster, he was able to prevail on some of the merchants to lend him another £500 for a new trading venture. He was accused, on this occasion of sending the English members of his crew ashore, and of giving no account of either vessel or cargo, but there are reasons for doubting this discreditable story.

Two or three years later, La Tour was freed for ever from the vindictive machinations of his enemy, who was drowned in the river at Port Royal. A little later La Tour married his widow, and regained his old position in Acadia. But his troubles were not over. LeBorgne, a creditor of D'Aulnay's appeared on the scene, seized a number of unoffending colonists, burned a little settlement at La Hève, and was plotting to get La Tour into his toils, when an expedition from Boston created a most unexpected diversion.

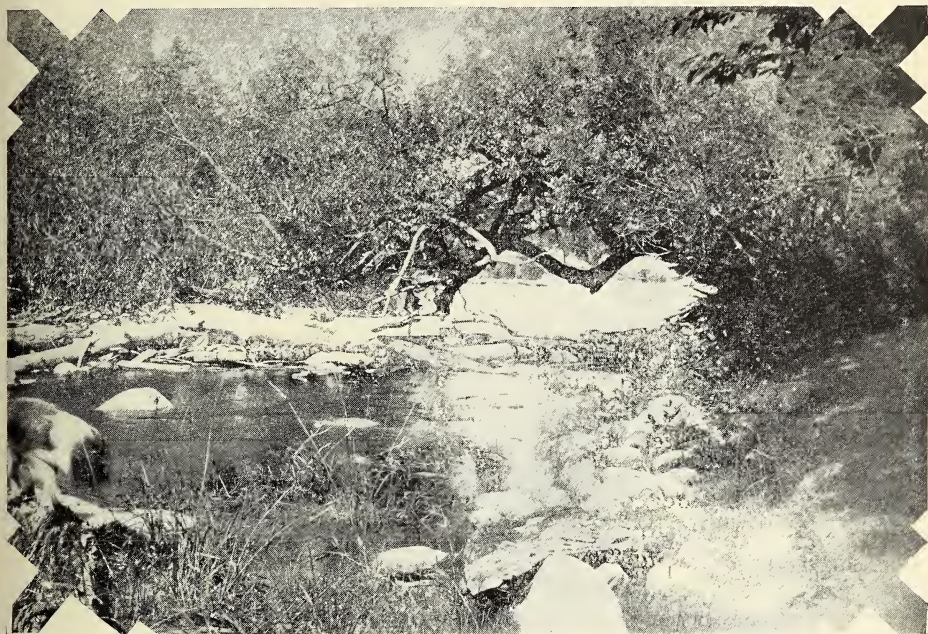
It must be explained that in the spring of this year, 1654, when Holland and England were at war, preparations had been set on foot for an attack on the Dutch at Manhattan Island. An English fleet, and five hundred stalwart colonists under Sedgewick and Leverett, had gathered at Boston, intending to bring the Dutch to their knees. Alas, for human hopes! Warships and transports were still in the harbor, when news that peace had been made in Europe dissipated their dreams of conquest. But only for a moment. Some brilliant genius suggested a descent upon Acadia, that region where old claims and conflicting grants gave perennial excuse for border warfare, and the eager warriors promptly set sail for this new objective. Taken by surprise, La Tour offered no resistance,

LeBorgûe was speedily overpowered, and every fort in Acadia was soon in Sedgewick's hands.

Again La Tour proved himself equal to the emergency. Appealing to the Protector, Cromwell, he asked to be put in possession of the Nova Scotian baronies granted to himself and his father a quarter of a century earlier, and, in partnership with two Englishmen, he received

From this time till the foundation of Halifax in 1749, Port Royal was again the most important Acadian settlement, though as late as the close of the seventeenth century it was still a mere village of six or seven hundred inhabitants, while the population of Boston, its younger New England rival, numbered at least as many thousands.

For years after Sedgewick's



ON THE LEQUILLE RIVER OUTSIDE ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

a grant of all Acadia. Very prudently, he soon sold his rights, and thus was able to pass his last days in comfort. He died at St John about 1666.

In the following year, Acadia was restored to France by the Treaty of Breda. This might probably have occurred five years earlier had not the people of New England, who set a high value on the province, petitioned for its retention.

attack, the relations between the two places were peaceful enough. Without let or hindrance the New England fishermen plied their calling on the Acadian coasts. Then followed a period of savage raids on ill-defended settlements, and of daring privateering. Upon the whole the French were the more alert and ruthless in this border warfare, but the slow-moving English were roused at last, and early in

1690 another expedition was made ready at Boston to attack the Acadian forts. Eight small vessels, and seven or eight hundred men, were put under the command of Sir William Phipps, who had been in succession, shepherd-boy, ship-wright, and sea-rover. His title had been won by his clever recovery of a treasure of £300,000 from an old Spanish wreck, and though his "education was low," and his temper hasty, he afterwards attained the dignity of governor of Massachusetts.

After a month's absence, Phipps and his fleet returned to Boston, with a number of prisoners and a quantity of plunder, which "was thought equal to the whole expense." After the feeblest resistance, Port Royal had fallen, and Massachusetts henceforth considered Acadia her special property, a claim duly recognized in her second charter. The colonial authorities appointed Tyng, a colonel of Maine, governor of the new territory, sending with him "to settle and establish him . . . in the command of Port Royal," a Boston merchant named Nelson, who had "been continually conversant with the French" for over twenty years. On the way to Nova Scotia they were captured by the French. Tyng died in prison, but Nelson, during his confinement of four and a half years in Canada and France, contrived occasionally to send valuable intelligence concerning the projects of the French.

Meanwhile the New Englanders had left their conquest quite unguarded, but though the English flag was speedily hauled down, Villebon, the French commandant of Acadia, preferred to make his headquarters a little more out of the ene-

my's reach. Accordingly he established himself some distance up the St. John. He exerted himself successfully to stir up the Indians and "pirates" against the New Englanders. From time to time they sent out marauding expeditions in return to ravage the country which they claimed as their own. At last, realizing the futility of such ownership, they petitioned the crown to take their troublesome charge off their hands. Two years later, in 1697, this was done in a fashion little to their taste, for by the Treaty of Ryswick, Acadia was allowed to revert to the French—a proceeding afterwards characterized by a royal governor of Massachusetts as an execrable treachery to England, "intended without doubt to serve the ends of popery."

The outbreak of the War of the Spanish Succession however soon offered an opportunity to regain by force what had been resigned by treaty, and in the spring of 1704 a force was sent from Boston to ravage the Acadian coasts and lay waste the dyke-lands. Colonel Church, a noted Indian fighter, was in command, and great things were expected, but when the fleet met at the entrance of Port Royal harbor a council of war decided that it would be imprudent to attack the fort. The Bostonians were much enraged at this over-cautious behavior, and were by no means mollified when it appeared that Church had had orders not to attack. Indeed some people accused the governor, Dudley, of preserving the place for the sake of unlawful trade, in which he was to be a sharer. Cotton Mather wrote an indignant letter to the governor, declaring the case too black for him to meddle with. "The expedition baffled—

The fort never so much as demanded—An eternal grave stone laid on our buried captives—A nest of hornets provoked to fly out upon us—A shame cast on us that will never be forgotten—I dare not, I cannot meddle with these mysteries.”

There is no doubt that during these years of warfare much illegal trade was carried on between the Acadians and the Boston merchants. Under pretext of redeeming captives, it was said that Samuel Vetch, and other well-known men had supplied the Queen's enemies with arms and ammunition. The charge was investigated and the accused were condemned by the General Court to fines and imprisonment, but the acts for their punishment were disallowed by the Queen as *ultra vires*.

This year, 1706, was remarkable for its Indian horrors, and once again Massachusetts, undeterred by former misadventures, resolved to raise a force to ravage Nova Scotia and “insult” Port Royal. A thousand men from three New England provinces were accordingly gathered at Boston, but unhappily a commander was chosen whose only known qualification for the position was “mere natural bravery,” and when he found himself with “a raw undisciplined army” before Port Royal even this seems to have failed him. The fort, though in bad repair, was defended with spirit, and March, after spending ten days in desultory operations, retreated to Casco. This lame and impotent conclusion caused “a great clamor” in Boston, where preparations were already on foot, it is said, for celebrating the capture of Port Royal. The New Englanders would not yet give up hope of this result however, and March, with three gentlemen of

the council to aid in lifting the load of responsibility from his unwilling shoulders, was ordered to try his luck again. The rank and file, lacking confidence in their officers, signed a “Round robin” refusing to return to the attack, but back they had to go. Their unlooked-for return caused consternation at Port Royal, but sick and dispirited, the New Englanders were not then to be feared, and Subercase again held his own.

Yet the days of Port Royal, as a French fortress, were numbered, and Subercase himself was to surrender to a New England general. In 1708, Vetch, lately convicted for “traitorously supplying the Queen's enemies,” was sent by the colonies to England to urge an attack on Canada. He returned in the spring, with promises of aid, and the New Englanders flung themselves with ardor into warlike preparations, but the usual delays followed, and it was not till late in 1710 that the combined forces appeared before Port Royal. Hopelessly outnumbered, the French were soon obliged to surrender. On this occasion, the fortress was not given back to France, and though several times threatened or attacked, it was never re-taken, during the fifty years' conflict between France and England which had yet to pass.

Nova Scotia was not again annexed to Massachusetts, but, for good and evil, the close intercourse of the two provinces still continued. On the one hand, the French rulers of Canada still used the Acadians and Micmacs as a deadly weapon against the New Englanders. On the other, it was mainly owing to the courage and resourcefulness of New Englanders (though a British fleet co-operated with them nobly)

that the proud fortress of Louisbourg was humbled, and French influence with the Acadians received its first staggering blow. The expedition was planned in Massachusetts, was carried out by a New England army, and was led by a popular citizen-soldier of Maine, the immortal Pepperell.

Again, one of the chief movers in the terrible retribution that fell on the ignorant and misguided Acadians, was the Massachusetts governor, Shirley. A force, composed mainly of New Englanders, put into execution the rigorous sentence of banishment, upon a whole people, whose mournful story has been so sweetly sung by a New England poet. In later years, New Englanders occupied the deserted farms of the simple exiles, and for a time made it doubtful whether Nova Scotia might not add a fourteenth

star to the new American flag. At the close of the Revolutionary war there was another notable immigration, largely from New England. Many of these United Empire Loyalists afterwards settled in Upper Canada, but several thousands remained in the Maritime Provinces, and altogether a large proportion of the inhabitants of the eastern part of the Dominion trace their descent from New England families.

Since the invention of railways and telegraphs, and the introduction of commercial and political union, there is no longer a separation between the seaboard and inland provinces of the Dominion, but, on the other hand, intercourse with New England is far easier and more friendly than of old, and Boston still has its influence on the British people inhabiting old Acadia.

Quatrain

By WILL WARD MITCHELL

We read God's thought in every minor part
Of life and, pigmy-like, would criticise
His plans, though none beneath the arching skies
May read aright one tome—the human heart.



Her Anniversary

By HARRIET A. NASH

MRS. CARTWRIGHT removed the wax fruit piece from an inlaid card table, and dropped the damask covering in a careless heap upon the sofa.

"I believe I'll take this table home with me," she said musingly. "They are all the rage just now, and this will exactly fill that vacant space by the music room door. Ancient possessions give one a legitimate excuse for introducing one's family history, where it would be the extreme of bad taste to sit down in a room full of modern furniture and 'apropos of nothing whatever, announce that our direct line of ancestry runs back to William the Conqueror or that the blood of royalty trickles down to us through the most exclusive colonial channels. I wonder if there's an upholsterer at the village who could be trusted to pack it. I wouldn't have it scarred for the world."

Her sister laughed as she ran a jewelled finger admiringly along the polished edge.

"You spoke just in time, Julia," she declared. "I was about to 'choose' that table for myself, as the children say. Let me remind you, my dear, that the village upholsterer is the blacksmith as well and would not hesitate to drive nails into that table top in his conscientious efforts to pack it securely. Be warned by my experience with Grandmother Webster's mulberry platter which reached my china closet in four pieces. It was such a disappoint-

ment! I wept until Henry in despair bought me a Royal Worcester dinner service in the hope of consoling me."

"If you have decided to take the table, Julia," said a quiet voice from the bay window, "I have no doubt Jason can pack it for you so that it will go unharmed."

The second sister looked inquiringly about the room.

"I ought to have something to offset," she said half complainingly. "I don't know why I haven't thought of that table before. I believe I will take the coffee urn which was mother's wedding gift from the vice-president. It will make a fine display among our anniversary presents next month and give an excuse for expressing my preference for the colonial pattern in silver. I do so hope someone will give us that candelabra at Waring's. Dear me, how I wish the fuss and bother was over. Is the urn in the silver closet, Margeret? I believe I'll ask Sarah to rub it up a little; silver tarnishes so quickly in the country."

Miss Margeret, youngest of the three sisters, arose from her seat. "I will polish the urn for you, Annette," she said. "Sarah is cooking this morning."

She carefully folded the damask cloth as her sisters left the room and crowded the books nearer together upon the centre table to make room for the deposed wax fruit piece. Then she moved the card table from the corner where it had stood since

her earliest remembrance, and drew chair and sofa nearer together in an attempt to fill the vacant space. It would not do; for the sofa's position had been carefully arranged to conceal a darn in the carpet. Margeret considered with a troubled face. "I don't believe there's a thing left in the house, that can be put in that corner," she decided. She was very thoughtful, as, sitting alone in a corner of the large dining room, she polished the coffee urn with loving fingers. It was exactly twenty years since Margeret Richards had come home from boarding school, to assist in the elaborate wedding preparations of her sister Julia, and to patiently take up the triple burden which awaited her in the care of an invalid mother, the direction of household affairs, and the management of an estate sadly impoverished by the starting in life of three sons and the substantial marriage portions of two daughters. To Margeret had fallen the remnant of property as a compensation for "carrying the old folks through life." Not that the family regarded it in the light of compensation. To them the youngest sister was still a child dependent upon her parents and rather to be envied in her comfortable possession of the "home place." The constant strain of economy necessary to purchase household supplies and pay the interest on a large mortgage was laughingly stigmatized "Margeret's prudence." The brothers on rare and hurried visits strolled fondly about the farm, revisiting favorite haunts of their boyhood, but quite forgetting to notice that the woodland was diminished and the fields becoming barren. The sisters, on long summer visits, sat about under the fine old trees,

remarking upon the beauties of the place and regretting that Margeret could not be content to enjoy life quietly, instead of disturbing her own peace by constant anxiety for the corn-field or potato crop. The children, to whom Hillside farm was a refuge whenever it was not convenient to have them elsewhere, learned to look upon the farm and Aunt Margeret as their own particular property, and still talked of "grandpa's farm," although both grandparents were long since gone from earth.

"Margeret," called Mrs. Wilcox from the wide stairway, "where's Grandmother Richards' sampler? Frances told me to bring it for her den."

"In my room," Margeret replied briefly. It was some minutes later that the twelve year old daughter of her youngest brother, entered the room impetuously.

"Are you going to let Aunt Annette have everything in the house?" she demanded.

"Louise!" said Miss Margeret in a tone that would have silenced a child of her own generation. Louise, not having finished her remarks continued.

"I should think you'd like to have a few things left for yourself," she declared. "It is really too bad, for you never seem to have new things given you like the rest of the people I know. Mama has hosts of pretty silver and china things."

"They were wedding or anniversary presents," explained the aunt absently.

Louise considered. "I suppose they were," she said reflectively, "I never thought of that. And you can't have a wedding because nobody wants to marry you. But you

might have an anniversary, I should think."

Mrs. Wilcox entered the room with Grandma Richards' sampler in her hand.

"Really Margeret your room is the most unprogressive spot I've seen in years," she declared. "I believe you have got the identical books and knick-knacks there, which you had when I was married. You unmarried women are so curious in clinging to old things. What a funny picture that is on your mantel of you and Henry Thornton taken together. Rather poor taste in the present day, don't you think?"

Margeret polished the handle of the coffee urn, carefully.

"Perhaps so," she replied tranquilly, "It seemed all right at the time I remember. We were engaged, you know."

"Were you? I'd quite forgotten, if I ever knew. What a funny boy he was. James says he's getting to be quite famous nowadays. Specialist, you know—throat or ears or something. See if you can't get that spot off the side, Margeret. The urn isn't as good as I thought it was, after all."

"I found the funniest old-fashioned ring in your jewel-box, Margeret," continued her sister, "two hearts joined with a pearl setting. I believe I'll take it to Clarice, if you don't mind. I'm afraid she'll expect something, if Frances has the sampler."

Margeret reached forth her hand. "I will send Clarice my pearl necklace," she promised, "but I would rather keep the ring."

Two days later, standing on the dingy platform of the little Plainville depot, Mrs. Cartwright turned to her youngest sister for a last

word. "If we take that Montreal trip I shan't be down until August," she explained with foot upon the car step," but I shall send the children as usual in July."

Margeret hesitated. I haven't told you Julia," she said hurriedly and with manifest embarrassment, "but I don't know how things will be this summer. I am thinking of making a change—in my life."

A clanging of the engine bell and the warning cry of "all aboard," cut short Mrs. Cartwright's exclamations. "For goodness sakes, Annette, whatever did the girl mean?" she demanded as she dropped into her comfortable seat and whirled about to face her sister.

Margeret went slowly back to where the old white horse and family carryall waited in Louise's anxious care; for Louise was a temporary resident of Plainville, while her parents made a leisurely journey west.

"I'm glad they're gone," the child said candidly, as her aunt took the seat beside her. Miss Richards made no reply but sat in perplexed thought, while Louise guided the horse out of the village streets and into the muddy country road which stretched away between brown fields in the April sunset. "What a coward I am," she thought. "I should have told the girls about it long ago."

Far away across a level country, the comfortable brick walls of her home shone through leafless trees. A longing for sympathy overcame Miss Richards' habitual reserve. "I am going away from 'Grandpa's house,' Lulu," she said softly, "to another home."

Louise nodded comprehensively, as she guided the white horse around a pool of water in the road. Only

last autumn her mother's youngest sister had departed smiling through tears, for a far western home of her "very own." Louise herself had assisted at the departure in white muslin with a basket of roses.

"Is the day set, Aunt Margeret? And can I be your bridesmaid?" she questioned eagerly.

Miss Richards laughed, wiping away a sudden tear as she did so. "It isn't a wedding, dear," she explained, already regretting her brief confidence. "Just a change, that is all. But—yes—the day is set; it is the twentieth of May."

"An anniversary?" inquired Louise cheerfully.

Miss Richards' face grew troubled again. "Yes an anniversary," she replied. "And I am very much perplexed and troubled because I must keep it all alone. I am sure I can trust you to be a good girl and not trouble me with questions. I have not the courage to tell the others until it is all over."

It was indeed an anniversary, she reflected as they rode on, that day on which years earlier her father had signed the mortgage upon Hillside farm. She had kept it faithfully, gathering with more difficulty each year, the money for the interest, until this year the most careful management had not availed to save the needed sum.

"Either one of the boys would send it to me, if I asked," Miss Richards assured herself, "or the girls' husbands, for that matter. But it wouldn't be my very own, and would all have to be gone over with again next year and all the years following. I don't care what they say. It is mine and I have as clear a right to do as I please with it as Frank has to direct his business, or Annette her household."

There was plenty to occupy heart and hands those last weeks. Margeret conscientiously looked after ploughing, planting and necessary repairs, and made some guarded inquiries concerning a little house in the village. "For I will have a little home of my own and keep my independence whatever they may say," she determined.

"But you don't need to go yet," her bluff creditor, a neighboring farmer declared. "The law gives you plenty of time after I foreclose, and I shouldn't never hurry you."

"Thank you, Mr. Collins," Miss Richards replied steadily, "but I should not wish to stay after the place passes out of my possession. The day the interest is due I wish you to foreclose and I shall begin to pack my household goods. Only—if it will make no difference to you—I would rather no one in Plainville should know of it before I move."

Miss Richards quite neglected her niece in those days which followed, but Louise being a resourceful child, found entertainment for herself.

It was on the twelfth of May that Mrs. Cartwright, at her pleasant breakfast table, tore open a laboriously written note from her young-niece.

"Girls! Joseph!" she gasped. "Just listen to this, will you? I told Annette that was what she meant."

"Dear Aunt Julia.

It isn't any harm for me to tell you because Aunt Margeret didn't say I musn't. She only said she didn't have the courage to tell you herself until it was all over. But I think it is too bad for her to miss all the presents and everything and she is a good many anniversaries behind the rest of you now and never can make it up even if she has one every year. The day is set. It is the twentieth of May. She says it will be the quietest possible going away to a home of her own but I mean to

trim the house with flowers and throw some rice after her.

Your Affectionate niece
Margeret Louise Richards."

"I declare I never expected it," Mrs. Cartwright declared sitting in Mrs. Wilcox's luxurious morning room an hour later. "But I can readily understand dear Margeret's reticence; at her age an unmarried woman is so apt to be self-conscious. She expects to surprise us, I presume, but I propose that we should surprise her instead. I have already written the boys and sent word to all the cousins far and near. Not one of them but has visited the farm since Margeret was left alone and they can all afford to do well by her. Dear girl, to think of her marrying after all. Annette, who *do* you suppose it is?"

Mrs. Wilcox shook her head. "There are so few eligible men in Plainville," she said thoughtfully. "Is Elder Noon a widower, Julia? I can't remember ever having seen his wife, and Margeret was very much interested in the Easter services when we were down home in Lent."

"I hope it isn't he," objected Mrs. Cartwright, anxiously. "With Margeret's advantages she should do better than a country minister. Still unmarried women of her age do often have ridiculous ideas. We shall have to wait and see, I suppose. Louise gives promise of unusual brilliancy, don't you think so? I have always thought she resembled my Lillian."

"She is precisely what Frances was at her age," declared Mrs. Wilcox.

On the eighteenth of May Miss Richards received a characteristic note from her oldest brother.

"Dear Sister:—

Enclosed please find check for one hundred dollars, which kindly accept with love and best wishes. Will run down on the 20th if possible, but the outlook is now uncertain.

Yours, &c.,
Chas. F. Richards."

Margeret smoothed the check fondly. "Dear Charlie," she said with deep self reproach. "How narrow and bigoted I have become to doubt the affection of my brothers and sisters. And I thought they had all forgotten the mortgage long ago, even if they ever knew of it." She hesitated a long time, check in hand, then went quietly on with her preparations. With this she might perhaps succeed in paying the interest once more, but it would be only a postponing of what must come. If Charles objected she could give him back the check. She decided not to cash it until she knew.

On the evening of May nineteenth, the limited resources of the Plainville livery stable were taxed to their utmost, to carry a large party of brothers and sisters, nieces and cousins, out to Hillside farm, and Margeret hastily summoned to the front veranda, beheld with mingled emotions, the avalanche of guests descending upon her.

"We were not going to miss the opportunity for a last merry-making at the old place," declared a cousin, while Mrs. Cartwright, with arms about her youngest sister, kissed her with more tenderness than the Richards family were wont to display one to another.

"Dear child, you didn't suppose we would leave you to go through a time like this alone, did you?" she asked fondly.

Any dismay Miss Richards might have felt, shrivelled in a warm glow

of affection for her own. "I am so glad you all came," she said.

Mrs. Wilcox drew her aside at the first opportunity. "Do tell me who the man is, Margie dear," she urged. "Julia and I haven't dared to let the cousins know, we were so ignorant of your affairs, and the evasions we have been guilty of are innumerable. We met Doctor Thornton coming down—his specialty is eyes, Margeret, not ears—and really he is very much improved. I had to admit to him that I didn't know, for he has a dreadful way of holding one to the point. I invited him over for tomorrow, but he is leaving on the early train. Do tell me who it is, dear."

And Margeret with thoughts upon the all important mortgage, answered readily, "It is Jason Collins, Annette—father's old friend—I thought you knew that, all of you."

A sudden call sent the hostess kitchenward, and Mrs. Wilcox sought her other sister.

"Jason Collins? Why he's old as the hills," gasped Julia.

"And rich as Croesus," added her husband quickly. Margeret's doing well financially and she's no longer young herself, you must remember."

It was evening. Margeret had, with much planning and careful economy of space, provided sleeping accommodations for her guests and was intent upon preparations for breakfast, when a bevy of nieces and young cousins fell upon her and escorted her, under protest, to the library.

The long room seemed a confused medley of silver and cut glass, rugs, pictures, chairs and tables. Margeret's bewildered brain refused to grapple with the task before it. She turned to her youngest brother who

stood beside her, resting her hand appealingly upon his arm. Louise with face full of radiant satisfaction beamed upon her from the window seat.

"What does it all mean, Frank?" Margeret asked helplessly.

The brother laughed. "Only that family and friends have seized the opportunity to express their regard," he answered. "Sade and I got home from the west just in time, didn't we?"

Mrs. Cartwright deposited a long box upon a vacant chair; Annette upon her knees before a huge package was struggling with its stiff wrappings.

"I've brought your dress, dear," the older sister explained, as she shook out a mass of shimmering satin before Margeret's dazzled eyes. "Wasn't it fortunate you and Frances are so nearly of a size? I don't know what I should have done if I couldn't have had it fitted to her. Do you think it is too young for Margeret, Sadie?"

Annette held up an elaborate mound of confectionery. "And this," she announced triumphantly, "is the wedding cake."

"I never said she was going to be married," protested Louise, standing in deep disgrace before the family tribunal half an hour later. "But it was an anniversary, and she'd never had any chance before to get pretty things given her. You've all been taking things out of the house for years and years and having plenty of your own besides. I thought it was time she got a little something back."

"By Jove! little one, I don't know but you're right," declared her father.

Louise, at the first note of sympa-

thy, subsided into tears in his arms. "I knew she wasn't going to be married," she sobbed from the safe shelter. "Is it only married folks that can have things I should like to know? I didn't see any reason then nor I don't now why she hadn't a right to be a silver old maid."

"The child is not to blame, Julia," declared Margeret. "I should have given her my full confidence or none at all."

"You've disgraced the family between you," declared Mrs. Cartwright, drearily. "I invited a lot of people to whom I owed some attention, down for the day tomorrow. They thought a country wedding in apple blossom time would be beautiful."

"And I arranged with Bishop Lawrence to perform the ceremony—he has married all of us girls so far," said Mrs. Wilcox in a tone of despair. "And all of Henry's people were coming. I have always wanted them to see the old place. Imagine getting them all down here to celebrate the foreclosure of the mortgage on it."

"There must have been gross mismanagement somewhere, Margeret," declared her brother James severely.

Margeret reflected sadly that the mortgage had been given to provide James with money for his factory, but made no reply.

"Let's all stay tomorrow anyway," urged Lillian Cartwright, "the apple blossoms and the country are here anyway and weddings are common enough affairs after all. I don't care a whiff, Aunt Margeret, though Clarice and I planned to be your bridesmaids. You can come and be mine next year instead."

Long after her guests had retired, Margeret worked in the library, re-

packing the gifts and laying aside those articles which had been marked. "Frank will have to figure the cost of those for me," she decided. "I won't ask one of the others to help, but as Louise's father, he seems inclined to share in a measure the responsibility of the mistake."

It was early next morning before her guests were astir that Miss Richards was summoned from the cook stove by Louise.

"There's a peddler waiting to see you in the parlor," announced the child in a subdued tone. "He's selling rugs and I wanted to tell him you had rugs to burn already, only papa says I'd better be seen and not heard for the rest of my visit."

The "peddler" with watch in hand like one who has no minutes to spare, stood in the middle of the parlor, surveying doubtfully a heavy rug spread at his feet. Miss Richards had time to recognize the rug as a long cherished treasure of the village furniture store, and to observe that the gold watch was not of a style common to peddlers, before she recognized him.

"Dr. Thornton?" she said doubtfully.

He shook hands briskly. "Just ran over for a minute before train time," he declared with another glance at his watch. "Brought a trifling remembrance; they swore it was the real thing, but somehow in your parlor it looks a trifle highly colored. Such a time as I had selecting it! Plainville stores don't appear to be overstocked with articles suitable for wedding gifts, and I only chanced to hear of it on my way down."

Margeret hesitated, half inclined to accept the gift and let him go his way unenlightened. But his keen

eyes so like after all to the dreamy ones of her girlhood friend, were fixed upon her in a truth-compelling gaze. She grew distinctly irritated. What right had her sisters to chatter so of her affairs, and bring this additional embarrassment upon her?

"I am sorry," she said. "It was very kind of you, and I appreciate the remembrance, only—it was all a ridiculous mistake you see, growing out of the fact that I am about to leave the farm. I am not to be married."

The caller's eyes took swift notice of her embarrassment. "Most natural things in the world—mistakes of that kind—," he declared. "They're always occurring." He slipped his watch in his pocket with a final air but made no movement towards the door. "So you're leaving the farm?" he inquired. "For the city, I suppose?"

Margeret hesitated. "I shall not leave Plainville," she replied.

Dr. Thornton stood in some perplexity looking down at the red and green horror at his feet. "I don't know what to do with this thing," he said, touching it with his foot. "You couldn't marry just to give me a method of disposing of it, I suppose. I hope you are not making a mistake. Matrimony is by far the most satisfactory state, after all."

"Yet you have never married yourself, I believe," replied Miss Richards. It was the one thing of all others she would have preferred not to say, but the past twelve hours, added to the weary weeks preceding them, had left her little of her own self-control.

"No," he replied thoughtfully. "I have been engaged to one woman for twenty years and I am waiting for her still. She promised to send me word when she was free to mar-

ry, or to send back my ring, if there ever should be someone else whom she preferred. I have been wondering for the past twelve hours why I didn't get the ring. If I must confess, I am afraid I came here this morning with more thought of demanding it, than I had of offering congratulations. There were invalid parents and farms and all sorts of hindrances between us when I saw you last, but now—how is it, Margeret?"

Margeret's eyes were fixed upon the rug. Its gaudy colors had suddenly become a blur of rainbow hues.

"It was so long ago," she faltered. "And so few things last for twenty years."

"There are some things which last throughout eternity," Dr. Thornton answered gravely. "Must I still go on, spending my life upon the highway, and making professional successes supply the lack of dearer joys, Margeret? I have forced myself to leave you undisturbed all these years, because I believed you had forgotten me in a multitude of other ties. Now—forgive me—I can but see that your life is no more complete than my own. You are free at last, Margeret; by your own confession, there is not even the farm to come between us longer. Will you marry me—now?"

Margeret steadied her voice with an effort. "It has been too long," she said. "We are like strangers to each other now. You are very kind to remember after all these years, but believe me, it is much better for us both to go on as we are."

Dr. Thornton rose, looking at his watch again. "Kind!" he said. "You are using the word out of its proper connection."

Halfway to the door he turned

with a brisk professional air. "Don't you think you had better give me back my ring?" he suggested.

He waited, standing in the centre of the forgotten rug, while she went for the ring, and laid the slender circle thoughtfully upon his palm when she returned with it.

"I walked over to Colburn to buy it, Margeret, do you remember?" he said musingly. "And you met me at the Pines as I came back."

Miss Richards reached out her hand impetuously. "It was mine,"

she said, "give it back to me. I will marry you—or anybody else, rather than give it up."

"Margeret's wedding has been postponed until June thirtieth," Mrs. Cartwright wrote her friends in explanation of a somewhat hysterical telegram. "It is a disappointment, of course, but a professional man is always at the mercy of his practice, and Dr. Thornton—did I mention that it was Dr. Thornton of Evergreen Avenue?—is no exception to the rule. There will be no other change in the arrangements save that roses will take the place of apple blossoms in decorating."

Alexander Hamilton

By WILLIAM DUDLEY MABRY

Author of "When Love is King"

JULY 12, 1904, marks the one-hundredth anniversary of the tragic death of Alexander Hamilton.

Never has this country produced another such brilliant genius. Nor was he wholly an American product, being born on the island of Nevis in the West Indies, January 11, 1757. At the age of fifteen he was transplanted to the larger field of the American continent, in the congenial soil of which he rapidly grew into the stature of an intellectual giant.

In August, 1772, a hurricane of frightful violence swept over his native island, leaving widespread devastation in its track. A newspaper account of the disaster appeared, so graphic and powerful in its description that even the governor of the island exerted himself to discover

its unknown author. The article was traced to the fifteen year old lad in the counting house of Nicholas Cruger, a merchant at Santa Cruz. Better opportunities for the development of the boy's genius and a wider field for its exercise were felt to be imperative. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1772, Hamilton was sent to the American Colonies and placed in a grammar-school at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. In less than a year, the master of the school declared the boy fitted in every respect to enter college.

Hamilton presented himself to Dr. Witherspoon, president of Princeton College, and asked to be admitted with the understanding that he should be allowed to advance as rapidly as he was able, without regard to the established curriculum. Being refused, he made the same

proposal to Kings (now Columbia) College in New York, and was accepted. Under a private tutor, he went through the regular course at an amazing pace, taking such extra studies as he desired.

Meantime the revolutionary storm was brewing. Clashes between patriots and the British soldiers were frequent in New York City, while, throughout the country, the controversy was rife between the Colonies and Great Britain. The voracious student in Kings College seemed to pay but little heed to all this turmoil. Being a British subject, sojourning in a strange land, naturally his sympathies were with England.

Early in 1774, however, Hamilton had occasion to visit Boston. The celebrated "tea party" and its possible consequences were being discussed on every hand. The student, unable longer to remain indifferent to the trend of events, plunged into the study of the controversy with that avidity and thoroughness characteristic of all he did. When he returned to New York, his decision was made.

In July of the same year, a mass-meeting of patriots was held in the suburbs of the city. Hamilton listened in rapt attention to the chosen speakers. Uninvited and unannounced, he mounted the platform and began to address the multitude. At first the people listened with amused interest to the student, so slight of form and of youthful face. Soon, however, they felt themselves under the spell of one who was master of his subject and able to tell what he knew. Thus it was that Alexander Hamilton first came to the public notice of the American people.

This youth proved himself a

champion of the patriotic cause, not only on the platform, but even a stronger one with the pen. During the winter of 1774-5, a coterie of Tory writers, mostly clergymen and educators, issued a series of essays presenting the British side so strongly as to threaten great harm to the popular cause, unless ably answered. These essays were soon met by anonymous replies so exhaustive and convincing as to excite the admiration of the Tories themselves. On every hand eager search was made to discover this new "Junius." The reputation of Mr. John Hay and of Governor Livingston was augmented in no small degree by the supposition that they were the authors of the patriotic answers. Great was the surprise at the discovery, after some weeks, that the real author was the youthful student from the island of Nevis. Oddly enough, it turned out that one of the Tories with whom the lad had been conducting his newspaper controversy was Dr. Cooper, president of Kings College.

It now becomes necessary to take leave of Alexander Hamilton, the youth; for while he was little more than a boy in years and in stature, he had, ere this, become a man, and a strong man at that in intellect and in character.

The storm broke at last, and something more serious than patriotic speeches and essays was demanded. Hamilton, as prompt with his sword as he had been with tongue and pen, now devoted himself to the study of the science of war with the same serious ardor that had characterized his work in school. When the Convention of New York ordered the raising of an artillery company, Hamilton was appointed its captain. The high

pitch of discipline to which he brought his company quickly attracted the attention of General Greene, who thought it worth the while to bring the young artillery officer to the notice of Washington.

Hamilton was with the Continental Army in its unfortunate movement on Long Island, in its operations in the Jerseys, and shared in the laurels won at Princeton and at Trenton. Washington, in going the rounds one day, observed some earthworks constructed with unusual skill. Upon inquiry he learned that they were planned by Hamilton and erected under his supervision. On March 1, 1777, at the age of twenty, Hamilton was appointed aide-de-camp to General Washington with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and became the secretary and confidential adviser of the Commander in Chief of the Revolutionary Army.

Nor was he puffed up by this rare distinction. Washington was then forty-five, and some members of his staff were old enough for Hamilton's father; yet so genial and affable was the young aide, and with such becoming modesty did he wear his honors, that he quickly won his way to the hearts of his elder comrades. He was not spoiled by arrogance or conceit; but had his truest friends among those who knew him best.

Nine months after his appointment as aide-de-camp, he enjoyed the singular experience of being the trusted adviser of General Washington and of celebrating the day when, under the law, he ceased to be an infant and became a man.

It would be pleasing to pursue an inquiry into the conditions and causes which brought Hamilton, at so early an age, to this remarkable

maturity. But it must suffice to suggest that he inherited his keen, penetrating intellectual powers from his Scotch father, his ardent temperament and his singularly fascinating vivacity from his Huguenot mother; and that he spent the first fifteen years of his life in a climate where everything matures rapidly. Furthermore, the stirring events of the revolutionary period had in them that which transformed boys into men and men into heroes.

At the end of four years, the official relationship between Washington and Hamilton suddenly came to an end. Passing Hamilton on the stairs at headquarters, Washington expressed a desire to speak to him. "I will wait upon you immediately," Hamilton replied. He then went below and despatched a letter to the Commissary. On returning, he paused a moment to speak to the Marquis de Lafayette. At the head of the stairs he met Washington who angrily said, "Colonel Hamilton, you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes. I must tell you, Sir, you treat me with disrespect." Hamilton replied: "I am not conscious of it, Sir; but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part." In less than an hour, Washington sent one of his aides to Hamilton, expressing a desire for "a candid conversation, to heal a breach which could not have happened but in a moment of passion." But Hamilton, while conscious of the honor attaching to his position on the General's staff, had long desired to be in the line, as affording better opportunities for distinction. He therefore declined Washington's offer, but remained with the army.

Hamilton was present at York-

town in command of a corps under Lafayette. Here it fell to his lot to lead an assault upon a British redoubt which enfiladed the American entrenchments. It was Hamilton's first opportunity. Napoleon's feat at Lodi was not more brilliant. Hamilton led the way, his troops following with fixed bayonets. So impetuous was the onslaught that the British were swept before it, panic-stricken. The redoubt was taken at the point of the bayonet without the firing of a single musket. Lafayette was high in his praise of the feat, while Washington wrote, "Few cases have exhibited greater proof of intrepidity, coolness and firmness than were shown on this occasion." What Hamilton's achievements as a military leader might have been, had opportunity afforded, it is impossible to tell. That he was an ardent student of the science of war is well known; that he possessed in a high degree the military instinct is certain, while his courage won for him the *sobriquet* of "the Little Lion." Later, when war with France seemed imminent, Hamilton was made second in command of the armies of the United States with the rank of Major General; and at Washington's death, became, by seniority, the head of the Army.

After the surrender of Cornwallis, and when it became evident that the end of the struggle was at hand, Hamilton resigned his commission and took up the study of law at Albany, New York. With such avidity did he apply himself, that, in four months, he was admitted to the bar.

In the fall of 1782, he was elected to the Continental Congress, where he exerted all his splendid abilities in a vain endeavor to bring order

out of the financial and political chaos into which the Confederation had fallen. His efforts only served to convince him that a stronger and more centralized general government must be formed, or that the American people must lose all they had gained by eight long and dubious years of war. He therefore returned to New York and threw himself with all his ardent soul into the work of creating such a government. No other man did as much to bring together the Convention that wrought out the Constitution of the United States. No other toiled so tirelessly or so effectively to secure the adoption of the Constitution by the various states.

When at last the Government of the United States was formed, and Washington was elected President, he chose Hamilton to be the first Secretary of the Treasury. It was then Hamilton's genius shone forth in greatest splendor. The task before him was herculean. He was Secretary, but there was no treasury. The United States was without pocketbook or money. Nay, it was woefully in debt with nothing to pay. So far, the new Government was an arch without a keystone, in danger of falling into ruins of its own weight. It remained for Hamilton to place the stone that should give to the arch strength and permanency. That stone was public credit.

American citizens held obligations of the old Confederation to the amount of forty million dollars, and were glad to dispose of their holdings at fifteen cents on the dollar. Twelve millions were outstanding abroad, while the various states owed twenty millions more on account of the war. Hamilton proposed that the new Government

assume the whole of this indebtedness, dollar for dollar, principal and interest, and that it pledge the resources of the United States for its payment. He well knew that, as the creditor is vitally interested in the solvency and prosperity of his debtor, so every individual American and every state whose debt should be assumed by the general Government would feel a strong and abiding interest in the stability and financial success of the Union. He succeeded without much difficulty in inducing Congress to pledge the payment of the home and foreign debts, but lacked two votes of enough to secure the assumption of the state debts. Then followed the celebrated bargain between Hamilton and Jefferson, by which Hamilton threw the weight of his influence in favor of locating the national Capital on the Potomac, in exchange for Jefferson's help to carry through Hamilton's financial measures. Thus the state debts were assumed by the narrow margin of two majority. By these measures and by invoking the implied powers of the Constitution, Hamilton succeeded in binding the states into a Union of such cohesive force that the fires of civil war, burning with ever increasing fury for four years, overcame it not. That Lincoln was able to hold the Union together against an armed force of 600,000 men was owing to the fact that Hamilton, under Washington, had done his work so well.

It was Hamilton who laid down the fundamental principles over which the political battles of a century have been fought. Without invidious comparison, it may truly be said that Alexander Hamilton did more than any other man to lay broad and deep and strong the

foundations of our Government,—the foundations upon which others have built so grand and fair a structure.

Hamilton at last felt that the time had come when duty to his family demanded that he quit public life and devote himself to his profession. So meagre had been his pay while Secretary of the Treasury, that he left that office £3,000 poorer than when he entered it. New York, noted for its able lawyers, has never produced a more brilliant one than Alexander Hamilton. Chancellor Kent said: "He was a very great favorite with the merchants of New York, and was employed in every important and every commercial case." His was the dangerous reputation of being able to win any case he undertook, right or wrong. But he never took a case without first convincing himself that it was just.

His social popularity was second only to his reputation as a man of affairs. He was the favorite of a numerous following of personal friends who were fascinated by his generous nature, his engaging manners and his brilliant conversation. How unutterably sad that such a man, with so proud a record behind him and with so bright a future before him, should have his life snuffed out in an instant by the dastardly deed of a disappointed rival.

For fifteen years Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr had been political opponents. Hamilton had so often and so signally foiled Burr's political ambitions that the latter's jealousy and enmity finally ripened into a deadly thirst for revenge. In a political correspondence between Dr. Cooper and General Schuyler, (Hamilton's father-in-law) the former used this expression: "I could

detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr." This correspondence found its way into the Albany newspapers. On June 18, 1804, Burr wrote to Hamilton, demanding "a prompt, unqualified acknowledgement or denial of any expression which would warrant the assertion of Dr. Cooper." On the 20th, Hamilton wrote a conciliatory reply, in which he said:

"I stand ready to avow or disavow promptly and explicitly any precise or definite opinion which I may be charged with having declared of any gentleman. More than this cannot fitly be expected of me; and especially it cannot be reasonably expected that I shall enter into an explanation upon a basis so vague as that which you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light with me. If not, I can only regret the circumstance and must abide the consequences."

A challenge followed. Hamilton accepted. "I should not think it right," he wrote, "in the midst of a circuit court to withdraw my services from those who may have confided important interests to me, and expose them to the embarrassment of seeking other counsel, who may not have time to be sufficiently instructed in their cases. I shall also want a little time to make some arrangements respecting my own affairs." While Hamilton was devoting his few remaining days to the interests of his clients and to the arrangement of his own affairs, Burr was busy in his garden, firing with a pistol at the figure of a man.

In an ante-mortem statement left by Hamilton, he said:

"I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview for the most cogent reasons:

1. My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to dueling. * * *

2. My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them. * * *

3. I feel a sense of obligation to my creditors. * * *

4. I am conscious of no ill-will to Colonel Burr. * * *

Lastly, I shall hazard much and can possibly gain nothing by the issue of the interview. * * * I have resolved * * * to reserve and throw away my first fire, and thus give a double opportunity to Colonel Burr to pause and to reflect. * * * To those who, with me abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my relative situation, as well in public as in private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed upon me, as I thought a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular."

The fatal day,—July 11, 1804, dawned bright and warm. The spot chosen for the meeting was a secluded ledge beneath the heights of Weehawken, overlooking the Hudson,—the spot where, three years before, Hamilton's oldest son had perished in a duel. The word was given. Burr took deliberate aim and fired. Hamilton fell forward on his face, his pistol going off in mid-air as he fell. Burr's deadly bullet had pierced the victim's right side, inflicting a mortal wound. The stricken man lingered until two o'clock the next day, when he expired, surrounded by his family and friends.

Not until Lincoln died was the nation again so stricken with horror. Burr, Booth like, fled from the scene of his crime, pursued by the anathemas of his stricken countrymen.

In Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington, stands a splendid figure in marble, before which thousands pause in reverent silence to pay their tribute of grateful admiration to the memory of Alexander Hamilton and to execrate the blighted name of Aaron Burr.

Jamaica as a Summer Resort*

By MAURICE BALDWIN

PART I

IT is a true boast in the Islands of the West Indies that he who has visited them once always comes back or wishes to. The British colony of Jamaica—the most beautiful and the most civilized of the Antillian group, and the Mecca for thousands of New England visitors in recent years—might assume justly the sobriquet that the people of Martinique bestowed on their beautiful and ill-fated island—“*Le Pays du Revenants*”—the land of the comers-back.

The peculiar charm which Jamaica possesses for northern tourists is the result of a very unusual combination of happy conditions. The difficulties and discomforts of travel in tropical countries are generally so great and so many that the pleasure or health-seeking traveler seldom has the courage to undergo them. Thousands of visitors from Europe and the United States have found these disadvantages markedly absent from travel in Jamaica.

The unparalleled beauty of her scenery; the remarkable and never varying healthfulness of her climate; the hospitality and charm of her people; the English that is spoken; the ease and inexpensiveness of transportation to her shores; the facilities for the enjoyment of travel over her perfect and beautiful roads; the fascination of living with American comforts in the tropics, with none or few of those banes of the

tropics, fevers, insects and serpents,—all these things must inevitably attract the attention of those who love the beautiful in nature or who are in search of health or rest or pleasure.

Whatever may be Jamaica's possibilities for future commercial activities, and barely a tenth of her area is now under cultivation, she is unquestionably destined to be preëminent as a Resort. Not only during the winter months, but the summer months, as well.

That this statement will be met with incredulity by all who are not familiar with the West Indies goes without saying, but that the summertime in several of these islands, and particularly Jamaica, is far less hot and uncomfortable than the same season in New England, is known to those whom chance or the *wanderlust* have taken to the tropics of the Caribbean.

The explanation of the happy weather conditions is simple. The summer change in the sun's position appears to have little effect relatively on the temperature; the increase of heat during June, July, August and September being but five to ten degrees above the average temperature for the rest of the year.

Jamaica lies in the sweep of the Atlantic trade winds, that blow for months at a stretch in one direction—a vast draught that carries the sea mists to the mountains of the island, to fall in a heavy dew that nightly cools the heated lands and renders necessary on the highlands

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at night the use of light overcoats and blankets.

Now, where there be cool nights it matters little how warm the days may be. Sleep is possible and sleep is strength. It is the suffocating heat of northern summer nights, when the struggle for a cool breath continues through the night hours and makes slumber but the unconsciousness of exhaustion, that enervates the body and destroys all pleasure in nature's most beautiful season.

It is delightful enough, in the midst of the inclemencies of a New England winter, to know there is a land which Spring never forsakes, but it is almost impossible, when the fierce northern summer is beating upon one, to believe that the same region possesses a climate that is a changeless caress of refreshing nights and perfect days; without sunstrokes, without prostrations, without the exactions of civilized living under distressful conditions.

In some of Jamaica's coast towns and others denied the beneficence of the wind from the hills the warm humidity of the atmosphere may prove uncomfortable, but as by far the greater part of the island is a succession of elevations rising almost immediately from the sea, there would be little excuse for lingering in such places.

The first land that is sighted by the traveler after leaving the American coast is San Salvador, now known as Watling's Island, where Columbus first landed after his long voyage from Spain four hundred years ago. The next morning, that of the third day out of Boston, the eastern extremity of Cuba and the light of Cape Maysi are sighted—a mountainous coast whose terrace-like slopes are covered by dense

jungle; a silent and lonely prospect, for there are few inhabitants in this part of Cuba. It was nearly three months after the surrender of Santiago that the little band of Spanish soldiery who guarded the light were made aware of Spain's defeat.

All the afternoon this olive-colored land is in sight, fading to a dim blue ridge as the steamer retreats. Already the warmth of the tropics is felt and as the day wanes one begins to know the differences that exist between northern and southern nights.

These changes have been rapidly made after coming from the Atlantic ocean into the Caribbean sea. The water is intensely blue—a stretch of vivid indigo. We see our first really tropical sunset—a colossal glorification of color and light that is the daily wonder of these lower latitudes. The air is sweet and balmy—warm like a human breath. As the skies darken, the stars blaze out with sudden brightness, a brilliancy indescribable. Off to the south-east, low in the horizon, the Southern Cross is visible—a beautiful but not impressive constellation, for the effect of the symbol is somewhat marred by the unequal brilliancy of the stars which form it.

Sometime in the very early morning one may be roused from sleep by the stopping of the engines and this sudden cessation of their throbbing seems like a stilled heart-beat. Out in the darkness a little boat rowed by negro boys has brought us a pilot and in a few minutes the steamer has been guided through a narrow pass between Fairfield Island and the Jamaica mainland and is lying at anchor in the harbor of Port Antonio.

Should curiosity urge us on deck, we shall see, in the clear light of the morning stars, a shore and a little town lying under abrupt mountains. An absolute silence hangs over the place. The air is deliciously cool and sweet-scented. At the tiny dock burns a single electric lamp—all the rest of the town is in darkness. Then in the east a frosty silver light begins to spread across the heavens,

the cackling of poultry, the barking of a multitude of dogs. Fishermen are leisurely drying their sails preparatory to going out to the fishing banks or to make brief voyages to some tiny town along the coast for a cargo of produce.

Back of the town rise the abrupt foothills of the range of mountains that lie to the south—a rampart of green frondage fading into the blue



ON THE ROAD FROM PORT ANTONIO TO PORT MARIA

softening to a glow of palest rose, and when it brightens to the increasing radiance of day one learns the value of the gift of vision.

The harbor and town of Port Antonio lie before us—a revelation of color and light and beauty; a quaint exotic charm prevailing everything. From the shore come the song of happy-hearted negroes,

of distance. Everywhere are the colors and sounds and fragrances that belong to the tropics only. They deluge the senses with their intensity. The sky and sea are bluer, the flowers more fragrant, the sounds more melodious than any we have ever known before.

As the steamer draws up to the dock and is made fast, an amusing

multitude of black people gather about the dock, laughing, chattering, gesticulating with tireless energy, and before the trunks are passed by the courteous customs officials, this crowd has formed itself into a procession, bearing upon their heads to open ports of the steamer great bunches of green bananas. They sing crude melodies that remind one of the Chicago mid-way, and above the mellow din of their voices can be heard the sing-song of the tallyman, keeping count, by fives, of the bunches taken in.

Later, on the drive to Port Maria, one sees from the top of Severn's Hill in what a beautiful position the town is situated. Fairfield Island, a small flat of green-covered land, protects the little double harbor from the roughest storms and the town lying along a narrow peninsula looks down upon waters of liquid rainbow, iridescent in the white light of a vertical sun. Across a wilderness of cocoanut palms and sugar cane gleams a harbor, where, a century and more ago, many a "dark low rakish craft" has anchored, for this little town was one of the favorite stopping places of the pirates and freebooters who once infested the western seas, and many a dusky inhabitant of Port Antonio owes his touch of white blood to an ancestry of lawless loves in the days of the black flag.

The hotel, the Titchfield House, situated on the end of the peninsula, is reached by a short drive through a winding narrow street margined by quaint, almost barbaric little houses, of one or two stories. The architecture is of the simplest. There are no sidewalks, no street cars, no electric lights. Everything seems primitive and strange. Along the streets pass a mixed people

among whom few white faces are seen, though there are all intermediate shades between white and black.

The hotel, built on a rounded bluff overlooking the bay and sea, is surrounded by well kept lawns filled with tropical shrubs and plants, and is generously shaded by palms and oaks. In appointments and table it is far ahead of the average summer hotel.

It was here that during the Spanish war a large number of the correspondents had their quarters. Last winter the buildings were nearly destroyed by the fierce hurricane which swept over the island, but they have since been replaced by more extensive structures. The view from the long verandahs of the hotel is a beautiful one.

Impatient to see the novel sights about him, after a day's rest from the swing of the ship the traveler will visit the little shops where native curiosities are sold, and whose easy-going proprietors greet him with effusive cordiality and with serene cupidity, overcharging as they smile. The market place; the old English fort, now used as a school; the ruined Spanish church on the hill; the coral reefs, where hundreds of marine wonders are to be found; the narrow streets; the happy-go-lucky crowd of natives, afford endless study and amusement. The custom of carrying burdens on the head is general; everyone has something on his or her mind, from a cake of soap to a barrel of flour.

While in Port Antonio the tourist should not omit to make several visits to the banana estates of the fruit company, whose business really appears to be the one sure industrial hope of the island. Everywhere there are splendid roads.

Their beauty and excellence cannot be too highly praised. They are perfect, and their ever-changing loveliness, the safety with which one may travel over them by night or day, and their splendid condition in every part of the island, render a carriage or bicycle tour of the island especially delightful. Wheelmen declare Jamaica an ideal place for

filled by water of an unknown depth, having a narrow connection with the sea. The wonderful richness of the colors shining on its surface is fascinating. Molten turquoise, emerald, ruby, poured into an exquisite crucible of volcanic rock, margined by dense green and filled with fish as varied in hue as the water.



NATIVE HOUSES IN THE HEART OF A BANANA PLANTATION

the bicycle and assert that our own country has no better roads for this diversion than the smooth, palm-shadowed avenues of the island.

On the way to Golden Vale—one of the largest banana plantations in the island—is Blue Hole, a phenomena of the island formation. It has the appearance of having been the crater of a volcano, but is now

The difference between an American dollar and its equivalent in Jamaica money is a mental and a moral difference. The natives of the West Indies own the most fertile lands in the world—latent but veritable gold mines, but it remains for the Yankee investor to make these lands give forth harvests that turn to money. The Jamaican, by the

inactivity of his temperament, lets the coin he has lie in his hand; the American keeps it rolling, and chases it as far as it will go.

The British Colonial Office conducts the government of Jamaica, but the backbone of its commercial importance, the meat and bread of every one of its 700,000 inhabitants is not British sovereignty but the American capital, American brains and energy, that are being exercised throughout the island.

Fruit-bearing in the tropics is a continuous performance. Nature's inexhaustible fecundity forces to development without cessation every form of vegetable life. The banana plant, the staple product of Jamaica, grows to an average height of ten or fifteen feet. The stem which bears the fruit, usually two or three bunches at once, is cut down or dies down, after the fruit is matured. Within a few weeks a new stem starts up to bear more clusters, and so on for many years. The fruit is cut green, carried to the carts on the heads of negroes or by donkeys, thence to the docks, from which almost daily a steamer leaves for America.

This superb industry, furnishing employment to thousands of natives, and to about 40,000 coolies from Burma, constitutes the chief commerce of the island, is owned and managed by Boston men, and has done more for the island and the people who live on it than 200 years of British rule.

Only a small portion of the island is covered with railway service and much of the loveliest part is removed from the advantages of such transportation. The best way in which to see the beauties of the country is by carriage. For a tour of the island one is able to secure a car-

riage, two horses and a driver at a charge that would cause a Boston liveryman to blush with shame, were it not that he is past doing or feeling either.

There are now about 175 miles of railroad in the island, connecting Kingston with Port Antonio on the north, and Montego Bay on the west. The original line, from Kingston to Spanish Town, was but fourteen miles in length, built by English capitalists—small ones—and was operated in such a way that if one were in a hurry he could more quickly reach the termini by carriage.

A novel feature in the making of the roadbeds for the new lines has been the employment of women, a large number of whom have done most of the arduous labor of breaking rock and carrying it on their heads to the point of construction. The women, indeed, do the greater part of the hard work of the island; the men, as everywhere else in the world, are a lazy lot and loaf about their little thatch huts, tend the babies, and dream of the amelioration of their sex.

The carriage road to Montego Bay, the western extreme of the island, is one of the most excellent pieces of road construction to be seen in any country. The Spaniards made the first trail through the almost impenetrable tropical jungle. Jamaica, after the English conquests, became a penal station like Australia, and thousands of convicts lost their lives in the labor of constructing the wonderful roads of which the island is today so justly proud.

Fairly good food may be had everywhere at little lodging houses, which of late years have increased in number and excellence with the increase

of travel. The native cooking is not always satisfactory to the northern taste; many of the dishes are entirely unknown to the American cook. Those preparations for the table in which the native fruits and vegetables enter are usually extremely appetizing. It is when the negro cook tries to prepare her viands *à la Delmonico* that she dis-

off like that of the banana, disclosing a flesh like that of a melon, pistachio-green on the outer layer and salmon-colored within, and encloses a large seed about the size of a lemon. This remarkable fruit, too perishable for shipment, is delicious in all of its uses. It may be eaten plain, used instead of crackers in soup; as a substitute for potatoes in



JAMAICA ROADMAKERS. WOMEN BREAK THE STONES FOR THIS WORK

concerts one's appetite and digestion. Bread fruit is good baked in the coals and served with butter. The akee is a vegetable that grows on a tree with brilliant red flowers. It looks and tastes like scrambled eggs and is usually served with salt fish. The alligator pear grows on a tree, but is more vegetable than fruit. It has the shape of a huge Bartlett pear. Its green skin peels

meat hashes, and as the head and front of salads it is beyond description. It has an odd neutral taste that renders it the natural complement for any other more pronounced flavor with which it may be associated and its beautiful colors add to the charm of its presence in salads and other dishes.

One morning we are called earlier

than usual, though rest is at an end—the deep delicious sleep that pure cool air brings one in these tropical nights. It is five o'clock. Our carriage is at the door and after a *dejeuner* of coffee and eggs, both native, we start westward. The air is fresh and sweet; almost cold. On the drive to Port Maria the mind is a chaos of bewildering impressions of beauty. The simple and picturesque people, the odd little houses that nestle in the shade of broad-leaved trees, the wonderful exuberance of vegetation, the strange charm and beauty and plenitude of nature fill the memory with pictures and impressions that only days and days can bring any order into.

Near Port Maria the road passes through a cocoanut valley—a plantation 1400 acres in extent of graceful palms laden with nuts. For a three-pence a little black boy climbs up one of the slender stems and throws down a dozen young nuts, which, when cut through at the top, present a quart of deliciously cool cocoanut water, most refreshing to the thirsty.

Along the roadway masses of trailing jasmine show their white stars and fill the air with fragrance. Giant growths of convolvulus throw their green mantles over miles of bush. The yellow nightshade, the butterfly creeper—the blossoms of which look like purple little butterflies hovering with outstretched wings above the green leaves—the Ponciana Regia, with its vermilion-hued clusters of bloom, the Akee, with its crimson-clad fruit—all these make the changing views along the road an intoxication of color, beauty, perfume. And there are long reaches of white road margined by cocoanut palms, tall and oriental in effect, of dense growths

of bamboo, rustling in the breeze with a sound like the distant clapping of hands. Through intervalles shoreward the blue wonder of the sea glistens, every wavetop gleaming with a touch of sunlight.

The road passes through valleys of bamboo—a wilderness of dark green trunks and feathery pale green foliage; through glades of fern, where the air is cool and moist, twilit even at noon; or round hill-sides where on the one hand the tropical forest towers and on the other the sea smiles through the island fringe of cocoanut palms.

The eye never tires of the panorama which every turn of the road discloses in new aspects of loveliness, and, as the day wanes, we are driven into Port Maria in a fleet twilight in which the sunset colors, like a dissolving pyrotechnic, fade in a few minutes against a dull purple canopy bright with stars. Little fishing boats loll on the quiet bay, the cool air comes in from the sea with the boatmen's songs, a million little insect voices break into shrill cries that blend with the world's vast nocturne, fireflies blaze among the leaves of the trees and over the fields, forming rapid constellations in the dusk; and it is all beautiful and unreal, and a little sad for very excess of beauty—that mysterious and langorous pageant of a tropic night.

The native life is quite as interesting as the scenery of the island. Negroes form the bulk of the island's 700,000 population. There are about 16,000 white people, English and Americans, and about 60,000 half-breeds. The lives of the peasantry are simple and primitive in the extreme. They are light-hearted, vain, superstitious, law-abiding, and are much superior in physique and

disposition to the negroes of the southern states.

Physically the present generation is stronger than that just passing, worn out by slavery; the female portion in particular. The men are already succumbing to the effects of dissipation and idleness, but the women, upon whom falls the greatest labor, are fine-looking, muscular

without picturesqueness. In a climate of perpetual June there is little need of anything more than protection from the sun and rain. Most of the native villages are hidden away in a mass of greenery through which one almost requires a guide to find them. The houses are made of latticed bamboo with a thick thatch of cocoanut fronds, making a perfect



SCENE IN A JAMAICA GARDEN

creatures, and in those instances where there has been an admixture of white blood are often handsome. The native women all walk like queens. Their muscular development in youth is superb. The custom of carrying burdens on the head gives their figures an erect, natural and most graceful bearing.

The places of dwelling are amusingly small and uncouth, but not

roof, cool in the heat of the day and shedding water like a duck's back.

While education has not advanced very far with the native population, they sometimes show considerable wit, in which the characteristic of primitive minds, cunning, holds a place. The following anecdote told me by Dr. Johnston, of Brownstown, illustrates both the negro's humor and power of argument.

An old Calvinistic minister of Jamaica happened early one morning to see a black man walking out of his stable-yard with a saddle. Later in the day he met the negro and stopped him.

"Look here, David," said he, "I want you to bring back the saddle you took from my yard this morning."

"Fore de Lord, Massa, me nevah see yo' saddle, sah!"

"Well, never mind talking about it, David, but if that saddle isn't returned tonight I shall have you arrested."

"Now, minister, yo' jes' listen ter me, sah. Yo' is a old Calvinis' minister, no so, sah?"

"Yes."

"Well, minister, yo' allus done teach me 'bout de doctrine of pre-desperation, sah?"

"Yes, David, that is so. What has that to do with it?"

"Well now, massa, mek me tell you, sah. Dere am a certain amount of saddle dat am pre-desperated to be teefed, (stolen) an' ob course a certain amount ob nigger to teef dem, an ef I should be de nigger pre-desperated to teef yo' saddle—I not 'sponsible, am I, sah?"

The minister, feeling himself somewhat cornered, replied evasively.

"I don't care so much about the saddle, David, as I feel sorrow to know you should tell me a lie."

"Hi, minister, yo' too funny, sah! Dere am a certain amount of lie to be telled in dis world an a certain number of nigger to tell dem. Ef I should be pre-desperated to told yo' a lie, I'se not 'sponsible fo' dat eider."

"I don't care for your arguments, David, but let me tell you one thing—if that saddle is not in my yard

tonight, you'll be sent up, that is all."

"Now, minister, yo' no rough me so, sah! Because dere am a certain amount of teefed saddle that am pre-desperated to be took back, an ef yo' saddle am one of dem yo'll find it in yo' yard tonight, sah. Good day, minister."

The natives are not wholly dependent upon the planters for a livelihood. Many of them own the land on which their houses are built, and are thrifty in a simple way, for the few wants of their mode of life can be satisfied by a small exertion. Along the roads, under the shade of a guava or a bread-fruit tree, one may see native women pounding chocolate, making baskets, sorting coffee, sewing, or cooking their bread-fruit or yams. In their little communities someone will have a crude sugar mill to which girls bring upon their heads bundles of cane for crushing. The sap is boiled down into syrup and sugar to sweeten the bread of honest laziness.

The language of the native Jamaican is an amusing English patois, with many words of Spanish and African derivation, somewhat different from the dialect of the southern states, and if anything, more musical. In a land where throat and lung troubles are almost unknown the voice gains a rich fullness of tone seldom heard in the voices of the American negro.

These simple people have a great deal of social pride, and the intermixture of races has brought about a strong feeling of caste.

A yellow girl and a black girl were disputing over some matter, when the black maiden, growing angrier, said with disgust:

"Go long, wid yo'! I can't talk wid yo' sort of color!"

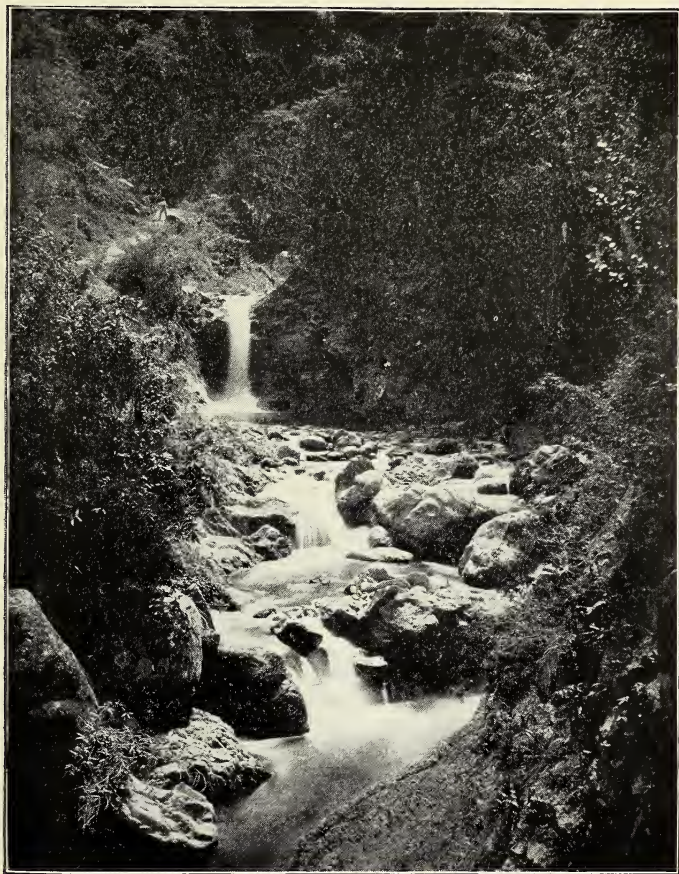
"Why yo' no talk wid my color, yo' fool nigger?" retorted the half-breed.

"Yo' nothin' but a yaller gal! I'se above talkin' ter yo'."

a favorite song among these black and tan people is that fine old church hymn in which the refrain occurs:

"I shall be washed whiter than snow."

From Port Maria, we enter the



ONE OF THE THOUSAND LITTLE CASCADES THAT BEAUTIFY JAMAICA STREAMS

"How yo' done mek dat out, yo' black buzzard!"

"How I mek dat out!" said the black girl with contemptuous sarcasm. "Yo' nothin' but a yaller gal. Yo' aint white; yo' aint black. What is yo'? Yo' aint nothing; dat's what yo' is!"

And at all their religious meetings

garden-spot of Jamaica—the Parish of St. Ann. One must borrow his similies from the lapidary, the artist and the alchemist, in order to describe the wonderful and varied color display which bursts at every turn of the road upon the enchanted vision. The whole island, indeed, during the summertide, seems to be

a primitive worshiper of the sun, and rises to his light in efflorescences of emerald and gold, of lusters incomparable; an iridescent sheen of vivid and luminous verdure, dotted with millions of flowers, the colors of which no king's casket of jewels can rival. To the highest mountain peak this extravagance of beautiful green stretches in multiform loveliness. On the mountain tops the convexity of the sea produces a peculiar optical illusion; it seems instead, to rise, a solid wall of purest turquoise, shutting the island and its exuberant beauty from an ignorant and incurious world beyond the horizon.

The road to St. Ann's Bay winds in and out among the hills, now skirting the shore for a few miles, then disappearing beneath the towering forest, in a clear green twilight that is only comparable to that seen by divers in the depths of the sea. Like fantastic fishes, birds of brilliant plumage fly before the carriage from one shadowy recess to another. In the emerald dimness it is cool as if one had wandered into a cavern's mouth, a cavern of green glass, through which the light faintly makes its way.

Four miles from the town of St. Ann we cross Roaring River bridge, one of the beauty spots of the road. The bridge covers the river at its narrowest point, where in a deep chasm the white water rushes to the sea a mile away with a tumult and roar indescribable. Dense growths of bread-fruit and guava trees, cabbage palms and laurel, shadow either bank of the stream.

In a field across the bridge there is a banyan tree, under the wide shade of which a thousand people might stand. The branches of the parent trunk have dropped roots

along their growth, which in turn do their part toward the sustenance of this genuine family tree. Here, at the suggestion of the driver, who proves to have also excellent powers as a philosopher and guide, we leave the carriage, follow him over a narrow path, through a virgin forest for a mile, and come out upon a mass of greenery over which is visible the falls of Roaring River. This magnificent cascade has a fall of over one hundred feet. The humid atmosphere, the warmth and moisture and the fertile silt brought down by the river make the vegetation rankly luxurious. Giant lianas trail down from the branches of lofty cottonwood trees, garlanded with wild growths of convolvulus and Bourganvilliers, dotted with blossoms.

The tremendous noise which this river makes along its entire course is due to a peculiar habit it has of damming itself at every possible point. The water is strongly impregnated with lime and silica, which are deposited in walls that constantly break the course of the stream.

In the tropics the activity of nature is untiring. Life and decay go hand in hand with awful intensity. Dead tree trunks are quickly covered with enshrouding vineage; over every stone and broken limb is woven a robe of living green, insidious in its destructive and obliterating power. Nature has no memory, no heart; she leaves no monuments, she cherishes no past. Inexorable, cruel, fruitful—in the tropics her boundless energy exhibits itself in a supreme perpetuation of her forms, with no regard for the individual exhibition, but with a tiger-like ferocity for manifestation, for renaissance. It comes to one often, during this summer communion with

her, as a thought full of fright, of impotent and immense regret—that, after all, in the scheme of material creation man plays a very small and ephemeral part, and that when his petty world successes are at an end, Nature, implacable, anti-human, insolently triumphant, will quickly obliterate the records of a self-made greatness beneath the somber ma-

yan trees. The water is deep and cool; clear as crystal. Shafts of sunlight break through the sheltering green and play upon the surface, or are broken into prismatic colors by the foam of a dozen cascades that fall into the pool.

High up in the mountains, eighteen miles from St. Ann's Bay, in the heart of the pimento region, is



DIANA'S POOL, NEAR ST. ANN'S BAY. TWELVE CASCADES EMPTY INTO THIS BEAUTIFUL BASIN

jesty of a voiceless and encroaching Decay, that comes, garlanded with green leaves and flowers, bearing the slow erosive poisons of death.

One of the most charming spots in this beautiful river is Diana's Bath—truly a fitting place for hamadryads and nymphs—a veritable pool in fairy land, screened by a dense wall of cabbage palms, of fern and ban-

Brownstown. It is sometimes hard to find a Jamaica town until one is really in it, so dense is the surrounding forest.

The road to Brownstown passes extensive estates where the aromatic Allspice, or Pimento, is grown, a product peculiar to Jamaica.

The pimento trees have trunks of dingy silver and a foliage dark green

and richly odorous. Twice a year the little berries are plucked, dried on broad cemented areas called barbecues, and are sent in sacks, like coffee, to the shipping points. Coffee is also one of the products of this region. A coffee orchard is very beautiful in the season of bloom. Along the slender branches the blossoms grow thickly, looking like a light fall of snow and filling the air with an exquisite fragrance, somewhat like that of frangipani, also a native of Jamaica.

A sudden turn in the steep road that winds up from the sea—which has gradually changed in color from the sandy yellow of the coast roads to an Indian red—and the little mountain town comes all at once into view. It is very beautifully situated, this village in the hills, with its English houses and its vistas of mountain scenery. In the center of the town is the market place, as is the case with nearly all Jamaica towns, a substantial and attractive building with a high iron fence and all necessary facilities for the barter that is carried on by the country people.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays the market court presents a fascinating spectacle of moving figures, of little over-loaded donkeys, of gesticulating buyers and sellers, of varied and strange fruits. Bananas, oranges, plantains, pineapples, mangoes, cocoanuts, yams, vegetables known and unknown to northern eyes and taste, lie in heaps about the market areas, and beside them are seated sad, bedizened old aunties, in clean white dresses and with heads bound in bright-hued bandanas, inviting the public to buy. Most of the business of the market is transacted by women, who, long before the dawn of day, have left their little farms

among the mountains and walked miles with tireless feet to sell their humble goods in the town. And when night comes they trudge back to their distant homes, singing or talking to themselves, content if they have made thirty or forty cents.

The water in this town, as in many other of the mountain villages, comes almost wholly from the clouds. This, during the torrential rains, is caught in well-kept cisterns. There are few springs and no wells of any worth at this elevation. A few years ago the credulous citizens of Brownstown brought out from England a water-diviner, an odd old Yorkshireman who caused his clients no end of useless expense boring wells where his willow switch made its mysterious dips. The hills about Brownstown are dotted with the monuments of this amusing and costly experimentation, but the cisterns have not yet been abandoned.

One of the most beautiful estates in this Parish of St. Ann's is that of the Rev. Dr. James Johnston, one of the unlaureled heroes of the world. His home is situated on a hill-top, having a wide view of the mountains on every side, and is surrounded by tropical shrubberies and flowering trees. Dr. Johnston is a man of varied activities. During the greater part of his residence in Jamaica he has been a healer alike of body and soul among the poor and untutored negroes of the island. He maintains at his own expense a hospital and a church on his land, and in other parts of the Parish has built ten or twelve little mission churches. Once a month he preaches in the home church, and at different hours of the Sabbath preaches three or four times in as many districts. His capable wife also conducts several services, and together these two de-

voted and unselfish workers have brought the people among whom they live to a practical knowledge of better living.

Beside being a preacher and a physician Dr. Johnston's explorations in Africa won for him a dozen years ago high standing in scientific and ethnological circles. He is also

about get their best drinking water. They row out to where the subterranean river rises to the surface of the sea and fill their tubs and calabashes.

Every little way along the coast road the traveler passes small rivers of great beauty; rapid flowing streams, seaward bound. It is a



RAPIDS OF THE LANDOVERY RIVER

a member of the Legislative Council of Jamaica.

From Brownstown the westward road returns to the sea at Runaway Bay, so called from the fact that it was here Don Arnaldo Sasi, the last of the Spanish governors, after a desperate struggle with Cromwell's troops, made his escape to Cuba. Out in the bay, about half a mile from the shore, is a huge fresh water spring, from which the people here-

constantly recurring temptation to leave the carriage and follow up the sources of these picturesque and lovely rivers. The rapid descent from the highlands enhances the charm of the waters by the creation of beautiful little cataracts at every turn of their courses. The Landoverly falls are especially charming, margined by dense and beautiful vegetation, and in its green pools, beneath the leaves of lilies and

water hyacinths, lives the mountain mullet, a fish that furnishes as good sport for fishermen as does our brook trout.

Along the banks of these streams grow masses of fleur-de-lis, purple and yellow; water hyacinths, beautiful and richly fragrant; pond-lilies of great size, and many other flowers of unusual forms and beauty. To

the over-hanging boughs of trees cling many varieties of the orchid family, bearing bizarre and lovely blossoms. And over these swift streams and among the flowers whole fleets of butterflies spread their gaudy sails to the sunlight in a bloodless piracy of sweets.

(To be continued.)

A Garden Party

By EMILIA ELLIOTT

MISS KITTY was weeding the sweet alysium border. It was the first of June, and the garden was full of sweet odors.

Miss Kitty pushed back her white sun-bonnet, letting the soft breeze fan her flushed cheeks. It was a day for loitering; her eyes went beyond the garden to the long white road,—once, when she was a little girl, on just such a day as this, she had been set to weed the garden borders, and instead, had wandered off to spend a long idle morning in the woods.

Miss Kitty sighed a little sadly; it was hard to be thirty-five and expected to live up to the traditions of lady-like behavior, handed down to one from one's great grandmother—who, judging by the portrait in the best parlor, must have been an exceedingly uncomfortable person to live with.

"Kitty, your bonnet!" her sister Hannah called from the porch. Miss Kitty had a thin delicate face, framed by soft brown hair, blue eyes, and the complexion of a girl. Kitty's complexion was the source

of much pride, also much worry to Hannah.

Miss Hannah was sweeping the sitting-room, coming, now and then to stand at open door or window, for a moment's chat with her sister.

"Deacon Day's coming," she called presently. "Summer's here for sure—he's got on that old linen duster. Sally Palmer says she never lets her young ones leave off their flannels, until the deacon comes out in his duster."

The deacon stopped his old horse before the gate. "Anything I can get for you, down to the store?" he called.

It was two miles to the village, and the sisters kept no horse; the deacon was very obliging in the matter of errands, including mail—the latter consisting mainly of a weekly religious paper, a Woman's Magazine, and an occasional letter.

Miss Kitty pulled off her garden gloves, and went down to the gate. "Nothing this morning, thank you, except to ask for the mail. Pretty day, isn't it?"

"Fine," the deacon answered.

"'Duster Day's' come round again, rather late this year—Yes'm that's what my grandson's named it—'Duster Day,' " and the deacon chuckled. "Went out to the old mill yesterday; saw your folks as I drove past. They're down early this year. Nice place that."

Miss Kitty drew herself up a little proudly, "Oh, but you should see it inside, Deacon."

She went back to the house. "Hannah," she called, "the deacon says John and Elizabeth are at The Maples."

The news brought Miss Hannah out to the porch. "In June! Well, I want to know!"

"Perhaps they've come for the Summer."

Miss Hannah shook her head. "Elizabeth would never be contented there a whole Summer." There was both pride and disapproval in her voice.

Cousin John's wife—pretty, fashionable Elizabeth—was a very wonderful creature in the sisters' eyes. They could not always approve of her ways—"But you know, my dear," Miss Hannah would say, "she did not have our advantages in the upbringing. I fear her mother was a very worldly woman." Nevertheless, they found those ways an endless subject of conversation.

During his boyhood, John Winthrop had frequently passed his vacations at his uncle's; he and Miss Kitty were about the same age, and had been great chums. Some years since, soon after his marriage, he had bought up considerable property, out on the old Mill Road, and built a country home. He was the same frank generous fellow that he had been as a boy, but the old familiar intimacy had never been renewed. The John Winthrops were

seldom at The Maples except for a few weeks in the Fall, when there was always a houseful of guests and much gaiety. The sisters were invited to tea, once or twice, according to the length of Elizabeth's stay. Not tea in their sense of the word—a generous comfortable meal, but an unsatisfactory, five o'clock affair; with people coming and going, as they liked; and always the danger of spilling the tea over one's best gown—the cup being held in one's hand, instead of being placed sensibly on the table.

On their part, the Misses Winthrop furnished a little well concealed amusement to Elizabeth's guests, who voted Miss Hannah quite a character, and Miss Kitty a pretty, quaint thing.

As they rode home, there was always a sore feeling, at the bottom of Miss Kitty's heart, and an indignant light in Miss Hannah's grey eyes. "Poor John!" she would say, shaking her head, "I may be country born, and country bred—but I was brought up to remember that company is company, and to be treated as such."

Still, they never refused to go when invited—it would have hurt John's feelings—besides, they had not many outings, and it was something to be seen riding through the village in the handsome turnout, with two men in livery on the box.

The day following one of these teas saw more than one caller open the sisters' front gate. Last Fall had come no invitation. Elizabeth had called as usual, during the early part of her stay, John had been over with the children—but there had been no invitation. The sisters had wondered, hurt and disappointed. What would people think?

They were talking it over this

morning, Miss Kitty on the steps, Miss Hannah leaning against the railing, dust-cloth in hand.

"You know Hannah," Miss Kitty declared, "we never did anything to vex Elizabeth, when she was here last; every thing was the same as usual."

"It was just some whim of hers," Miss Hannah answered. "I don't see why you worry so much about it, Kitty."

"I wonder"—how often Miss Kitty had "wondered" since last Fall—"if she'll ask us this year?"

"I hope we'd have self-respect enough to refuse, unless suitable explanation had been made."

Just before dinner, Deacon Day drove up to the gate. "Mail!" he cried, and Miss Kitty hurried out.

She brought back three letters. "All for you Hannah; one from the S. P. G., one a bill, and the other—from Elizabeth! Never mind waiting to make the tea, do see what she says!"

Miss Hannah put down the teapot, and opening Elizabeth's letter read it aloud.

"The Maples.

Dear Cousin Hannah,

I hope you and Cousin Kitty will be able to take tea with us tomorrow. Excuse my not sending the carriage, for once. We brought down only the saddle horses, but you are good walkers, and John will see you home.

Forgive this hurried note, I am rushed to death. We leave here on Saturday.

Hoping to see you both,

Yours,

Thursday. Elizabeth A. Winthrop."

"Well?" Miss Kitty cried.

"Well?"

"It's rather short notice."

"It is, and the roads are abominably dusty."

"Still, perhaps—"

"There is no explanation offered."

"N—o, but I think Elizabeth will expect us."

"Oh, if you really wish to go, Kitty—."

"Not unless you wish to, Hannah."

Miss Kitty cut the bread, and set out the strawberries. If Hannah would only say, one way or the other—they would have to hurry, if they did go.

Miss Hannah was in the pantry, bending over the big stone crock, in which the cookies were kept. "It's good I baked yesterday," she called, "the whole batch turned out beautiful."

Miss Kitty's doubts vanished. Ever since that tea at The Maples, when John, passing the cakes, had made laughing reference to the cookies of those vacation days, protesting he had never seen their equal, before nor since—it had been the sisters' custom on these visits, to take with them a box of Hannah's cookies. Ostensibly, for the children—but the knowledge had reached them, in due time, that John had been known more than once to partake of a nursery tea, in "cookie time!"

As she helped out the strawberries, Miss Kitty said, "I'm going to take some to John, I'll pick them right after dinner; no one about here has berries as fine as ours."

"Keep your face well shaded. Suppose I step over and see if we can have Deacon Day's buggy?"

"Oh, Hannah, it's so shabby! By the upper road it isn't so very far."

Miss Hannah sipped her tea. "The buggy is shabby. We must walk slowly then. We'll wear our dimity gowns; it's too warm for our black silks."

The dimity gowns had been new only last Summer; Miss Hannah's

had tiny lilac sprigs, on a white ground; Miss Kitty's the slenderest thread of pink. They had been made by Miss Miranda Black, the village dress-maker, in quite the latest fashion—a little modified in Miss Hannah's case, in the matter of what she considered unnecessary furbelows. There had been new bonnets to go with the dresses; Miss Kitty's had pink rose-buds in it, Miss Hannah had insisted on her having them—had equally insisted on purple lilacs, for her own.

At four o'clock—tall, slender, a little prim, they walked slowly down the box-bordered path, to their front gate. Each carried a neatly covered paper-box and an open parasol; from each right wrist dangled a black silk bag. With much ingenuity, they contrived at the same time to hold their ruffled skirts well up from the dusty road, showing thereby the whitest of tucked petticoats, beautifully laundered.

"There's Mrs. Palmer," Miss Kitty said, as they saw a phaeton stopping at Deacon Day's. "She's waiting to speak to us."

Mrs. Palmer was short and stout, and the phaeton was low. Her manner of alighting from it was certainly novel—she simply slid from the broad, low seat to the floor, wriggled a bit, until her feet touched mother earth, then stood slowly up—"And a mighty sensible way it is," she said with a laugh as the sisters reached her.

"Going a-visiting?" she asked.

"We are invited to take tea with our cousins," Miss Hannah answered a little stiffly. She thoroughly disapproved of Mrs. Palmer's manner of alighting from her phaeton.

"What has brought them down this time of year?"

"Our cousins have not explained their reasons to us, as yet."

"Dressing up in your best clothes always did have a bad effect on you, Hannah Winthrop—I reckon you'd like to put your cousins, and all their belongings, under a glass case. How comes it you're walking—why didn't they send the carriage?"

"Cousin John did not bring down the carriage horses this time."

"Well, I won't keep you," Mrs. Palmer said. "You've got a good walk before you, and it's a terribly hot day. To my mind, the game wouldn't be worth the candle. If this phaeton would hold three, I'd drive you over myself."

"Thank you, we much prefer walking. Kitty and I do not feel the heat as much as stout people."

"The Winthrops always did run skin and bone. Good-bye, remember me to John and Elizabeth."

"John and Elizabeth!" For fully five minutes, Miss Hannah walked in silence, then she said emphatically: "Sally Palmer always was too familiar."

It was very hot out on the broad high road. It seemed a long while before they turned into the shady woodland path, with its far-off glimpses of blue sky, flecked with white clouds. Below was the steep bank; on one side, a little brook murmured merrily, while all around them was the soft rustling of leaves, and the calling of birds.

The wood road brought them to a wide lane, bordered on the one hand by fine old trees, on the other, by a hedge of wild roses, coming into bloom.

Miss Kitty broke off a spray of the delicately tinted blossoms. Isn't it pretty here?" she said. I wonder if Elizabeth will have tea on the lawn."

"There's the house, at last," Miss Hannah said.

As they reached a low gate in the shrubbery, Miss Kitty suggested going in that way, and across the lawn; it was nearer than round by the drive.

"Certainly not," Miss Hannah answered. "It was a new departure, our walking over; we do not wish Elizabeth to feel that we are ready to dispense with all ceremony. With Elizabeth, it is necessary to maintain a certain amount of formality."

Those few rods, from the little gate to the big one, seemed suddenly the longest part of the way; their best shoes made every step an effort by now, and their hands ached, holding up their gowns and parasols.

"It's odd we don't hear any one about," said Miss Kitty.

"Probably Elizabeth did not bring down a large party."

"The carriage gates are locked, and the lodge is closed," Miss Kitty cried, a moment later. "Mrs. Turner must be living up at the house."

They stood a moment uncertain, then opening the gate leading to the foot path, bordering the drive, they made their way up to the house. It stood with inhospitably barred doors and windows, a silent mass of grey stone.

"It's closed!" Miss Kitty sank wearily down on the steps. "What shall we do Hannah?"

Miss Hannah put down her box of cookies and closed her parasol. "There's a mistake somewhere."

"Elizabeth's note was dated Thursday, and said to-morrow—which would be to-day, Friday."

"I know," Miss Hannah answered, "it's very puzzling. John must have

had news calling them back to the city immediately. I'll go look for Mrs. Turner."

She soon returned. "There isn't a sign of any one about the place. Mrs. Turner must have gone to the village."

"Elizabeth ought to have let us know."

"Kitty, either Deacon Day made a mistake, or else John and Elizabeth only ran down a day on business—you can see that the place has not been opened lately."

"But—the note?"

"That was our last year's invitation, I've studied it out—that the days of the week came the same, was merely a coincidence. I remember it turned suddenly cold, about the time Elizabeth left The Maples. Probably the deacon wore his old duster the last time for the season, the day we should have got that note. It was like a man to stick it in his pocket and forget all about it. There it has lain ever since, until to-day. Being 'Duster Day' and we chancing to get other mail, it got taken out with the rest."

Miss Kitty drew a long breath. "How clever you are, Hannah,—Father always said you should have been a man and followed the law. So we've been wronging Elizabeth all this time."

"I'll write her to-morrow."

"You won't tell her of our coming here?" Miss Kitty exclaimed.

"No indeed," Miss Hannah answered, "but Sally Palmer's sure to find out all about it—it will give her food for gossip for a month, unless, which isn't likely, something more interesting happens to divert her."

Miss Kitty stretched out her poor tired feet. "However are we to get home?"

"As we came," replied her sister.

"But I'm so tired, hungry, and thirsty."

Miss Hannah untied the box of cookies. "We might as well eat some of these, with those strawberries, and there's a spring down yonder."

They went down the sloping lawn to the little spring. Just beyond stood a grove of young maples. The lawn itself was dotted here and there with fine old trees, beneath them fat red-breasted robins hopped tamely about, scarcely disturbed at the intrusion. From the rose garden, at one side of the house, came the low steady murmur of insects.

"Hannah," said Miss Kitty, "you and I are going to have a garden party."

Miss Hannah looked doubtful. "You ain't planning to eat, here on the grass?"

"Yes, I am."

"We'd be a deal more comfortable on the piazza."

"No, we wouldn't."

And though inwardly protesting, Miss Hannah, with much careful arranging of her draperies, settled herself on the grass and with a sigh of weariness untied her bonnet strings, throwing them back.

Miss Kitty took off her bonnet and black mitts. She spread out the white napkin, from the cookie box, on the grass, and put a bunch of pink roses in the centre. The cookies and strawberries were laid here and there, on little plates made of interwoven maple leaves.

"You are taking a heap of trouble, seeing you're so tired."

Miss Kitty looked up. "I couldn't bear we should have all our getting ready, and walk, and every thing for nothing. All the morning, I was wishing we could go somewhere, or

do something, it was such a perfect day—Elizabeth's note seemed like an answer to the wish—and I'm determined to have my good time some how."

She stuck a rose in her belt and sat down opposite Miss Hannah. "I wonder what Elizabeth would say, to see us?"

"That we were—my gracious, who's this coming!"

Miss Kitty sprang up. "It's the minister!"

Mr. Gray came hurrying towards them, then he stopped, astonished. "Miss Winthrop! And Miss Kitty!"

For the first time in her life, Miss Hannah failed in due outward respect to the Cloth. But it was the first time she had been discovered by this or any other member of it, occupying such a lowly position. It was all very well for Kitty to spring swiftly up—she was young and light on her feet.

"Good afternoon." Miss Hannah held out her hand. "You will excuse my not rising?"

"Is it a picnic?" Mr. Gray asked, "and may I join? I'm very fond of picnics."

"It's a garden party," Miss Kitty answered, blushing a little.

"We shall be most pleased to have you join us," added her sister.

It was a very pleasant little affair. Before she knew it, Miss Kitty found herself explaining the why's and wherefore's of this very modest garden party.

"I too heard that Mr. Winthrop was at The Maples; and, as I wanted particularly to see him on a matter of business, I came over," Mr. Gray explained.

"I am sorry you should have been disappointed," Miss Hannah said.

"I assure you, I am very glad that I came. Do you know, Miss Win-

throp, that I have been your pastor for six months, and this is the first time you have asked me to take tea with you?"

Of course Miss Hannah knew it, and in her hospitable soul had often deplored the necessity for this lack of hospitality. But Mr. Gray was good-looking, forty, unmarried—she was not going to give people a chance to say that she was trying to catch him for Kitty. She could hardly explain this to Mr. Gray, however.

Unconsciously, Miss Kitty came to her rescue. "We've not asked you to tea with us today," she said, and her voice had a ring of laughter, pretty to hear. She was pretty to look at too, under the flush of excitement. Her look of primness had disappeared, and something of her shyness.

Mr. Gray took out his note book. "Then you are going to ask me—What day shall it be, Miss Winthrop? Suppose we say Monday—that, you know, is clergyman's leisure day—and you will have cookies for tea—and strawberries?"

"We shall be very happy to see you on Monday, sir," Miss Hannah said, and the words if a little formal, were perfectly sincere.

Far away, through the stillness, they caught the sound of the village clock, striking the hour.

"Six o'clock," Miss Hannah said. "Kitty, suppose you show Mr. Gray the rose garden before we go. I'll wait here, thank you sir," as the minister offered a hand to assist her in rising.

Miss Hannah only waited, however, until their backs were turned, then she scrambled to her hands and knees, and from thence to an upright position. "There," she gasped, smoothing down her skirts, "that's

a deal better than being hauled up by a man." She gave a little laugh, the words reminding her of Mrs. Palmer. "Maybe it's just as well Sally wasn't about, just now. After all, I don't know which is worse—to be short and stout, or long and stiff?"

The walk home did not seem so long to Miss Kitty. Whether the fact that Mr. Gray insisted on accompanying them had anything to do with it is not known—assuredly, his presence in no wise lessened the distance for Miss Hannah.

Mrs. Day was out on her porch, as the three passed. Mrs. Palmer was there also; possibly she had staid to tea, for the express purpose of seeing the sisters' return.

Miss Hannah felt the curiosity in their eyes pursue herself and her companions, all the way to the Winthrop gate. "I reckon, they're asking themselves how the minister happens to be walking home with us," she said to herself. "They, and all the rest, are bound to find out about that invitation. Somehow, that eating on the grass business doesn't seem quite so foolish, the minister being there—and I guess, when folks hear of his coming to tea on Monday, they'll be too busy over that to bother about any thing else." Certainly, there were times when a man did come in handy.

"Kitty," Miss Hannah said later that evening, "it's as I thought, that envelope has the last September post-mark. I never before neglected to thoroughly examine the outside of a letter—I never will again."

Miss Kitty was guiltily conscious of the fact that down deep in her heart, she was glad that Hannah had failed to observe that post-mark. For once she had really enjoyed a tea at The Maples.

Nor did Mr. Gray, smoking a quiet pipe on his porch, in the twilight, review less pleasurably the events of the afternoon. For the first time in forty years he began to realize—what, for six months, had been quite patent to more than one lady in his congregation—that it was time he married.

"Elizabeth"—John Winthrop tossed a letter into his wife's lap.

"Here's news! Cousin Kitty's going to marry the parson—the wedding's to be in September—we must give them some kind of a blow-out afterwards, at The Maples."

"A garden party would be nice, if the weather kept warm," his wife answered. "I don't suppose Kitty ever went to a garden party."

Which shows, that in this instance, Mrs. John Winthrop was wrong in her suppositions.

Jacob Abbott, A Neglected New England Author

By FLETCHER OSGOOD

IN the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a granite headstone, bearing the inscription:

JACOB ABBOTT
1803—1879

and nothing more.

One who knows the spirit of the man whose body crumbles below, feels a propriety in the choice of New England granite for the material of the headstone. For this man, Jacob Abbott, was of the New England *cultus*, in all but every atom of his spiritual compounding and the substructure of his lofty nature was laid in spiritual granite. Jacob Abbott was not only a deep-founded and lofty man but he was also pre-eminently just and wonderfully calm, gentle, sagacious and unpretending. In its sheer simplicity,

the headstone eminently typifies the man.

I pause here to say what forty years ago would not have needed saying; that Jacob Abbott was a writer, New England born, whose influence with youth and with thoughtful adults in America, and to a large extent abroad, was very great and very sound from 1830, or somewhat earlier than that, to thirty or thirty-five years later. No doubt his influence was potent after this and doubtless in various recondite disguises it is strongly operant now; but its open manifestations were greatest in the period named.

Jacob Abbott came of good New England stock.

Born at Hallowell, Maine, in 1803, he graduated at Bowdoin, taught in Portland Academy and (as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy) at Amherst College.

In the early eighteen thirties, he opened, in Boston, the Mount Vernon school for girls; an advanced institution for those days, which proved eminently successful.

Meanwhile, Abbott wrote the famous Rollo Books, following them by numerous works of juvenile fiction, with others on pedagogy, physics, ethics and religion.

Such books he continued to write up to an advanced age. He was also for a while connected with the Abbott Institute, a successful school in New York City, and for a brief period was pastor of a church in Roxbury, Massachusetts. His life-work, however, was mainly literary, and to further it he travelled extensively abroad.

His educational ideas were well in advance of his time and, to say the least, fully abreast of ours. They looked always to inflexible firmness and consistency of method combined with gentleness and masked, for the young, by playfulness.

They were amply illustrated and justified in the case of his own sons, all of whom, I believe, have attained professional prominence and one of whom (Lyman Abbott) to what may well be termed professional eminence. The Abbott family is, in fact, comparable to the Adams and Beecher families—all three of New England—in the large number of able members which it has contributed to American life.

Jacob Abbott lived to see his works extensively read abroad and died, serenely and nobly as became him, in 1879, at his home in Farmington, Maine.

Jacob Abbott was not long a settled pastor and it is not in his character of a cleric that I now de-

sign to speak of him. Neither, though he was eminent as a teacher—and emphatically so in the Puritan Boston of sixty or seventy years ago—do I care to dwell upon his pedagogic life; but I do assuredly believe that he holds of right today, though without general critical assent, a lofty place among American writers.

I suppose that many literary persons will, at the very outset, feel disposed to regard this claim for Abbott with something more than doubt if not with something like contumely; assuming possibly that Mr. Abbott's title to remembrance as a writer is all summed up in *The Rollo Books* or other like archaic "juveniles."

A recent writer, for instance, upon American literature (in a book which claims to be inclusive) gives serious consideration and honorable space to Lydia Sigourney, Frances Osgood, Percival, Drake, Halleck, Sylvester Judd, the author of "The Lamplighter" and to others of their range—and disposes of Jacob Abbott in a few weak words, as a writer of books for children; not even taking pains, I think, to index him among American authors!

On the whole, then, the time seems to be ripe for putting forth those stronger claims for Jacob Abbott as a writer, which this article will embody.

The greater part of his works are still in print, and if what I am now to say obtains for some of them a greater share of strictly literary attention than they have hitherto received, I shall feel myself amply rewarded.

First, it should be said that the mere fact that a large share of Jacob Abbott's work bears special reference to the needs of youth ought not

to affect at all its place in literature. "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Pilgrims' Progress" are none the less English classics because they are read more by young people than by the older ones.

It is fair, then, to judge the work of Jacob Abbott, not by the readers for whom it was done, but by the quality of the doing. Thus judged, I undertake to say that Jacob Abbott's style, eminently deserves the title, literary, because of its really wonderful directness and clearness; I doubt if any American author quite equals Abbott at his best, in sheer lucidity. Abbott again, it seems to me, sets an example for many highly accredited writers of our time in the noble calmness, poise and absolute sincerity of his style. These virtues, combined, should be especially distinguished, be it noted, from what I am going to term the modern Literary Pose; which, in its self-conscious strivings, so painfully contorts much of the ambitious writing of today. Take in illustration, almost at random, this extract from a chapter in "The Way To Do Good," which Mr. Abbott addresses to the maturest minds:—

"There is no disguise so thin, at least there is none more easily seen through than affectation of piety. * * * Let us be honest, open, direct in all we say or do. If we feel no emotion, let us never feign any:—never. * * * It is only honest, frank, open-hearted, unaffected piety which can gain any great or permanent ascendancy in such a world as ours."

Abbott, in another chapter of the same book, shows the utter hopelessness of church union so long as each denomination insists upon its own fixed perfection and the erroneousness of all others.

"This makes each denomination hopelessly rigid and tenacious in its position. It gives to party spirit a perverted conscience for an ally."

Then follows a finely phrased account of the breakdown of a typical effort to force church union through controversial argument:

"This fruitless struggle being over, it is succeeded, perhaps, after a short pause, by one of a different kind. A fit of love and co-operation comes on. Union in measures and plans is proposed. * * * But while each portion of the church considers its peculiarities essential and all other organizations schismatic what kind of union can this be? It is inevitable that each party will be watchful and jealous. If they mean to take a high-minded and honorable course they will be anxious and watchful lest they should themselves do something to offend their allies and if, on the other hand, they are narrow-minded and envious, they will be on the watch lest the others should do something unjust toward them. The very nature of the case shows what all experience confirms; that such alliances between the denominations while each considers itself the only true church, will always be of the nature, not of a peace among friends but of a temporary and jealous truce between foes. Accordingly, after this phase has been tried a little while, the lurking alienation creeps in again. * * * Then, perhaps comes on another controversy, in which the same old argument, the same old texts, the same old quoting of precedents and straining of words and emphasizing of particles are brought forward against one another for the thousandth time, to prove what never can be proved. Thus the disease alternates. It is an intermittent. There is the cold stage and the hot stage;—the chilly fit of controversy and the fever fit of forced and pretended love."

This is not ideal literature. Redundances possibly occur. A formal grammatic error of the lighter sort may here and there perhaps be traced out in it. But, on the whole, it seems to me that here we have at least *real* literature. Writing extremely clear, entirely to the point, calmly sincere to the core and so without a trace of the self-conscious *straining* that underlies the modern noxious Literary Pose.

Judged by the higher test of characterization, Abbott does not fail. His knowledge of the sort of human nature he chooses to depict is more

than accurate and thorough: it is profound,—or often so. And Abbott has creative genius of no mean order. His “Beechnut,” in whom centres the main interest of the Franconia juvenile books, is an original and even masterly creation, unlike any other that I recall in our literature for young or old, excepting, indeed, the very numerous penumbrae of him that appear and reappear, we must admit, in other works of Abbott.

This “Beechnut,” as a certain number of the readers of this critique may recall, is a Swiss youth, Paris educated, of the artisan class, who, emigrating with his father to America, finds himself soon in the employ of a gentleman of means who lives in a village in the White Mountains. Beechnut’s philosophy is supreme, his sagacity phenomenal, his good nature unassailable, his judgment, tact, manners and knowledge of human nature wonderful to think on. Add to this a shrewd, dry humor, lit up with imaginative drollery, an irreproachable character, and a naive self-recognition of his powers which makes him “no republican” but a beneficent despot among the boys of the village, over whom he deliberately assumes and steadfastly maintains an ascendancy wholly for their good.

That a creation of this sort should be accepted by discerning readers and enjoyed, instead of being instantly rejected as preternatural, seems perhaps a little strange, but so it is. Those of us who know Beechnut somehow in a way *believe in him*, after the literary fashion, as well as altogether like and admire him. There is certainly a saving, genuine life in Beechnut and I suspect—if the comparison may be tolerated in such a connection—that

we take to him in *his* way somewhat as we accept in *its* way the Apollo Belvidere,—as the ideal representation, that is, of a barely possible person whom, under some happy fortuity or other, nature *might*, once in long aeons, actually evolve.

Always excepting Beechnut and his more or less dessicated prototypes and repetitions, Jacob Abbott, for the most part, is in all his characterizations a realist before realism. His Phonny, Rodolphus and Caroline in the Franconia Stories are cases in point. If we take at a venture his booklet “Jasper”—now out of print, I fear, but accessible through libraries—which details the spoiling of her child by a very rich, very soft hearted and very soft headed mother, we shall find it, in its admirable fidelity to actual nature, a type of Abbott’s ordinary work considered in the mass.

I have said that Jacob Abbott’s characterization is frequently profound and so it is; even when it bears especially on the life of youth. But in “Hoaryhead and M’Donner” we have a work that especially appeals to minds that are mature and this work I believe to be—especially in the chapters dealing with M’Donner—a masterpiece of American literature. The Hoaryhead chapters are full of happy characterization, accurate descriptions, and keen, sagacious insight. Take, for instance, the Fergus episode at the very beginning. We are introduced to a plain New England home amid the northern hills. A crippled father bends over the cradle of his infant son who moans in the grasp of a terrible fever. Without, a violent snow storm increases every instant. The father and mother must decide whether to risk their boy

Fergus in an attempt to reach the distant doctor through the fearful storm, or let the baby die. And the decision must be speedy. After a brief but thorough consideration of chances, Fergus is dispatched and through the ominous delay that follows—Fergus not for long returning—the father, unshaken by the mother's desperate anxieties, awaits results in a supreme resignation. "His will" says Abbott—referring to the father—"stood aside." There are periods of the waiting when this father can even feel "pure and heartfelt enjoyment" in this surrender of his son to the absolute disposal of the Most High. And this long before Christian Science had set forth the first word of its lofty claims! Indeed, I know of no one in our literature who develops the splendors of resignation with the superb touch of this granitic old-school Calvinist, Jacob Abbott.

But it is in the chapters treating of M'Donner that we find Abbott at his literary best. Here he gives us in magnificent treatment, the history of a human soul. Incidentally, the country-life of New England as it was seventy-five years ago is treated also, with a fine fidelity to fact both as to physical environment and character drawing: not however by atomic analysis. Abbott does not thus proceed either with the principal or the accessories. His touches are not super-microscopic but they are enough. We sense the scenes and know the characters as if they were under our very eyes. Abbott is here at his best not only in delineating M'Donner the hero, but in his portraiture of Squire Stock, Terry, "The Master," Colonel Shubael, Mr. Josey, and of the imbecile mother of M'Donner. Scenes worthy of reproduction throng in the leading chap-

ters. It is truer of these scenes than of most literary episodes that they need for full appreciation, the vital, interpenetrative force of the whole story with which they are conjoined. Nevertheless, in the hope of sending the reader straight to the reading of "Hoaryhead and M'Donner," let me try the effect of a few extracts. Take, for instance, the highly wrought-up cabin scene where M'Donner, who has passed counterfeit money, threatens "the master" with a butcher knife, while the daft mother potters about; the mind-storm and its violent effects—

"Attracting her' attention in about the same degree as the movements of thieves in a stable at midnight would arouse that of an intelligent horse, feeding in his stall.

"M'Donner seized a butcher knife which lay upon a table near and advanced toward his visitor. The master sat unmoved and looked steadily into the criminal's face without a change in any muscle of his own.

"'You don't know me, master, or you would never come into my cabin here and threaten me with the State's prison to my face. I would put this into you * * * as readily as I would split a shingle bolt if,—you don't know me master. You haven't seen but one side of my character yet, and I advise you not to bring out the other.'

"'I am in no danger,' said the master, calmly.

"'No danger! * * * Yes, you are, in pretty hot danger. You have threatened to have me sent to State's prison.'

"'No,' said the master, 'not exactly.'

"'You have threatened to do all you could toward it.'

"'No, not exactly that.'

"'Well, at any rate, if I get into any difficulty about this I tell you now that I shall know who to lay it to. * * * You'll rue the day you ever moved a finger against me. So take warning.'

"'Mr. M'Donner,' said the master, '* * * You know perfectly well that I am really your friend * * * and would do anything in my power to help you. You know, too, very well, that I should do all in my power under any circumstances, to bring a criminal to justice. Your threats have no effect.—Yes, they have one effect; they make me feel mortified to find that you don't know me any better than to suppose you can frighten me with that butcher knife. I've been in far greater danger from you than your threats put me in now.'

"'When?' said M'Donner.

"'When you lay there,' said the master."

The 'there' was the corner in which M'Donner lay, the winter before, sick with small pox, abandoned by almost every one save the master, who faithfully watched over and nursed him.

I have not, by the way, found in American literature, yet, the nethermost hells of drunkenness pictured with the quiescent power that informs these few, plain words of the deep-knowing Calvinist, Jacob Abbott.

"And then, Terry had a little bright-eyed but pale boy, whom he used to whip when he was intoxicated, as the means of inflicting the severest suffering upon the mother."

Unless my sense is wrong, I accurately feel in this a little, at least, of the terrible potency of Coleridge's "who now doth crazy go," in the great, weird sea tale.

The powerful scene in which the arch scoundrel, Shubael, entices M'Donner to his store in order to deliver him up to a constable and *posse* ought all to be given here but is too long. A few extracts must suffice:—

"M'Donner stepped into the road softly and followed Shubael, calling at the same time: 'Colonel!' Shubael * * * started and turned around abruptly, grasping his cane for an instant a little more firmly and answered the challenge by calling in precisely the same tone, 'M'Donner, is that you?'"

"'Is that *you*?' rejoined M'Donner. 'You don't often honor me with a visit at this time of night.'"

"'I have been to see if I could find out from the old woman where you were,' replied Shubael, 'but I could not get anything out of her. You are crazy to loiter about here. They say they have got good proof and if you are brought in guilty it will be a ten years' business at least and that would about do you up for this world. You had better be off.'"

"M'Donner said nothing in reply but his blood boiled with indignation. The Colonel * * * had laid the temptation before him and encouraged and urged him on and had forced upon him all the work and all the danger yet taking himself a full share of all the profitable proceeds, and now,

when he was encompassed with the most imminent dangers and ruin stared him in the face, his cold-blooded accomplice, instead of having a word of kindness or sympathy for him or proffering the slightest aid, contented himself with telling him, with a sneer, that he had better be off. M'Donner paused an instant and then to Shubael's astonishment and terror, broke forth upon him with a torrent of reproaches which made the cold-blooded hypocrite turn pale. 'You drive me mad,' he concluded, 'tis as much as I can do to keep off of you. * * * I could chuck you down into a chasm close by and in half an hour pitch in so many stones and logs that even the worms could not find you.'"

Presently a nominal reconciliation is patched up, broken soon, however, by M'Donner, who in effect sums up Shubael's character in the following ferocious verbal onslaught.

"'Ten years ago, Terry was a prosperous and happy man and you have ruined him. All his property has gone through your money-drawer, every cent of it. You have got it by cheating him and giving him rum. You have cheated him so often that you have got so as to boast of it. You have broken his wife's heart and killed I don't know how many of his children and now you are a rich man and Terry is a miserable vagabond and you'll both probably die so.' Shubael winced and writhed as he walked along under this cutting rebuke. Most men would have been roused to furious resentment but Shubael's anger was always of the typhoid type and vented itself in low, inarticulate mutterings."

M'Donner enters the store, and at the approach of the *posse* by the road at its front, batters down its back door with a beetle.

* * * "He then pitched the beetle toward the Colonel who was retreating slowly backward. The head of it struck the floor just in front of him and the handle flew over and grazed his knee. * * * M'Donner stalked off deliberately into the back yard, thence climbed leisurely over the fence and walked across the field while the Colonel was rubbing his knee and recovering from his astonishment. * * * The Colonel described the circumstances of the escape to the staring [*posse*], occupied while he talked, in bringing back the door into its place and readjusting the splinters, impelled by the universal feeling which leads us to put the fragment of a broken vessel together again as if to see if they

will not adhere as before. As usual, however, he found that the parts would not stay as he put them and accordingly he let the door and the splinters drop again to the ground. The party then walked back into the front shop, the Colonel limping and often putting his hand to his knee."

If this is not fine realism then I do not know what realism is. The extract embodies also Abbott's peculiar, grave, elusive humor which again is very happily shown in another part of the book, where two collegiates dispute upon the metaphysics of 1825. Interpolating italics, I briefly quote:

"* * * Herman could not answer the question very well, so he was silent,—*contrary to the usual custom of metaphysical disputants.*"

I can but name, in passing, the perfectly handled, keenly realistic scene of the confounding of Squire Stock; where M'Donner brings home to the snarling religionist an irrefutable charge of practical atheism. Briefly, too, must I deal with the episode, well worthy of permanent literary preservation, which involves the vanishing—at the mere sight of the sheriff's baton—of M'Donner's determination to give himself up to the law.

"M'Donner hesitated. His resolution was like a great bubble which had been growing thinner and thinner and verging toward its dissolution while it still retained perfectly its appearance and form and even increased rather than diminished in size and beauty, so that when he approached the door, his mind was completely filled with what bore every semblance of determination; but it was a mere phantom,—a shell—hollow and delusive, the substance being gone. It required but a touch to cause it to burst and disappear. * * * Just then his eye fell upon the baton of the sheriff, standing in the corner of the entry,—the painted badge of his office—the symbol of disgrace and ignominy and miserable solitude. * * * It furnished just the touch necessary to burst the bubble."

Finally I must, with especial emphasis, urge attention to the chapter

called "The Mother" which relates the wanderings of M'Donner's old demented mother from village to village after her lost "boy." The portrayal of the mind malady, with its progression into mania, seems to me perfect, and (waiving for the time an admissible question as to the probability of the final finding of M'Donner) the entire chapter, in its subdued force, and its conveyance of a sense of absolute reality, is not overmatched, I think, (unless by Hawthorne) in any single chapter of American literature. I will go a little further than this and, weighing my words as I say it, undertake to declare that the last scene of all, where the mother finds her "boy" and in an instant of restored reason knows him for hers, then perishes almost in his very arms, is unmatched for profound and melting pathos by any American writing whatsoever.

Let me give a hint here and there of this "Mother" chapter.

"In the meantime the crazed mother rode on, seated upon some bags of wheat which lay in the back part of the wagon. * * * Her mind was evidently running upon her early years of life, when her son was a boy. * * * 'Oh how fast he grew,' she muttered to herself, her head hanging down upon her bosom; 'he weighed eight pounds and three quarters exactly, Friday morning, handkerchief and all. Josey got the steelyards in the store. Then six years after he reached up to the great latch. If he had only learned as fast as he grew—but he would not go to school. And one day he went a fishing away up the Beaver Brook.' * * *

"'What are you talking about old lady?' called out the wagoner from his seat before.

"'I believe he's gone away,' continued the mother in the same tone as before. 'I must whip him if I can get him. * * * He plagues me all but to death.'

"'Old lady!' said the wagoner, in a louder tone. She moved her head a little so as to hear more distinctly, but without raising her eyes.

"'What say?' said she.

"'What is it you're talking about?'

"'About my boy.'

"Your boy? Where is your boy?"

"I don't know where he is."

"Don't know? What is his name?"

"Amos."

"How old is he?"

"I don't know how old he is."

"Well, how big is he then?"

"Oh, he's a pretty big boy, he grew up very fast; the last I remember of him he was a very large boy. * * * I believe he's run away. * * * And I am going after him. * * * Let's see—did he run away? No, I've run away; it's I that have run away."

The poor mother wanders from town to town, sometimes entertained roughly, sometimes kindly; always, however, urged onward by the persistent impulse to seek and find her "boy." Toward the end, they lock her up, but she cunningly escapes and—still dragging from her ankle a remnant of the chain she has filed away—attains and enters at last, in a snow storm, the lonely cabin of M'Donner.

"It was not very cold and the exhausted traveller was in no immediate danger of freezing. * * * The atmosphere of the room fell upon her cheek as if it had been partially warmed by a fire. She laid herself down in a corner and soon fell into a troubled sleep. For the first half hour she occasionally shuddered and shivered and again and again attempted to draw her feet up closer and to cover them with her scanty dress. Afterward she slept more quietly. Her nervous system was losing its sensibility and the powers of life were fast ebbing away. * * * M'Donner entered the cabin. The first glance startled him. The second revealed to him the form and features of his mother. He fell in an instant before her, upon his knees, and put his hand gently upon her cheek. * * * Though terribly shocked he uttered no exclamation."

M'Donner proceeds to every available, gentle office for warming the poor mother and heats some milk for her.

"After these arrangements were made, he turned around to look at his mother again, to see if she was sleeping quietly. Her eyes were wide open and fixed * * * upon him.

"Mother," said he, taking up his dipper and kneeling down before her with it in his hand, 'my dear mother, here is a little

milk for you.' She kept her eyes fixed upon him with a wild stare, which was almost terrifying. * * * 'Mother,' said M'Donner, 'this is Amos. Don't you know Amos? Here is some milk for you, mother, take a little milk.' She permitted the milk to be put to her lips and drank of it, stopping once or twice to gaze at her son.

"Amos," said she, feebly, 'Yes, I knew I could find you, Amos.' * * * 'No, you are not Amos. You are a man.' She shut her eyes and remained a few minutes silent and motionless. Presently she opened them again. * * * Her recollection was gradually returning. Either the sudden shock which her mind had received at the sight of her son or else that mysterious influence under which the reason is so often restored during the half-hour that precedes dissolution, threw for a few moments, her distorted intellect into right and healthy action. 'Amos,' said she, 'is that you? Where am I? Oh, what a terrible dream I have had!'

"Never mind it, mother," said her son, 'you are safe here at last, and I will take care of you, now.'

"What did you go away from me for, Amos?"

"The man of iron turned his head away; his eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, my mother,' said he, 'what an ungrateful, undutiful son I have been.'

"Oh no, Amos, you have not been ungrateful; you have always been a kind, good boy. Don't be troubled about it; that makes me feel worse than all the rest.' * * *

"After a few minutes' silence she said again, her eyes fixed steadily upon her son, 'Amos, my boy, where are you, Amos?'

"Here I am, mother,—here,—looking her full in the face—'Don't you see me, mother?'

"No," she answered, feebly, 'I can't see you. I can't see anything. But be a good boy, Amos, and always say your prayers and I shall see you again some day or other, I know.'

"Amos brought her hand down from her forehead so as to close her eyes. 'Go to sleep now, mother, a little while. * * * And then you will feel better.' Her eyes remained closed and her respiration continued regular, like that of a person in a natural sleep. Amos sat breathless by the fire, watching her. * * * His agitating thoughts were interrupted by a movement at the couch of the patient. He was at her side in an instant. The audible breathing, however, ceased and the anxious son's hopes were revived on perceiving that the sleeper was more quiet than before. 'She rests,' he said. 'She will awake better. Thank God!' * * * He crept softly back to the fire and began to prepare more food for her, to be ready when she should again open her eyes.

"He waited half an hour and the sleeper's rest continued undisturbed. 'She sleeps very quietly,' he said to himself, at length, looking toward her; 'too quietly. I wish I could hear her breathe a little. It would not seem so lonely.' He crept softly to her side. He listened attentively. He put his ear close to her face. He laid his hand upon her cheek. She was dead. She had been dead for half an hour."

Perhaps this scene, abbreviated thus and out of its connection, will fail to make the impress which I claim for it. For myself, I read "Hoaryhead and M'Donner," as a classic, once a year or so and to this day this scene retains with me all its first power; indeed, upon the whole, intensifies with time. I am ready to believe—I *do* believe—that it is even great.

Of course it is quite true that Jacob Abbott's purpose in his typical writings was not chiefly literary but foundationally ethical, philosophic or religious; true also that

he frankly avows and consistently maintains this. But the fact, I think, has not a whit to do with the question of the literary excellence of his workmanship. It is again true that Jacob Abbott's theologic views—exhibiting, if I may say so, in some of their assumptions, the magnificent naïveté of old-school Calvinism—are hardly in accord with what we name the advanced thought of our time. But this again, it seems to me, is absolutely of no moment in a literary question.

To help restrain our literary straining, to give repose (not pose) to what we write, to make our writing genuine to the core and very limpid, to aid our characterizations to be strong and true—and yet not super-microscopic,—we need to-day—we sorely need, I think—a Jacob Abbott literary cult.

The Star of Love

By CLARENCE H. URNER

Black hang the heavens above;
Below the dark, swift waters roll;
But bright the star of Love
That lights the portals of my soul.



A French Peace Advocate

By ELIZABETH FOSTER

IT is a curious fact that while a number of remarkable books have been published during the past decade on the abolition of war, English and American writers have contributed nothing of any importance on the subject.

It is true that our small standing army and England's relatively small army prevent either America or England from feeling the vast and crushing burden of military expense as it is felt by the Continental nations, but this cannot wholly account for the silence on this subject.

France and Russia have made the greatest contributions to the literature of peace. Jean de Bloch's monumental work is too well known to need more than a passing reference. His theory is that the increasing cost and destructiveness of war will bring about its abolition. While many parts of de Bloch's book are of absorbing interest he nowhere states the philosophy and the causes of war with the clearness and simplicity of Paul Lacombe whose "*La Guerre et L'Homme*" deserves to be far more widely known and read than it is at present.

According to M. Lacombe, primitive fighting almost always proceeded either from a desire for procuring the means of life—an economic reason—or for securing captives to work for the victor; this plainly shows that "man fears daily toil more than death."

Tribal man soon learned that he detested the individuals of another

tribe, and that intense pleasure arose from the fervent sympathy with his tribesmen which he felt while in conflict with strangers. This is the genesis of what we call national feeling.

National feeling, national vanity or national pride, for M. Lacombe thinks we use the terms synonymously, will always predominate over economic motives in a democracy. In a democracy also national pride or vanity is always seconded by international hatred. It used to be said that international antipathy passed away with closer intercourse and clearer knowledge. Such does not however appear to be the case for the rapid growth of the habit of reading newspapers and the influence of the daily press probably greatly increases the strength of international hatred, living as we do in "a perpetual atmosphere of gossip" about foreign nations.

We all recollect the disastrous influence of the German press during the Boer war and during our own Spanish war, and the more recent delicate situation caused by the English and American anti-Russian newspaper statements which characterized the first weeks of the Russo-Japanese conflict. Such mischief is always slowly mended and we need only take a brief look backward into our own history to see how lasting is the bitterness which it creates.

With each war international hatred grows; as the national feeling

which knits together the individuals of a nation increases so also increases the jealousy and dislike for other nations. A curious example of national feeling is given us by the gradual change of the Latin word *hostis* which once meant simply a stranger—a foreigner—into enemy, which later became its chief meaning.

M. Lacombe gives a most logical and entertaining answer to those who advocate war as a great regenerative moral force.

All will agree, he says, that an unjust war cannot be good for the morals; but for a war to be just either we must be attacked or justice must be in jeopardy—that is to say we must have an unjust adversary. So therefore if we desire war for our own regeneration we must be wishing for the degeneration of our neighbor. Can this be moral?

Duruy says: "War strengthens the masculine virtues which peace stifles." Lacombe asks why is it then that comparatively few nowadays go of their free will to war which nourishes these virtues?

Valbert says: "War not only ennobles individuals but whole nations." "That is to say," says Lacombe, "war even ennoble those who do not fight."

We are told, he says, that nothing is more beautiful than the devotion of a soldier who dies for his country, and therefore war which permits the display of this virtue must not be abolished. But the devotion of a doctor or nurse who catching diphtheria or cholera from a patient meets death is beautiful; shall we therefore persevere with care the germs of these diseases, or would it even be better to cultivate them and scatter them? The devotion of firemen who risk their lives

in fires is noble, so perhaps lest the opportunity for their courage should be found lacking, it would be well for us to kindle incendiary fires; admirable also is the courage of the sick who go through surgical operations without a murmur, would it not therefore be well to prohibit ether in order to encourage endurance?

Loti calls war "the one and only school of self-abnegation, vigour and courage." It is a school in which however these virtues must always be exercised at the expense of some one else. Is this justifiable? Man braves death in war and so gains perhaps moral strength but he only does it at the cost of trying to inflict death. "Is it permissible to seek to acquire a personal advantage—even if this advantage is as purely moral as heroism—by shedding blood?"

Lacombe goes even farther: "The desire to be a hero is after all only egotism and the most seductive, fascinating and delicately depraved of all forms of human egotism."

War does not make heroes, but it brings out the heroic quality in those in whom it already existed just as this quality is developed in all great calamities, flood, famine and pestilence. On the other hand war always causes many characters who were neither actually bad nor positively good to commit crimes. "It is the most dangerous of all atmospheres for the poor inconsistent virtues of humanity, a terrible atmosphere in which we ought never to risk the morality of our race so painfully acquired and so fragile in its character."

M. Lacombe believes that the final destruction of war may be brought about by some one of the following reasons:

First: The increasing murderous-

ness of weapons.

Second: The increasing cost of war.

Third: The practice of arbitration.

Fourth: The fear of socialism and of Revolutions.

Fifth: The propaganda of socialism in favour of international peace which influences the working classes.

Sixth: The ascendancy of women.

Seventh: Some accidental cause not now foreseen.

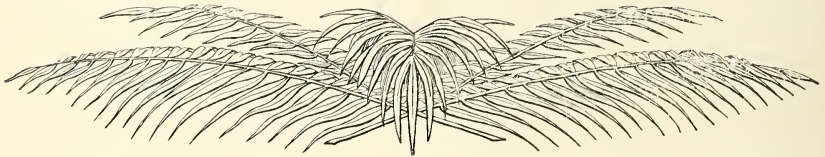
The fourth and fifth possible causes for the abolition of war are chiefly of interest to those countries where conscription and huge standing armies bring the subject home to every citizen; in the United States we are happily free from their consideration and our socialists concern themselves more with local than with international subjects. In spite of de Bloch's opinion that the first cause, that of the increasing murderousness of weapons will be one of the chief factors in the destruction of war, that factor has been but little referred to in the present Russo-Japanese struggle. In every discussion the cost has been the subject chiefly referred to, and we have heard more of bond-issues than we have of recruits.

The practice of arbitration has

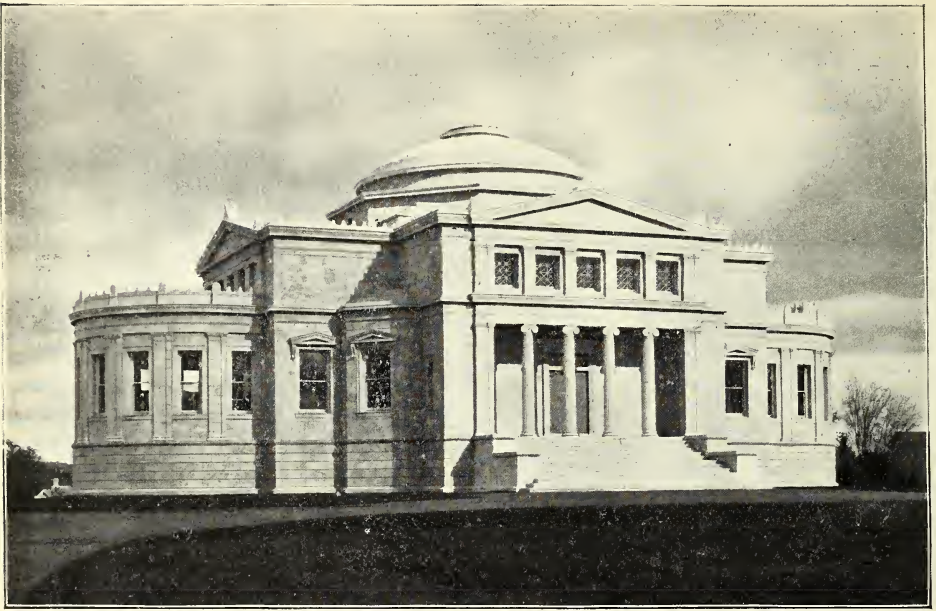
gained greatly in the public estimation. The recent signing of the French and English treaty of arbitration is a stride forward and rumors of other treaties of arbitration fill the air.

M. Lacombe's sixth possibility, that of the ascendancy of women, is one which so far has been negative. Women have through nursing organizations and sanitary commissions done much to mitigate the horrors of war, but whether they are ready to throw their influence in the scale of peace is doubtful. Not long since a number of women were discussing whether or not efficiency in war was the test of a nation's greatness. Not only the majority of women present believed efficiency in war was the test, but they considered war to be a great moral and intellectual quickener and therefore on the whole to be beneficial to the National life.

It is to combat such ideas and theories that Lacombe, Letourneau, Anitchkow, Noricow and a whole school of French and Russian authors are working, and it is a subject which in view of our increasing naval and military expenses and our daily growing concern in world politics becomes of more and more vital importance to us.







JAMES BLACKSTONE MEMORIAL LIBRARY, BRANFORD, CONN.

A Model Public Library

IN almost no other phase of modern life have education and art, the intellectual and æsthetic, found such pronounced expression and made such rapid progress as in the Public Library. If one wishes to gain a correct idea of the general knowledge and life of the people, and form an accurate estimate of the status and character of art in America, he can best do so by a study of her modern libraries. In their catalogues and records he will find evidence of wide information and intellectual progress, and in the structures themselves some of the finest specimens of architecture and art. So pronounced is this fact in the present day that our more recent libraries seem rather the home of the beautiful than of the purely literary and educational. It is in truth a far

cry to these days of model-libraries from the year 1732, when Franklin put in operation his first subscription library scheme and called it "the mother of North American Subscription Libraries." It still exists in the Quaker city in the Philadelphia Public Library Company. The first real free public library in America was founded in Philadelphia by James Logan, Secretary to William Penn.

The largest library in the United States is the Congressional in Washington, D. C., while the Boston Public Library is the first monumental one in the great library movement of recent years. The example and influence of this library has been pronounced, and its style, methods and decorations are much in evidence in many of the more



recent ones. Some of these, notable for their size and beauty, are the libraries in Newark, New Jersey, Providence, Rhode Island, Duluth, Minnesota, Tacoma, Washington, and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Perhaps the finest recent example of a model library, notable for its architecture, the completeness of its equipment, and for its art decorations, is the Blackstone Memorial Library of Branford, Connecticut, of which the architect was Mr. S. S. Beman of Chicago.

The extreme outside dimensions of this building are 162 feet by 129 feet, the plan approximating the form of a Latin cross. The construction is fireproof throughout, steel beams, tile arches and partitions being used. The exterior, including the roof of dome, is entirely of Tennessee marble of a very light tone. The main front is toward the south, in which is the vestibule with its bronze doors. On one hand are the stack-room with its encircling book galleries of iron and marble, librarian's room and catalogue room; on the other hand, students' rooms and reading rooms; while in front are the grand staircase, the side entrance and the lecture hall. The view is enhanced by the polished marble columns in the foreground, which add distance to the remoter rooms. On the second floor the edifice assumes the plan of the Greek cross, and on that floor are art galleries, reception rooms and directors' rooms. There is a charming vista from the art galleries across the rotunda to the proscenium arch of the lecture hall, and the variation of light and shade, form and color will long be remembered. On this floor also is the rotunda gallery, a pleasant lounging place from which to view the series of eight panels

which comprise the pictorial decoration of the dome, "The Development of the Book," and while the whole has been so treated as to supplement and become an integral part of the architectural idea, the literary and historical sides of the subject have received careful consideration and study.

In the first of the series, "Gathering of the Papyrus," is shown two Jewish slaves—a man and a woman—toiling in the marshy lowlands along the banks of the Nile, gathering papyrus. "Records of the Pharaohs," the second of the series, and also Egyptian, represents an officer of the court of Pharaoh, dictating from a papyrus roll to a worker, who is transcribing the records to the base of a monument. In "Stories from the Iliad," the incident taken is that of a minstrel reciting to an interested group of listeners, while one of them, a Greek youth, with stylus and tablet, is transcribing to enduring form the words as they fall from his lips.

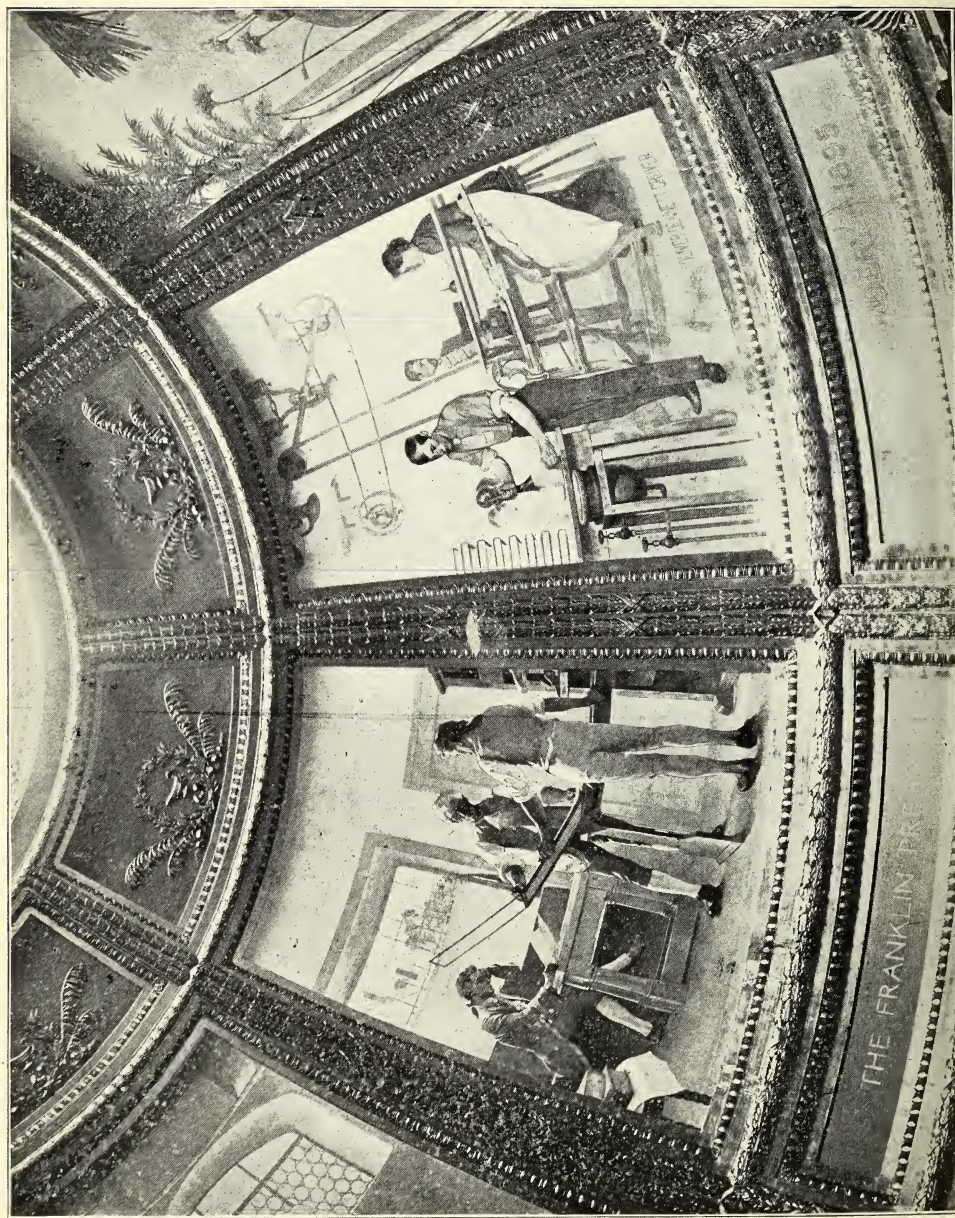
In "Mediæval Illumination" is illustrated the illumination of books by white-robed monks. In the soft tones of this picture and the quiet earnestness of the three figures infinite patience is suggested.

In "Venetian Copper-Plate Printing" is shown the beginning of the modern tendency toward mechanical reproduction. Printing from engraved or etched plates with the clumsy hand-press was very early brought to a high state of perfection, and for certain kinds of work has never been superseded, nor, indeed, materially improved upon.

The next important point in the development of the book is taken to be the introduction of movable types, and the sixth panel supposes the instant when the German in-



PAINTING IN THE DOME OF THE BLACKSTONE MEMORIAL LIBRARY



PAINTING IN THE DOME OF THE BLACKSTONE MEMORIAL LIBRARY

ventor, Gutenberg, inspects the first proof of the now famous "*Gutenberg Bible*" as it is handed him by his assistant.

The scene of the seventh picture is laid in America, and supposes a printing room, in which two men, dressed in the costume of Colonial times, are operating what is known as the "Franklin Press," an improvement on the old-time machines of Gutenberg and his contemporaries. In front of the low, broad window at the back of the room, is seated a man at a table correcting proof, and in the foreground lies a pile of books.

The eighth and last picture deals entirely with that part of book-making which may be, and indeed often does, amount to a fine art in itself. But the dress of most modern books is put on amid the buzzing of wheels and the clicking of machinery. Such bindery is here represented as far as the artist's necessities would permit realistic representation. Shafts, pulleys and belts, steam and electricity, would hardly seem hopeful materials from which to build a decorative composition, but a careful adjustment of tones and arrangement of line, together with its pictorial illustration of the subject, "*A Book Bindery, 1895*," bring it into harmony with its neighbors and make it a fitting ending to the series. A simple, quiet harmony pervades the whole, giving the effect as if the dome had grown

up—pictures and architecture together being a unit in their appeal for recognition to the sense of beauty in the beholder.

In the intervals between the arches are medallion portraits of New England authors: Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant and Emerson. The dome pictures and the portraits are of great artistic merit, and are the work of Oliver Dennitt Grover, who also painted the decorations in the dome of the Blackstone Library at Chicago.

An interesting feature of the hall is the solid marble staircase. This is monumental in character and built self-supporting, on the arch principle, after the manner of the ancients. Descending this circular stairway, we come to the lecture room, entrance hall and the two side entrances of the building. Continuing down, we reach the basement, with its lavatories, gymnasium, boilers and pumps, gas machines, electric switches, heat-regulating apparatus, etc.

The lecture-hall, a room 40 feet by 50 feet, is the only portion of the building finished in wood throughout. Its carved oak pilasters and wainscoting run up to the arched and paneled ceiling, and their emblematical carving, while not profuse, is enough to give an air of richness to the whole.

The cost of the building was \$285,000.



Hermit Thrushes

By GRACE LATHROP COLLIN

IT was the first Thursday in the month, the appointed day that Regina Billings should spend with Rhoda. As she drew near her sister's domicile she might have fancied that in her journey through the town she had circumnavigated the globe, and that the house she had left behind her was now risen up before her, so close was the similarity between the two dwellings. Each was painted a gray, with white outlines, not unlike the gray gingham with white braid edging which Regina wore. Behind the house was a trig gray barn, with a barnyard proportionate to a small Jersey cow, even as the porch seemed adapted to the kitten curled at the head of the steps. Across the road ran a little brook, where a flock of gray and white geese were disporting themselves, part in the water, part, owing to the limited accommodations, waiting their turn on the bank.

Rhoda, with beaming face, appeared in the door. "You know how I've been looking forward to your coming," said she. "Sure you aren't tired with your walk? Then suppose I finish splitting those kindlings."

"I'll stack," offered Regina, loosening her bonnet strings.

"That will be real sociable. Here, I'll hang up your bonnet. We were smart, weren't we, to start off shopping by ourselves, and out of all the head-gears in Putnam, to come home, each of us, with a black straw with red berries."

They turned the corner to the scrupulous square of grass forming the back yard. It was bordered with petunias, and on the clothes-line a row of towels was snapping briskly. Rhoda took her place before the chopping block and with apparently no greater expenditure of energy than if she were knitting, split the yellow sticks, which Regina bore off to the dark inner wall of the woodshed. In amiable taciturnity they continued this modified form of "Anvil Chorus," until Regina gave the conclusive whack to a stick cleft upon the axe. She brushed the chips into a pan, while Rhoda hung the axe in its place. Then the sisters turned to the house, and without comment fell into the customarily agreed division of the labor of preparing dinner in the shining kitchen, and of setting the table in the blue-painted dining room. After the meal, in the same social abstraction, they set the rooms "to rights," spread the table with white netting, and with wildly crackling besoms of split paper, drove out an intrusive bumble bee. The final chord of the duet was the lowering of the shades, introducing a cool gloom that intensified the perfume from a vase of heliotrope.

"And now what?" Regina inquired.

"What would you say to blue-berrying? There's an extra sun-bonnet right on the nail there."

Each woman took in her shapely, tanned hand a bright tin pail, whose

foolish inadequacy made manifest the constant disparity between their daily tasks and their daily vigor. In preparation for the childish errand, there was a Roman directness of purpose, and the gingham skirts were gathered into a peplus-like effect. They might have been on their way to the amphitheatre, as they strode off in single file across the warm soil. Their path was discernible in its perspective, but under foot lost itself in a tangle of purplish white bayberries, polished scrub-oak, twin leaves of winter-green and low huckleberry bushes. Beyond stretched the open hillside, where cream-colored grasses, interspersed with crimson clover-heads, rose and reclined with the breeze. At the sky-line were stationed three elms, in shape like upright morning glory blossoms, outlined against a sky streaked with the pale rays of "the sun drawing water." From somewhere came the cawing of crows, not a marauding sound,—rather the tranquility of enough and to spare. Rhoda swung round on her heel, and with an inclusive gesture, extended her arm statuesquely toward the landscape. Regina, dowered with a similar silence, nodded appreciatively. The two expressed themselves further only by the sound of blueberries bobbing against pail bottoms.

Not until this sound had been dulled by successive layers of berries did Rhoda speak. "Seems to me I never could have endured to pick those berries without someone to talk to. But I reckon we have enough now. Let's sit down for a spell in the way Nature intended, instead of hunching ourselves over those diddling little bushes." She turned to a clump of birches behind them, with tremulous leaves and

smooth, speckled trunks silvered in the sunlight. "The day's getting on, and there are ever so many more matters I feel I'd like to turn over with you."

Conversation when indulged in at all between the Billings sisters was no idle chatter. It had the form and substance of dialogue. As was their custom, they proceeded to review their own situation, which would then serve as vantage point from which to survey surrounding affairs.

"I've never regretted that we spoke to Lee that very first night. Of course, he and his wife expected that we'd go right on in the front bedroom that we'd had since we were girls."

"Ida said she was disappointed."

"And Lee said he'd build us a house."

"Being our brother, he didn't mean to show it, but he was surprised when we said each of us wanted a house."

"Ida asked if we weren't afraid we'd be lonely."

"We said we'd never had a chance before to be lonely. And if for a few minutes now and then we should feel a mite solitary, we shouldn't blame anybody."

"From the time mother used to buy full dress-patterns and cut them in two for us little girls, and take two of the hats with crowns stuck into each other from the pile at the milliner's, we've never known what it was not to have enough of anything. But we'd never known what it was to have all there was of anything."

"We'd always divided things,—the hooks in the big closet, the four poster, the high-boy, the sweet-pea bed. At our age, one would think we might try a change."

"Some people thought, when we

separated, it was because we wanted different things."

"Well, as we told the builder, we needn't take up his time describing what each of us wanted, for our tastes were always alike, and they weren't different just because we weren't planning to look out of the same window and go through the same door."

"Ida was afraid that people might think we were just a little bit queer."

"Then they'd be mistaken."

"And she was afraid we'd take to heart what people thought about us."

"No danger. We've too much on hand, thinking about people."

"Ours is a mighty comfortable way to live."

"Sometimes I wonder what I've done that I should be so comfortable."

"What have you done that you shouldn't be comfortable?"

"Well, it isn't the usual lot of old maids."

"And that's what we are. When I was a girl, I supposed, of course, I'd marry. I remember I used to think, 'It's no use planning as far ahead as that; I'll be married before that, to somebody or other.' If I'd been told I'd never marry, I'd have been disappointed."

"The closest to a disappointment I've had was being disappointed that I wasn't disappointed. When I was a girl, I'd have pitied a woman like me,—living all by herself, and never having had an offer in her life. And yet here I am, perfectly comfortable."

"Maybe we'd feel differently if we'd ever seen a man we'd have cared to marry,—or who cared to marry us."

"If the Lord had raised up a twin

brother of any of the men our friends have married, how would you—"

"Oh, come now. Putnam is full of good men. Most men are good, I guess."

"Most men strike me as being the same kind, anyway."

"Well, there's one good thing. If there weren't enough made to go 'round, it's lucky you and I don't seem to need them."

"I tell you, there's nothing like our way of living, to get the real satisfaction out of things. Now—"

"Rhoda!" shrilled a voice from the house. "Rhoda!"

"That's Abby Stetson. I'd know her voice anywhere. So it would appear she's the one we've been picking berries for. I suppose she thinks it's a real favor in her to come. I declare, Regina, there are times when it's a task to take the deed for the will."

They trudged back, and greeted with philosophic cheerfulness the figure of Mrs. Stetson, standing in the sunlight of their doorway. "So there you are," she said, her large light blue eyes in their hollowed sockets roving in futile curiosity about the familiar rooms. "I called through the house and I didn't get any answer. Been out in the field?"

"Yes," said Rhoda briefly, "but we've come in now."

Regina, feeling at ease as hostess in a parlor furnished with hanging baskets in the windows, haircloth furniture and scrolled carpet exactly like her own, took charge of the guest.

"I can't get over the way you two sisters live. There's nothing under the canopy that's queerer. Each of you living in a little house as if she was all alone in the world, with her own sister in another little house,

just like it, two miles off. And each thinking there's nobody quite as wise as the other, and yet preferring her own society. And setting certain days to come and visit, and yet not making any company of each other. But now I suppose you don't see anything queer in all this?"

"No," replied Regina, with untroubled, reliant gaze at her sister, emerging from the cellarway.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Stetson, resorting to rocking.

"Won't you lay off your bonnet and stay to tea?"

"That *is* an idea. My daughter has driven over to East Weston on an errand, and I said she might leave me here and call for me on her way back this evening, while I stopped and cheered you up a bit, for I thought you must be lonely."

"Don't move, Regina," said Rhoda, appearing at the door. "I set an extra plate when I sorted the berries."

On the daughter's return, the "Billings girls" escorted Mrs. Stetson on her progress, each stage marked by a monologue, from the piazza, across the lawn, and up the steps of the buggy, waiting with cramped wheels. "Now I hope that when either of you feels lonesome, and if the day hasn't come round for you to go and see each other, you'll come and visit with me," she called between the buggy curtains. "Good-by."

The sisters turned to each other. "One gets to studying over Mrs. Stetson, doesn't one?" remarked Rhoda, unperturbed.

"Yes," returned Regina, serenely. "She's splendid company after she's gone."

Ruminating on their neighbor's eccentricities, they watched the dusk fall. "There's my star up above the elm," sighed Regina. "That means I must go home. I've had a lovely time. I'll just be counting the days till you come to spend the day with me."

"You know how I feel," said Rhoda. "Good night."

The hostess was left alone. As the darkness gathered, the katydids in the elms, the frogs in the pond, joined in louder chorus. But the human voice was stilled. The quiet was like balm. The pleasure of the day, deepening from anticipation into realization, was now consummated in reminiscence. Nevertheless, it had been a departure from the habit of her days, and the recurring sense of an encompassing isolation was as the sense of donning a familiar garment. Rhoda knew that Regina, pacing the village street, either hastening or loitering at her own whim, was expanding in the same freedom. In a tacit fellowship, the two sisters resumed the full indulgence of their capacities for solitude.

Rhoda roused herself. "I guess Regina must have reached home by this time," she said. "And as we've always agreed about bedtime, I may as well go in, too. Sometimes, if it wasn't for knowing that Regina lived within two miles, and I was going to see her twice a month, I believe I might feel a bit lonely, after all."

A Dream of Emancipation

By ANNA B. A. BROWN

SOME persons there are who come into the world a century or so too late, and find the work they would do already under way or even completed; others there are who come a century or so too soon and find that no matter how hard they struggle, no matter how earnest their efforts may be they are perpetually hindered and discouraged by an incredulous people. For the former there is a life of quiet submission to the decrees of fate, an uneventful and prosaic career; for the latter there is a life full of sorrow, of keenest disappointment, sometimes of persecution, and always of heart-break and suffering.

In this latter class belongs Frances Wright, lecturer, writer, free-thinker, reformer, agitator and abolitionist, who established in West Tennessee the first industrial training-school for negroes that was ever attempted in this country—or any other. She anticipated the work of Hampton Roads by nearly half a century, of Tuskegee by nearly a century, and because the time was not yet ripe for such an innovation, and because reformers were then, as always, misunderstood, her work failed and she was made the object of much derision and more injustice.

It is one of the peculiar contradictions that Fortune loves to use in surprising her skeptical world that in the very heart of a slave-holding country should be established the first institution that was to work toward the emancipation of negroes. And a woman was its head.

A tract of land in south-west Tennessee about ten miles east of Memphis and lying along Wolf River was purchased by Frances Wright in 1825, fourteen years after Nicholas Roosevelt had brought the first steamboat down the Mississippi. There were 1240 acres in the tract and it was given the musical name of Nashoba after the Indian tribe that had lived there and also for the river, (Wolf) which had formerly borne that name. This land was to be cleared and on it was to be established a manual-training school with the added advantages of plantation life. Houses and cabins were to be erected and negro families installed with the understanding that as soon as each negro proved himself or herself capable of self-support and ready for the responsibilities of freedom, this freedom would be given. In fact each person was to purchase himself with his own labor.

The trustees of this institution included many of the most prominent men of the times. Among them were members of the industrial settlement at New Harmony, Indiana. As given in the original documents they were the Marquis de la Fayette, William McClure, Robert Owen, Cadwallader D. Owen, Richardson Whitby, Robert Jennings, Robert Dale Owen, George Flowery, James Richardson and Sylvia Wright, the sister of Frances Wright.

One of the most valued supporters of the movement was the Marquis de la Fayette, whose family the

Wright sisters had visited from time to time in France, and who became an ardent and enthusiastic supporter of the philanthropic and quixotic enterprise. When he came to the United States in 1824-25, to visit a delighted nation, he was a guest for a short while at Nashoba, coming by boat by way of Nashville. He showed keenest interest in the plans of the colony and shortly before he sailed for France he wrote Miss Wright the following letter, sending it in the care of General Jackson, Nashville, Tenn.

(Translation.)

Washington, 26th August, 1825.

"I have returned from my Virginia trip without finding here a letter from you, my dear Fanny. My table was covered with correspondence, American and French, particularly from La Grange, which answered to your ship-wreck and your fall, charging me with much love for both of you.

"I sent before leaving here the answer of Mr. Jefferson, whom I found very ailing. Our mutual adieus were very sad, as you may believe.

"My conversations with Mr. Madison, going and coming, have demonstrated to me that you have no better friend in the United States, and make me wish that you would cultivate the friendship. Mr. Madison is to address his answer to Nashville. These two friends seem to augur well of your plans, though not believing in so prompt a success of which the indispensable condition is its Southern origin and colonization. I have showed your paper to Mr. Monroe, who has approved of it under the conditions just stated. He is going to sell his Albermarle Plantation and would like to introduce on that of Lansdowne free white labor; perhaps these circumstances might lead to something done with him.

"Chief Justice Marshall has, under seal of secrecy, your prospectus, and will shortly write me his opinion confidentially. You know he is nominal president of the Colonization Society. They say their approbation will do more harm than good, but I found their good-will sincere and my daily conversations during the Virginia trip indicate a gradual amelioration of public opinion.

"The loss of my pocket-book (which has since been recovered), and therefore of your address, does not prevent me from thinking that the two letters addressed care of Mr. Rapp near Pittsburg, will have reached you; the third has been sent to General Jackson.

"We dine with the President of the United States on the sixth of September when I enter on my 69th year. Next morning we will go in the steamboat to visit the frigate, Brandywine, at the nearest point where she can await us, and from there we leave for the far shores of Europe.

"This is not yet an adieu, dear daughters. You know I need no such sadly solemn an occasion to embrace you with all my heart. La Fayette."

Another whose encouragement Miss Wright counted on was Jefferson, whom the Marquis believed to be favorably inclined toward her idea, and who had already thought much and deeply on the negro question. Jefferson was more of a prophet on this subject than is generally known. In his autobiography under the date of 1822 he discusses a bill for the emancipation or deportation of slaves. He writes of certain features of the proposed bill, and concludes:

"It was thought better that this should be kept back and attempted only by way of amendment whenever the bill should be brought on. The principles of the amendment, however, were agreed on, that is to say, the freedom of all born after a certain day and deportation at a proper age. But it was found that the public mind would not yet bear the proposition, nor will it bear it even this day. Yet the day is not far distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of Fate, than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation, peaceably and in such slow degree, as that the evils will wear off insensibly, and their place be, *pari passu*, filled up by free white laborers. If, on the contrary,

it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up. We should in vain look for an example in the Spanish deportation or deletion of the Moors. This precedent would fall far short in our case."

For two years the little negro colony at Nashoba carried on a shiftless, unsatisfactory existence. The country was new and strange and thinly settled. Memphis, at that time a little village seven years old, was carrying on a trade with the Indians and with the few early settlers, laying then the foundations for the great commercial interests she now holds. Forty miles to the east of Nashoba was a group of three or four houses and newly cleared plantations called La Grange as a compliment to La Fayette's home in France. Between these two hamlets lay a new, almost unsettled country, a forest region where wolves were still plentiful and where deer and other wild animals awaited the exterminating processes of civilization. But the land was wonderfully rich; it offered then the advantages that have been realized today—those of a prosperous, productive and healthy plantation life.

Even though the tract she chose was forest-crowned, Frances Wright realized its possibilities and with her own private funds as the sole capital, set about a philanthropic task that would have discouraged any one else but a woman of her indomitable will, launching a new enterprise that was the first of its kind in this country. She installed fifteen negro families in temporary quarters that they themselves hastily erected under the supervision of an overseer and then set them to work to clear the land. The rich alluvial soil near the river and some of the land on the

hill-sides was cleared, log-cabins were built for the slaves and more pretentious cottages for Miss Wright and her overseer.

The work for the colony was planned on the lines that obtain nowadays in most industrial training schools and that always obtained on the Southern plantations before the war. Farming, stock-raising, carpenter-work, shoe-making, blacksmithing, meat-curing, cooking, house-work, sewing, weaving, and spinning were to be taught, according to the sex of the pupil, with some rudimentary knowledge of reading and writing. The entire plan was patterned unconsciously after the plantation life in Virginia and North Carolina where most of the simple and useful crafts were taught the slaves.

There was, however, this difference: where the other slaves worked for their master's gain as well as for their own, these worked with the knowledge that whatever they earned was credited to their account and all over and above their board and living expenses was to apply to their own purchase. It was meant to give an added incentive to them for working, for while Miss Wright realized the gravity of freeing them and throwing them at once on their own resources, she believed that they would be more ambitious, try to learn more, try to improve themselves in every way, so when the desired freedom came they could make their own way in the world.

Bravely and hopefully the venture was begun by Miss Wright amid the sneers and discouraging criticisms of the Northern Pro-Slavery party and the smiles of amusement of the Southern planters—who knew the negro. Obstacles met her at the start. The negroes were a shiftless

lot, totally untrained, thoroughly incompetent when put on their own resources, though docile and tractable and willing to obey. The land, poorly cultivated, yielded little the first year; the overseer sickened and there was none to look after the plantation but the beautiful, unpractical young philanthropist. Finally the malaria crept up the river and attacked these people who were unused to it and unprepared to cope with it. All sickened though none died. Such discouragements proved too many and the colony was a failure.

Weak in body and sick at heart over the bursting of her rainbow bubble with its many hopeful tints, Frances Wright consulted with her trustees and concluded to give up her cherished plan. Her slaves were still her first care, however, and at her own expense she took them down the Mississippi and chartering a small vessel set out for Haiti. There were thirty-one negroes in all, thirteen adults and eighteen children. After an eventful passage they arrived at the island and Miss Wright was granted a tract of land by the Haitian government. She freed them all, established them on this land and left them there, a few sentiments of individual rights, and of liberty planted in their hearts, a dim sense of gratitude in their happy irresponsible minds.

And so failed the first industrial training school for negroes that the civilized world knew.

Frances Wright might be termed a contemporary of Wilberforce; she anticipated the enthusiasm of Sumner, Brown, Wendell Phillips and Garrison by nearly thirty years, and offered a plan of gradual emancipation so entirely foreign to that of any offered by these that it seemed ab-

surd to them when their day came and they made themselves familiar with its principles. It is the plan in practical operation under Booker Washington now when the negro is being taught self-emancipation from ignorance and narrowness by the fostering of the principles of self-reliance, self-help, self-knowledge, self-control.

The big Nashoba plantation still lies almost intact not far beyond the ever-widening boundaries of Memphis. For nearly half a century it has been in litigation, French and American heirs contesting its title. There are long wooded slopes, stretches of cultivated fields, and dark cypress swamps down by the river. Here and there are negro-cabins occupied by the "share-hands" and near the center of the estate is a cottage built for the man now managing the plantation. There is a tiny log chapel there built a few years ago by the daughters of Frances Young who died last summer at a venerable age; in one of the little dips between the hills is a great spring that was known to the Nashoba Indians long before the coming of Frances Wright and her colony. The buildings erected so hopefully for the little settlement have been swept away long ago by the ravages of time, but the seed sown by the ardent young philanthropist may be flowering today in the other training schools for negroes that are now being put in operation. Who knows?

Her venture came too soon, not sooner perhaps than it was needed, but sooner than even the most hot-headed abolitionist wished. The woman herself was a century ahead of the times. At that day she was an anomaly, an affront to the con-

servatives who belived women were only meant

"to bake and brew,
Nurse, dress, gossip and scandalize,"

and never to think for themselves, or be factors in the great social, political and literary movements of the age. She belonged among the women of to-day and would possibly be considered only an average progressive woman.

She was born at Dundee, Scotland, on September 6, 1795, the daughter of a socialist of advanced ideas though high birth. Through her father she was descended from the Campbells of Inverness, the Argyle branch, and the Stewarts of Loch Arne. On her mother's side she came of the lettered aristocracy of England, Mrs. Montagu being her grand-aunt, and Baron Rokeby, "Friend Robinson," her great-uncle. General Duncan Campbell was her grandfather and General William Campbell her uncle; Archbishop Campbell of Baltimore was another near relative. Left an orphan at an early age she was educated with her sister, Sylvia, under the guidance of Gen. Duncan Campbell, whose ideas on the education of girls were much the same as those held by progressive men of today. It is said by some of her biographers that many of her theories of life were imbibed from Jeremy Bentham who was, so it is alleged, one of her instructors. At any rate the manner in which the Wright sisters were educated was highly scandalizing to the good people of the early times.

The result of Gen. Campbell's experiment in Frances Wright's case was this queer contradiction,—a beautiful young woman with the logical brain and ambitions of a man, and with a womanly sentiment strong

enough to dominate her at times. Naturally the world went hard with her. She was continually misunderstood, persecuted, slandered and derided by the very persons in whose interest she labored. The church called her an infidel, preachers and politicians made her one of a trio against whom they waged wordy war—"Tom Paine, Fanny Wright and the Devil." Yet the paper she published and edited was not overly radical in its policy; her editorials were ever in defense of the weak and oppressed, her philosophy was clear and logical, her lectures eloquent and forceful, her poetry pure and lyrical.

In a letter to Mrs. Shelley she gave this keynote of her faith:—

"I have devoted my time and fortune," she wrote, "to laying the foundations of an establishment where affection shall form the only marriage, kind feeling and kind action the only religion, respect for the feelings and liberties of others the only restraint, and union of interest the bond of peace and security."

Robert Dale Owen, one of her co-workers in philanthropic enterprises, and one who admired her courage and convictions, wrote of her once in all kindness:—

"Her courage was not tempered with prudence and her enthusiasm lacked the guiding check of sound judgment."

Mrs. Trollope, who knew her and heard her lecture wrote this of Frances Wright:—

"Her tall and majestic figure, the deep and almost solemn expression of her eyes, the simple contour of her finely formed head, her garment of plain white muslin, which hung around her in folds that recalled the drapery of a Grecian statue, all contributed to produce an effect unlike anything that I have ever seen before, or expect to see again."

Even her marriage was a failure

in its cry for happiness. She married William Casimir Sylvan Phisquepal D'Arusmont, a French physician and nobleman, but found it necessary to secure a divorce in a few years. The trustees deeded Nashoba to her and at intervals for many years she came back to the place to live for awhile, and her unusually tall figure was quite a familiar spectacle on Memphis streets for many years, though most of her time was devoted to lecturing in the North and East.

Her influence throughout the country was at one time marked. There were "Fanny Wright Societies" founded in her honor, and while she labored for socialism, free-thought and pure living, her crusade against slavery was not stayed and her dream of emancipation was nev-

er forgotten, nor did she cease to hope for its realization. She died, however, before its realization came, and possibly she would have been grievously disappointed to see its more successful termination forty years after her own venture, when freedom for the negro was bought with the best blood of the North and of the South.

Sumner did not have her in mind when he wrote the following paragraph but it is curiously appropriate to her life:—

"I honor any man who in the conscientious discharge of his duty dares to stand alone; the world, with ignorant, intolerant judgment, may condemn, the countenances of relatives may be averted, and the hearts of friends grow cold, but the sense of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenances of relatives, or the hearts of friends."

My Creed

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

I DEEM it matters little what betide,
If but our souls reach for the perfect Guide;
Feel the deep wounds on cross of Calvary made,
And own the vastness of the debt He paid.

I deem it matters little what our creed,
If we but follow Him in thought and deed;
Scanning the flawless pattern He has shown,
And making it, as best we may, our own.



The Passing of a Soul

By LUCRETIA DUNHAM

THE doctor's buggy was coming slowly along the road in the heat of the June day. The sun's rays beat down on its black, shiny top, and on the well-worn reins dangling loosely over the old mare's back. Great patches of sunshine lay athwart the road, stretching its long, dusty length, with now and then a welcome bit of shadow from some overhanging tree or bush. The air held in it a brooding stillness; it was as though all nature had succumbed to the first scorching breath of summer. Even the life of the fields was hushed. A hawk, wheeling and circling overhead in the blue expanse, glanced for a moment across the sun like a dark speck.

In the lazy hush the old horse jogged slowly along, with eyes half-closed, and kicking up great clouds of dust. From within the black depths of the old buggy, the doctor's genial face peered forth. Beneath his wide-brimmed hat, a few locks of white hair fell over his temples; now and then he raised his hand and brushed them back. An old linen duster served as a protection against the storm of dust. He let the reins hang loosely over the dashboard, and allowed the mare to jog along at will.

"A shower wouldn't come amiss, just now," he mused, as he pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his red face.

The road turned abruptly, and the horse in response to a sudden, quick jerk of the right rein, turned with it, and in the same pervading stillness,

ambled along its half-mile length. It ended in a short lane, and presently the doctor felt the grateful shade of an avenue of pines, their slender tops bending and touching over the carpet of needles beneath.

"Old Si would 'a been proud of these trees, could he just 'a lived a few years longer. Strange, how short the span o' human life is when we come right down to it. Don't seem much more'n yestiddy, when he sat in the porch yonder, smokin' his old pipe and pointin' to 'em. 'I set them trees out myself, when I wuz a boy, an' I've growed right up along with 'em; seem's though the sun's rays teched 'em fust thing in the mornin' and left 'em the las' thing at night.'"

The doctor leaned forward out of the buggy. "The tops didn't come anywheres near to meetin' then. Why, I wa'n't much more'n a boy myself, an' Si's been dead this many a year. Yes, an' he left a goodly heritage."

His eye traveled off over the broad meadow-lands stretching away to the setting sun; over the shimmering fields and the orchards with their gnarled and knotted limbs and the sunshine sifting through the green. It represented years of labor; years of sweat and toil. "'Mandy need never want fer nothin'," he said to me that day, "'neither her nor her children. An' when I'm gone, Jim can carry on the farm. He's a good worker, Jim is.'"

And with the passing of the years the old place had prospered. In the

heat of summer suns the great fields of grain waved to and fro; in the full of harvest moons the great barns were filled to bursting. The house—a broad, square, many-windowed structure, with low, gabled roof—had come to Mandy, together with the broad acres and orchards. Its weather-beaten sides bore evidence of many a summer's sun, and many a winter's storm. Beneath the projecting eaves generations of swallows had built their nests and reared their young.

But all around there showed the touches of a woman's hand. Rows of hollyhocks bordered the walk that led to the porch in the rear. There was a scent of lavender; of wild thyme, pansies and mignonette. A great bed of flaming tulips made a bright patch of color. The roses clambering over the porch were in full bloom, and here in the shadow of the vines, Mandy often sat with her pan of peas to shell or potatoes to pare, and here, too, she and Jim sat alone in the cool of the summer evenings, with the scent of the roses, the faint, far cry of the whip-poor-wills and the croaking of frogs in the meadow-pond.

A man's heavy step on the porch roused the doctor from his reverie. The old mare had come to a stand-still.

"Thet you, doctor? Glad to see ye. Come right in now. Sun's a little hot to-day, ain't it?" Jim's great stalwart form and frank, good-natured face stood framed in the network of vines.

"'Twas only this mornin' thet Mandy was askin' ef ye weren't comin' to-day. Better set right ther in thet easy chair an' rest an' cool off a bit 'fore ye go up stairs. I'll fetch a drink."

The doctor took off his linen

duster and laid it carefully over the arm of the shiny, haircloth sofa; put his hat and gloves on the table, with his well-worn leather case beside them, and leaned his head against the chintz-covered cushion of the chair.

"Well, how does she seem to-day?" he asked, as he held out his hand for the glass.

"Seem'd quite bright an' cheerful like this mornin'; more like her old self. 'Bout 'leven o'clock I give her the medicine and then went down to the ten-acre lot. 'Ye ain't goin' to be gone long, be ye Jim?' she asked, so when I come back agin I jest took a look in at the door, an' she seemed to be sleepin'. I'd hed to stay a little longer'n I me'nt to, givin' some orders to the men, so I tiptoed acrost the room to pull the curtains, so's the sun shouldn't shine in so, an' she opened her eyes. I went over to the bed an' took her hand. 'Be ye asleep, Mandy?' I sez. She looked up at me, but she didn't say nothin'. I thought her face looked turrible white an' pinched like, but I s'pose she'll look like thet now the fever's left 'er an' she's a-gettin' well. But ain't it kind o' queer, doctor, thet she ain't never asked 'bout the baby?"

He paused, and his eyes half-troubled, searched the doctor's face. The latter rose quickly from his chair.

"I guess I'll be going up now," he said, shortly, and picked up his case from the table. It left an outline on the polished wood. Jim smiled as he saw it.

"Wonder what Mandy'd say to that?" he observed. "It's 'stonishin' how the dirt begins to creep into the corners an' the dust to settle on things, when the wimmen folks ain't 'round."

He followed slowly on up the

stairs. In the dark passageway above the doctor caught his foot in something and stumbled. Pushed back against the wall was an old-fashioned, hooded cradle. One end of a small red and white quilt fell over the side. Jim stooped and gently laid it back. His hand touched the little pillow and lingered for a moment.

The door of Mandy's room stood ajar. The doctor was dimly conscious as he stepped in of a large room, plainly furnished. The bed was the large, old-fashioned four-poster, hung with curtains of chintz. It, too, had come down to Mandy on the wings of the years, and each generation of the Harlow family had drawn his first and last breath within its depths. The light muslin curtains moved slowly back and forth in the breeze that came in through the open windows. It bore with it all the faint, sweet scents of the summer afternoon, and seemed laden with the drowsy stillness. Now and then a swallow brushed its wings against the shutter.

Jim stepped across the room, placing first one heavy boot and then the other softly down on the rag-carpet. The doctor's face had lost some of its ruddy glow as he bent over the bed. Mandy's face, as it lay among the big pillows looked white and drawn. Her left hand, with its plain gold band, rested outside the counterpane. The doctor's broad palm closed over her wrist, and his eyes beneath their heavy brows looked long and searching. Then he straightened up and met Jim's eyes.

"She wuz sleepin' jest thet way, the last time I looked in, doctor. Poor little girl; it'll do 'er good, I reckon. She's ben through considerable."

But the other did not seem to be listening. He turned toward the table at the side of the bed and picked up the two glasses that stood side by side, each covered with a white envelope and a spoon on top of that. The liquid in one was half gone; there was barely a third left in the other. Presently his voice broke the stillness.

"You gave her the medicine, this morning, you say, Jim? It was from this tumbler you poured it, was it? And you gave her,—how much? Two tablespoonfuls?" Jim nodded. He crossed over from the window and stood by the doctor's side. He did not notice the hand that grasped the edge of the table with a tightening grip, nor the drops that burst out on his forehead. He took no note of the voice, husky and hesitating.

"Yes," he answered eagerly. "It wuz 'bout 'leven this mornin' when Mandy said it wuz time to take the medicine. 'Pour out jest two teaspoonfuls, Jim,' she sez. 'I don't hev to take any o' the other till the doctor comes. I took one teaspoonful o' thet las' night.' She seemed real bright an' cheerful like, an' they wuz two little spots o' red in her cheeks. I joked 'er a little as I poured it out."

"'Guess I won't hev to turn out much more o' this fer yer ter make a face over, Mandy. This pretty near finishes her up. Ye never wuz much on medicine, anyway, wuz yer, little woman?"

There was a moment's silence. Something in the other's face; a look that a father, perhaps, might give to his son, caused him to take a step forward. His great bronzed face, half-boyish, was troubled.

"It wuz all right, wa'nt it, doctor? I poured it out—two teaspoonfuls—

not a drop more. They wa'nt nothin' wrong 'bout it, wuz they?"

In the pause that followed Jim looked first toward the bed, then back again to the doctor's face. But the latter had turned away, and his eyes were wandering to the window and out across the meadowlands to a small strip of woodland on the edge of which was a tiny mound, with the sod freshly turned. Beyond the sun was just dipping over the distant hills. His eyes came back to those of the man at his side. And again the other was conscious of that pitying light.

"How long is it, Jim, that you and Mandy have been livin' here in the old house?"

"Eight year, come nex' October."

"An' you've been happy together, these eight years, haven't you? Nothin' to come between you; nothin' that you might think of some day an' be sorry for. Nor you ain't been lonely, nor missed anything, lest maybe it was the smile of a little face and the sound of little feet."

A ray of sunlight fell athwart the rag-carpet. Jim looked at the still figure deep within the shadow of the big four-poster. Then his gaze came back to the other's face.

"She's been a good wife to you, Jim, but you never thought, did you, that some day, perhaps, she might leave you, an' for the sake o' that very same little face an' those same little feet,—leave you as lonely and alone as I am. Don't you see,—don't you know now, Jim, why Mandy never asked about the baby? Perhaps she knew that after all her arms would hold it,—her arms that have been empty all these years.

And you don't begrudge it to her now, do you, Jim?"

As in a mist the doctor saw the white face of the man before him. He saw the great frame begin to quiver, the shoulders heave, and heard the dry sob, deep down in his throat.

"You need never have any call to reproach yourself, Jim,—nobody could 'a done any more for her than you did. An',—an' as for the medicine," the words came slowly,— "Jim, all the medicine in the world wouldn't have made any difference."

He laid his hand, tender as a woman's, on the bowed shoulders. Two great tears dropped on the white hand that lay outside the counterpane. Through the window came the scent of the old-fashioned roses. He turned and closed the door softly, and left him, alone with his dead.

* * * * *

In the soft stillness of the late afternoon, the doctor's buggy was coming slowly along the road. The shadows of sunset lay, long and wavering. The tops of the pines were tipped with crimson. Now and then the call of a bird came across the fields and was answered by its mate. The reins dangled loosely over the old mare's back. In the hush of the summer night horse and buggy turned into the home gate.

"Human life's a queer thing," the old doctor mused. "I've lived a good many years, an' it's the first time I ever lied to a livin' soul. I've been pretty lonely, too, but there's lots worse things than lyin', too, sometimes."

The Doubts of the Fathers Concerning Democracy

By FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

IN that most interesting address of President Eliot on "Five American Contributions to Civilization," delivered at Chautauqua seven years ago, four of the five contributions discussed were of such a character that they could hardly have been made—some of them not at all—except by a democracy. Nevertheless we all know that democracy as a mode of government is still on trial before the world and that there are not lacking those among the more shrewd observers and critics who are scarcely even hopeful of the outcome.

Democracy as a practical mode of government must be tried by two measures—that of space and that of time. "To succeed," said President Eliot in the address referred to, "democracy must show itself able to control both territory and population on a continental scale." If the Athens of Pericles, the Italian free cities of the Middle Ages, or the Switzerland of to-day, must mark the limits of a working democracy, the world would better look elsewhere for a panacea in government. The unmistakable tendency of the age is toward national aggrandizement and if democracy is not compatible with territorial expansiveness, so much the worse for democracy. And again democracy cannot be deemed a success unless it prove to be so permanently. Experiments and make-shifts are well

enough in some fields of human activity, but not in that which pertains to government. "The first duty of a government," said Mr. E. L. Godkin in one of his political essays, "is to last. A government, however good, which does not last is a failure." Of course this dictum must be interpreted with common sense. In the nature of the case no government devised by men can be, or ought to be, absolutely permanent. But if a government really be worthy in the first place it ought to be expected to live through several centuries; and a *form* of government—as the democratic form—if once right, ought to have such elements of strength as to be very nearly eternal.

In the United States democracy for the first time in the world's history has established itself throughout a land of extensive proportions. It remains to be seen whether, having proved its ability to comprehend widely separated areas in space and to keep pace at least reasonably well in efficiency with repeated enlargements of boundaries, it can also defy the corroding effects of time and maintain itself steadily under the weight of the accumulated centuries that may crowd themselves into its experience.

In respect to the very important subject of popular government the framers of the Constitution failed to

harmonize their efforts with the trend of American political life since their the very important subject of popular government the framers of the Constitution failed to harmonize their efforts with the trend of American political life since their day. It should be acknowledged at the outset that it was no fault of theirs that there has been this discrepancy between the system they set in operation and that under which we have come to live. It was quite as impossible for them to foresee the unparalleled growth of democracy throughout the Anglo-Saxon world in the nineteenth century as for the men of the last generation to foresee our recent entrance of the field of world-politics through the Spanish war and the Philippine acquisition. But the fact remains that while we have determined that we will have a full political democracy the fathers made strenuous efforts to save us from it. And the fact also remains that in several important respects we are paying the penalty for our fathers' fears and misgivings by inconsistencies and inefficiencies in our governmental system.

It is not easy to realize how largely experimental was democracy when our government was being given form. If it is still in question it was a hundred fold more so then. In 1787 the explosion in France had not yet set the world ringing with the cry of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Throughout the European world monarchy, and in most cases absolute monarchy, prevailed. By the middle and upper classes democracy was looked upon as the prelude to anarchy, if not actually identical with it. England nominally had parliamentary government, but that government

was almost as far from being a democracy as is that of Russia today, the only difference being that in the latter case sovereignty is vested entirely in one person, the Czar, while in the former the country was ruled by, and in the exclusive interest of, a clique of landed aristocrats. Nor did recent experience in America lend much encouragement to believers in democracy. Of course amid the strain and stress of the Critical Period no form of government could be fairly tested. But yet the great need of the country was relief from this same strain and stress and no device of a political sort was likely to commend itself unless it gave promise of promoting such relief. Although a decade had elapsed since the Declaration of Independence and half a decade since the establishing of peace, conditions seemed to show no appreciable improvement. The Articles of Confederation drawn up in 1777 and put into operation in 1781 had been solemnly declared to be "Articles of Confederation and perpetual Union." Yet they had never even approached success and within six short years had broken down completely. Had the men of the colonies fought for and won their independence for the privilege of living in anarchy? Had they succeeded in breaking down an old system only to fail in the construction of a new one? So it seemed to many men in those troublous times.

It would be a difficult matter to determine to what extent the distrust of democracy undeniably cherished by many of the fathers was due to the unusual conditions of the time and to what extent it represented abiding conviction. It is fair to assume that the former

was the weightier force. Except for recent distressing and humiliating experiences it is not likely that much would have been said against the practicability of popular government. For a quarter of a century before our Constitution was formed there had been a rising tide of reform in England which, had it not been checked by the horrors of the revolution in France, would doubtless have made England much more democratic before the century ended. As it was, political reform was postponed a full generation and it was not until 1832 that the movement had gained sufficient strength to achieve its initial success. But the postponement did not come until the Reign of Terror, six years after the making of our Constitution, and the political leaders of America had no doubt been previously influenced by the democratic tendencies of the mother country fully as much as by the writings of the French anti-revolutionary philosophers.

Little was it thought, however, by the framers of the Constitution that the democracy which they wrought into the political texture of the new nation was but part of their English heritage. They rummaged through all history, ancient and modern, for ideas and models—and then made use almost exclusively of those which were peculiarly their own. As President Woodrow Wilson says in his essay on "The Character of Democracy in the United States": "We started on our national career with sundry wrong ideas about ourselves. We deemed ourselves rank democrats, whereas we were in fact only progressive Englishmen." The Achaean League, the Roman Republic, and the French philosophers of the day, were all laid under requisition. The government which

was finally established, however, was not Greek or Roman or French. It was characteristically English by reason of a law of heredity too rigid to be thrust aside by a people who rather foolishly thought they were rebelling against their past. "The acorn from which the American Democracy sprang," said James Russell Lowell, "was ripened on the British oak." It was this that gave the framers of the Constitution their safe conservatism.

The most fundamental question before the Convention of 1787 was one about which little was said directly: namely, to what extent should the principles of democracy be allowed to control in the government about to be instituted? Scarcely a day of the proceedings passed on which the great question of popular government did not thrust itself forward over and over again in the debates and exchanges of opinion, and this for the simple reason that after all the most irrepressible of all questions when a government is being formed *for* a people is whether that government shall also be a government *by* the people. The discussion of nearly every subject before the Convention elicited views on the character and practicability of democracy, but in connection with three of these subjects the discussions bore with special force along this line. These were (1) the method of choosing representatives, (2) the character and constitution of the Senate, and (3) the choice of the Executive. A brief examination into these issues will help reveal the nature and extent of the fathers' doubts concerning democracy.

II.

As soon as it was decided that

the national legislature should be bicameral, on the plan of state legislatures except that of Pennsylvania, the question at once presented itself as to how the members of the houses should be chosen. Under the Articles of Confederation the manner of election of the delegates to Congress was left to be decided in each state by the legislature. The result was that the delegates were generally elected by the legislature itself. The Congress consisted of only one house and was constituted upon the plan of representation by states exclusively, so that there was no room for a direct election by the people. Had it not been for the elevation of the national government at the expense of the state governments and the consequent bifurcation of Congress, the election by the legislatures would probably have gone unquestioned in the Convention. The adoption of the bicameral plan, however, opened possibilities for a variation. Since all of the states had been accustomed from the beginning to the election of their own lower houses by popular vote it might be supposed that, whatever schemes should have been suggested for the constitution of the upper house under the new plan, it would at least have been conceded by all that the lower house should be made up of members elected by the people at large on such basis of suffrage as the various states might prescribe. But as a matter of fact the plan of popular election of representatives was opposed, and opposed vigorously. Within a week after the debates had begun Roger Sherman of Connecticut, whose services in the Convention were subsequently very valuable, put himself on record as an opponent of popular election of rep-

resentatives. He favored election by the state legislatures. "The people," said he, "immediately, should have as little to do as may be about government. They want information, and are constantly liable to be misled." This sentiment was heartily seconded by Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, one of the three members who finally refused to sign the completed Constitution. He avowed himself still a republican, but not so strong a one as he had been before being "taught by experience the danger of the leveling spirit."

A week later when the subject was again under discussion Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, argued that the representatives ought not to be elected by the people because the people "were less fit judges in such a case." General C. C. Pinckney, of the same state, contended against popular election as being "totally impracticable" owing to the scattered condition of the people in many of the states. He referred to the notorious majority of the people of South Carolina who favored the making of paper money legal tender and cited the refusal of the legislature to acquiesce in the demand as an evidence that the people, directly, were not the best judges of men and measures and that the legislatures would make the better choice of representatives. Governor Patterson, of New Jersey, declared himself strongly attached to "the existing system whereby the Legislatures chose the federal representatives." John Rutledge, of South Carolina, affirmed his sympathy with the same system. "An election by the legislature," he declared, "would be more refined than an election immediately by the people, and would be more likely to

correspond with the sense of the whole community." He believed that the Convention itself would have been lacking many of its "proper characters" if its members had been chosen directly by the people.

But the opponents of popular election did not in this case prevail. The sentiment of the majority, including most of the ablest men of the Convention, such as Madison, Wilson, Mason, Dickinson, King, Hamilton, and others, was that as a clear guarantee of free government, as a means of securing the best representatives, and as a safeguard against the overdue encroachment of the state governments upon the functions of the national government, the people must be allowed directly to choose the members of the lower house. "Without the confidence of the people," declared James Wilson, "no government, least of all a republican government, can long subsist. * * *

The election of the first branch by the people is not the corner-stone only, but the foundation of the fabric." And Hamilton, despite his well-known leaning toward aristocracy, asserted that it was "essential to the democratic rights of the community that the first branch be directly elected by the people." The remarkable thing is not that the plan of popular election was adopted but that the opposition to it showed so much strength. It must be said, however, that with the exception of Roger Sherman and the Pinckneys the opponents were not men of the greatest calibre. They were part of the rank and file which John Fiske considered necessary to make the Convention an "ideally perfect assembly."

Then came the question of the

upper house. In the Virginia plan, as set forth in the resolutions presented by Edmund Randolph, May 29, it was proposed that the "second branch of the National Legislature ought to be chosen by the first branch out of persons nominated by the state legislatures." Discussion of this proposition was opened May 31, by the motion of an amendment by Richard Spaight, of North Carolina, to the effect that the "second branch ought to be chosen immediately by the State Legislatures." This was quickly followed by James Wilson's avowal that the second branch, like the first, ought to be chosen directly by the people. And a little later George Read, of Delaware, proposed that the senators be chosen by the Executive from persons nominated by the state legislatures.

Thus were brought forward at the very outset the four plans among which choice was to be made. Until the adoption of the so-called Connecticut Compromise comparatively late in the session, by which the representation of the states in the Senate was made equal, the question of method of election was inextricably involved with that of *number* of senators and proportion to the population of the states. The Senate as we know it, is almost entirely the product of the memorable struggle of the small against the large states. In the final adjustment the large states won proportional representation in the lower house and the small states equal representation in the upper house. By this arrangement it was the states as such, rather than the people, that were to be represented in the Senate—thus perpetuating the plan of the Congress of the Confederation. In order that this feature of the upper

house might be the more manifest, and also that the government might be saved from an extreme of democracy, it was finally decided that the members should be chosen in the states by the legislatures and not by the people.

By all except a few men like Wilson democracy was considered to have won triumphs enough when the lower and more numerous house was constituted on the basis of popular election. During the course of the intermittent debates on the composition of the Senate we encounter numerous expressions which betray a decided lack of faith in a full democracy. For instance, John Dickinson, of Delaware, declared that "in the formation of the Senate we ought to carry it through such a refining process as will assimilate it, as nearly as may be, to the House of Lords in England." He believed that "the sense of the states would be better collected through their Governments than immediately from the people at large." He wished the Senate to be made up of men most distinguished for "their rank in life and their weight of property" and he thought such characters more likely to be selected by the legislatures than by the people. He held, too, that their number ought to be large, "else the popular branch could not be balanced by them." Read's proposal that the Executive choose the senators from the legislatures' nominees faced squarely away from democracy toward monarchy. Sherman of Connecticut, Mason of Virginia, Gerry of Massachusetts, and Pinckney of South Carolina, were the leading advocates of election by the legislatures.

The third subject in the discussion of which the fathers mani-

festated most openly their distrust of democracy was the election of the Executive. Since the ending of the colonial régime the people in the various states had grown accustomed to the election of the governors directly by themselves and it might be supposed that this method would have been adopted by analogy for the national executive without further question. But it was not to be so. Scarcely any matter before the Convention was so prolific of suggestions and plans. At least eight methods of election were brought forward. Of these the three of chief importance were election by the national legislature (proposed in the Virginia plan), election directly by the people (proposed first, as one might expect, by James Wilson), and election by a body of electors constituted for that particular purpose. There were several modifications of this last plan, dependent on whether the electors were to be chosen by the state executives, by the state legislatures, by the people, or by the drawing of lots among the members of the national legislature. There were not many in the Convention who looked with any degree of favor upon the plan of a direct popular election. Mr. Wilson, indeed, when proposing it apologetically affirmed that he was "almost unwilling to declare the mode which he wished to take place, being apprehensive that it might appear chimerical." Gouverneur Morris and James Madison were Wilson's strongest coadjutors in the advocacy of election by the people. However commanding these men were personally they were but an inconsequential minority numerically. It was quite generally agreed among the delegates that the Ex-

ecutive must be chosen by some smaller and more select body than the people at large—in other words, by legislatures or an electoral college. Mason, of Virginia, declared the plan of popular election equivalent to a proposal that “an act which ought to be performed by those who know most of eminent characters and qualifications, should be performed by those who know least.” The extent of the country, he urged, precluded the possibility of the people being well enough informed “to judge of the respective pretensions of the candidates.” Charles Pinckney declared an election by the people “liable to the most obvious and striking objections,” chief among which was the activity of unscrupulous and designing men who would victimize the ignorant and unsuspecting public. Elbridge Gerry “was not clear that the people ought to act directly even in the choice of electors, being too little informed of personal characters in large districts, and liable to deceptions.” And so we might continue to cite expressions of opinion exhibiting opposition to the popular election of the President, but it is not necessary to do so, for they do not differ much from one another, and enough have been brought forward to make clear the grounds on which it was finally decided to pass by the scheme of election by the people and adopt that of election by a college of electors, chosen indeed by the people, but possessing full discretionary powers in the ultimate selection of a man for the Presidential chair. Election by the few was believed to have a decided advantage over choice by the many.

III.

From all this it appears that the

democracy of the fathers was rather severely limited. It was based on the idea that while the people might be depended on in their local communities to choose such officials as appertained exclusively to these communities they had not the knowledge and skill to choose the higher officials of the nation. Therefore the President was to be chosen by an electoral college, the senators were to be selected by the state legislatures, and the Judiciary was to be almost wholly appointive. By this sort of sifting process it was believed that better men would be selected for the more important offices than if the people were to choose directly.

Since attaining their political majority, however, the people of our country have shown a decided inclination to take into their own hands several powers that the fathers feared to let them have. It is noteworthy that the two respects in which there is the most demand for this extension of prerogatives are the two with regard to which the greatest mistrust was expressed in the Convention of 1787, i. e., the election of the President and the choice of senators. The fathers decided, though by no means unanimously, to allow the people to elect the members of the lower house directly. So far as the present actual workings of the governmental system are concerned, they might just as well, indeed better, have put the Executive and senators on the same basis. In the case of the Executive, popular election has long been our practice, although it is not contemplated by the Constitution. The electoral college, presumably made up of members chosen by the people and charged with the duty of considering the various candidates

and exercising judgment of selection among them, we know is at best but a means of registering the people's will. The electors have long since ceased to have any individuality or to exercise the right of choice. Custom makes it as obligatory upon each elector to cast his vote for the candidate of the party which elected him as if there were a binding law that he should do so. The electoral college as a deliberative body is as archaic a feature of our system as the office of the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds in the English system. The people of the electoral districts do not choose persons to choose a President; they choose the President and employ as their agents in the electoral college men who they know will faithfully register their choice. An elector who would take it upon himself to do otherwise, as he certainly would have a full legal right to do, would awaken no end of vituperation and forever blast his political career. That is, frankly, he would not only be called a traitor, but as things now are would actually be one, if he should do the very thing which the fathers in framing the Constitution intended that he should never fail to do. The Constitution stands unchanged; we will not commit the sacrilege of tampering with the letter. But, as respects this matter at least, we will nevermore think of being obedient to the spirit behind it. If the fathers had not been afraid of a direct popular choice of the Executive we should be spared this anomalous condition of things.

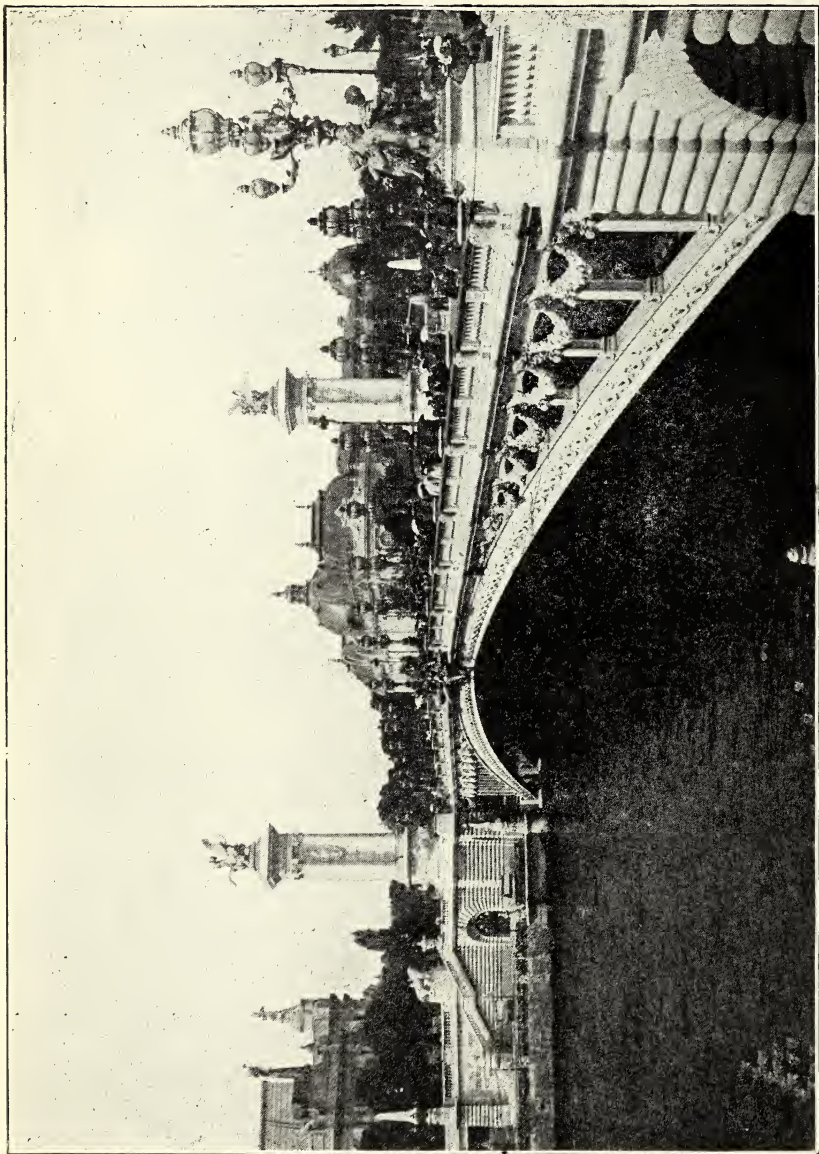
The way of escape from the limitations placed upon the popular choice of the President was easy and manifest. All that was necessary was to eliminate the free will of the

elector and make him an automaton. As things now are the electoral college is not a positive harm; it is merely a superfluity. If we were making a new constitution we would not provide for such an excrescence. But since we have it, and it cannot be shown to thwart the will of the people, we are likely to retain it many years longer by reason of the inertia of the Anglo-Saxon which leads him to care almost nothing about symmetry and consistency in the structure of his state. But the case of the choice of senators by the state legislatures is altogether different. The demand of the people for the immediate election of senators has come somewhat later than that for the immediate election of the President, but the two are of a piece and one is scarcely more pronounced than the other. In respect to the election of senators there has thus far been only an extremely precarious escape from the dilemma imposed by the fathers. The legislatures still elect and must continue to do so not merely until the purpose of the Constitution in this regard is subverted, as it has been in respect to the election of the Executive, but until the letter of the document shall have been formally amended. The Constitution does not say that the electors *shall* exercise their personal discretion in the choice of the President; it does say that the legislatures shall elect the senators. We amend the implied meaning merely by custom. The expressed meaning we cannot so easily evade.

Few disinterested observers will deny that present conditions relative to the election of senators are extremely unsatisfactory—in some cases little less than intolerable. If the elections were free and open by

the legislatures the matter would not be so bad, though even then the people would prefer to do the work directly. But it is a notorious fact that election by the legislatures is almost as grand a farce as the choice of the President by the electoral college, and an infinitely more deleterious one. In all too many cases it is not the legislatures that elect, but rather the bosses who dictate. And the bosses have reduced the business to a fine art. Rarely do they control the legislature by forcing the members against their will. Such a course is too conspicuous and too apt to occasion unpleasant notoriety. The plan is rather to control in the election of the members throughout the state—and the rest is easy enough. The legislatures are thus frequently elected to carry out the will of the party managers outside. The result is one of the greatest sources of discredit attached to our political system. The only obvious cure lies in throwing back the senatorial elections upon the people. In view of the recent augmented importance of the Senate as unquestionably our leading deliberative body, the sooner the change is made the better. If possible, it is even more essential that there be absolute righteousness in the election of our senators than in the choice of our representatives. Only political selfishness and mistaken conservatism can long perpetuate the present system. We are not now such sticklers for the rights of the states as distinguished from those of the people as we once were, so that this matter need not enter into the question at all. This is not the only obstacle that has been removed. The fathers feared that the people scattered over Massachu-

setts and New York and Virginia could not be well enough informed as to the character and acquirements of the various senatorial candidates to make a wise choice. Perhaps this was true in 1787. Certainly it is not so now. Although the area of the country has since then been multiplied by ten and the population by twenty, the use of steam and electricity has made our people vastly more compact to-day than were our ancestors who lived simply between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. So far as mere ease and speed of communication are concerned, democracy ought to succeed as well in the United States of to-day as in the smallest state of antiquity. The newspaper, telegraph, railroad, and other facilities for information and travel, have wrought a complete metamorphosis in the conditions of political life. There is much yet to be desired in the way of popular intelligence, but even now the people can better be trusted than the bosses to determine the membership of our Senate. It is only a question of time until the present anomalous method of choosing members of the highest legislative body in the land must be abandoned. Popular demand will result, before the lapse of many decades it may be hoped, in a constitutional amendment. In this matter, as in that of choosing the President, the work of the fathers must be undone. Democracy must be granted a fuller sweep than was originally marked out for it. For no nation with the political instincts and resources which abound in the United States can long consent to remain a democracy half real, half fictitious.



PONT ALEXANDRE III, PARIS, FRANCE.
(See page 552.)

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Block Island's Story

By CHARLES E. PERRY

FROM Eastport, Maine to Cape Hatteras every promontory, every long, low sand spit projecting out into the ocean has more or less of a local reputation as a danger point, at which mariners look askance, and concerning which song and story repeat and perpetuate its uncanny record. Of these, Point Judith, the southeastern extremity of the main land of Rhode Island, is by no means the least famous, and yet, in the open sea, ten miles southwest of it, lies a little green hummock, containing only ten square miles, upon which the ocean surges beat with a continuous, restless violence unequaled by any point or rocky headland, for these are sheltered, in some directions at least, by the land of which they form a part, while Block Island, located in the open ocean, is the battle ground of the angry sea, blow the wind from whatever quarter it may. Ten miles from the nearest land, which partially encircles it from northeast to northwest, it lies more unprotected from the west to the south, while to the southeast the broad expanse of

the Western Ocean stretches out, with no land nearer than Spain and the Dark Continent. When the deep, heavy swells, driven before a fierce southeast gale, come tumbling in at the foot of Mohegan Bluffs on its south shore, vast walls of green water, breaking at their foot with the boom of a thousand cannon and rushing up their concave face, dash the spray in a blinding whirl over their summit, a hundred and fifty feet above, the power of the mighty waters and of Him who holds them in the hollow of His hand, is wonderfully impressive.

The average individual who has never visited Block Island seems to be pervaded by the impression that it is sandy, barren and desolate, where a few hardy fishermen by industry and privation manage to wring a scant sustenance from the waters that surround it. The facts are that the soil is, for the most part, unusually good, the crops abundant, the people enterprising and well-to-do, and the Island a veritable paradise from June to November, albeit

bleak and forbidding much of the time during the rest of the year.

"Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And winter laughs at its fires of peat;

But in summer time, when pool and pond
Held in the laps of valleys fond
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond,

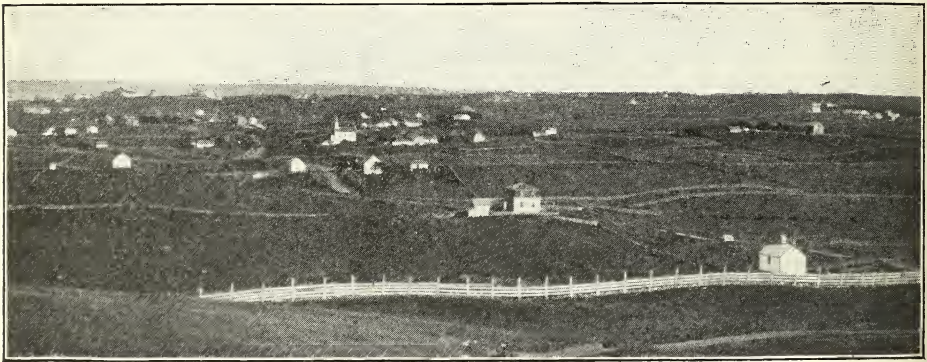
When the hills are sweet with the briar
rose
And hid in the warm, soft dells, unclosed
Flowers the mainland rarely knows,

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small sails
show,

angry mood. Its highest point is Beacon Hill, an elevation of less than three hundred feet, but from whose summit, on a clear day, portions of four states, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts can be seen.

In its valleys are countless ponds, from those only a few rods in area to the Great Salt Pond of a thousand acres, which has been connected with the sea by a 600 foot channel, forming one of the finest harbors and yacht rendezvous on the coast.

The Island has been practically denuded of trees and it is so exposed



VIEW FROM BEACON HILL.

Then is that lonely Island fair,
And the pale health seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air."

—Whittier.

Block Island is situated at the entrance to Narragansett Bay on the north, and to Long Island Sound on the west; it is shaped much like a pear, the stem being represented by Sandy Point, its northern extremity; it is, approximately, six miles long and from one to three and a half miles wide. Its surface is very irregular, being a series of hills and valleys, resembling, in no small degree, the ocean by which it is surrounded, when that ocean is in an

to the fierce winds of winter that only the hardiest varieties can be made to thrive or even to live by constant care; it is also practically free from boulders—there were never any outcroppings of ledge formation, but the miles upon miles of stone fences that intersect the fields and make the surface, viewed from an eminence, to resemble a vast seine or net, bear indisputable evidence to the original character of the surface and to the patience and industry of its early settlers.

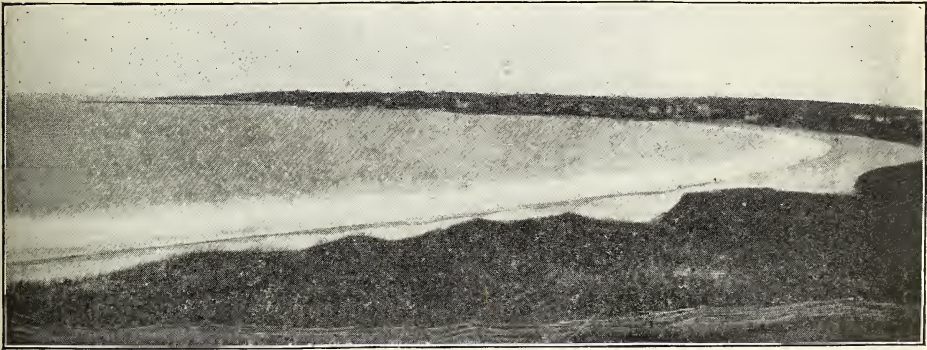
The Island was first discovered, so far as we have any reliable historical evidence, in 1524, by Verrazano

(or Verrazani), a Portuguese navigator sailing under the flag of Francis I, King of France. Apparently he did not land, although he refers to it in his log-book as a "small island, triangular in form, about three leagues from the main land and covered with trees," and adds that it was inhabited as he "saw fires along the coast." He calls it Claudia, in honor of the mother of King Francis; the Indian name of the Island was Manisses, its meaning being "Island of the Little God."

Ninety years later, Adrian Blok, a Dutch explorer and fur trader, re-

teen men who divided it into seventeen shares, setting aside one of these shares for the support of an "orthodox minister." These purchasers set themselves to the task of subduing the wilderness, cutting down the forest, removing the boulders from the surface of the soil, at the same time holding in check the savages which outnumbered them twenty to one. Gradually the land was brought under cultivation and at the same time the rich harvests of the sea were not neglected.

Through a species of "natural selection" and "survival of the fit-



CRESCENT BEACH.

discovered it; his vessel had been burned in what is now New York harbor, the previous winter of 1613-14 and he built another, a "yacht" as he called it, which he named the Onrust (Unrest) and went sailing along the coast. He does not say, in the record of his trip, that he landed on the Island but there is strong inferential evidence that he did, and at any rate it has ever since borne his name—on the old Dutch maps as Adrian's Eyland—and later, as Block Island.

The Island was first settled by colonists from Massachusetts in 1661, having been purchased by six-

test," the hardy Islanders evolved a style of fishing boats which, for more than two centuries, served them well. This type was unique in its way, and was well adapted to the peculiar conditions which existed. The cod fishing banks lie at from six to more than twenty miles from the Island and it was necessary to have boats which could survive rough seas and heavy gales; at the same time, as there was no harbor, the boats had to be small and light, so that in bad weather they could be hauled up on the shore.

The typical Block Island boat has almost gone out of existence; a few

only are left and it is improbable that any more will ever be built. The construction of harbors, where larger craft can lie in safety, has rendered this peculiar type obsolete. They were lapstreaked, open cedar boats from twelve to twenty-five feet in length, though a few were slightly larger. The cedar was fastened with copper nails to strong but light oak ribs; the boats were deep and sharp and were rigged with two masts, carrying a foresail and a mainsail. The foremast was stepped well forward and furnished all the head sail necessary, having

crew on board, it is next to impossible for anything afloat to do so.

Farming and fishing were practically the sole industries of the people up to the middle of the last century, when the beauty of the place and its unparalleled hygienic attractions began to draw attention to it as a summer resort and it is now celebrated all over the world, and the thirty or more hotels, and the cottages of summer residents, add an important factor to the old industries.

For a century or more after the forests had disappeared, the inhabi-



PART OF EAST HARBOR VILLAGE AND THE BAY.

no boom, but double sheets leading aft of the mainmast. The masts had no shrouds or stays and so were springy, easing the boat in seaway. They were "wet" boats, the spray flying over them in clouds when they were "on a wind," but, handled by the hardy Island fishermen, they were exceedingly seaworthy as is evidenced by the fact that not one has ever been lost by any accident due to bad weather. When a large Block Island boat, unprotected though they are by any deck, cannot beat to windward when it is properly handled and has a good working

tants depended upon peat for their fuel, but although large beds still exist, coal has almost wholly superseded it.

Large quantities of seaweed drive ashore and this is not only valuable as a fertilizer, but that species known as "sea curl" or "Irish moss" is bleached and sold for commercial purposes.

Formerly the fishing industry was almost exclusively dependent upon the catch of cod which were salted and cured, and the excellence of Block Island codfish made them

bring a higher price in the market than the best Bank cod.

The advent of a different type of fishing vessels, however, has served to make the fresh-fish catch more important, and at the present time, scarcely any fish are salted and dried.

The principal fish taken by the regular fishermen as a business, are cod, haddock, bluefish, swordfish, flounders, sea-bass and that denizen of the deep which, under the different aliases of yellowfin, chiquit, squeteague, sea-trout and succoteeg, furnishes an important article of food through the summer and fall months.

Block Island, albeit it has furnished no great military or naval heroes to history, has not been unknown to fame in the record of some of its sons and daughters.

Among its first settlers, Simon Ray and James Sands were the most prominent and their descendants through several generations were not only the leading men in local matters but were well and honorably known elsewhere.

Simon Ray, Sr., who was one of the original settlers, was born in Massachusetts, probably in Braintree, in 1635; his father, of the same name, having come from England. The latter died in 1641, leaving a large estate in Braintree. The son was twenty-five when he became one of the sixteen original purchasers of Block Island. He was a man of great physical endurance, of even temper, mild disposition, sound judgement and deep religious convictions. He lived to be one hundred and one years of age and is buried in the Island cemetery which crowns a hill near to and overlooking the new harbor, as it is called.

For nearly half a century he was

Chief Warden of the town and for about thirty years its representative in the General Assembly.

He was succeeded in his local affairs, and in the love and respect of his fellow townsmen, by his son, Simon Ray, who had a large estate and whose daughters were noted for their beauty and high character. He was born April 9, 1672, was twice married, and died at the age of eighty-six, outliving his father but eighteen years.

His children were Judith, born October 4, 1726, married Thomas Hubbard of Boston; Anna, born September 27, 1728, married Governor Samuel Ward of Rhode Island; Catherine, born July 10, 1731, married Governor William Greene of Rhode Island; and Phebe, born September 10, 1733, married William Littlefield of Block Island. The latter and her husband both died at an early age, leaving a daughter Catherine, who was adopted by her aunt for whom she was named, the wife of Governor William Greene and subsequently married Major General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame. After his death she married Phineas Miller and resided in Georgia until her death. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Washington and of Benjamin Franklin and his wife. Franklin frequently refers to her in his letters.

James Sands, another of the first settlers, was born in Reading, England, in 1622; he was the son of Henry Sands, the first of the name in New England, who was admitted freeman of Boston in 1640. He was a descendant of James Sands of Staffordshire, England, who died in 1670 at the age of one hundred and forty years, his wife living to the age of one hundred and twenty. The family can be traced back in English

history for about eight centuries and one of its members, Sir William Sands or Sandys, was conspicuous during the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII and had much to do with securing the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey and in sustaining charges against Pope Clement VII.

Capt. James Sands, who was one

He died in 1695 and he, too, is buried in the Island cemetery.

His descendants have been numerous and have been, almost without exception, recognized as men of high character and of unblemished honor.

The name of "Ray" as a surname has died out in the Island, but the innumerable families of other sur-



MOHEGAN BLUFFS ON SOUTH SHORE.

of the sixteen purchasers of Block Island, was, during his life, one of the foremost of its citizens and stood shoulder to shoulder with Simon Ray as typical representatives of the best blood that settled New England. He and Simon Ray, Sr., were intimate friends of Roger Williams and their descendants intermarried.

names, who have christened their sons with the "Simon Ray" prefix, bear evidence to the fact that the blood of the old settler descended through many channels on the female side, and also to the high respect in which he was held.

Rev. Samuel Niles, the first Rhode Island graduate of Harvard College, was a grandson of James Sands.

The sixteen first settlers of Block Island were John Ackurs, William Barker, William Billings, William Cahoone, Samuel Dering, Trustarum Dodge, Thomas Faxun, David Kimball, John Rathbone, Simon Ray, Thormut (Thomas) Rose, Thomas Terry, William Tosh, Edward Vorse, Nicholas White and Duncan Williamson. But two of the descend-

of his descendants in the male line now reside on the Island.

One can scarcely think of Block Island without recalling the innumerable wrecks that have occurred there. Only a few of these can be alluded to, but among these are the *Mars*, an English merchantman stranded here in 1781, while endeavoring to escape from an Ameri-



CARTING SEAWEED.

ants of these families in the male line are now represented on the Island, but the Dodges and the Roses are among the most numerous of the family names that are still found there. James Sands appears to have been one of the first purchasers though not one of the first bona fide settlers, coming to the Island with his family a little later. Only three

can crusier; the Ann and Hope, an East Indian ship, belonging to Brown & Ives of Providence, and named for their wives. She struck under Mohegan Bluffs in a snow storm in the year 1806 and her captain, whose name was Lang, and several of the crew were lost. The ship went to pieces and the cargo of coffee, spices, etc., was almost a

total loss. The *Warrior*, a schooner packet, plying between Boston and New York, was lost on Sandy Point, the northern extremity of the Island, in a northeast gale in the spring of 1831. The crew and passengers, numbering twenty-one in all, were drowned and but little of the cargo was saved. The steamer *Palmetto*, bound from Philadelphia to Boston, struck Black Rock off Mohegan

port on the same day for the same destination, and on the 21st of the month the former came ashore at Block Island at 7.30 p. m., and half an hour later the other struck only a few yards from her. They were both got off and towed into port by the Island wrecking companies. Twice at least, during the last half century, six vessels have come ashore in a single day, but the sto-



MOSS GATHERER.

Bluffs in 1857 and, with a valuable cargo, sank to the bottom a few minutes later, the crew escaping in their boats. In the spring of 1876 there was a strange coincidence or series of coincidences. In the month of May of that year the *Catherine May*, Capt. Davis, a two-masted schooner, and the *Henry J. May*, Capt. Blackmar, a three-masted schooner, sailed from the same

ries which might be told of these wrecks, many of them very interesting, must give place to one which, owing to the mystery which surrounds it, the strange legend which has been connected with it, and to the fact that the poet Whittier has embalmed it in verse, stands out from all the rest with startling distinctness.

It is the irony of fate, that of the

story of this wreck, so interesting and so weird in many of its surroundings and in its sequel, so little is actually known.

About the year 1750, a ship came ashore on Sandy Point, the northern extremity of the Island. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in the holiday week between Christmas and New Year's, and there was

Islanders, most of them being taken to the houses of Simon Ray (2) and Edward Sands, grandson of James Sands previously referred to. Most of them were too far gone to be saved, even by the tender ministrations of the hospitable Islanders; they died and were buried near the house of Simon Ray, and their graves may still be seen. One of



MOSS BLEACHING.

scarcely a ripple on the waters that surrounded the Island.

The vessel simply drifted ashore, with all sails set; the Islanders went off to her in boats and found a few famine-stricken passengers, speaking a foreign language, the crew having deserted the ship on the previous day.

They were in the last stages of starvation but were taken ashore and carried to the homes of the

them, a woman servant of one of the passengers, recovered, however, and subsequently married a negro slave belonging to one of the Island families, and some of her descendants still reside on the Island.

The ship was the *Palatine*, and tradition says that the passengers were well-to-do Dutch emigrants, who were coming to settle near Philadelphia, having been driven from their homes by the ravages of

Marshall Turenne through the region known as the Palatinate. They brought with them much wealth in a portable form, and the officers and crew of the ship conspired to rob and then desert them. They put them on a short allowance of bread and water though there were plenty of provisions on board, and compelled them to pay the most exorbitant rates for such a miserable pittance as would support life.

When they had, at last, secured their last florin and the ship, which had been standing "off and on" for several weeks near the coast, had reached the vicinity of Block Island, the officers and crew deserted in the boats.

To go back to the story of the wrecked ship, if indeed that term is applicable, the Islanders towed her off the point on which she first stranded, in their boats, and beached her in a cove a mile or two farther south, near to the present entrance to the new harbor.

One of the passengers, a woman, who had become insane through her sufferings and her losses, refused to leave the wreck, and the first night after the ship came ashore, in some unknown manner, she took fire and was burned, with the woman on board.

For perhaps a hundred years a peculiar light, which no scientist has yet been able to explain satisfactorily, was seen from time to time in the vicinity of Block Island, and the credulous and superstitious believed

that it was an apparition of the burning ship, and scores of reputable men, whose word in ordinary matters would be beyond question, have declared that they have sailed close enough to this supposed apparition to see masts, sails and ropes and even persons in the flaming rigging.

Such an apparition needed something to explain its origin, and so a story of the ship's having been lured ashore by false lights was invented and Whittier, with poetic license, enlarged upon and emphasized it to the great injustice of the Islanders, though it served to make the place known to thousands who had never before heard of it, and every summer hundreds of visitors go to visit the Palatine graves and hunt among the old farm houses for Palatine relics.

But the Island no longer needs the aid of legend or of poetry to bring people to its shores; it is indeed, in its delightful climate, its freedom from heat, from mosquitoes and from malaria, its cool winds which come from the ocean blow they from whatever quarter they may, its accessibility from New York, New London and Newport or Providence, its telegraphic and telephonic cables, its two mails a day and its world-famed Crescent Beach with its delightful surf bathing, a Mecca for the invalid in mind or body, and a delightful summer home for those who would recuperate from the maddening whirl of modern life.



Toedium Vitae

By JEANNETTE A. MARKS

I.

THE waves rolled in with a mournful noise and receded in a melancholy roar. The heavy south wind, now and then dropping to a plaintive tremulo, blew in a blast past the south-east corner of the house. The white light from the surf flared intermittently upon the window panes, making the flame from the rusty brass lamp glimmer dully by comparison. There was a solemn rhythm even to Sarah's knitting needles. Click-click; click-click, click-click; like the swinging of the pendulum of a grandfather clock, these needles passed to and fro, Sarah's rocker moving to the same measured motive. No muscle of Sarah's face changed, and scarcely her lips, as she spoke.

"Charles, he went to sea an' wuz never heard on again, 'Zekiel he's dead an'," Sarah yawned wearily, "an' now the clock's run down."

At the sound of his sister's voice, Hiram Eldredge did not raise his head from the kitchen table. His long, lank legs hung limply from the chair seat, his elbows covered half the length of the table and his back had the curve of a flapping balloon jib.

"An' there," he continued, "wuz 'Mandy. She baant dead, but she's wuss an' on the county. Uncle Hiram he went looney over the Bible an' Father ain't never come home from that v'yage an' ain't never been heard on."

Hiram, gathering up the length of

his legs, slouched over to the stove. He took off the lid, spat in the fire and returned to his chair. Mrs. Eldredge sitting with the Bible in her lap, rocked slowly.

"An' here," she said, "is the Bible yer Uncle Hi lost his wits on; yes, a-studyin' on this here Bible thet yer Grandfather guv him when he come twenty-one, yer Grandfather Linnell who wuz drown-ded off'n East Orleans Point. Ye rec'lect yer Father's tellin' ye his watch wuz still a-goin' when his body, stiff and stark, come ashore. These here verses wuz fav'rites of yer Uncle Hi's. He quoted 'em nigh every day: 'I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. He hath led me, and brought me into darkness, but not into light. Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day.' These are turrible words of the Lord's an' Hi wuz remarkable fond on 'em."

Mrs. Eldredge sighed, the click-click of Sarah's knitting needles became more measured and Hiram's head remained impassively upon his arms. The old kitchen seemed for the time being to have suspended all life. The surf light flared upon the small window panes. No one spoke.

"I cal'late I might's well move on to bed." Mrs. Eldredge lighted a yellow tallow candle. "Good night, Sary; good night, Hiram."

Hiram lifted his head and muttered wearily, "Night, Mother."

"Good night, Ma-aw," sighed Sarah.

II.

There was the sound of axe-blows on the sand-dune; undoubtedly wood was being split. In between the blows other sounds could be heard, undoubtedly the notes of a family melodeon. Hiram gave one long sweep with his axe blade, splitting his piece of mast driftwood from end to end; then he stopped to mop his forehead. As he was passing a red handkerchief over his face he started. There was to all appearances nothing to make him start. The cranberry bog, a soft, fresh green, lay placidly below at his feet; out on the water a few sea-gulls mewed, the ocean was tranquil and smoke curled lazily out of the house chimney. Except for the changes wrought by the processional of the seasons these things were as Hiram had always known them.

Yet Hiram's face betrayed excitement. In loud, vigorous notes, "Pull for the shore, boys, pull for the shore," floated over to him. This song was followed by "Hold the Fort," sung in militant fashion. Then the melodeon began softly with "The Last Sweet Words of Mother." Hiram's face was just assuming its customary expression when the tune was rudely broken off, and "Fling Out the Banner," with a snap and a lash unfurled upon the air.

"Wa-al," drawled Hiram, sitting down on the pile of kindling wood, "Wa-al, I swan!"

"Hi, Hi!" came in shrill, cheerful tones. Hi jumped as if he had been shot.

"Hi, come to yer breakfast." Hiram, looking dazed, gathered himself together.

"There's a clean cloth on the table

an' some of them marsh marigolds in er glass. Looks kind of cheerful," concluded Sarah. "Come, Maw."

Mrs. Eldredge gazed at Sarah. Hiram gazed at Sarah.

"Everything's on 'cept them pop-overs. Set down."

Sarah drew the pan of fragrant pop-overs from the oven, tumbled the contents out on a stout plate and gaily slammed the plate upon the table. Both Mrs. Eldredge and Hiram jumped.

This was Wednesday morning, and when pop-overs came at all, they came on Sundays. Sarah sat down.

"Nothing like a change, Maw. Help yourself, Hi. Good weather, ain't it, for swellin' the berries?"

"It's er bit too warm," replied Hiram.

"Well, but the cold ain't much better," Sarah added briskly.

"That's so," drawled Hiram; "there ain't much weather as is good for berries."

"Come, Maw, eat more; ye're picky, awful picky, ye aire. Eat hearty."

Mrs. Eldredge looked sharply at her daughter and Hiram stopped in the midst of a pop-over bite. And, after breakfast, when Sarah began to rattle the plates about in the dish pan, Mrs. Eldredge grew even more anxious. Rattle, rattle, clatter, clatter; such a swash and a stir this particular Cape Cod dish pan had never witnessed or endured before. All the morning there was the same stir and swash; out came the parlor rug on to the brown grass of the dune, in went the sunlight into the first floor bedroom, out went the very last particle of dust from the kitchen, and every mattress in the house was shaken up. Hiram, meanwhile, was spending a thoughtful morning

caulking a boat, and Mrs. Eldredge following her daughter about with troubled eyes.

The noon dinner hour soon came. Turnips, onions, fried cod, brown pudding were in lavish quantities upon the table.

"What'd ye get done, Hi?" asked Sarah.

"Caulked only one side; she's a-heelin' on now."

"She'll be a-heelin' off ter-morrow and you kin finish the job," cheerfully replied Sarah.

"The fish house is a bit underminded," drawled Hiram.

"Oh, never mind; ye kin prop it up easy," encouraged Sarah.

"D'ye hear about Cap'en Eames?" queried Hiram lugubriously. "He wuz er-shinglin' the roof on his barn in that fog yesterday, an' the fog wuz so thick he shingled out too far, an' jest caught hisself when he wuz a-fallin' off'n the end of the ridge pole. They had to get a ladder to get him where he wuz a-hangin' to the weather-vane post."

"Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sarah; "aha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Eldredge and Hiram both started; Hiram recovering himself first, thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and stared at his sister.

"This puddin's first rate," said Sarah, precisely as if nothing had happened. "Sauce just about right. Hev another plate, Hiram."

Hiram passed his plate, eyeing his sister as if she might be a dangerous infernal machine.

"Hev ye heard about Mrs. Eden Butterfield's baby?" asked Sarah. "Only sixteen months old an' talkin' like a little parrot."

"It comes by talkin' honest. Eden Butterfield'd never selt that neu-

ralgy cure by the ton without a gift of gab."

"Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sarah. "Aha, ha, ha! Maw, ye're dretful clever."

Mrs. Eldredge's face was the picture of perplexity.

"I guess we've eat all the dinner there is," said Sarah cheerfully, pushing back her chair.

"D'ye feel well, Sary?" asked Mrs. Eldredge.

III.

Sarah stood in the doorway, looking out upon the sea. It seemed to her, this August Thursday morning, very beautiful; little waves lapping brightly upon the sand, sea-gulls glinting in the sunlight, the breeze blowing over the long dune grass and far out beyond the bar winged sails coming and going. Then she looked down at her garden by the cottage door; that was dry and colorless. Blue Love-in-the-mist looked gray, golden marigolds were shadowed with brown, the dahlias were too heavy-headed and the sweet peas were languid, with no suggestion of their crisp butterfly flight.

"What ye lookin' at, Sary?" asked her mother.

"At my garden, Maw; it don't look very cheerful. I've seen them as wuz brighter. There's Mrs. Butterfield's."

"Yes; but she ain't hed all our troubles."

"I dunno, Maw; she's hed her share. There wuz her brother what hanged hisself, an' her sister that died of the dippertheria, an' her first baby that didn't live, an' her mother that broke her leg, an'—"

"Well, I s'pose she hez hed some," grudgingly assented Mrs. Eldredge.

"That ain't neither here nor there, Maw. Some talk's like some people's

work, the kind that takes all day workin' 'round a peck measure. You don't get nowhere."

Sarah hurried briskly out to the shed and came back with a hoe.

"Sary, d'ye feel well?" asked Mrs. Eldredge for the tenth time at least. Mrs. Eldredge was thinking of 'Mandy and how she "wuz took."

"Yes, Maw, I do; never better. You an' Hiram might's well know I've made up my mind to somethin'. P'raps ye'll understand me then. Tuesday night I wuz thinkin' about things an' I d'cided," Sarah dug her hoe in deep, "I d'cided we wuz all goin' crazy with gloom. I never seen Grandpaw when he wa'n't blue; Uncle Hi wuz alwuz moanin' over the judgments of the Lord; Paw didn't enjoy nothin'; ye're alwuz expectin' trouble; Mandy's out'n her head, an' Hi's that glum he ain't never set eye on a girl, an' I dunno's I ever heard him laugh. An', Maw, I've been the worst of ye all. I wuz thinkin' Tuesday night, after ye wuz in bed, supposin' Grandpaw, Uncle, Paw, Mandy, Hiram, you an' I hed all laughed real hearty every day, d'you s'pose we'd be what we are? I jest made up my mind to laugh every day as long as I live, an' laugh I'm a-goin' to."

"Sary Eldredge!" was all poor Mrs. Eldredge could say.

"Yes, Maw."

Mrs. Eldredge knew there was no use in talking with Sarah. This daughter had never done anything by halves, and now the signs were ominous. Mandy was mildly out of her head and "on the county," but Sarah—Mrs. Eldredge's heart sank down, down, down into a hitherto unknown abyss of melancholy.

IV.

Jigs, even jigs, on the melodeon were now every-day occurrences to

which the mother and brother had resigned themselves. No one knew, of course, that Hiram sat down on the wood-pile oftener to listen to the jigs than had been his wont with the mournful psalm tunes of the past. Once he came into the house whistling, actually whistling the liveliest jig; seeing Sarah, he stopped short. Various aside conversations went on between Mrs. Eldredge and Hiram, all with the mournful conclusion that it was "dretful queer, an' it seems to be a-growin' on her." The mother did not confess that she herself stood more frequently by the door looking into the flower garden or that she noticed the brightness of lamp chimneys, milk pans, windows and other household articles; it was all merely "dretful queer."

When Sarah, laughing, told about the midnight teas held by Captain and Mrs. Eames, in which the cat Dixie took an extraordinary part, Hiram felt strange shivers run up and down his backbone, the corners of his mouth bothered him and he had a suffocating sense in the pit of his stomach of suppressing something. Mrs. Eldredge also experienced peculiar sensations. For weeks, however, they continued with lamentations to console each other for the laughter of Sarah. But one day the unexpected happened. Sarah was telling of Sophia Brown and her father, the Deacon.

"They wuz both opposed to the puttin' in of thet stove. Sophia said—you know how Sophia talks—if the Lord wanted stoves in churches in winter he'd put 'em there. But the new preacher t' Orleans wuz in favor of a stove, partic'larly as his wife wuz kind of sickly, an' soap stones piled up 'round her didn't seem to make thet church less of a

tomb. But Sophia and the Deacon held out; an' there wuz a split in the church in no time. Last they wuz 'bliged to vote upon it, an' it went agin the Deacon's an' Sophia's faction. First Sophia said she wa'n't goin' no more to church, but her father kind o' got her out'n thet notion, an' she went. It wuz the first Sunday they'd hed the stove; some of the folks wuz rubbin' their hands cheerful like, an' some wuz fannin' themselves an' actin' faint. When Sophia struck the front door of the church she kind o' gasped like, but she marched right along to her pew and set down. Thet pew wa'n't so far away from the stove. Sophia fanned herself with her psalm-book and managed to make out pretty well, speakin' once in a while to Gamaliel Eames, who sat next to her. You know she ain't never been backwards in speakin' to Gamaliel, an' folks hez said she hed intentions if Gamaliel hedn't. Well, Minister Jones wuz in the midst of thet special part of the prayer where he alwuz said, 'We, Lord, we thank Thee, O Lord, thet we are the spared monuments of Thy mercy,' when Sophia let out a screech an' fell right into Gamaliel's arms in a dead faint. Of course, everybody run to get things; Gamaliel didn't seem to know what to do, 'specially as Sophia'd fainted with her arms tight 'round his neck. They fanned her an' sprinkled her with water, an' finally she come to, a-moanin', 'The stove! Oh, the heat! O-oh, the stove!' So everybody runned for the stove to see what they could do to shet off the heat. Deacon Brown he pulled open the stove door with a jerk, an'—there wa'n't a smitch of fire inside, not even a stick. Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Aha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sarah.

"Oh, ho, ho!—" broke in Hiram.

Sarah stopped short and stared at her brother.

"There wa'n't no stovepipe up," she added.

"Oho, ho, ho, ho, ho!" guffawed Hiram.

"Hee, hee, hee!" tittered Mrs. Eldredge.

"An's soon's Sophia saw there wa'n't none, she come to complete, an' let go Gamaliel, an'—"

"Oho, ho, ho, ho, ho!" roared Hiram.

"Tee-hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!" giggled Mrs. Eldredge.

"An'," continued Sarah, "Gamaliel he coughed an' kind of straightened out his coat, an'—aha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—"

"Oho, ho, ho, ho, ho!" laughed Hiram.

"Did he? Hee, hee, hee!" chuckled Mrs. Eldredge.

V.

People said it seemed as if that idea Sarah had of laughing was a good one. Captain Eames declared it put paint on the Eldredge house; anyway, the house was freshly painted. Mrs. Eden Butterfield began to be even more ambitious for her garden and to comment on the flourishing condition of Sarah's. And Mr. Butterfield said the "neuralgy cure couldn't have done more for puttin' flesh on them Eldredges than laughin' had." Hiram certainly had filled out remarkably in a year; Mrs. Eldredge was plump for the first time since she had married Joshua Eldredge, and Sarah had lost her sharp tongue and gained in good looks. In short, the recent sinking of Luff James's two-masted schooner was not half so important a topic of conversation as this year-old wonder.

For Sarah the year had had its trials. The story about Sophia Brown was merely an enter- ing

wedge, and before they finally succumbed to the power of Sarah's gelastic influence, Hiram and Mrs. Eldredge often rebelled.

Sarah stood again in the doorway of the Eldredge home, light flickered on the calm surface of the sea, little breezes played over the long dune grass and the sweet peas were all "tiptoe for flight."

"I ain't never expected to see this day, Hiram a-courtin' an' about to be married! Well, I hope Cinthy Eames keeps him a-laughin'. Maw'll kind of miss Hi, an' I reckon—"

Sarah stopped, shaded her eyes with her hands and craned her neck forward. "Paw? No, it can't be. Maw, Maw! Come quick! Oh, Maw, see who's comin' up the walk!"

The Last Primeval White Pines of New England

By FLETCHER OSGOOD

THE American white pine—*pinus strobus*—a native, strictly, of temperate North America east of the Rocky Mountains—is, I am inclined to think, the king-tree, on the whole, of these United States.

Its range, to be sure, is limited. It is at its best only within a region taking in New England and parts of Canada, nourishing great growths in Michigan and Wisconsin, and hardly going westward of Minnesota, nor very far into the Central or Southern States. It is true, too, of course, that our Western sequoias greatly excel the white pine in sheer mass and height; and that the American elm, which may be called our queen-tree, immeasurably surpasses it (and on the whole surpasses, probably, all other trees of our zone in either hemisphere) in gracious suavity of contour. Still others of our trees better it easily at some one point or other.

Yet taking sentiment and use to-

gether, in an all-round survey, why is not the white pine our tree-monarch? Its girth is noble, its loftiness august; its foliage of constant green,—responsive through all seasons in hushed whisperings to soft winds or in weird soughings to fierce blasts—drops down a carpet richly dun and fragrant, on which its lulling shadow rests in fiery heats. It fends off mighty storms and keeps the ground it lives on stored with the cool, pure waters man must have or perish. It "calls the sunset" (as is said), and holds it wondrously:

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines;
Far off, sublime and full of fear,
The pine woods bring the sunset near.

The blessed aroma floating from it brings health to the breathing of men. Its cones are objects of beauty. With maybe one exception, it invites and shelters the nests of more birds than can be found in any other of our trees. As it puts on its

strength, it becomes, perhaps, on the outside, a little rough, but nevertheless, in all its might, benignly fragrant, restful unspeakably, beneficent, protective, benedictive, calm; surcharged with deep, humane reserves of power.

And its more prosaic properties make it as Swedenborg might say, preëminently a "tree of uses." No tree of the whole temperate zone or perhaps of the world equals, it is believed, the white pine in its all-round fitness for constructive service. For mighty masts and bridge and mill-timbers and then through a thousand uses, by descending grades, to friction matches, this tree is endlessly in eager demand. And so I say it stands among us a monarch, alike, in the realms of sense and of sentiment.

But the white pine, after all, has come, in our time, close to discrownment. I should, perhaps, have spoken of it throughout in the past tense as of a deposed rather than of a reigning monarch. Within the easy recollection of many readers of this article, white pine was one of the least costly and commonest of all woods for general uses. But the eager call for the wood on every hand despatched the axeman after it wherever it could be found, and laid it low. Throughout the favored belt, the mighty virgin growths of good white pine went down and were no more. To-day such white pine wood as can be found and cut, cautiously picked out and free of knots, is a costly luxury for the inner furnishing of ambitious houses.

A sapling white pine growth is coming up, indeed. There are places in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and elsewhere in New England where a good deal of attention is formally paid to growth of

this sort. In time, by fostering, we may have third-growth white pines of small to fair dimensions back with us again in quantity. Meanwhile, inquiry does not reveal more than a few straggling first-growth (meaning virgin or primeval growth) white pines in either Vermont or Rhode Island. In Connecticut, excepting for a few at Cornwall, I hear of none. From Massachusetts virgin pine has almost wholly vanished. There is a little group of white pines standing in Carlisle, in this State, on land which was purchased a year or two ago through the agency of the Massachusetts Forestry Association and given to the Appalachian Mountain Club, by which it is held as a public reservation. These trees were probably just starting into growth anywhere from about the years 1650 to about 1700, and are properly reserved as venerable. White pines, more or less old (but very likely all of second growth) are reported, too, from Andover and Boxford. The last report of the Forest Commissioner of Maine (issued in 1902), a book of 150 pages, gives four pages to the hard woods and practically all the rest of the book to that one tree which seems to-day to command, by an overwhelming preponderance, the thought of Maine: the spruce. While I dare not absolutely aver that not one primeval white pine is left alive to-day in Maine, I can assert that my inquiry has revealed none.

Here is what the Forest Commissioner says of Maine pines, and *all* that he says, so far as I can learn:

"Sapling pines, and even pines of older growth, may still be found in many sections of the State." The "*even*," in this connection, is very significant. If there had been any-

thing more of importance to say, the Commissioner would doubtless have said it. His reference, too, must be in part to the Norway pine, instead of to our king pine. And this in Maine—the "Pine Tree State" of yesterday!

But on the noble Pisgah Range of Winchester (Winchester is a beautiful river-town, tucked snugly in the Southern, Vermont-Massachusetts corner of New Hampshire) is a great tract of virgin forest,—saved from the axe by sheer luck only. Here tower virgin white pines of most impressive age, girth, loftiness and number. Par excellence, these are *the* last primeval white pines of New England. It is of this remarkable tract, with its very ancient white pines in their rugged loftiness, that I am especially to have my say in this descriptive article.

And first, a word about the charming township overlooked by Pisgah and its virgin forest: Winchester was bought of the Indian Nawlet by Massachusetts men from Lunenburg, who settled it in 1733, and for a season called it Arlington. It has grown up slowly on the lines laid at the beginning, as a town of sturdy, if not fertile, farms and busy mills. The Ashuelot River plunges through it, careering down the precipitous, short slope to the Connecticut. All about it are great wooded hills. Its two delightful villages, Winchester and Ashuelot, have the great rock maples, wide, pleasant, central streets, plain, comfortable homes, and on the whole "the folks" we are apt to think of as still typifying Northern New England. The Pole, the French-Canadian and the Irishman are there in numbers, yet the town continues typically Yankee. Winchester has 2,500 people, and is reached from Boston by two routes,

in about four hours. It is thirteen miles from Keene and fifteen miles from Mount Monadnock. From Vermont and the Connecticut River it is separated, westerly, by the strip-shaped town, two miles and a half in width, called Hinsdale. Southerly, Northfield and Warwick in Massachusetts bound it, while on the east and north are the New Hampshire towns, Richmond, Swanzey and Chesterfield. Two features worthy of special note obtain to Winchester village. A line of shaggy white pines, rather ragged, which probably excel in age the Carlisle pines of Massachusetts, and the large, comely meeting-house, where a century ago those typically American religionists, the Universalists, first formulated and proclaimed their confession of faith in the absolute, final triumph of all good.

From lovely Ashuelot village, guided by an expert woodsman, I my first ascent of Pisgah and entering his primeval solitudes, came out by way of Hinsdale, a trip, in all, of some six miles. In the course of several days, I saw all the more wonderful parts of the great Pisgah tract, though leaving much of minor interest unseen. The time was early in this present May of 1904. The weather, absolute perfection for a hearty climb. The great hills all about us were clad in varying grays and buffs, dark greens and umbers in solid masses or in blended strips, where evergreens and hardwood growths, great crags or massive boulders intervened or mingled. Amidst all these again were finer colors of the early season: The tender and delicious creams (washed with pea-green) of the unfolding poplars, and the fresh tawnies, chromes and blazing oranges of the budding maples, intensifying to

blood-orange tints and then to sheer blood-reds.

We passed to Pisgah by a rough, disused old logging-road; crossing and re-crossing, by old team-bridges rotting to pieces, a nameless brook—in England 'twould have been an immemorial river, with a historic name—which must have sheltered "many a lusty trout." The flanks of the first height were so steep that when I lay upon the slope, I dug my heels into the earth that I might not slip, feet forward, dangerously, on the carpet of glossy, dry, dead beech leaves, as one would slide on glare snow crust. On the way up, we paused at a white pine stump, five feet across, cut by the father of my guide some forty years ago. We read off upon it the encircling rings, which crowded nearer and nearer together as they distanced the centre. In the last peripheral space, an inch and a quarter wide, was compressed, we thought, a century of growth. The white pine once joined in life to this great stump was unquestionably of hoary, awe-compelling age: a foretaste of what we were about to see when we gained the summit. Before we had attained it, we passed through a heavy growth of yellow and black birch, old shaggy hemlock and small beech.

This beech, in places, shot up its tall stems, smooth as bamboo fish-poles, so closely set together that we could hardly see between them; a genuine beech-jungle. How heavy must be the summer shade beneath the jungle-beeches crowned with their thick-grown leaves!

At last, at the very summit of this first Pisgah mountain, we found ourselves in a tract of fifty acres, so close-set everywhere with noble virgin hemlocks and white pines that there was no room for another tree.

The ground shadowed by this venerable growth is just one mass of ancient tree-mould and green hillocks of thick moss. No undergrowth of any sort can thrive here. There is no light for it.

It is a mistake to speak of mighty woods as "nature's cathedrals." They are not. Cathedrals should be spoken of as art's attempts at imitating forests. We were in no cathedral, but in a mighty, primitive, massive forest of hemlocks and white pines, hundreds upon hundreds of years old, their great trunks towering high up toward the hidden skies. Many of the white pines were straight as a spear; such pines, as in the old colonial days, the agents of the Hanoverian Georges, if they had found them, would have eagerly cut deep with the broad arrow which marked them out for royal masts. I sat under white pines which ran up sheer two hundred feet, with all of eighty feet of smooth trunk, clear of a single limb. Other immemorial white pines were there, with bark welted up in great ridges, which, when chiseled off, made excellent wood-billets about three inches thick. Such deep-ridged bark as this denotes the tree that bears it as a very ancient of ancients.

And the heavenly silence of this august, primeval, heavy-shadowed grove! For years I have slept in a home and toiled in its study as well, in the very heart of a district verily consecrated to fierce, incessant noise, shot forth by charging, clanging, roaring, squealing "electrics," jolting team-traffic and the cries and heavy bangings of night-workers. To rest here for a space in stillness absolute was a golden privilege for which every hard-smitten nerve in my system sighed out thanks for. "But in a great, fierce wind-storm,"

said my friend and guide, "these pines here break the silence, I can tell you. Then you can hear them wailing for miles around." I can well believe him. Not a stump of a cut tree was anywhere within this lordly tract. It never in all time has felt the axe.

So we passed on, toward the next summit, through mighty virgin growths of towering chestnut and of black and yellow birch. I saw one black birch of great age and massiveness, an ancient tree, perhaps, when the first boat-load disembarked on Plymouth Rock—and one lofty, venerable chestnut that in length of years (or centuries, rather) combined with fine condition, is very probably unmatched in all New England. The chestnut tree was seventy feet high, and a generous three feet and a half across the butt. It is one of the grand features of this Pisgah Range that, in its primeval marvels, it offers many massive contrasts. The white pines are, we grant, the chief of all the wonders, but in great spaces here and there throughout the tract they are set off and made more wonderful by shaggy first-growth hardwoods, virgin hemlocks and mighty spruces. All along the way, at happy intervals, were brooklets, rills and brooks of water bubbling from deep springs, and not from surface sponge.

Doubtless the Almighty,—though I grudge even this admission—might have made better water than that which flows from Pisgah Springs, but doubtless the Almighty never did—nor will. The water was absolute perfection, and we eagerly drank it along the route at every opportunity. There was a plentiful growth of beech throughout the hardwood tracts, and the way was

thickly carpeted with their all-but indestructible leathery, weather-washed dead leaves of pallid buff, commingled with the hardy leaves of birch and chestnut. Signs of the hedgehog were everywhere about, but I missed seeing one. This sedate tree-climber is, however, one of the features of the place, and may be frequently under observation in the daytime.

We passed on, guided alone by compass, through a wilderness of lower grounds, and then to lonely rugged slopes (skirting great spruce growths on the way and mighty first-growth hemlock clusters), and thence to a great, full, brawling, springing brook, boiling about and bathing its moss-swathed boulders. Here we stayed for lunch and then pressed on to what is probably the highest point in all the Pisgah Range. Heretofore, there had been no looking off from any height. The tremendous trees prevented this, and the region we had passed through had never known the axe. But fire had done its demonic work upon this range, and the lumbermen had cut away the great growths smitten by it. Hence, from this height, we had an outlook. And a wondrous outlook it was, into New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont. Through the fine, crystal May air we could see Keene and any number of pleasant country towns, range upon vistaed range of rugged hills, and great Monadnock towering due east. From here we passed again into a great white pine tract. I could get from my friend no estimate of the number of pines, but they were legion. Again we were enclosed in the rich darkness of these huge primeval evergreens, traversing it softly with a haunted feeling; for, indeed, we were in touch

with days when all America was Indian. No axe, I think, has ever rung within these solitudes, unless, indeed, on rare occasion, the axe of some lone bee-hunter. And yet I must make one exception. Deep within this solemn forest, we came upon a small, unfinished or depleted pile of oaken billets, carefully cut out and placed by an evidently experienced hand. They were old and had gathered the mouldy accretions of age, yet so well laid were they between their stakes that no accident of wind or ice or otherwise had spilled in all these years a single billet. There was a mystery about that little pile which my friend did not unravel. That they were cut for barrel staves we did make out—for barrel staves in the old, dead West India trade before the railroads, when staves were boated down the Connecticut River. Yet I had not seen one oak in all these woods from the start to now, and not one oak stump. It seemed to me not unlikely that in old slavery days, maybe when Franklin Pierce was President, some single adventurer for staves, when oaks were getting very scarce, had found a solitary oak somewhere within these solitudes, had cut it up and piled it, and then—There's the mystery. Why was that pile left unfinished or depleted as we found it? If—as I am hoping and working and believing—the Pisgah tract, indeed, comes into the people's hands as a perpetual reserve forever, I hope that mystic stave-pile, lone among pines, with its suggested story, will stay intact and honored, till the relic-stealers break it up. It dates back, I should say, at least to Abraham Lincoln's early day. Perhaps, much farther back.

Still we pressed on, through acres upon acres of primeval pines—pines

—pines. Still in the grave spirit that became the place, we contemplated our king-trees—indeed, the very last and greatest of their New England race—sturdy, staunch, wholesome and towering. Some of these great white pines were full four feet and a half across the butt, and some that we missed are rumored to be greater—maybe five feet to six. But these were big and tall enough, and pines without a limb for sixty feet and over, one hundred and fifty feet in height, and more than that—were common objects, hardly to be noted. Many must have much exceeded these dimensions, I should say. Three white pines, standing like ranked soldiers, close together, yet apart from others, one of them four feet across the butt, and all high and massive, I named "The Three Noble Kinsmen," after the goodly Elizabethan drama which Shakespeare, maybe, had a hand in. I hope they will bear that name in the hoped-for People's Reserve. Then there were big, round boulders, glacier-deposited, and all but "rocking stones," so lightly were they poised. These were everywhere garnished with the bright rock-ferns that New Hampshire boys gather by the carload for the Boston florists. In a Reserve, they would have formal names as curiosities. Under the pines again the water-springs abounded, and we drank and were filled.

Out at last we came from amidst the darkling trunks of these huge resinous reminders of dim days into a forest lighter and more modern, and thence back to gentle Ashuelot village. But before we turned from the ancient forest I went over in my mind certain facts which bear upon its possible preservation for the people: In the first place, fire—chief

of forest enemies—has left it mainly alone. Again, the winds have troubled it but little. Here and there on our course we had come upon slight breaks in the great woods caused by wind-fallen trees of the lighter-rooted sort. But such breaks were few and of light consequence. In this compacted, deeply-grounded growth the winds have neither wrought much evil in the past nor will they compass it in the visible future. Again the great primeval trees were robust, one and all. Hardihood and high health mantled in them. The ground they grew in nurtured them richly. The forest-blasting insects had not gnawed them to their weakening, and from the big and snowy white canoe birches (shaming the spindling gray birch of the Bay State) right through the rugged list of beeches, chestnuts, black and yellow birches, spruces, hemlocks and white pines, the words to characterize them would be: matured, prime wholesomeness, sustained by an environment well-nigh ideal. Thus is the highest promise given for the future. A tree preserves its youth well into the "forevers," and for all I learn to the contrary, the oldest tree in this whole Pisgah wilderness may even live—yes, and enjoy life all the while—a thousand years from now. And how old are the oldest trees within this vast retreat? Gathering such information as I may from those expert in forestry, who know the great tract well, I am of opinion that many trees here number at least seven full centuries of growth, or possibly more. I believe that I have reclined beneath, and with a reverential hand caressed, great white pines that were hardy saplings here on Pisgah when bad King John delivered Magna Charta up, with cursing, to the

Barons. Such pines were venerable, mighty, towering trees (as old as many or all of those saved out at Carlisle, Massachusetts) when Saint Columbus caught his opening glimpse of the New World! Remembering this and the fact that we have no such white pines alive anywhere else in all New England—quite probably not in all the United States—are there any who wonder that I am seeking to save these pines and their noble associates, forever, from being cloven with axes and sawn with saws into timber?

But though the one great central feature of the Pisgah tract is beyond question its awe-inspiring virgin forests,—especially of the white pine,—there are accessories to the noble tract which greatly heightens its value for a People's Reserve. Connected with and included in it is a chain of fine ponds, or little lakes, covering one hundred acres or more, with lovely "white-piney" camping-grounds opening out abundantly upon their shores. To reach these ponds one takes a wild walk, which, for my part, I think the finest of the sort I ever took. It leads from Ashuelot village right along the course, and sometimes on the great stones of the very bed of Pisgah Brook, an outlet for the nearer pond. Who shall describe the multiform acrobatics of full waters, hurtling and capering down a sharp descent amid tumultuously huddled boulders? Southey's "Lodore Waters" does the work as nearly as anything I know. His poem is brought constantly before one who walks by Pisgah Brook—but he finds that word-picture inadequate, after all. Most of the way is practically as wild as a part of Central Newfoundland or Northern Quebec, and yet it is within an easy stroll of soft repose

and delicate living. Wholesome little groves of sapling white pine attend the path at first, and in the season, all along the way, in the opener spots, the spicy-scented lovely mayflower hides beneath its leaf-roof. And presently we come to lofty crags, steep, rough and wild, with glossy rock-ferns sprouting out from every crevice and mould-supporting shelflet. There are, too, sloping banks grown up to elegant beech-jungle, which, in the Summer heats, throws down a dense, delightful shade, flecked with the serrate in-breaks of the sun beams, and then, too, springs of delicious water bubble up beside the route at just the right, refreshing intervals. At one point a rough dam is crossed where the last bear of Ashuelot went his way, some twenty years ago, only to take the vengeance of a lurking rifle and then, making his herculean death-lunge up the opposite precipice, yielded the ghost beneath a shaggy chestnut.

In the whole Pisgah tract, we have, then, several mountains with their essential valleys, a chain of beautiful lakelets, abundant springs of perfect water and many tumbling, sparkling brooks and brooklets (mostly from springs and therefore trout-beloved and very cool), a wonderful wild brook-walk under the shadowing beeches, ideal camping grounds, grand wholesome forests of vigorous virgin hemlocks, chestnuts, birches and great spruces, and then—the glorious last primeval white pines of New England. In the whole tract there may be some five thousand acres. It is most fortunately owned—excepting for a strip about Pisgah Brook—by one estate.

Nothing but sheer fortuity ever saved these massive virgin forests

from the axe. They were hard to come at; their owner had other irons in the fire. He put off cutting them till “a little later,” and, by a narrow chance, they have been, to this time, saved. But there is hard, commercial value in these tremendous growths. They will inevitably be cut down, one and all, and sawn asunder, if some measure is not taken speedily to preserve them. Where the last primeval white pines of New England once stood as giants will then be scarred stumps, chips and amputated tree-limbs and the starting up of puny seedling growth.

What can be done to save to the people this unique and glorious tract? New Hampshire (which has no State Reserve) may possibly undertake to purchase it. But supposing the undertaking fails—what then? Why not an appeal to some great millionaire to buy and pass it over to the State? No nobler act could be performed by wealth than this. But I have another notion that perhaps might in the end prevail: might not we, perhaps, secure a great New England Reserve for each of our six States to use in common, by properly appealing to the legislature of each State? Here is an idea worth thinking of. Pisgah is central to New England, accessible to all her States, easily come at. The cost of maintenance as a purely wild reserve (not as a tame, conventional, smooth bicycle-pathed park), would be but small. A few good guides and wardens, a rough roadway here and there, should surely be the main part of the business. But in any case, I cannot too strongly urge that,—if not in one way, then in another—Pisgah, its healing silence and its immemorial pines, should be most sacredly preserved as a perpetual heritage for New England and her children

The Mission of Andrew

By ANNIE NETTLETON BOURNE

THE supper dishes were done and Mrs. Birdsey drew her little black shawl over her bent shoulders and sat down by the kitchen window; not the window that commanded the glory of field and hill and setting sun, but the one looking upon the barnyard across the road. There had been no sound of wheels since morning, when Abiram Fuller went past in his rattling spindle. Now she watched under the lowered shade to see him going home. There would be something in the back of his wagon to show why he had been to the Corners.

As she waited there sounded overhead the squeaking of heavy boots. That was what roused Deacon Birdsey from the sleep that had overtaken him when he came in from the evening chores. For half an hour he had lain back in his rocker, head bowed forward, fingers interlaced over his breast, and stockinged feet stretched on the floor.

"Where's Lorenzo going?" he demanded, sitting up with sudden defiance as if he had been tricked into slumber.

"Down to the Corners, I p'sume," said his wife.

"Well, he ain't," said the Deacon shortly. "Do you want your only son should consort with evil doers an' go straight to perdition. Keziah Birdsey?"

Mrs. Birdsey's small, meaching person and gentle face were scarcely the abode of motives of so violent a character. She seemed aware that

the question was only rhetorical for she made no answer, though her mouth twitched when the sounds recurred. Presently there was a clatter and Lorenzo opened the door at the foot of the stairs into the kitchen. He was clad in black broadcloth, with coat buttoned well up. His collar rose high above a narrow black cravat tied like the letter "x." A black slouch hat sank nearer than usual to the tops of his ears because of the close clipping that his hair had undergone on Frank Thurston's front lawn. His hat remained in place as he stood before his mother.

"Can you hitch this on, Ma?" he asked, producing a button. He watched her cross the room. It would no more have occurred to him to get her work basket for her than it would have occurred to her to ask him to.

"Which horse shall I take, father?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Where you going?"

"Down to the Corners."

"You won't take any on 'em, Lorenzo Birdsey. An' you won't go to the Corners neither, not with my consent."

The Deacon pulled his knees up and looked sternly at his son. It was not hard for Deacon Birdsey to look stern. The effort to look mild would have taxed him more. Nature had hewed him out in rugged austerity. To those behind him in church the straight, narrow shoulders and tall, narrow head had a moral significance; there was no need, at some unseemly flight of the

choir, for him to square about and gaze up at the organ loft in open rebuke. Bushy white hair and a white beard reaching from ear to ear hedged in his face. Its length, from the eyebrows habitually raised as far as the muscles would allow, to the drooping corners of the set mouth, was prodigiously great. It was not the face that children stretch their arms toward, but it bore out Deacon Birdsey's frequent testimony that he "cal'lated to do abaout the right thing an' expected other folks to," and also his unvarying attitude when other folks fell short of his expectations.

Lorenzo flushed. His eyes were defiant but he did not speak. The door closed behind him and his mother watched him disappear over the brow of the hill. Then: "Ain't you 'most too hard towards him, father?" she ventured in a thin voice.

"What d'yer mean, Keziah?" demanded the Deacon. "It's t'other way 'round. I'd ought to 'a' spoke before. It don't do young folks no good to set round on flour barr'ls an' counters. Their tongues git too free."

"I don't see as the Corners ever hurt Lorenzo any. He fetches real nice books from there an' he learns a sight at the lectures."

The Deacon spread his palms on his knees and looked steadily at his wife. "I s'pose I've got to tell you." he began slowly, "but I d'clare I hate to when you think he's so innocent."

Mrs. Birdsey leaned forward all a-tremble with apprehension.

"Thought I'd drop when I fust heerd it," pursued her husband. "Lorenzo's told you how onct a month all last winter they had sociables in the hall—"

"Yes."

"Yes, but he never let on what

they done at 'em. Them young boys an' gals, all come of meeting folks—what d'yer think they done? They—" the Deacon's voice sank to a hoarse whisper—"they *danced*."

Keziah caught her lower lip under her teeth with a cluck of horror. "Father!" she gasped. "Air yer sure?"

But the Deacon had closed his lips tight. He would only nod his head while poor Keziah sat shaking hers mournfully from side to side.

II.

It was scarcely ten o'clock when Lorenzo came back that evening, but there was no sign of life in the scattered houses that he passed. He was thinking of Eunice Stone's face as she held a lamp high at the door to light him down the path.

"I couldn't bear to tell her good-bye," he said to himself. "But I'll come for her soon." His heart bounded as he walked through the silent valley and climbed the steep ascent to his home. He lifted the kitchen latch cautiously, slipped off his shoes, as usual, and crept up the stairs. But his mother's ear caught the thud of his feet and she was beside him.

"Oh, Lorenzo!" she whispered, gripping his arm. "Promise me you won't never go to the Corners agin."

"Nonsense, mother!" and Lorenzo shook his arm loose. Then suddenly he put it around the bent shoulders. "Don't you worry, Ma," he said gently. "I'll be a man in spite of father." He kissed her soft cheek and she went away comforted. It could not be so bad as father thought. She had always trusted her boy. She was sleeping calmly when the kitchen latch was lifted from the inside and Lorenzo went out. He stood still a moment, held

by the magic of the night. Across the meadows moved a mist like a swift procession of innumerable wraiths and out of it came the cry of the whip-poor-will, that human voice of desolation. A cold light in the eastern sky foretold the rising of the moon. Before it rose he was on the road to Trumbull, nine miles away, where was the nearest railway station.

As he walked he was in the grasp of an overwhelming emotion that he now experienced for the first time, the sense of freedom. Obed Birdsey had always done the right thing by his son. No one could say that there was a cow or a boy or a horse on the place that he had abused. To be sure, he had not acted foolish over him the way Keziah did, but he had calculated to make him into a good farmer and leave him the farm. But he never had thought of him except in relation to himself. Lorenzo's part must be perfect submission. He never let a colt kick over the traces. Such restraint had grown daily more unbearable to the son. To break away, to be himself, had been the one theme of his brooding. Now he did not look back at the house. There was no room in his thought for the grief of parting. He was scarcely touched after the first moment, by the beauty of the night,—the familiar fields transfigured by moonlight, the wooded hills that had always seemed to him to hide fairer lands, the brook flowing swift and musical under the thicket beside him, the still houses asleep under their great protecting maples.

In the reflective hours of daily drudgery he had planned a career for himself that stood out sharply against life on the farm. But to-night the future was blurred. He did not look ahead. He escaped, body and

mind. Visions of what he was leaving quickened his steps. Never again would he follow the plough like one work horse behind another. Never again would he drive the **cows** to pasture, heavy creatures stepping one by one over the lowered bars. He recalled with a dull ache twilight hours when he had sat brooding, his lonely mood heightened by the scene,—dreary waste of pasture land, vast stretches of gray rock and hard hack, and straight lines of stone wall, monuments of the toil of his ancestors. What was there to show for their dumb, patient labor? Some day the stone walls would tumble into ruins too, like the homes of those who had bent their backs to make them. Skeleton houses stood with windows and doors gone. He paused before one where he used to play as a boy. Moonlight streamed into the vacant rooms. Loose, ragged boards swayed creaking in the night wind. With a shudder he walked quickly on. No indeed, he never would go to the Corners again. Now his face was set toward a wider door of escape.

III.

It was six o'clock and the men would be coming in to breakfast, but Keziah Birdsey sat idle. The day before she would have been called a young-looking woman for her age, but not now. This morning she was shrunken and wrinkled and old. The tears were trickling down her cheeks; her apron could not dry them.

Beside her stood her husband, holding in his hand a letter. Suddenly he jerked it into halves.

"Oh, father!" she cried, as if he had hurt her.

"Don't you take on so, Keziah," said the Deacon; "he ain't wuth it. A boy that'd sneak away from his

folks, I say let him go. We've allus done our part by him."

Mrs. Birdsey protested with uplifted hand and streaming eyes but the Deacon did not relent.

"I want you should promise me, Keziah Birdsey, never to let that boy step foot in this house agin, not es long es you live. Do you hear?"

And Keziah, weeping and heart-broken, and overflowing with mother-love, Keziah promised. Years ago she had promised to obey Obed. Obedience had often brought her pain, but that she regarded as a matter of course. This request was strange, harder than any that Obed had made before, but Keziah obeyed with the unquestioning, self-forgetting love that she always had borne her husband.

And so long months of loneliness followed. Keziah recalled the early years of her married life when she longed in vain for a child. If Lorenzo had been sent to them then, she thought, they would have understood him better. She had been patient and hopeful; she would be so now. Obed would soften. Lorenzo would come back.

But not until he was successful. He would not even write until then. He was not the first young man to grow sick of Wheaton; that was the way they all had done. One, she reflected with sinking of heart, never had been heard from at all. Keziah had little imagination. The Lorenzo who stole away at night was thenceforth unknown to her. But she loved to let her memory linger about the Lorenzo of years ago, the little sunny-headed boy that played near her while she worked, before school and the farm separated them. She would sit fingering the bag of marbles that was his, or take out tenderly from its wrappings the first

cap that she had knitted him. She did it up hastily one day when Obed chanced to come into the room. But not before he saw it.

Afterward the Deacon sat on an old stump beside the barn door, ruminatively chewing a piece of timothy.

"Jest like pullin' teeth," he muttered, "to go back on my word. But I d'clare I miss the boy. Don't know's I kin stan' it much longer myself, let alone Keziah, women folks do act so ridic'ulous."

It was an hour later when the two hired men carried the Deacon into the bedroom and Keziah came running with the camphor bottle in her trembling hand.

"He's been havin' them hard breathin's all the mornin', Mis' Birdsey," said one, "an' I see he was goin' to take one o' his spells."

When Keziah was alone with her husband his breathing grew more regular. She sat fanning him with the sense of relief that had always come at such times. Presently he turned his head slightly. His eyes did not open, but he tried to speak.

"What is it, father?" she asked tenderly. "What is it?"

But no words came. The Deacon's cheeks flushed and he passed his hand over his brow. Keziah's hand followed his. Then, with the woman's instinct, she put her lips close to his ear and asked, "Is it Lorenzo?" but there was no answer. Then a kind of frenzy seized her. She wrung her hands, talked incoherently, covered the still face with kisses. Growing more quiet she spoke into his ear again, loud and slow, "Is it Lorenzo? Do you want Lorenzo?" But when she lifted her head the gentle breathing had stopped. Deacon Birdsey did not

have to face the shame of going back on his word.

IV.

"I do b'lieve it's Lovisy Perrit," murmured Keziah, as she flattened her nose against the tiny window pane. "Waddles like her. 'Tis her!"

The voice rose in excitement. "Somethin' must 'a' happened. Lovisy h'aint ben up this hill, I don't know when. Not sence she's ben in years an' fleshed up so."

Long before her visitor was near enough for the exchange of greetings, Keziah was at the door nodding and smiling and fingering her little black shawl. Then she heard only her own voice. Lovisa could not respond except by gesticulation and puffing. She waited what seemed to Keziah an endless time on the door stone before pulling herself up into the house by means of both jambs. At last she flopped down upon an arm chair. Lovisa always was on, never in, a chair. No part of the chair was visible as she hung loosely over it. She lay back with closed eyes, putting out her hand blindly for the fan that Keziah offered.

"Kinder heated term," Keziah suggested.

Lovisa nodded.

"Rains a good deal, too. Ketchin' weather, open an' shet so."

Another nod.

"Lay off your bunnit, Lovisy."

"There!" gasped Lovisa, shoving back a man's cap that fell to the floor revealing a mass of short gray hair.

"Folks all well on the plain fur anythin't you know?" Keziah pursued tentatively.

The visitor only nodded again. But a cheerful expression began to play over her plump cheeks and she sighed as if relieved. Presently she descended to the depths of an ample pocket and extracted a spectacle

case, from which she slowly drew the spectacles. Then she produced a letter. Keziah at once recognized Lorenzo's handwriting. She caught her breath and grew a shade paler. By this time Lovisa's eyes were wide open, regarding her steadily.

"Beats all how you stick it out here 'lone so, Keziah," she began in a hearty voice. "Le's see; how long is't sence the Deacon was took? Eight year? An' Lorenzo same's dead longer'n that. Now you needn't stiff up so, Keziah Birdsey. I've kep' still es long's I'm goin' to. The neighbors was talkin' you over las' night"—Keziah winced—"an' I got so full o' mad I couldn't hardly hold it. Not at them, you understand, 'twas you. I made up my mind't I'd git up this hill somehow, ef it took my las' breath, an' tell you what I think o' you. I stopped for the mail, an' first off Jake Simpson sez, 'They ain't anythin' fur you, Mis' Perrit, 'cept a postal from your sister Sally sayin' she's done up a sight o' huckleberries an' all well at home.' He handed that out an' I was goin' 'long. Then he hollered. 'Say, here's a letter. Shall I open it fur you?' sez he, real perlite. 'Land, no!' sez I. 'I was a Gritman, I guess I kin open my own mail.'"

During this suspense Keziah's hands worked in her lap and her eyes did not leave the letter. Lovisa was perfectly aware of their gaze as she picked it up and remarked casually, "Thought some o' lettin' you read it. Guess you don't deserve to." Then she returned it to her pocket. Keziah uttered a smothered cry, and burst into a flood of tears.

V.

The person in Wheaton who manifested the least interest in people's affairs and knew the most about them was the Widow Perrit,

known to all as Aunt Lovisy. "Live and let live" was her motto, and she was wont to declare that she did wish folks wouldn't dump all their troubles into her lap just as if she was a rag bag. But they did. When gossip was active about Lorenzo, the only one who kept silent and the only one who was in possession of the facts was Aunt Lovisa. She never mentioned them except to herself, when she scolded herself roundly for bothering with the boy. The Deacon had told everybody that his doors were shut to his son. Well then, why should she correspond with him? Was it anything to her that he was establishing himself and getting a home ready for Eunice? And that Eunice's parents had promised to let her join him?

If the widow Perrit had been in the habit of occupying herself with the affairs of others she would have been as astonished as the rest of Wheaton that Lorenzo did not come to his father's funeral. Fate seemed to have brought the term of punishment to an end. But Keziah was so silent and uncomplaining that Wheaton's hard feelings toward Lorenzo were exchanged for a sense of injury toward her. No one saw her. The Birdsey pew was empty. The Deacon's book at the store no longer testified to good providing. Every window in her house was shut tight except one in the kitchen. It was common for visitors to find the door locked, and not on the outside, some said.

But it came easy to Wheaton, busy and hard-worked, to respect a manifest preference for solitude, and gradually Keziah was left to the life that she had chosen. Had the news from Lorenzo continued vaguely favorable, probably she would have been allowed to bring her weary

task of self-abnegation to its perfect close. But when sorrow came to him a new chord was touched. How much did Keziah know? Had she heard of the lingering illness that had left Lorenzo's little boy a cripple? Surely she would come to the burying ground when Eunice was brought home. But Keziah was not at Eunice's grave.

It was totally against Lovisa Perrit's principles to present herself at Keziah's door with the express purpose of interfering, but when once she made up her mind to do so, it would have been quite as much against her principles not to.

VI

The effect of the disappearance of Lorenzo's letter was precisely what Lovisa expected. She knew that a sudden overflow of tears will carry with it secrets that have been damned up for years. Her attitude toward Keziah changed at once. One would hardly have believed that the tender manner and caressing voice were a disguise of the masculine widow Perrit.

"There! There!" she said soothingly. "Tell me all about it."

Keziah's frail little body shook with sobs, the pent-up grief of years. She had not dishonored her husband's memory by the indulgence of tears. Now she tried to sit up stiffly. "I'm a-gettin' along all right," she said weakly, "I don' know's I need to have folks meddlin', I don' know's I do."

"Wall, you do," said Lovisa, with a touch of her accustomed fierceness. "I want you should tell it to me jest's 'tis. When the Deacon was took, you fell by rights to Lorenzo. Now why didn't you send for him to come home?"

The habit of subjection to a stronger personality stood Keziah

in good stead. She offered no further resistance but told Lovisa the story of her life since her husband had left her bound by a promise.

When she had finished Lovisa sat looking at her a moment in silent contempt. Then she seemed to comprehend, as if by a flash of insight, what this weak little creature, blindly submissive, stupidly faithful, with a courage past belief, had borne in dumb patience.

"It beats all!" was her simple comment.

She rocked back and forth violently while Keziah wiped her eyes with an unfamiliar sense of relief. Then she began to mutter to herself as if she had wholly forgotten the presence of another. Keziah could make nothing of it except that Lovisa seemed to be upbraiding somebody in strong terms.

Without speaking to Keziah again, she gathered up her cap and came for the floor, got to her feet and proceeded to waddle away. Halfway down the path she turned back. "Tarnal fool!" she ejaculated, without designating the object of the epithet, and flung the letter to Keziah. "You kin keep it," she called back.

VII

The widow Perrit's epithet of opprobrium was directed toward herself; and as she sat at her desk, with pen and paper before her, a week later, she indulged in another. Keziah had haunted her. No matter how she bustled about her work, she could not shut out the sight of those wistful eyes fixed on the letter in her lap. However loud her voice rang in the hymns with which she was accustomed to lighten her labors, Keziah's broken tones told her pitiful story above the song.

Lovisa had been schooled by all Wheaton to meet difficulties, but now she was confronted by one that baffled her.

"There's Keziah," she reflected, "shet up in that old tomb of a house. A body'd think she was tryin' to make herself as dead as the Deacon. An' there's Lorenzo, allus was a lovin' son, needin' his ma the wust way. How's he a-goin' to fetch up that motherless cripple, I'd like to know, 'thout no woman to help him? . . . An' there's that hateful little promise a-stickin' up there between 'em, jest a slipshod word or two said in haste like enough, thet's growed an' growed until it's es high as a mountain an' es hard as a three-inch plank. You couldn't git Keziah through it, not ef you druv her with an ox-whip. All is, you've got to git her round it."

Lovisa had sat down at the desk resolved to wait there for some fruitful idea "ef it took a week." Whether it was will power or inspiration that came to the rescue, suddenly she gave vent to one of her bursts of laughter.

"Wall, Deacon," she chuckled, as she seized the pen, "guess we've got ahead of you now. Keziah kin keep her word all she wants to. You didn't make her promise anythin' 'bout Andrew, did you?"

She was so genuinely exultant over having outwitted the Deacon that the departed spirit of the repentant man, if it was hovering above her just then, doubtless had not the heart to present itself in explanatory self-justification. Her pen flew, her face working as she joyfully pictured the fulfillment of the plans that she suggested to Lorenzo.

It was in consequence of this letter that Pete Wilton, the stage-driver, saw the brakeman jump from

the train at Trumbull, toss off a bag, and then lift down a little boy with great tenderness. The boy put up his arms and Pete grinned at the brakeman's furtive look as he received a kiss on his begrimed cheek. The brakeman had just time to beckon to Pete and toss him a letter before swinging back on his train.

Pete noted something familiar in the pale face of the little lad who limped beside him, proudly insisting upon carrying his bag. When he read the message, "Please carry the bearer to the home of Mrs. Obed Birdsey," he almost lost his balance on the dashboard of the stage, to which he had been crowded by the pressure of passengers and baggage.

"I vum!" he exclaimed under his breath, "it's Lorenzo's boy!"

As errand man for all who lived on his stage route, Pete was well posted in current events. Jake Simpson had not reported any correspondence between Keziah and Lorenzo; he did not believe she was expecting the boy. How she was likely to take the surprise engrossed his thoughts so completely that he let the reins hang loose until an impatient traveller recalled him to business. "Guess your hosses air runnin' daown." Then he started them up with a jerk that jounced all the passengers and set a tea-kettle, out of sight somewhere, rattling merrily. Little Andrew laughed aloud. The laugh was contagious. In consequence of it, an unusually good-natured company toiled through the sandy plains and up the stony mountain roads.

The only passenger to come all the way to Wheaton was Andrew.

"Is it much farther to Grandma's?" he asked after he had slipped about on the leather seat alone for half an hour.

"Not much," answered Pete. "I was goin' there anyhow. That tea-kettle's hern. I took it to git it mended—For the land's sake!"

"What?" cried Andrew.

"Oh, nothin'. Only I wondered how on airth Aunt Lovisy got up here."

Pete had beheld the Widow Perrit, who was scarcely known to leave her own dooryard, under a tree by the roadside, calmly knitting. He frankly expressed his astonishment as she rose stiffly and waddled toward the stage.

"Wall, who's got a better right?" she demanded. "How air you, Andrew? I guess your Pa told you about your Aunt Lovisy. Wall, I'm her."

She smiled as she patted the pale face. "Ain't so fierce as I look. Tell your grandma I'll be up to see her 'long 'bout sundown."

"Carry you up, Aunt Lovisy?"

"No, I ain't a-goin' jest yit."

Keziah had been listening at the kitchen window for the stage. When she heard its rattle, she came outside and stood watching her tea-kettle slowly climb the hill. For some reason unknown to himself Pete did not tell his small passenger who she was. When he jumped down and restored Mrs. Birdsey's property to her, she paid no attention to him. Her eyes were fixed on the stage with a look that made Pete wish that he could get himself away. "Here's another pa'cel for you, Mis' Birdsey," he said, trying to speak in an offhand way. "It's a kind o' precious one. I shall want a consid'able for fetchin' it up." He grinned feebly as he lifted Andrew down. Then he reached for the bag and carried it into the kitchen with his back turned. He kept it turned as he regained the stage and climbed in with

a sheepish feeling. Without saying good day, he flung the lash across the horses' backs and sent them galloping down the hill.

The widow Perrit was not in the habit of sneaking. Wheaton would have been nonplussed to see her approach Mrs. Birdsey's through the grass instead of by the stone flagging. Neither was eavesdropping characteristic of her, but there she was, leaning up against the house, close beside the open kitchen window. The look of pure enjoyment in her face, as she stood with cocked head, was not in the least suggestive of a stricken conscience.

"How she dooz rattle the dishes," she thought. "An' her feet ain't pattered so lively in one while."

Then she heard childish tones, high and sweet.

"Was papa as big as me when he sat in this chair, Grandma?"

Keziah's voice, as she answered, sounded strange. The eavesdropper could hardly make out what she said.

But when Andrew spoke she caught every word. "My mamma has gone to a far-off country," he was saying, "and when you come to live at our house, Grandma, I'll show you a picture of her." Then an unexpected ripple of laughter,— "Why, Grandma! Why did you blow your nose so hard? You made me jump."

Presently there was the sound of little feet. Lovisa's heart swelled in her breast at the slow, dragging steps. As the clear tones rose again her conscience suddenly accused her and she clapped her hands over her ears. She waddled away through the grass as fast as she could, still holding them there.

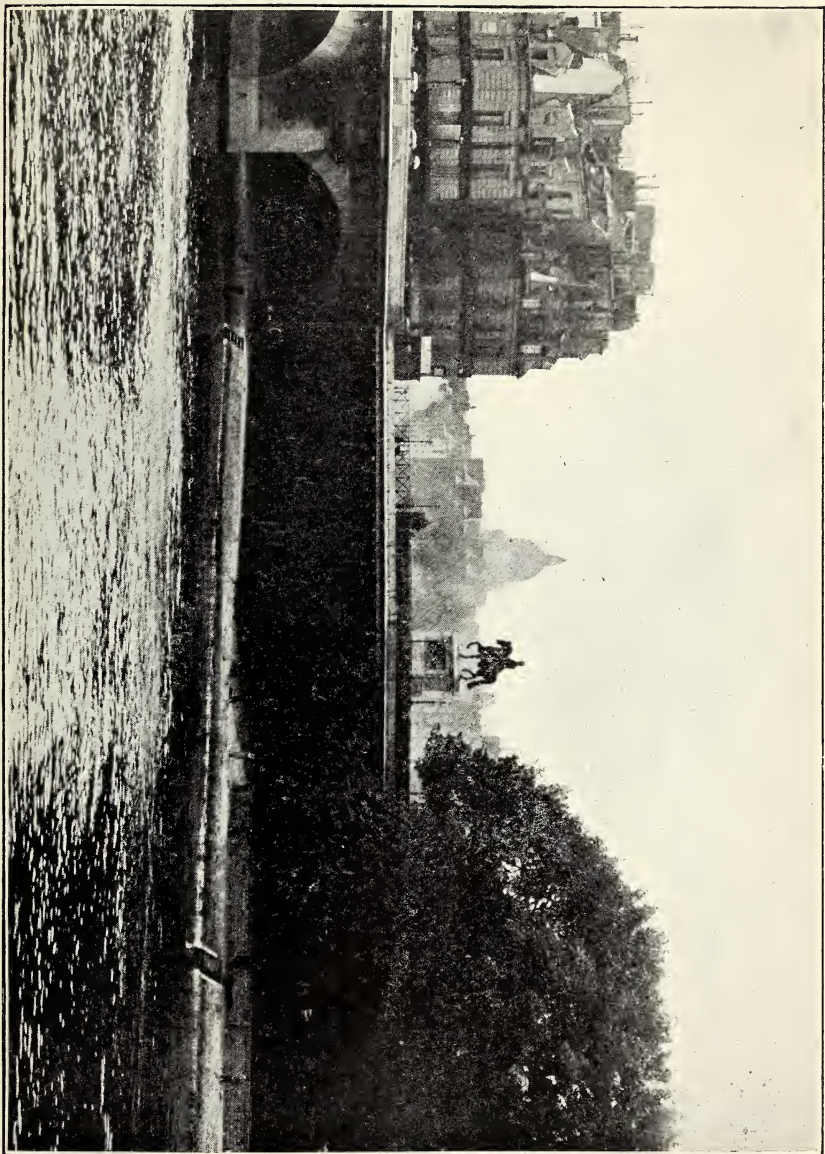
It was past sundown and late for women folk to be out alone when she came up the stone flagging and knocked at Keziah's door. It stood open, and Keziah was in her little chair by the window. She did not see anything of Andrew. He was fast asleep, hugging to his breast a bag of marbles.

Since Knowing You

By HELEN A. SAXON

Since knowing you, I know myself no more,
 All that I was, the sin and sloth denied,
 The insincerity, defiant pride,
 Indifference behind the mask I wore,
 The selfishness but half-rebuked before
 You came, the callousness so long defied,
 And all the ugly train I fain would hide,
 Into love's crucible at last I pour.

At once my pain and gain! For sin confessed
 Is sin repudiated, all its sting
 And power made void; this is love's great test,
 Its sacred task, its dearest offering.
 Behold me, then! The germ of all my best
 Lies hidden in the worthlessness I bring.



THE PONT NEUF, STATUE OF HENRY IV AND THE PANTHEON, PARIS, FRANCE.

Bridges---Ancient and Modern

By CLYDE ELBERT ORDWAY

IT has been said that the building of good roads is the first and surest evidence of the advance of civilization. It is quite true. It was the Appian Way, over which flowed the tide of humanity and traffic from the Eternal City to the borders of the Empire and even to the distant ends of the earth, that helped in large measure to make Rome the mistress of the world. From that time, down to this age of the newest turnpike or highway on our Western frontier, public roads have been the forerunners of social and industrial progress.

But side by side with the building of roads there has been the necessity for bridges to span unfordable streams and impassable gorges and chasms. So that the art of bridge-building has been, equally with the making of roads, a factor in the spread of civilization. He who would trace most accurately the expansion of commerce and the spread of industry and social life in any country, will do it by following the history and progress of making roads and building bridges within its limits.

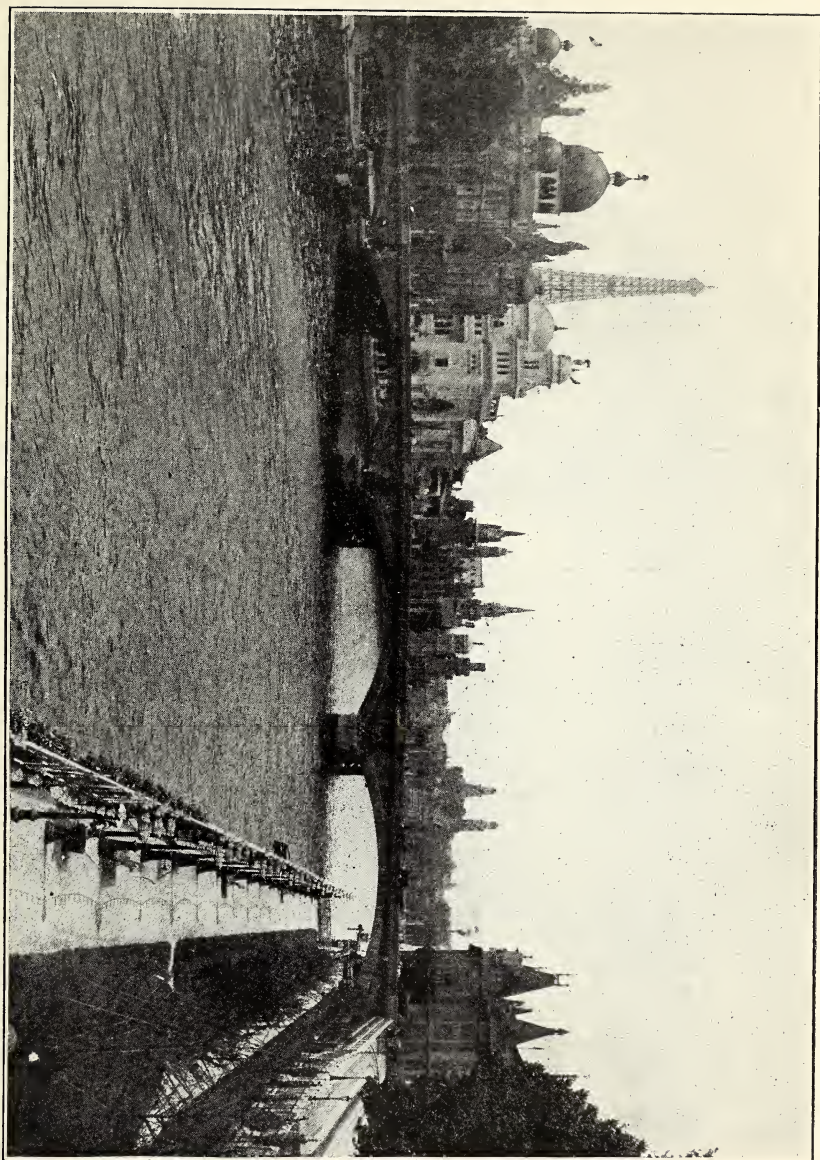
Bridge building is so early an art that it is of little use to speculate on its origin. The necessity of bridges arose with the building of the first road and the awakening of traffic, and the exigency was early met, as the varied and crude forms of bridges which date from antiquity indicate. The earliest bridges were those of stone, types of which are still extant in ancient China, Persia, Greece and Italy. The first forms

were those of stone slabs stretched across the narrow stream or chasm, which style soon developed into the solid arch of masonry now still considerably in vogue and recognized as the most enduring bridge ever constructed.

The Chinese have long been familiar with the art of bridge-building, and their bridges are noted for their extreme length and size. "They have," says a writer on the subject, "bridges of great magnitude and high antiquity, so old that their origin is unknown." And he tells of one in China that is built from the top of one mountain to another, with an arch of six hundred feet span and seven hundred and fifty feet high.

The arch in bridge construction was known as far back as the age of Pericles, though none of the bridges of that early period now exist. Traces of them are found, however, in an occasional ancient ruin. One of the most famous of the stone arch bridges of early times still existing is that spanning the Tagus River at Alcantara, Spain, which was built in the year 100 A. D., in honor of Trajan, the popular Emperor. This bridge is six hundred and seventy feet in length.

Wooden bridges were also built in early times, but are not so common, and do not date back so far as those of stone. A historic bridge of this class was that of Cæsar over the Rhine, built in 55 B. C., and described in his Commentaries. Almost of necessity, owing to a lack of knowledge, skill and tools, the



EXPOSITION BRIDGE, PARIS, 1900.

wooden bridges of the earlier centuries were of the plain girder type and without artistic design or natural beauty. The earliest example of scientific bridge-building with wood was the famous structure over the Rhine at Schaffhausen, which was designed and erected in 1757 by a common carpenter. This is one of the most celebrated wooden bridges ever constructed, and marks the beginning of the era of wooden bridges which ended only within comparatively recent times.

Cast-iron followed wood as a material in the erection of bridges, and this was in turn followed by wrought-iron, while in recent years steel has largely supplanted all other materials in their construction. The first cast-iron bridge was built over the Severn River at Coalbrookdale, England, in 1773-77, and created a new interest and enthusiasm in the art.

Another type of bridge which is unique and interesting is that made of rope; it is found in a few instances in India and other regions abounding in high mountains and deep and narrow gorges.

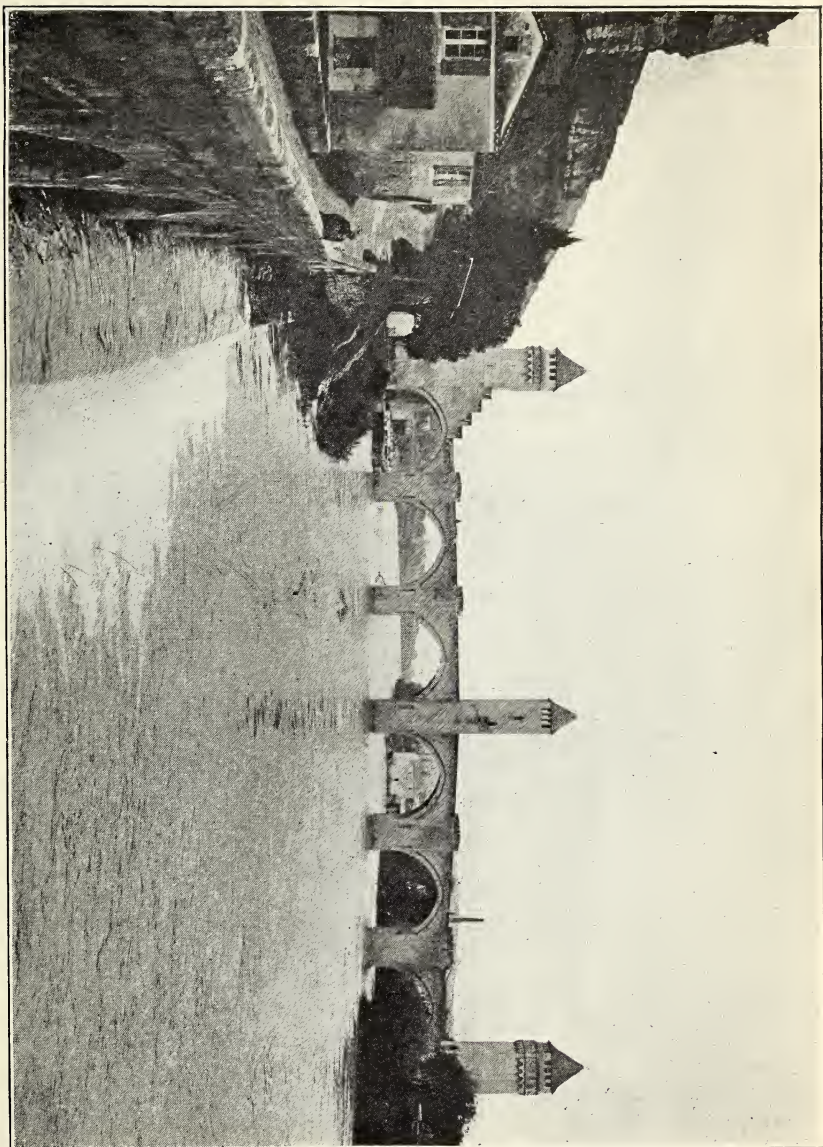
This style of bridge is not notable for its antiquity—which its crudeness would indicate—so much as for the illustration it furnishes of the backward civilization and primitive methods of certain peoples, even in modern times. One of the best examples of the rope bridge is that over the Kishanguu, Shardi, India. This is to-day the chief form of bridge in the regions mentioned.

An instance of the engineering skill and quaint genius displayed in the art in early times and under primitive conditions is shown in the bridge over the Euphrates River, within the city of Babylon. This river divides the city in halves, and

in addition to the great wall that surrounds the entire city, two lesser walls, of considerable height, however, run parallel to either bank of the stream. During the reign of Queen Nitocris a bridge was built over the river, connecting these two walls. It is told that the bridge was composed of movable wooden platforms laid on piers and abutments, and that they were removed at night to prevent thieves from crossing. The piers were built by turning the river into an artificial basin thirteen miles square, which had to hold the volume of water that flowed between the banks for a time sufficient to allow the construction of the piers and abutments,—a feat of calculation and engineering which would not be considered mean by experts of the present age.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, bridge-building awoke to a new life with the revival of architectural and engineering skill which marked that period throughout Europe. This renaissance was earlier in France than elsewhere and more pronounced, and large numbers and fine specimens of bridges in that country at the present time testify to this fact. During the period referred to it was considered in France as pious to build a bridge as to erect a church, and a matter that was accounted as worthy the granting of indulgences. The clergy, monasteries and communes joined in this work and a bridge-building brotherhood was formed on the erection of the famous bridge of Avignon.

It is, however, only in comparatively recent times that the architectural and artistic treatment of bridges has come to occupy a prominent place in their construction. Until what may be called distinctly



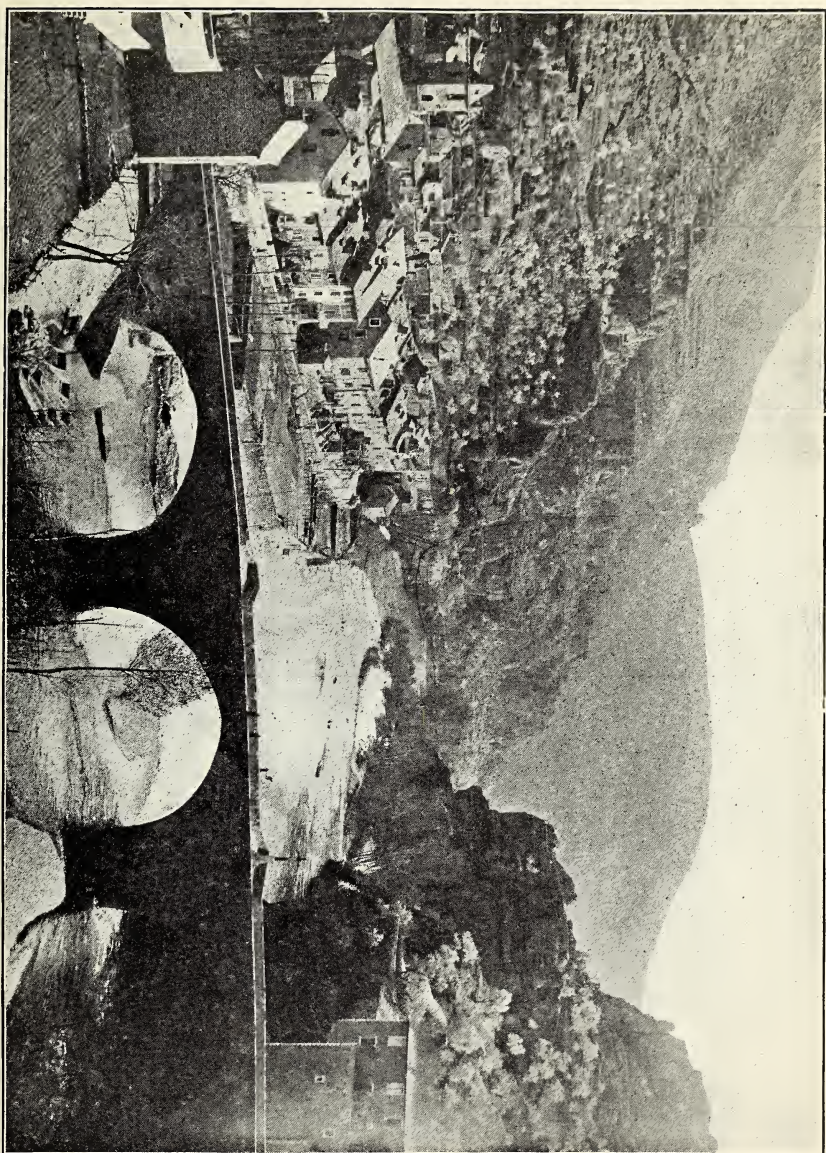
OLD BRIDGE OVER THE LOT, CAHORS.

modern times, bridges have been regarded as purely utilitarian structures. They were considered and constructed entirely from the point of view of usefulness and efficiency. It was not a question of how they would look but of what they would hold and how long they would last. "Even the mediæval bridges which we have regarded as picturesque were," says a writer, "to the men who built them, only the best practical method of building according to their knowledge and requirements." But of late there has arisen the notion that the bridges of a city, in public parks and private estates might add to the architectural character and artistic beauty of the scene. A solidly-built arched stone bridge is in itself a structure possessing natural beauty, which is disfigured only when attempts to "ornament" it are made. But the demands of modern traffic and navigation have made it impossible always to have the stone arch bridge, while the cheaper cost of iron and steel have made stone inexpedient in the field of lighter and more ornamental bridges. So attention has been more particularly turned toward how to make beautiful the modern iron structures of long spans and wide ways which commerce and travel must have. As an indication of the extent to which the art idea has gone in connection with bridges, in Saint Petersburg designs for new bridges have lately been thrown open to competition among architects of all nations,—a significant and remarkable step forward for the nation of the Czar; in New York designs for new bridges must be under the supervision of a very accomplished architect attached to the Bridge Commission, and in addition must receive the approval of the Art Commission; in Paris the

art idea has become so dominant that all the permanent bridges, excepting the railway Viaduct, are architecturally beautiful. So pronounced is this that it may almost be said the city takes the lead in the artistic nature of her bridges.

As France was the first among the nations to experience the revival of bridge-building in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, Paris, her Capital, naturally became the scene of many of the country's finest specimens of the art. Paris may well be called the city of bridges, the Seine River being spanned by thirty-two such structures within the limits of the city.

The most celebrated and ancient of these is the Pont Notre Dame, which was erected in 1500. Another, perhaps more striking but not so old, and without the historic significance, is the Pont Neuf, which was begun in 1758 and completed by Henry IV., in 1604, and which was thoroughly restored in 1852. This bridge is 1,080 feet long and abuts near the middle on a small peninsula planted with trees, which form a beautiful background to the noble equestrian statue of Henry IV. standing in the central open space on the bridge. The most striking and recent of the bridges that adorn the city is the Pont Alexander III., which was named in honor of the Czar. This structure is said by one authority to be one of the most masterly examples of metal-work design in existence. To the fine palaces, long boulevards and quaint, historic quays of Paris, dating, as do two of them, to the fourteenth century, the large number of beautiful bridges are a fitting addition. The Paris Exposition in 1900 brought into existence the Exposition bridge, which was one of the architectural features



GORGES DU TARN : STE. ENIMIE, CEVENNES.

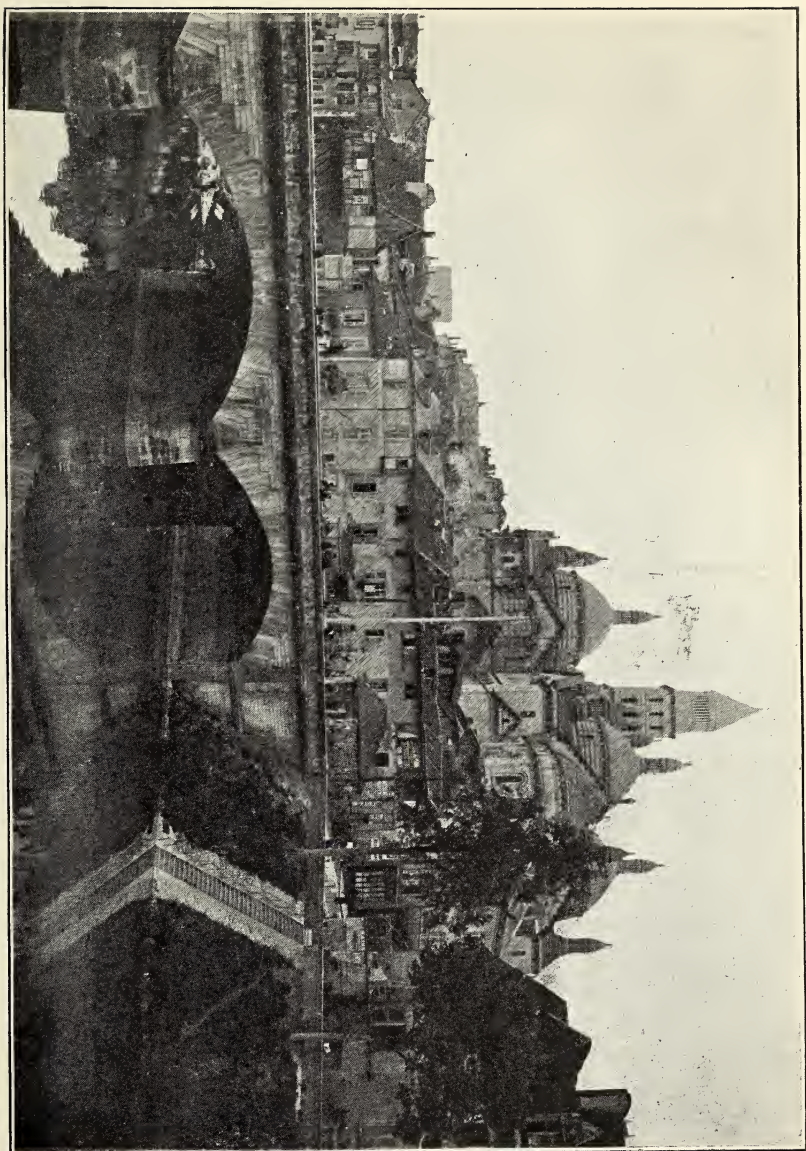
of the great exhibition, and undoubtedly stimulated interest in the art side of bridge construction, as did also the exhibit of the other nations in this field on that occasion, and the publication at the time, by a distinguished German, of a work called "A Hundred Years of Bridge-building in Germany." In this, as in the other world-expositions since, bridges have occupied a prominent place and clearly marked the mechanical and architectural advance of the age.

In spite of the interest and enterprise in the subject, two factors have interfered with the full progress of the artistic in the construction of bridges in modern times. These are the rise and rapid spread of the locomotive railroad and the almost universal adoption of iron as a building material. The superseding of the old stone arch bridge by the modern iron one in its various forms, which railroad conditions and the cheapness of iron demand, has made it impossible to retain the artistic beauty that characterized the former class. So we are still compelled to look for the artistic and beautiful in the art of bridge-building to the essentially artistic and picturesque structures composed of granite and masonry. From an architectural and artistic point of view the railway iron bridge must constitute a class by itself and remain more or less defective, for the special conditions and requirements it is built to meet, at present at least, exclude it from the class that can be rendered beautiful in design and execution.

A professor of engineering in the University of Edinburgh, writing in 1876 on the subject of bridges, after dwelling upon the remarkable progress that has been made in recent years in the engineering depart-

ment of bridge construction, both above and below the water's surface, says: "In one direction it may be said that everything remains to be done. The genius has still to come who shall teach us how our metal structures may be made beautiful." That engineers and architects are devoting time and thought to this end is evidenced by every new structure that appears. One step has been taken in this direction by the recognition of the fact that much is added to the beauty and artistic effect of bridges by suiting the build of the structure to the run of the water, and that attempts to ornament spoil rather than enhance the effect. Experience has proved that metal bridges cannot be made artistic, but are only rendered vulgar, by attempts at pure ornamentation. Pure structure, which illustrates the forces of nature and the laws that obtain there, is never in bad taste, though it may not, in many cases, be artistic and beautiful. The plain frame of the metal bridge that fulfills the above requirement is more attractive and artistic than when it is ornamented and thus given a gew-gaw effect. Suspension bridges, like the stone arch ones, have a certain artistic beauty within themselves, if let well alone in this respect. And fortunately for the success of art and natural beauty in bridges, engineers and architects are more fully recognizing this fact.

In view of the foregoing, it is natural that we should find some of the most interesting and beautiful bridges in historic sections of the Old World, and dating from mediæval times either in actual construction or style of architecture, when stone was the building material and the graceful arch the model. Much of the beauty of bridges and not a



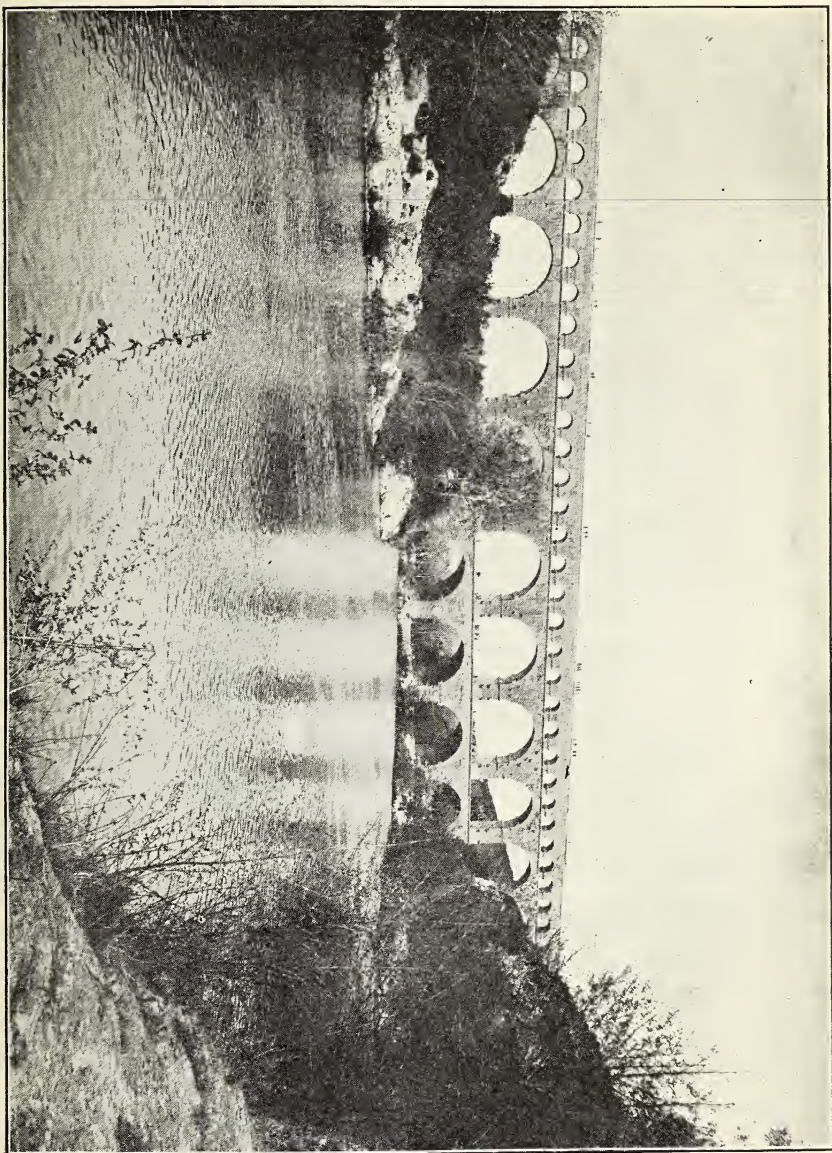
BRIDGE AND CATHEDRAL, PERIGUEUX.

little of their artistic effect depends upon their setting as well as upon their style, and it is this that gives to certain old and historic bridges the element of poetry and romance which many people feel is there. In France, in addition to those mentioned in connection with Paris, we find numerous bridges of this character, which, taken with their setting, furnish scenes of great beauty. Such an one is the old bridge over the river Lot, at Cahors, with its three towers. These towers, standing one at each end and one in the middle of the bridge, were built by the people for defense against their enemies, and are suggestive reminders of the life and conditions of the time they represent. Other bridges in this region are those over the Tarn River at Albi, and one of more than passing interest, because of its size and architectural nature and surroundings, is that at Perigueux. The Pont De Garabit, at Cantal, is one of the greatest and most notable in France. It is of great height and extreme length, and of bold, commanding beauty, constituting one of the best examples of the age of the combining of engineering achievement and artistic excellence.

A structure of historic interest and architectural beauty is the Pont Du Gard, near Nismes, France, a city particularly rich in Roman remains. The Pont Du Gard is the old Roman Aqueduct, which is renowned for its age, magnitude and architectural construction. In Nismes are also found an amphitheatre of great size, the temple of Maison-Carree, and baths, all remains and reminders of the life and times when Rome dominated the civilized world. But the old Aqueduct is the most remarkable as it is the most noted and best preserved of these remains.

In Switzerland there are two bridges of note because of their mechanical skill and architectural beauty. Both of these structures are prize designs; they are the bridge over the Rhine at Basle, and the Viaduct from Berne to the Lorraine quarter. In these are well illustrated the skill in modern metal-work in bridge-building and the graceful curves and artistic form of the earlier stone arch period, while they mark distinctly the advance of the little Republic of the Alps.

In England there are a few bridges noted for their age or size or architectural development, the most conspicuous of these being, of course, the famous London bridge. The great majority of bridges in England, however, are more notable for their historic and poetic associations and their quiet, picturesque beauty than for their size and ostentation. In England, perhaps, more than in any other country, one realizes the poetic and romantic that is associated with bridges. A group of bridges that illustrate this fact and that are individually beautiful in form and structure, as well as rich in association, are those over the Cam River, near Cambridge. It is from this river and its bridges that the famous University city takes its name. The group includes Clare, Trinity, King's and Queen's bridges, the three latter being named from colleges of a corresponding title included in the University of Cambridge. They are each of striking natural and architectural beauty, and what associations the mind can conjure up as one thinks of the long line of ancient worthies and world-renowned men, who, as students in those colleges, passed to and fro over their picturesque arches and lingered thoughtfully on their rails,



THE PONT DU GARD (ROMAN AQUEDUCT), NEAR NISMES.

while to-day, on these same quiet waters, and under these same noble arches, are enacted the gay scenes of the regattas and aquatic sports of rival Universities.

In the Palladian bridge of Wilton House, Wiltonshire, we have a fine example of the many beautiful bridges that adorn private estates in England, a class in which utility and engineering skill are secondary to beauty and the artistic and architectural reach their height.

It is a gruesome change from the thought of bridges as works of art to that of the Pagan custom of building living human beings into the masonry of the structure, and yet evidence has been found in the records and reconstruction of some of the oldest and most famous bridges of the Old World that in their original erection this barbarous practice was followed. "Walled in" and "broken down" are phrases that occur in early accounts of certain bridges, and are said to refer to this custom.

This inhuman method of walling living people into the stonework is supposed to have been practiced for the purpose of insuring permanence to the bridges, and the old song, "London Bridge is Broken Down," indicates that the earlier structures of this bridge were built in this manner.

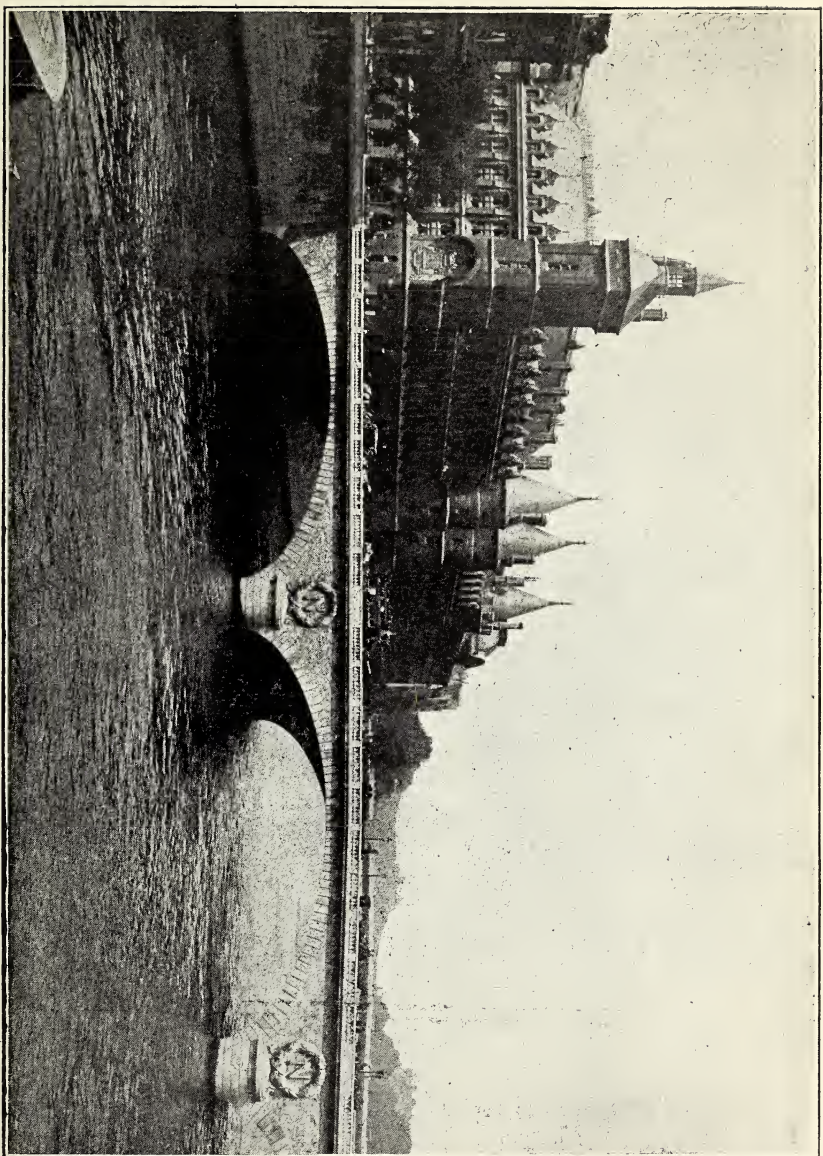
Accidents, too, form a chapter of unpleasant reading on the subject of bridges. The frightful disasters of the Tay in Scotland and Ashtabula in the United States are still freshly and painfully remembered, and many others of less terrible consequences darken the annals of bridge history. But these calamities are confined almost wholly to railroad traffic and are fortunately growing more and more infrequent with the

advance of scientific skill in their construction.

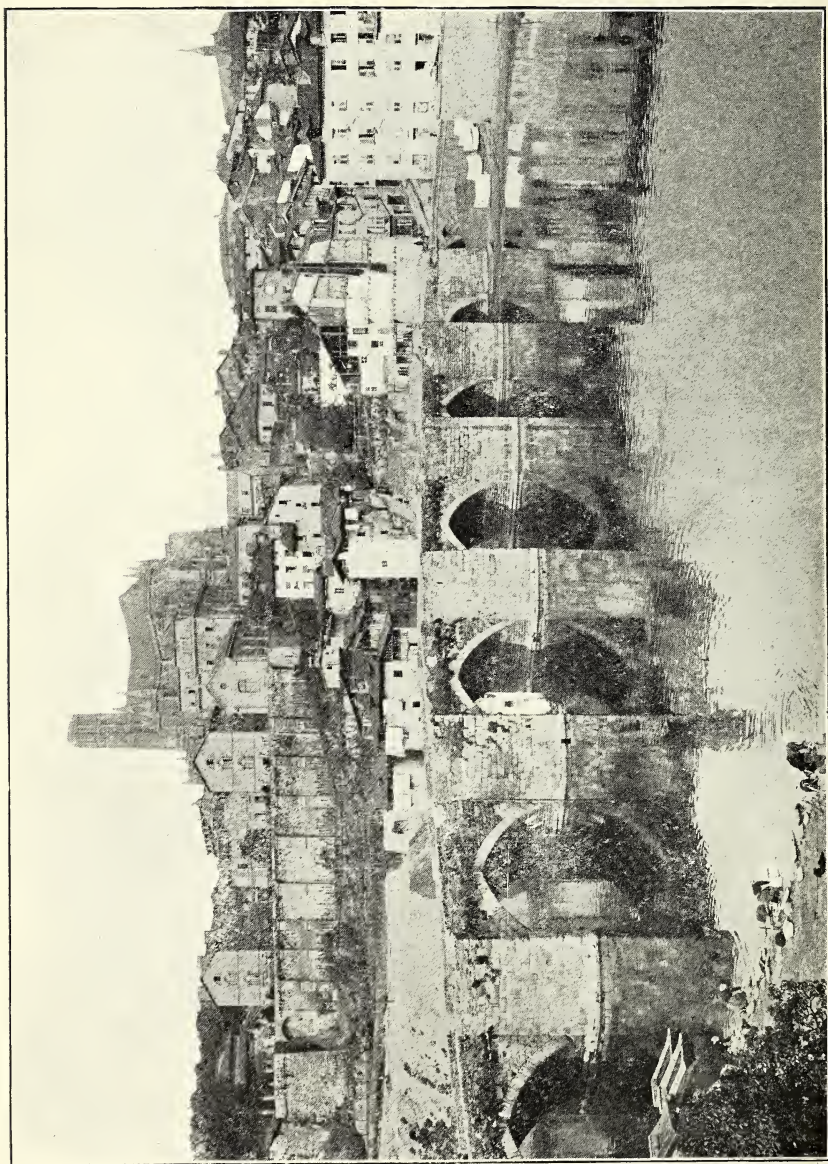
Military bridges constitute an interesting and separate division in the history of bridges and the art of their construction, but these have been largely temporary and with little of the scientific, and picturesque connected with them, and we are now more concerned with bridges which indicate the spread of peaceful traffic and happy travel among prosperous peoples, and which represent the higher values and progress of the scientific and artistic in this world-old art. And in nothing perhaps, more than in her bridges, is the advance of these two factors in the Old World more distinctly illustrated. It is a development that indicates the triumph of the artistic over the commercial, and attests a growing taste in the people for the beautiful, even in the common necessities of practical civilization, which is encouraging and in keeping with the other phases of development that mark modern progress.

In America the engineering side of bridge-building has received much attention and made rapid progress. Some of the greatest feats of engineering and scientific skill in the history of the art have been accomplished in the erection of some of the American bridges. But the development of the artistic and picturesque in this field is only beginning in the New World, its chief illustrations being found in the bridges erected at the great expositions in Chicago and Buffalo, and in the numerous beautiful and smaller ones in the many park systems of the United States.

This lack of the beautiful in American bridges is due very largely to the fact that here civilization



PONT AU CHANGE AND THE CONCIERGERIE, PARIS, FRANCE.



BRIDGE AND CATHEDRAL, LIMOGES.

had not well started until iron began to be extensively used as a building material and was therefore early employed in the erection of bridges instead of stone, thus depriving the country of the beauty and grace of the stone arch which is so common in the older bridges of the Old World.

Two unique specimens of the bridge building art in America are of much interest and worthy of mention: these are the old floating bridge at Lynn, Massachusetts and the black walnut bridge over Pine Creek in Warren County, Indiana. The former of these was built in 1802 and is said to be the only structure of its kind in existence. It was built because it was supposed the pond which it crosses was practically bottomless, and it was only in recent years that soundings proved that a modern bridge could be built, which was done, and the floating one discarded, though still greatly prized as a local curiosity. It was

originally five and one-half feet thick, but it has been so many times repaired with three-inch planks that its thickness is now seventeen feet, and the entire structure is so waterlogged that a light team passing over it causes it to sink below the water's surface. It is 511 feet in length, and was built in three sections, floated into place, and secured.

The second of these unusual bridges is built entirely of black walnut and is the most expensive wooden bridge in the state of Indiana, and probably in the United States. No one seems to know just when it was built, but it was certainly over a half century ago, and at the time when black walnut was abundant in that region. It is from 150 to 200 feet in length, and the timber alone in it is worth from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars. Lumber dealers have repeatedly tried to get possession of it, and bridge companies have offered to replace it with an iron structure, taking the timber in payment.

A Fifty Years' Wrestle

By MAUDE E. SMITH HYMERS

"HULLLO, pardner! Hed a breakdown?" queried a friendly voice from the roadside.

Jack Hargreave looked up from a fruitless tinkering with his automobile, and smiled. "Looks like it," he assented cheerfully. "I've been taking lessons in driving a motor car for the last three weeks and thought I could manage the thing, but something has gone wrong and I can't fix it."

"A little off its feed, mebber," suggested the old man whimsically.

"Perhaps," said Hargreave good-humoredly. "Anyhow, it has balked, leaving me stranded here, half-way between my destination and my starting point."

"There's no tamin' them things, I guess," remarked the old man sagely. "Always more or less of a wrastle with 'em, same's there is with a mortgage. A horse, now, or even a mule, if you treat 'em well an' speak kind to 'em, after a while they'll git to know ye an' act like they appreciated it; but ortomobiles an' mortgages are the soullessest

things I ever see, an' I know, for I've wrastled with one for nigh onto fifty year."

"Wrestled with a mortgage?" smiled Hargreave, throwing down his tools, prepared to abandon the unresponsive car to its fate.

"Yes, sir, an' the worst kind of wrastlin', too; many's the time I've thought it was goin' to down me, but I've conquered in the last round. Fifty years is a long time, but I've got it winded at last, an' got the papers in my pocket that makes me a free man once more—but look here, man, which way was you a-goin' when that thing run down with ye?" the old man broke off to ask suddenly.

"I had started for Detroit," smiled Hargreave.

"All right," said the old man heartily, "jump in here an' I'll have ye there in two jerks of a lamb's tail. Ol' Pete an' the buggy ain't so young as they used to be, but we all harmonize, as they call it, an' we're good for an extra passenger. Climb in!"

And Hargreave climbed, while old Peter clumsily cramped the ancient phaeton, then started off with a spurt of speed Hargreave did not think was in him. Never a handsome horse, over-feeding had rendered him pot-bellied and ungainly to a degree that would bar him entry to a beauty show, yet the old man eyed him lovingly.

"Ol' Pete never'll be hung for his beauty, mebbe, but he's a faithful critter, an' I wouldn't part with 'im for any o' your thoroughbreds, nor for yer balky ortomobiles, neither. No, sir, Peter an' me is good friends; why, 'twas him that helped pay off the mortgage."

Hargreave smilingly passed his cigar case, a double invitation need-

ing no words for elucidation.

"Well, I dunno," said the old man doubtfully, as he selected one. "My choice is a good ol' corncob for stiddy company, but I s'pose one o' these things wouldn't hurt me."

"Yes, sir," he resumed, after Peter had wisely waited for them to light up. "Mebbe you'll think I'm kind o' harpin' on the mortgage string this mornin', but the fact is I'm feelin' mighty good. Ain't felt so light o' heart since the day Marthy promised to marry me, over fifty year ago; an' it's all on account o' gittin' shet o' the mortgage. Come to think of it," he went on philosophically, "mebbe that's what they're put on us fer, jest so we'll know what real happiness an' gratitude is when we slip our necks out o' the mortgage yoke. I ain't a young man, as you can see; goin' on seventy-five," he explained proudly. "But that mortgage has been a-growin' for nigh onto fifty year, an' seems so it got heartier every day.

"Ye see I got married kind o' young,—a pretty woman Marthy was, an' I couldn't be blamed for wantin' her, but I ought to waited till I got something laid up. I had just two dollars to the good after I feed the minister,"—he broke in with a half-shamed laugh—"but mebbe that's as much as ome o' the young blades begin on, if they do make a bigger splurge.

"But the children commenced comin' right off, one arter another, till there was nine of 'em, about like a flight of stairs. Seems to me them younguns caught about every kind o' sickness they could git hold of, an' I paid out about every cent I earned to the doctor. Then Marthy got sick an' was flat on her back for years, an' needin' so much nursin' an' medi-

cine that nothin' to do but I had to mortgage the farm I'd bought a year or so after we wuz married.

"Even with the mortgage money I wasn't able to have the operation on Marthy's hip that the doctor said would make a well woman of her; all it would do was to keep the family together an' make Marthy half-ways comfortable. I tell ye, stranger, them's the times that try men's souls, as the poets tell about. When ye see yer best an' dearest sufferin' for lack of medical skill, an' you not able to give it to 'em, though you'd mortgage yer soul if that would help 'em, it's mighty hard not to do a little covetin' of yer neighbors' riches. I know we're told that money is of no account, that it's only souls that matters: the Good Book tells us to lay up our treasures in Heaven, an' ministers stand up in the pulpit an' preach strong about the glories of earthly poverty an' the joys of re-nouncin' till it sounds mighty convincin', but I tell ye when ye see them that's dependent on ye dyin' for lack o' money that would bring 'em health an' strength, it looks to me as though 'twould be more Christian-like to be a little keener on the money-gettin'. Why, the man wouldn't be wuth his salt that would be satisfied to lazy around Heaven rememberin' that he'd let the wife he'd vowed to cherish suffer for lack o' money while he put in his time prayin' for the welfare of his soul, or hern either. I tell ye, there's too much said nowadays about scornin' filthy Lucifer!"

The old man doubtless meant lucre, but Hargreave could not smile at the error.

"Twa'n't 'cause I didn't try that I didn't git ahead, but I've had setbacks all through. About the time Marthy was able to be around, a

little one of the little fellers died, an' I had to slap another mortgage on. An' that's the way it's gone. God knows, I wasn't afraid of work,—look at them hands, stranger; would ye think they'd put in their time lollin' over billiard tables an' sich?"

Hargreave looked from the horny hands held out for his inspection, to the bent shoulders and twisted legs, then back to the seamed old face, and his throat tightened.

"No shirking there," he said solemnly.

"No, I don't think I shirked, though mebbe I made some mistakes in cal'latin'—I never was much on figgers—but I tried hard, an' if in the end my Master says of me, as I say of ol' Pete—'he was a faithful critter'—it's the best I can expect." The voice trailed away into huskiness, and Hargreave cleared his throat.

"But the mortgage kep' gittin' bigger instid o' shrinkin', till it was all I could do to keep up the interest. None of us had many luxuries; even the younguns seemed to know they mustn't expect candy an' things except at Christmas time, an' Marthy—well, Marthy never seemed to want anything like other women! I didn't smoke them days, though I liked it well's the next one, an' I even swore off on peanuts. I was powerful fond o' peanuts as a youngster, an' my mouth has fairly watered for 'em some days when I've been in town an' smelt 'em roastin' at that Eyetalian's store. But I conquered the appetite, promisin' myself a good feed on 'em soon's the mortgage was paid off."

"Well, then you will allow me to treat, I hope," said Hargreave earnestly.

The old man turned a half-humorous, half-sorrowful look on his com-

panion. "Stranger, you're too late, for I went an' bought ten cents' wuth soon's the writin's wuz in my hands."

He paused, and Hargreave waited expectantly. "Yes, sir, went an' bought a pound, an' then found that I couldn't eat 'em after all. No teeth, ye see!" he exclaimed, turning a comprehensive glance on Hargreave. "Been a-gummin' it now for eight year,—git along all right on common vittles, but when it comes to peanuts,—they won't gum."

The tone redeemed the words from the ludicrous, and again Hargreave was silent from sympathy. To him the little story of sacrifice was a tragedy.

"Ye-uh, seems kind o' tough to mortify yer appetite so long, then have to tantalize it after all. Seems most as if 'twould be kinder o' Providence to take away the likin's along with the emplement to gratify 'em. But there, I ain't complainin' so long's I got the mortgage paid off. Seventy-five years seems pretty old to be a-wrastlin' with mortgages, but freedom comes good even yit. If it had only come early enough for Marthy—G'wan, Pete!" he broke off brusquely, "you're almost home now."

"It was good of your sons to help you out," said Hargreave after a moment, flicking the ash from his second cigar.

The old man turned a pained look upon his companion. "Don't, stranger. Ye mean well, I know, but that hurts wust of all. I spent a good many years dreamin' o' that myself, but dreams never come true, ye know." He smiled wistfully. "No, the boys left me soon's they could earn for themselves, an' when I tried to collect wages once or twice, bein's

they wuz under age, they run away, an' I never heard from 'em ag'in, only incidental like. No, the boys said they didn't owe me nothin'—mebbe they didn't; I can't say—seem 's if I done all I could for 'em, but mebbe I made mistakes, as we're all bound to. One thing about it makes me thankful, though,—they wasn't to blame fer their mother's lameness—did I tell ye she was allus lame from that hip disease?"

Hargreave nodded. "I understood," he said huskily.

"No, 'twas too late for money to save her when the boys got big. If it hadn't been, an' they'd still run off, I'm afeard I could find it in my heart to cuss my own flesh an' blood." He brushed the sleeve of his "jumper" across his eyes and cleared his throat.

"But that ain't neither here nor there," he resumed cheerfully. "The main fact is that the mortgage is lifted. Me and Marthy done it,—with Peter's help," he added, with an affectionate flick of the whip on a leathery shank. "Done it by hard work and goin' without things we'd liked; an' that's what life means to most of us,—hard work and goin' without"—he broke off musingly.

"After the younguns left home I begun to pick up; sold off some o' the land an' applied that on the mortgage, then turned my hand to market gardenin'. Prices was high on garden truck an' small fruits for some years back, an' I just laid by money till yisterday I planked it all down and ast for my papers. Happiest day I've seen since I was a youngster. Now if I could only give Marthy a sound hip ag'in I'd be the happiest man in Michigan."

Hargreave was silent, but his heart ached in sympathy.

"But Marthy says I must stop

frettin' about that an' just count my marcies, an' the biggest of all is freedom. Why, pardner, the sun shines a heap brighter than it did when my eyes was younger, an' them bird songs is jest a echoin' the hallelujahs in my soul."

Hargreave held out his hand impulsively, and the old man put his reluctantly into it, as though half-ashamed at his display of feeling.

"Well, if Peter ain't yanked us into town before we knowed it. My place is just a mile out; better come out to dinner,—me an' Marthy'll treat ye well," he smiled jocosely.

"I've no doubt of that," said Hargreave heartily. "I can't just now, but I'd like to come out before I leave, if I may."

"All right, sir; glad to see ye. Come out an' stop all night with us, an' taste the nicest butter an' jells an' things ye ever put in yer mouth. Apples, too; I tell ye my Sweet Mary apples can't be beat for eatin'."

Hargreave thanked him warmly and assured him he would be out, when the old man airily flicked the somnolent Peter with the whip, surprising him into a shambling trot, and the ancient outfit clattered away in the dust.

But business detained Hargreave longer than he thought, and two days had passed before he was at liberty to make the promised visit.

"He said the second house beyond the mill," mused Hargreave uncertainly. "This must be the place, but there are two young men in the yard,

and the old man said they lived alone."

He was about to go on when something caught his eye, a familiar figure in the barnyard. It was old Peter, shabby of coat and uncertain of vision, standing at the gate, looking wistfully toward the house, as though waiting for someone who was long in coming.

A nameless fear smote Hargreave, and he turned anxiously toward the house. Half-way up the path he saw it,—that floating streamer of crape—and instinctively he understood.

A cold-featured young woman opened the door, and to his anxious questioning told him that what he feared was true,—the old man was dead. Fifty years had been his to wrestle with a mortgage stronger sometimes than he, but only two days in which to glory in his victory.

But what they did not tell him was that the boys had come home at last; come to benefit what they might from the long years of "hard work and doing without."

Comparative stranger as he was, Hargreave's eyes were full and his heart hot with rebellion against circumstances, as he turned away from the little place with its pitiful tell-tale crape; from the sobbing Marthy in her wheel-chair, to the sorry horse drooping disconsolately at the barnyard gate.

Fifty years' wrestling with a mortgage, and the mortgage was triumphant at last.



Amateur Genealogy

By FANNIE WILDER BROWN

PART I.

ITS INTEREST, VALUE AND SCOPE.

WHO can intelligently study the history of his country without wondering what part his ancestors played in its stirring scenes? Who can learn that one of his own great-great-grandfathers marched out in response to the alarm of Paul Revere, or that another, in war-paint and feathers, tipped a part of the tea into Boston harbor, without a deepening consciousness of the reality and nearness of those eventful days?

If your idea of genealogy is confined to the "chapter of begots," you will have wondered how it is possible that anyone should be sufficiently interested in the subject to devote any part of his leisure to it. The names, and the dates of birth, death and marriage, of one's ancestors, standing alone, can interest but very few, and those merely as a matter of curiosity; it is only when the bones of statistical genealogy are clothed upon with the flesh of biography that our ancestors are re-vivified and individualized; only when biography is found to be an integral factor in history that its study becomes deeply interesting and widely significant.

Governor Bradford, in his "History of Plimoth Plantation," in the

thrilling account of the voyage of the Mayflower, tells us: "In sundrie of these stormes the winds were so fierce, & ye seas so high, as they could not beare a knote of saile, but were forced to hull, for diverce days together. And in one of them, as they thus lay at hull, in a mighty storme, a lusty yonge man (called John Howland), coming upon some occasion above ye grattings, was, with a seele of ye shipe throwne into (ye) sea; but it pleased God yt he caught hould of ye top-saile halliards, which hunge over board, & rane out at length; yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was halld up by ye same rope to ye brime of ye water, and then with a boat hooke & other means got into ye shipe againe, & his life saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church and comone wealthe." Hundreds of Americans to-day trace their descent from this "lusty yonge man." Is he an ancestor of yours?

Was your grandmother's family from the early settlers of Essex County, perhaps of Salem? What part did they take in the witchcraft persecutions? Were they of Rhode Island stock? What was their attitude toward the persecuted and banished Roger Williams? If they were of Lancaster, of Groton, of Deerfield,

where were they when the Indians descended upon those towns, burning the houses and carrying away captives? In whatever section they lived, and whatever name they bore, be sure that the events which to you to-day seem but a lesson to be studied were to them as real as was to you the scarcity of coal a year ago, or the fact that you had to walk home from Keith's that stormy night a few weeks since because the cabmen were out on a strike. This industrial warfare will also become "history" to your descendants, who will wonder, and perhaps be unable to discover, what part you had in the events which are taking place to-day.

In taking up amateur genealogy, you are working not for yourself alone, but for those who shall follow you. You may lay up money for your descendants, and they will spend it; you may leave them furniture or jewelry and they will treasure or wear it (or pawn it, if it is not lost or stolen), it may be without being at all sure to whom they are indebted for it; you may live an earnest, self-denying life which shall have its effect in the character of your descendants for generations; but unless you do more than all this, unless you or they call to aid the science of genealogy, your great-grandchildren may, and probably will, not know your name. Though public records to-day are so carefully kept that far more is preserved than formerly, yet there are names and dates, relationships and circumstances, which you can remember or easily ascertain, that appear only on records so scattered that it would take a long and perhaps partially unsuccessful search for your descendants to secure them. Unless you, personally, make a record of it, much

of the information now stored in your memory, and in the memories of old people still living, may be lost to later generations. What would you give for a genealogical and biographical record made by your grandfather, or by his grandfather? Such will be the value of your record to your descendants; and more, because the appreciation of such records is rapidly on the increase.

All genealogies may be divided into two classes. The first, the largest, the most familiar to the public, begins with the immigrant ancestor of a family, and traces his children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and so on, through successive generations, toward or to the present. The daughters who marry thereby become members of some other family, and though custom varies greatly in this respect, their children are usually left to be recorded with that family. To this class of descendant genealogies belong by far the greater number of printed Family Histories and Genealogies, and the "trees" in which the trunk represents the ancestor, the main branches his children, the sub-branches the children of each main branch, and so on, down to the little twigs, the growth of to-day. Unfortunately, the labor and expense of compiling such a genealogy is so tremendous, and the time and money at the compiler's command so inadequate, that the particular line of your own descent is often missing altogether; or if found, your line is incomplete, or so full of errors as to destroy your confidence in the reliability of the work as a whole. Moreover, your own line is so small a part of the genealogy, and that one family so very small a part of all your ancestors, that the price of the book (necessarily much greater than

that of books in general) seems to you tremendous in proportion to its value to you personally. The people of whom it tells, though bearing your family name, or that of your mother, are most of them so remotely related to you that you not only feel no interest in them, but speedily become convinced that genealogy is a dull study; you wonder how anyone can care to know about so many Toms, Dicks and Harrys. It is to the second class of genealogies that you should turn to appreciate the fascination of the science, and it is in these that amateur genealogists find their avocation.

The second division is made up in reverse order from the first. It is ascendant genealogy. It starts with the present generation, with yourself (or with your children if you wish to include your wife's ancestry), and works back, along as many of your lines as you wish to trace, to the immigrant ancestor of each line. Such a record deals only with people to whom your relationship is vital, and opens so many lines of research that the opportunity to unearth interesting and valuable material is almost unlimited. Most genealogists include more or less about the brothers and sisters of each ancestor, as such information is of great assistance in tracing and proving the line, but other than these the work is a record of those only from whom you are directly descended, whose blood flows in your veins, and whose desires and thoughts, loves and hates, are as truly a part of your inmost self as the shape of this one's nose, and the dimple on that one's chin, are a part of your physical inheritance. To understand yourself, you need to understand them. Who

were they, and what were their lives?

The number of one's direct ancestors, to one who has not given it a thought, is astonishing. Everyone knows that he has or has had two parents, four grandparents, and, known or unknown, eight great-grandparents; proceeding by the same doubling of numbers in each generation, in the tenth (which will take you back in many of your lines to the founding of Boston or the landing of the Pilgrims, if you are of Puritan or Pilgrim stock,) you have five hundred and twelve, and in the eleventh, one thousand and twenty-four direct ancestors. You are descended from each one of these as directly and in the same degree as from the one whose name you bear; that is, you are just as truly descended from your grandmother's grandmother's grandmother, of whom you may never have thought, as from your grandfather's grandfather's grandfather, the name line, of whom you may be wont to say proudly: "My ancestor served in King Philip's War. He was scalped by the Indians, and had to wear a silver plate ever after, so that he was called 'Silver-Headed Thomas.'" What happened to that great-great-great-great-grandmother? Was she hung as a witch in Salem, or did she come over hid in a cargo of salt as a Huguenot refugee, carrying in her pocket the silver salt-shaker which your Great-Aunt Keziah let you hold for a little while when your grandmother took you with her to call on summer festal days? Grandmother and Aunt Keziah knew the history of that salt-shaker, but they are both dead now; the shaker has gone to Aunt Keziah's grandchildren, in Arizona, and you don't even know their

names. Your cousin Dorothy is one of Aunt Keziah's grandchildren, and Dorothy's mother, Aunt Catherine, is still living, up in the western part of Vermont near the New York line. Aunt Catherine has a family Bible that was her grandmother's; you don't know where that Bible will be sent when she is gone. Its record gives her line, probably for several generations. Get your genealogical record started, and for a part of your vacation trip this summer, go to visit Aunt Catherine.

PART II.

THE AMATEUR'S RECORD.

For convenience in reference, and saving time in writing and re-writing, some form of charts or blanks is almost indispensable to the genealogist. Of these, there are several kinds on the market, each having its own merits and demerits, and all requiring care in their use until one becomes familiar with them. They consist of a set of charts, bound or unbound, each containing spaces for the names, residences, and dates of birth, death and marriage of a certain number of ancestors, with a more or less confusing system to show their relationship to preceding and succeeding generations. The underlying principle is the same as that in pedigree-charts used by stock-breeders, but the greater number of generations to be recorded requires a more complex system. Such charts should have provision for the entering of the authority for each item, and should be accompanied by at least an equal number of blank sheets for biographical sketches, civil and military records, tracings of signatures, etc.

It is strange that the most valu-

able aid to the identification of individual ancestors—a good number system—is wholly lacking in most charts. This must be supplied by the worker. With it, a record kept in a common notebook, or on a block of paper, becomes more satisfactory than the most elaborate accounts kept without numbering. The best number system is the simplest, so simple that any child can understand it and use it. Start with the present generation, whose ancestors are to be recorded, as 1. The father is 2, the mother is 3. The father of 2 is 4 the mother is 5; the father of 3 is 6, her mother, 7; the father and mother of 4 are 8 and 9, of 5 are 10 and 11. That is, the number of the father is always twice the number of the child, and that of the mother the next higher number, which is always odd; the numbers of all the males are even, those of all the females are odd. The system may be continued to any number of generations, and there is no conflicting of numbers or difficulty of identification. Its number is to be used with the name of each ancestor on the charts, in the biographical sketches, or wherever a name may appear. After using the ancestral numbers for a time, one becomes so familiar with them that he can tell by them the generation to which an individual belongs, and can also tell of which of the four grandparents he is an ancestor. In descendant work, a small superior figure is used after the Christian name of each individual to show to which of the generations from the immigrant he belongs, the immigrant being numbered 1. The term "generation," as applied to ascendant work, is a ludicrous misnomer, but since it has no antonym it is made to do duty in direct contradiction to its meaning.

Do not wait to secure a set of charts before beginning your record. Any common blank book will answer for collecting your first information. Enter your own date of birth, residence, brothers and sisters, and any facts that will be interesting to your descendants; leave a page or more for additional information, and then write up your father; the date of his marriage should be entered in his sketch, and where he first met your mother, but her birth and parentage should be given in her sketch, and there you will wish to record something about her girlhood and early surroundings. Don't forget to note the schools attended, societies and church of which each has been a member, occupations, and offices held. The places visited, celebrations attended, noted people met, and the introductions of inventions remembered, will all be interesting to future generations. In your first notebook, no attempt need be made to give literary form to the sketches; jot down any points that may occur to you, and work them together at your leisure, after having collected material enough to begin to feel somewhat skilled in handling it.

One of the most trenchant and memorable sayings of Josh Billings is peculiarly applicable to the record of the amateur genealogist: "It is better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so." To make a record that shall have any lasting value, requires patient perseverance, a nice discrimination as to the value of conflicting evidence, a resolute sifting out of interesting or simply laudatory statements, and a determination to ascertain and present the truth. One must not jump at conclusions. A certain writer, basing his belief upon the statements of Governor Bradford in the descrip-

tion of the Mayflower in a storm, quoted in the first of these papers, claimed that Hull is the oldest town in New England—the Mayflower "lay at hull" for several days before going to Plymouth!

After working a couple of hours in a Boston library one day last month, a showily-dressed woman turned to a professional and remarked smilingly: "It is a great satisfaction to me to have found that I am descended from thirteen of the crowned heads of Europe," and she waved her gilt-edged notebook triumphantly. "I have the facts all written down," she continued, and bowed herself out to her waiting carriage. Of what value was her record?

If one waited to be sure of the reliability of each item before entering it on his notebook, much valuable information would be lost, but the first and the second and the third rule for the professional as well as the amateur to observe is this: Each item must be proved by references from trustworthy sources, preferably original records, before you can be sure that it is correct. Enter all the information that you can find about your known ancestors. Write the title, volume and page of your references on the margin of your page, and use a small superior letter opposite each title and the same against each item in your text or chart secured from that volume. When you have proved an item from a reliable authority, check it in some way as settled. Don't try to get history and biography about individuals until you have proved that you are descended from them, and don't try to search English records until you have your line proved on this side of the water.

If you collect your information in a note-book or books, select good

paper that will not wear out before you are ready to make your copy, and provide yourself with charts before you have accumulated an unwieldy amount of material. Write distinctly, leaving wide margins, and don't crowd your work. If you have to add more matter than can be well-written on the page, make a note: "Continued on p. 34," or whatever it may be, and on that page note: "Continued from p. 10." Remember that the value of your permanent record will depend on the legibility and accuracy of your rough work, and also that the permanent record may have to be made by someone else, after all, and in that case what you have done will be worthless unless it can be read and understood by your successor.

For the permanent record, it is better to use unbound charts, with paper to match for the sketches, than to attempt to use one of the bound books made for the purpose. If typewritten, use as soft a ribbon as can print clearly, in order to get a good quantity of ink on the paper; if pen-written, use a coarse or stub pen, for the same reason. Be sure to use a good mineral ink. When your permanent record is ready for binding, include a supply of blank leaves, for additions by later generations, have the binding done with a view to durability rather than showiness, and on its completion you can feel that you have left for the future a memorial more enduring than granite or marble, and of far more value to your posterity.

PART III.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

Professor Channing, in his recent delightful lectures on "Early American History," speaking of the dif-

ferent statements made as to the date and place of the birth of Christopher Columbus, said that he had come to the conclusion that Columbus didn't himself know how old he was. "How," asked Prof. Channing, "do any of us know when we were born? We have to depend on our memory of what we have been told." However, most of us are fairly well satisfied as to the evidence for the date of our own birth. For the births of our parents and grandparents, many have family records, or there is still living some Aunt Catherine or Great-Aunt Keziah who can supply the information. If not, we must "look it up," as we shall have to look up the names and dates of those beyond the range of such family records, written or verbal, as are at our command.

The records of each city or town show, or should show, the dates of births, deaths and marriages which have taken place in that town; since 1850, a return of such records from the town to the state has been required in Massachusetts, and may be found at the State House. These recent records are quite complete, but the earlier records are so incomplete that the absence of an item from them is not evidence that the event did not take place in the town. The vital statistics of many of the New England towns have been published, and those of Massachusetts towns already issued in the series now being published by the Record Commissioners can be found at any public library or record office in the state. Town and town proprietors' books give town officers, votes and orders, tax-lists, divisions of town lands, etc. Many town histories contain a genealogical record of the principal families who have lived in that town, and some histories give

the ancestors, in the name-line, of its founders. Church records, when they are to be found, give marriages, baptisms, and occasionally deaths or burials, with admissions from and dismissals to, other towns. Sometimes cemetery records can be found, and inscriptions on grave-stones should be examined. Inscriptions are among the least reliable of all sources of information, as the date of the record is so uncertain. Diaries of ministers or other persons of intelligence, newspapers, records of societies (notably the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company), and lists of passengers on incoming ships, are among other records, printed or in MSS., which may be found by the persistent investigator.

In addition to Family Genealogies, a valuable work called "Munsell's Index to Pedigrees" gives, alphabetically arranged under surnames, a list of books, with volume and page, containing pedigrees (that is, records of two or more generations) of that family. Sometimes several columns of references are given under one name, and in that case those books should be selected for examination which seem from their title to be of the locality or class most likely to be helpful; you would not find anyone so recent as your great-grandmother in Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, and would not be likely to find help on an Essex County family in the history of a New York town.

There are certain standard works on genealogy which are invaluable; Savage, just mentioned, for the first three generations of New England families; Pope's *Pioneers of Massachusetts*, for those who came to Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay Colony before 1640; more than fifty

volumes of "The New England Historic Genealogical Register" (a complete index of which is now in press), for genealogical, biographical and historical matter on almost every family in the country; five volumes of "Mayflower Descendants," and four of "Genealogical Advertiser," both largely on Plymouth and Barnstable County families; the Essex Institute Collections, and those of the Historical Societies of each of the New England states; the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the Plymouth Colony Records, and for military service, the state publications of Revolutionary records. Histories of certain of the "seed towns," towns from which colonies were sent out to form other towns, should be kept in mind; Wyman's "Charlestown," Davis's "Landmarks of Plymouth," histories of Hingham, Deerfield, and many of the early Connecticut towns, are instances. The books mentioned in this paragraph may be found in almost any of the larger public libraries in New England. The Boston Public Library has a large collection of genealogical works, including many valuable English books. The New England Historic Genealogical Society has, including its manuscripts, the largest and most valuable collection of genealogical material in the country. Its library, at 18 Somerset street, is open to the public, and there one may consult and make extracts from its collections without charge.

The value of statements made in compilations depends upon the known diligence and accuracy of the compiler. Some books are so full of errors as to be absolutely worthless as authorities, but since even the most faulty may furnish valuable clues, they should be examined, and

their statements verified, item by item, from original records.

Among the most valuable sources of genealogical information, being rich in material and absolutely trustworthy, are the land and probate records. In Massachusetts these are to be found at the county-seats, in the court houses. Your great-grandfather, John Higginson, in deeding a piece of land, says it was given to him and his brother Nathaniel by his father Jonathan, and describes it as bounded by land of the heirs of Thomas Miller. Now you already knew that John Higginson named his first boy Miller Higginson; you look again at Higginson on the grantee index, and find a deed from Thomas Miller to John Higginson, of house and land granted "for love and affection which I do bear to my only daughter Susannah, now the wife of the said John Higginson"; Thomas Miller's wife Jane joins in the deed. You cross the corridor to the Probate Registry, and there find the will of Jonathan Higginson, with wife Nancy; the will confirms to his sons John and Nathaniel the land given to them at their marriage; it also gives to John a bit of swamp land known as the Wheeler lot. Further investigation shows that Jane, the wife of Thomas Miller, was a Wheeler, and you find a deed by which Jonas Wheeler deeds the swamp lot to his well-beloved son, Thomas Miller. Such evidence of relationship is indisputable: but the entry on the town records of the birth of a Jane Wheeler twenty years before the marriage of Thomas Miller to Jane Wheeler does not show that the Jane who was born was the same as the Jane who married; she may have been an older

sister who died young, or a cousin, or even of an entirely different family; and there is nothing in the entry of marriage on the town records to show that the bride may not have been a widow, and not born a Wheeler at all. The land records are much more numerous than the probate records; in early days there was almost no renting of property, and cobblers and painters and weavers bought and sold their humble homesteads and, all unconsciously, thereby left a record of themselves for posterity. The number of wills after the first two or three generations is comparatively small, but an administrator was usually appointed and an inventory taken; occasionally a list of heirs was recorded, often the setting off of the dower of the widow, and after her death a final division of the estate, with receipts from the heirs.

The county court records give all sorts of quaint information; none more valuable than the returns from the towns of the new-comers who had been ordered or warned to depart from the town; this does not in the least indicate that the stranger was looked upon as not likely to become a desirable citizen, but that in order to secure the town against becoming liable for the support of anyone, each new-comer was legally warned out of town. If only the suspicious characters were warned out, someone's feelings might be hurt, and there might be a grave mistake some day—even the town fathers were not omniscient—but if all alike were legally prevented from acquiring a settlement, immunity from liability was secured, and no one could complain. The value of the warning consists, for genealogical purposes,

in its usually stating the town whence the stranger came.

State House archives show civil and military service, signatures to petitions, and in early years an astonishing mass of miscellaneous information. In Massachusetts, certain of the volumes have been carefully indexed, but there are still others which must be examined page

by page in search of what you wish to find. The great events of the past may here be studied at first hand, and the facts about your ancestors discovered from the records of their families, churches, towns, and counties, may be fitted at last, each in its place, into the beautiful mosaic of the history of New England.

“The Days Gone By”

AN UNPUBLISHED WHITTIER POEM WITH INTRODUCTION BY AMY WOODS

IN the series of poems by Whittier which have appeared from time to time in the New England we now come to one written October 11, 1828.

His first published poem, “The Exile’s Daughter,” appeared in the *Free Press* of Newburyport in June, 1826. It is not among the earlier collections of his poems, but is in the appendix of the Riverside edition, 1888. It was written when he was but twenty years old and before he had had an opportunity to become familiar with any of the best literature of the world, excepting the few religious books of his father’s library. These consisted of less than thirty volumes, most of which were dissertations on Quakerism and which Whittier knew by heart. He said of them, as he grew older, that he loved their authors because they were so saintly and yet so humbly unconscious of it.

The editor of the *Free Press*, William Lloyd Garrison, soon called upon the Whittier household and urged the father to give a classical education to his son, but pecuniary circumstances forbade the thought

of such luxury. Six months later, Abijah W. Thayer, editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, sought him out and made the same plea, to which the older Whittier finally yielded, giving his consent provided Whittier should pay his own way. This Whittier was able to do by making slippers for eight cents (which sold for twenty-five cents a pair), and it is said that he reckoned on having twenty-five cents left over when all expenses were paid for the six months at the Academy, and came out with exactly that amount.

Years afterward Mr. Whittier, writing to Mr. Garrison, said: “My father did not oppose me: he was proud of my pieces, but as he was in straitened circumstances, he could do nothing to aid me. My mother always encouraged me and sympathized with me.”

That winter, however, while he hammered and sewed, he thought and wrote a most prodigious amount. During the last two months before entering the Academy he composed ten poems, besides the Ode which was sung at the opening of the new building May 1st, 1827. No copy of

this ode is in existence, although at the time it created much interest that a song, sung at so important a ceremony, should have been written by a country boy who was about to enter as a pupil.

These poems are crude, and grammatical structure has yielded to the necessity of rhyme; but they should not be criticised. It is not surprising that errors should have been made. That they could have been written at all is the wonder.

"The Days Gone By" shows markedly the result of Whittier's study. It was written the spring before he finished his two terms in the Haverhill Academy, where he had come in contact for the first time with those books of history, romance and poetry that had opened to him such a vast field of knowledge. Here he found an ample variety of subjects for his versatile pen.

While in the Academy he studied the usual English branches and French, and he speaks in his later years of his mingled feeling of "awe and pleasure" on gazing for the first time upon the well-filled shelves of a private library. Think of the pleasure of that brilliant, imaginative mind when at twenty years of age he became acquainted with Shakespearean verse.

During 1828 a remarkable number of his poems were printed, most of which have been dropped from the later editions of his work. Already he had won considerable local distinction, and a good many of his poems had been copied by other papers. It is surprising how few of those poems which first brought his name to public notice are still in print. Some years after the publication of his first book he became dissatisfied with these early writings, and made great effort to recall the

entire edition, saying that they did not seem like him. He went so far as to pay five dollars for one copy, in order to burn it, and debarred nearly all from other collections of his writings.

Two weeks after the date of "The Days Gone By," a long poem, "The Outlaw," appeared in the *Haverhill Gazette*, it being the first to be signed by his full name. Before this he had written under a variety of pseudonyms—usually "Adrian." When he wrote in the Scottish dialect he used "Donald," and at other times "Timothy," "Micajah," "Ichabod," or "W."

It was in 1828 also that Mr. Thayer purposed to publish a volume of Whittier's poems, entitled "The Poems of Adrian." He published a prospectus stating that the proceeds would be devoted to assisting the young author in getting a "higher education," but he was interrupted, the plan fell through, and Whittier was obliged to "work his way" unassisted. This he did by teaching a district school in West Amesbury throughout the winter term of 1827-28, of which he says afterwards: "I had rather be a tin peddler and drive around the country with a bunch of sheepskins hanging to my wagon." He also eked out his income by keeping books for a merchant of the town. In Whittier a strong retrospective tendency developed while he was yet in school. He delighted in the old things. He looked back at the past achievements of the colonists and revelled in their heroisms and romances. He loved the past and dreaded change. In many of his poems a plea for the past is voiced, which later on was answered by legends and historical tales of New England from his own pen.

“The Days Gone By”

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

I

The days gone by—the days gone by—their mem'ry lingers still,
Like transient sunshine gleaming o'er the shades of present ill:
It stealeth upward from the waste which hurrying time hath made,
Like fragrance lingering round the flower whose beauty hath decayed.

Ye say that brighter chaplets now, on worthier brows entwined,
And that the march of time hath been excelled by that of mind—
Ye say the galling chains are broken that superstition wrought—
And man is glorying in the strength of unconditioned thought.

II

Ye say that gloomy bigotry hath lost its iron sway,
And priestcraft trembles in the light of intellectual day—
That man is disenthralled and free, and walks in might abroad,
Unshackled by oppression's chain and bending but to God.

It may be thus—a giant power hath gone abroad in wrath,
And visions of the olden times have vanished from its path,
The evil and the beautiful—the gloomy and the gay,
The light and shade of other days alike have passed away.

III

And yet I love the vanished past—I love to listen, when
The legends of its stirring scenes is told by aged men—
The hunter's tale of forest deed—the struggle with the storm—
His grapple with the savage bear and cougar's fearful form.

I love the spell that lendeth to each old familiar strain,
The dimness and incoherence of some mysterious dream,
That linketh supernatural things to native hill and glen,
That blendeth with the present view a glimpse of what has been.

IV

Then let the tales of old be said, the songs of old be sung,
And guard each relic of the past that to your home hath clung.
The mem'ry of the noble hearts that slumber in the dust,
Aye, shrine it with life's purest things,—a high and holy trust.

Jamaica as a Summer Resort*

By MAURICE BALDWIN

PART II

TIME was when the West Indian planter received twenty dollars a ton for his unrefined sugar. This was the Golden Age of the Caribbean islands. To this prosperous era all of them owe whatever agricultural development they now possess and in Cuba only has there been any appreciable extension of cultivable lands. Elsewhere has existed merely the use or the reclamation of the original plantations opened by European and American settlers during the first half of the last century and the last of the preceding one.

Slavery played an indispensable and terrible part in the conquering of the primeval tropical jungle. Even the improved methods and machinery of the present day do not make this task an easy one. Mind-directed muscle still has the first place in combating certain forces of nature. In Jamaica, Hayti, Santo Domingo, and in all the lesser islands the limits of cultivation have changed but slightly in a hundred years; in many of them nature has once more retaken the domain wrestled from her by the labor and lives of thousands of African slaves.

In the old days, during the flourishing period of the sugar industry, a vast work was accomplished. Roads were cut, thousands of acres were cleared and planted, great houses, palatial and grand even now, were built in the midst of

beautiful parks and gardens—impressive memorials of a time when the planters enjoyed an almost feudal magnificence and style of living.

On the sea-road from Brownstown to Montego Bay—the western port of the island—immense fields of sugar cane are passed. They lie in the valleys and look like overflowing streams of pale-green water, billowing in the breeze with a sibilant murmur as of surf. These sugar estates will prove one of the most interesting features of the island industry to the traveler. Nearly all of them are ancient, and the fertility of the soil is evidenced by the fact that for nearly two hundred years, in many instances, the land has given an uninterrupted harvest of succulent cane. Orange Valley estate, not far from Dry Harbor, is typical of most of the working estates.

The land was cleared of the jungle growth of mango and laurel and banyan with machete and fire. It is said in Jamaica that the trees grow so fast that they pull themselves up by the roots, but no ordinary plow could break through the matted tangle that thickly covers the earth. Powerful oxen and strong men are needed to prepare the ground. Women follow after the plow and gather up the roots, which are burned. The canes are set from slips and a field, once made, is good for the next hundred years.

The harvest is a continuous one

*Copyright, 1904, by Maurice Baldwin.



IN THE CANE FIELDS.

and the acreage of cane is generally proportioned to the capacity of the mill. At daybreak, from the tiny thatched huts that are scattered over every plantation, the laborers, men and women, gather in the court of the *ingenio*. The overseer has the title of Busha, an African word signifying master. He gives his orders to the headmen, who superintend different portions of the work. All day long in the humid heat of the fields the stolid creatures labor. It is difficult to get the present-day negro to work more than two or three days a week, but in the old slave days the lash followed the furrows from dawn to sunset, day after day. May not the proverbial laziness of the negro be merely an hereditary result of the terrible and exhausting labor of his enslaved forefathers, whose poor brains and bodies knew but one wish—to rest! Transmitted weariness and nothing else—who knows?

The canes are cut with the machete—the most common tool in the tropics—a kind of cutlass with a heavy iron or steel blade and a wooden handle. Carts convey the juicy stalks to the grinding house, and beneath huge rollers the juice is expressed, running in pale-green streams to the boiling vats. An-

other corps of men attend to this department. The sap is boiled in a succession of great copper vats, requiring constant stirring and skimming. Nothing is lost of the product after it is brought from the fields. The stalks pressed dry are used for fuel, the ashes for fertilizer or soap, the skimmings and molasses of the sugar vats furnish the material from which Jamaica rum is made, and the manufacture of this article, as far as the planter is concerned, is the economic accompaniment of sugar making.

The power for running the machinery is about equally divided between steam and water, the large number of rapidly flowing rivers rendering this last a still advantageous source of power. On one estate—perhaps the most interesting which the traveler sees on the way to Montego Bay—the whole mechanical evolution of the sugar industry may be followed. The

early English and Spanish colonists had no steam to work by and the machinery required for the use of water was more elaborate than they could at that time command. They therefore built what in Jamaica are called breeze mills—massive structures of cement and stone, whose clumsy machinery was run by the wind. Afterward came the turn-mills, in which power could be obtained without irregularity by the use of mules and horses. Later came the water wheels, and more recently steam was put into use. On the estate mentioned, not far from Falmouth, these various sources of power and the structures in which they were used are still standing.

After the sugar and rum are made they are put into hogsheads and puncheons and taken to the seashore for shipment. These caravans of men and oxen form interesting objects to the traveler.

At all of the estates at which one stops there is a welcome from the planter and his family that impresses him with the frank cordiality and hospitality of the people. Tea and cakes and fruit are always presented, and these expatriated English men and women seem to enjoy seeing persons from the outside world. Full of comfort and pastoral

contentment, as most of their lives appear to be, one can understand that they must sometimes wish for the more active life of the north.

The driver has meanwhile been taking us through rapidly changing scenery. We are now passing along the plain of the northwest coast. The road follows close to the sea, and through breaks in the girdle of cocoanut palms may be seen the fishermen in their canoes; narrow shells, made of fire-hollowed cotton-tree logs. These little canoes are similar in most respects to the dugout canoes of all savage islanders the world over. Both oars and paddles are used in their propulsion, and considerable skill is required in keeping them right side up; they tip over if one sneezes.

Just before arriving at Falmouth the road crosses several pretty rivers. The bridges are always picturesque bits in the landscapes, and at evening they are the favorite rendezvous of dusky lovers. They are



A COLONIAL PLANTER'S HOUSE.

usually shadowed by tall growths of bamboo. One of the very loveliest of these bridges is that which crosses the Martha Brae River. Just below this pretty spot one sees during the day a characteristic sight of Jamaica—the washing of clothes by the native women. In the larger towns there are laundries, but in the little villages and the country one

the cold water and pound, with a broad paddle, the dirt out and the holes in. They get rheumatism for doing it that way, poor things.

A little beyond Falmouth—which is a sleepy and not particularly interesting town—is the Rose Hall estate. A grewsome and fairly authentic story hangs about the splendid old mansion, known as



NATIVE SUGAR MILL.

must entrust his linen to the rough mercies of the local washerwomen. The buttons might as well be taken off before sending the things out—they are coming off, anyway, when the old aunties get them to the river and pound them on the rocks. Washing-boards and compounds are unknown in the wilds of Jamaica. The women stand with bare legs in

Rose Hall Great House, that stands on a hill overlooking the sea, and has been unoccupied for over half a century. A century ago there dwelt here a very beautiful and rich woman, who died in the name of Mrs. oRsa Palmer. She had borne, so the story goes, four other names and had outlived three husbands previous to the acceptance of the

last one. These three men she had murdered with her own fair hands in the vast rooms of her palace by the sea. A faithful slave of her last husband, fearful for his master's life, is said to have strangled this female Bluebeard. The richest and one of the most powerful women in the island, law seemed unable to bring her to account.

This strange house, with its four wings, in which are twelve vast rooms, floored and furnished in solid mahogany; with its fifty-two doors, carved, and ornamented with heavy brass finishings; with its three hundred and sixty-five windows that seem to watch the landscape with ruthless eyes; this weird memorial of awful maniacal crime, long past, but not forgotten, is one of the sights in Jamaica that recall the lawless period of early times when life and property were held only by superior force. From a time-dimmed portrait in the great salon the visitor can still feel the fascination of Mrs. Palmer's strange beauty, and guess at her subtle cruelty from the dark eyes and the heavy red lips.

Nineteen miles further on is Montego Bay. It is second in size to Kingston, lying at the western extremity of the island. It is a beautiful city, has a famous harbor and is the western terminus of the Jamaica railway. Oliver Optic and other writers have found here much historical material for their stories of pirate life.

Everywhere along the streets grows the omnipresent cocoanut palm, and in the walled gardens of the houses blossom a riot of tropical flowers, hibiscus, cape-jessamine, roses and lilies of every variety. To enumerate the flowers that beautify the island would take more knowledge and space than we have at



MEMORIAL TO MRS. ROSA PALMER AT
MONTEGO BAY.

command. The air is heavy with their fragrances, the sight is constantly dazzled by their brilliancy of color.

These tropical towns have a surprisingly good municipal government. There are always excellent water works, lighting stations, boards of health, sanitary and police service. Montego has several fine buildings, among them the Court House, market, and several attractive church edifices.

The oldest church in the city is the Parish Church of England, the walls of which bear tableted records of past generations of men and women of astonishing nobility of life and character, if the somewhat florid memorials may be credited. There is one beautiful piece of statuary by Chantry and another by Bacon. The famous Mrs. Palmer, with commendable foresight, made her will every time she killed a husband, and when her estate was probated after

her own demise, it was found that she had richly endowed this church on condition that a monument to her memory, for which she also provided, should be erected therein.

This condition was carried out by her surviving husband, and one notes the delicate irony with which he states that this beautiful tribute—a life-size weeping figure in marble—is a mark of his appreciation of her worth (which was nearly a million pounds sterling) and of his gratitude (for the same), which proves him to have been a man of sensibility. A really strange thing happened after this monument was erected. Upon the pediment a mysterious stain appeared, to be seen to this day, a stain dark red in color, which cannot be erased; a stain like that of dried blood.

Stock raising is one of the important industries of this part of the island, and the cattle are especially fine. Shettlewood, an estate not far from the city, is noted for the large numbers of thoroughbred cattle of various breeds raised there for the markets and island dairies. The best horses also come from this part of Jamaica. The grazing is very fine—the guinea grass, which is fed to the horses and cattle, growing to the height of five or six feet.

Goats are also raised in large numbers by the natives and are allowed to frisk up and down the verdant slopes, where they find bountiful provision. Goat's milk is used in many of the boarding houses. An acquaintance, whose lodging place was situated at the top of a hill, reached by a very steep path, said that at first he was greatly fatigued by the arduous ascent, but after he had drunk goat's milk for a few weeks he could run up and down hill without any difficulty.

On another estate the Mysore cattle of India have been introduced. These are somewhat like the caribou in appearance. Indeed, live stock of all kinds find conditions in Jamaica for their best development. The owner of this estate, a wealthy Englishman, has found his greatest amusement in raising animals of all kinds in the broad fields of his "pen," as the estates are commonly called.

With some friends we went one Sunday night to a negro church near this estate. The service had already commenced, and the preacher, a fat old darky, had evidently got a good start on his sermon. Noticing our entrance, he paused in his discourse till we were seated well to the front. Then he said: "Brudders and sisters, Ah begs leabe ter interrupt mahsef a moment ter exten' de right han' ob Christian fellership ter de strangers widin our gates. Ah wants ter say dat it am allus a great pleasure ter welcome our white brethren ter dis humble house ob worship an' thanks-givin'. De collection has done been tooken up, but Ah think ef Brudder Waldron will pass de plate once mo' dat de house ob de Mastah will not be fergotten. De serbents ob de Lord should allus be on de outlook fer de cheerful giver!"

We leave the carriage at Montego Bay and take the Kingston express. The speed of the train is as great as may be, considering the constant change of grade and the sinuous course of the line. There is hardly a half-mile of straight road until Spanish Town is reached. It is one hundred and forty-four miles from Montego Bay to Kingston. The road passes through a stretch of mountainous and thinly populated country. There are numerous tunnels and horseshoe curves and the

journey is full of varied interest, of quaint and picturesque sights, of lovely or impressive mountain scenery.

The southeastern portion of the island is the most populous. Spanish Town, fourteen miles from Kingston, was at one time capital of the island. The nominal capital is now Kingston, but many of the

the seat of government was transferred to Kingston the people of that city thought the most impressive statue in the island should be there. Admiral Rodney passed unharmed through a hundred battles, but his poor statue had both arms broken off by his enthusiastic admirers. The statue was finally returned to its former site and both arms bolted on.



HERTFORD CATTLE AT SHETTLEWOOD ESTATE.

Government buildings are in Spanish Town and the Governor resides there. The most pretentious building is the old Legislative Hall, in which is the statue of Admiral Rodney. The colonists felt a deep gratitude for the Admiral's triumph over the French, when, in 1784, they attempted to gain possession of the island. They therefore commemorated his victory with a monument. When

Opposite the legislative hall is King's House, the official residence of the Governor, and probably the finest building of its kind in the West Indies. The Governor also enjoys the possession of a country residence, called Chrichton, up in the mountains of St. Andrew. Personally the Governor and his family are charming people and are well disposed to American visitors, but to

our democratic ideas the governorship of a small British colony like Jamaica seems not only a "snap," so to speak, but something of an imposition. The "snap" consists in the receipt of an income, with the perquisites of the office, equal to the salary of our President. And it is soon apparent to the free-minded that an English Governor is simply the

of August, 1794, amid great applause."

Very few remains of the Spanish are now to be found. Here and there the buttress of a fortification or some fragment of a church decoration may be seen, but little is left of the palaces, theatres and prisons which were reared by the lash-driven labor of their slaves.



VISTA ON THE RIO COBRE.

watchdog of an empire, and not the representative of the people governed.

The principal church edifice in Spanish Town is the Church of St. Catherine, the oldest church in the island; built on the old foundations of a Spanish monastery. One of the epitaphs in the church states that: "Here lies the Hon. Horace Colbeck, of St. Dorothy, who died on the first

The road from Spanish Town to Kingston differs from every other in the island. There is not a hill in the fourteen miles of its beautiful extent. Off to the north rise the precipitous mountains of St. Andrew, a harmony of vaporous blues and purples against a violet sky.

This alluvial plain of St. Catherine is richly fertile, and many of the most ancient estates in the island are

passed on the way to the metropolis. Tom Cringle's Tree, a magnificent specimen of the silk cotton tree, stands near the road, shedding acres of shade around. It was in this tree that that once famous book of adventure, "Tom Cringle's Log" was written.

The Creoles who live in this part of the island are generally wealthy people, of considerable refinement; hospitable and happy. The men oversee the work on their plantations and find their chief diversions in hunting, stock raising, and in politics. The women are indolent, but are charming hostesses, and are frequently beautiful. Their time is taken up with mere living, dressing, riding and dancing. They are not often accomplished or highly educated, but they fulfil at least two of woman's duties: they are good to look at, and they dress with a charming simplicity of taste. A typical Creole beauty has dark glossy hair and languorous dark eyes. Her skin is often very fair, with a ripe tint of amber and of rose. With her dark hair and eyes, her red lips and low contralto voice, she is apt to be very attractive, and is found to be a coquette always.

The country between Spanish Town and Kingston is full of beauty. The Rio Cobre is a stream to dream upon. These little rivers are a revelation of fairy-like beauty, of shifting greens and golds and blues, of



ROCK FORT—JAMAICA'S PENITENTIARY.

soft orange-scented winds, of golden light and variations of purple shade. Flowers of every hue blossom luxuriantly everywhere. Bright-winged birds flutter from tree to tree, and in the air always is the pensive sadness of the turtledove's coo. Negro boys are ready to row the traveler through the changing vistas of these lovely waterways. Leaning back in the slow-moving boats, one dreams over all the old fugitive fancies of the lotus eaters, of care-free and sorrowless days. The world is forgotten. One lives in a lovelier, tenderer world of his own. The air is balmy with multiple fragrances—the outpourings of millions of tiny chalices, of orange and lime blossoms, of orchids, and of flowers of miles of trailing vines.

Kingston is built in a fashion to be seen in no city of America except old St. Augustine. After the destruction of Port Royal, Kingston became the important seaport of the island, and it has one of the finest harbors in the world. The early settlers of

the town were pirates and their descendants of to-day are cab-drivers. After one learns that it is customary for them to ask about four times what is due, they are easily managed.

The city has a populace of sixty thousand, composed of every people in the world, the blacks, of course, predominating. But for the heat and dust, the city is an attractive

ings rise from the gutters and are entered through ponderous gates. All the dwelling places, even to the ramshackle shanties of the washer-women, bear fanciful names, after the English fashion.

By far the most interesting thing about Kingston is the strange jumble of people who animate its streets. The intermingling of races in the



NEW CASTLE: THE SUMMER HOME OF THE WEST INDIAN REGIMENT;
5,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

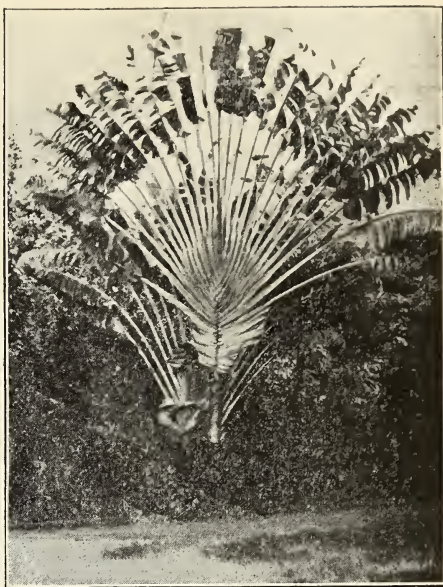
one, containing many fine buildings, good streets and lovely drives and parks. There are street car, telephone, and electric light services. The streets are straight, but only in the newer business portions are there sidewalks. The result is that the houses either overhang the road; or the high stone or iron walls that surround the more pretentious dwell-

West Indies has produced a population of great variety in color, and from all parts of the world commerce has brought representatives of every nation to this largest of West Indian towns. Negroes are numerous, and in the streets and carriages are to be seen ladies, very pretty and merry, of Creole and half-caste birth. Cubans and South Americans keep

little tobacco stores. East Indians, transported from Burma by the government, wear the costume of India, a turban and tunic of white; the women, a dress of crimson, leaving the arms and ankles bare, both of which are laden with bracelets of silver. There are Indians from the Mosquito and Nicaraguan coasts; refugees from revolutionary South American republics; Hayti's deposed presidents usually live in Kingston, and here lives "Prince" Clarence, whom the British government pays a comfortable pension to stay away from his hereditary kingdom. Clarence is a rather good-looking young fellow, very dissipated, and has the blood of ancient Aztec kings in his lazy veins. And on the drives of the city, late in the afternoon, carriages pass, in which are seated charming-looking women from the Windward Islands, from St. Lucia and Martinique—quite lovely, many of them, in a dusky way, and of all tints of warm olive and bronze-like brown.

Some of the streets seem more like gardens than thoroughfares, and much of the passing social life is enjoyed at doorsteps and gates. The languages heard are the Spanish patois of the islands; the French of Hayti and Martinique; the incomprehensible gutturals of South American Indians; the liquid Hindustani, and the Jamaican's drawling and very correct English. And among the variegated throng in the streets in the evening, haunting cafés and drinking booths, there are spruce-looking Englishmen from the warships and the white regiments of New Castle; Zouaves from the black regiment at Up Park Camp; Jews of Kingston, and tourists of every nation.

The drive to Constant Spring is one of the most interesting in the



TRAVELERS' PALM IN CASTLETON GARDENS.

it is but a short distance to Up Park Camp, the headquarters of the colonial troops, with the brigade and other military officers. The troops are a full body of stalwart black men, whose uniform is a picturesque Zouave costume, and theirs was one of the prize companies at the Coronation. The camp has good barracks, very commodious, a swimming bath, parade ground, hospital and everything to make the lives of these men of peace and plenty as endurable as possible.

It is pleasant to go in the early morning from Kingston to Port Royal across the bay. Later in the day the vertical light of the sun seems to splash up from the waveless surface of the harbor with intolerable heat. But the ride across the bay is full of interest. The panorama of a palm-margined coast, of indented shores, of quaint little white towns nestling in greenery, of serrated mountain lines, and the vast vicinity of Kingston, and from here

blue tenderness beyond it all, enchants the eye.

Port Royal itself is not particularly impressive. It is a little town, situated on a narrow neck of land, a few feet above the level of the sea. It is a collection of white, stone and wooden buildings, of narrow streets, of palms and hibiscus. Only negroes live here. The harbor is a splendid one, protected seaward by a long peninsula known as the Palisadoes. It is the naval station of the colony and has numerous fortifications and a hospital.

Romantic historical associations linger about the place. In this harbor lay the fleets of the early Spanish explorers. The squadrons of Penn and Venables anchored here and gave the island to the English. Here, too, was the haven of a thousand pirate ships, and on its rude docks were landed the spoils of Bahama, the gold and silver of Spanish galleons, the jewels and silks and varied treasures of doomed merchantmen, the booty of the conquest of South American cities. The hulls of a thousand ships are rotting in the waters of this harbor, but of all the strange and evil memories of this town, the weirdest is that of the lost city, which sank beneath the sea in the twinkling of an eye.

The bay is smooth as glass where the terrible tumult of angry waters once rushed in upon the doomed and unwarned town, and one can row over the spot where, far below, seaweed and coral are shrouding the old walls and gardens, the fountains and baronial halls of the pirate stronghold.

Not far from Port Royal is Rock Fort—a penitentiary where gangs of prisoners work in the hot sun, breaking rock for road and building purposes. It is an amusing crowd of

vagabonds which fill this institution—they take their sentences gaily. Punishment means little to a negro, unless it takes the form of starvation or physical pain.

Several years ago the mortality among the white troops was so great that it was thought a residence on higher land than that of Kingston would be beneficial, not only because of the temperature, but because much of the sickness among the soldiers was due to their dissipation in the city. One of the most remarkable roads in the world was the result of this, and the building of a town on one of the peaks of the Blue Mountains. Having arrived at the foot of the mountain the road winds around it seventeen miles in a spiral course to the top. It is then necessary to walk or ride horseback along a path cut from the rock of the peak-side, from the edge of which there is a sheer drop of two thousand feet to the wooded valley below. It is a nerve-trying ride for some, but the little garrison town, five thousand feet above the sea, is well worth a visit and the view of the island is one of sublime beauty. The barracks, the houses of the officers, and a hospital constitute the town. The buildings are made from the rock of the peak itself. In the centre of the place is the broad cemented area for catching the rain, which is stored in a huge cistern at one end of it.

There are no words with which to give an adequate idea of the stupendous landscape that lies outspread from every point of view. To the south the Caribbean stretches away to the horizon—a plain of misty blue. The roofs of a dozen towns gleam amid a wilderness of shifting greens and grays. To the west and north the mountains of this

crumpled island roll like purple waves to the limits of vision and over the nearer heights there gleams a multitude of shades of velvety green and blue and olive, for nature has everywhere clothed the grandeur of her work in a garment of verdant beauty.

The vegetation in this region is more tropical, if such a thing may

some of the streams, and bathing in the rivers is attended with some danger. A tourist wishing to take a fresh-water bath, on one occasion, told a negro boy that he would give him a shilling if he would show him a spot where he would be safe from the crocodiles. "Ah done know jus' a fine place, sah," the boy replied. "Crockydile neber go down dere,



NATIVE PRODUCTS—HUMAN AND VEGETABLE.

be, than in those portions we have already seen. From Constant Spring, roads lead away through scenery of wild luxuriance. Little native huts stand by the roadsides or cluster on the hilltops. Exquisite bits of river scenery meet the eye from the pretty bridges spanning lazy currents seaward bound.

Crocodiles are not unknown in

sah!" Accordingly he took the tourist to a place not far from the mouth of the river, where it emptied into the sea, and the stranger had his bath. While he was dressing and had given the boy his shilling he asked with some curiosity, "Why is it that the crocodiles don't come to this part of the river?" "Crockydile don't dare to cum down yere, sah—

dey's afraid ob de sharks, sah!"

In the most beautiful part of the valley of Castleton are the Botanical Gardens, maintained by the British government, and in which every species of tropical flora is supposed to be represented. An ideal combination of fertility, rainfall, and temperature seems to have been found in this lovely valley, and the care of man has started—what nature seems zealous to complete—the creation of an Eden so lovely that words are poor means of describing it. Along the shaded walks are to be found treasures of floral beauty. Nearly every tree and flower that lives in the tropics of the world have been brought here and found a suitable home. Here bloom myriads of native and imported orchids, lilies, flowers of every name and form. India and the islands of Polynesia have contributed their wealth of vegetable wonders. Every known palm is represented: gigantic specimens of the Royal palm, the Cahoun palm with swathed trunk, sixty feet in height; the Traveller's palm, with its fronds filled with fresh water; the Fern palm, twenty feet in height, its dwarfed brother being the common fern of the States.

Here and there through the gardens are pools in which blossom all known varieties of water lilies, from the huge *Victoria Regia* to delicate

little lilies from the streams of India and China. There are unbelievable growths of roses.

The island is a vast conservatory flooded with sunshine, filled with vegetable wonders, with perfumes, with gentle warmth and untiring gales of sea-born winds, and over all the blue dome of the sky, across which hang furled curtains of snow-white cloud.

It may be suggested that nothing has been said of the annoyances and discomforts of summer-time travel in the tropics. What is the use of saying anything about them! In a tour of Jamaica they are relatively unimportant. The recollection of the pleasure and the beauty of it all are permanent possessions.

As for the rest—well, aromatic spirits of ammonia will blunt the stings of mosquitoes and ticks; quinine is a preventive and specific for chills and fever; magnesia will correct digestive disturbances arising from a too acid fruit diet.

As the steamer glides out of the magnificent harbor of Kingston and skirts the mountainous eastern coast of Jamaica, northward bound, he is blasé and unappreciative indeed who does not sigh with regret in leaving this island paradise—who does not feel forever richer for his memories of a lovely land where the youth of the world is yet unspoiled.



Micmac and Mohawk

By LILLIAN LORING TROTT

THE feud between them was of two centuries' growth, the verbal annals of the tribe recorded, for the first Sockabasin came of Micmac stock, and Mohawk blood coursed through alien Soccotoma's veins.

Handed down from sire to scion, Soccotoma's forbears hugged the tradition of the terror the Mohawk name and prowess struck to the heart of a Micmac. "The Mohawks are coming," so ran the legend, was the only rumor needed to set every Passamaquoddy Micmac in a panic.

And Sockabasin's ancestral version told of Mohawks routed, tomahawked, scalped, with one captive, Soccotoma for distinction, held in bondage till his naturalization to the tribe by his union with one of its daughters.

Then, within the recollection of braves still in their vigor, Soccotoma Selma, namesake of the Lewy Soccotoma of to-day, had strode into the man's own family and stricken down in his flower the grandfather of all later-day Sockabasins—because, forsooth, he had taken to partner in dance a maid of Selma's own desire. Soccotoma's home curled up in smoke that night, and friends of the murdered man said they saw the spirit of the dead set the fire.

Lewy Soccotoma's own particular grievance dated back to their childhood, his and Sopiel Sockabasin's.

Although in extremity it con-

venieniced both little Indians to fling historic taunts, Lewy Soccotoma recked less for his progenitor's triumphs and falls than anyone but Sopiel Sockabasin suspected. But his more modern rival's athletic victories did score against his pride, especially when the Sockabasin papoose would persist in such feats as swimming backwards, holding the heir of the Mohawks' head under water.

When grown to man's estate, Sopiel was again in the van, but Lewy concerned his heart for a season only with the masterful brave's wooing of the squaw his own fancy had chosen. He straightway healed his battered affections with a maid of French extraction, and forthwith scorned a Passamaquoddy of Micmac descent more than before.

"Me tak French Canuck. Squaw white, papoose white; Indian babby, no good," quoth he with satisfaction, contemplating his offspring, a winsome man child, comelier than his father, even, for Lewy was good to look upon.

And Sopiel Sockabasin heard and understood, and rancor blossomed and bore in his soul.

Lewy was no saint. Perhaps he was a trifle less lazy and thriftless than his fellows. He went to Bar Harbor with the squaws in outing season, vending baskets to the summerers. He even yielded another point of his dignity to plant a tiny patch of potatoes under his front window.

But when the second man child came along and his white squaw still showed no inclination to labor for her chief, like the dark-browed sisterhood, then did Lewy cast about for ways to assist Uncle Sam in the support of his family.

The government allowance averages only about fourteen odd dollars per month, and that with his dubious earnings failed to satisfy ravenous Soccotoma appetites. Which way could he turn?

"Lewy Soccotoma, him much smart. Him hunt seals smart," Mrs. Sopiell Sockabasin told the steward of her affections. "One dollar bounty, one nose; one hunderd nose, one hunderd dollar. Much big money. White squaw dress all up."

Sock looked straight ahead, but with speculation in his heart. Did she wish herself Lewy Soccotoma's squaw?

"Me go see Mary Soccotoma this day," she explained, scowling sullenly. "White bread, taters, fry poke on it, her have dinner, good dinner."

"Lewy go sealing this same day? Seals how many this one day?" queried Sock, his suspicions waxing in ratio with his speculations.

"One seal, one hunderd nose. Lewy smart," in a tone from which he might draw his own inferences.

"Me see one seal have one nose," calmly sarcastic. "That other kind mak rich Indian. Where swim? Me go find one hunderd-nose seal. Mak me rich Indian, too."

"One seal, one nose on him, one day, one dollar; more days, more seals, more noses, more dollars," still more sullen.

"One hunderd days, one hunderd seals, one hunderd noses. Lewy no work one hunderd days. Him lazy." Sock's speculations and suspicions combined on a clue.

"Him tak much 'seals some days, maybe." Lola was in one of her hateful moods to-day, and meant to be tantalizing.

"Maybe, too. Seals no thick round Quoddy Head," and Sock went to make Lewy a friendly call.

The odor of blubber assailed his nostrils before he opened the door. He surprised Soccotoma squatted on the floor, busied with a sealskin. Lewy arose in confusion, dropping his knife in the movement.

"Seal?" asked Sock.

"Yaas," but the carcass was nowhere in sight.

"Seal mak rich Indian. One day, how many?"

"Five this day." Lewy swiftly rolled up the hide, folding the edges inside, but not before his caller fancied he saw signs of mutilation,—regular cuts and stitches on one end.

Thereafter Sock's calls to Lewy's cot were frequent. Now and again Soccotoma was off sealing. Oftener he was at home, sealskin and knife in hand, and if Sockabasin came not softly, and without warning, he found the door barred against him.

About this time the one horse in the village gradually lost hair from his tail, but not even Sock's shrewd intuitions guessed the miscreant.

* * * * *

"Eighty-six, did you say? I'll take your count for it. It's such a nauseating business, going over all that sickening batch. I'd rather lose a dollar or so out of my own pocket than handle them myself. A dollar apiece." Mr. John Ambrose Gray counted out the bills affably. "Seals are multiplying down East, aren't they, Dana? Your name's Dana, isn't it? We didn't put the bounty on 'em any too soon, did we, Brother? That's a lot of money all

at one time, Dana," curiously watching Lewy dispose of it about his person.

The Indians liked the present officer. His was a friendly, democratic spirit. The great man acted, so thought Lewy, as if he, John Ambrose Gray, might have been, by the accident of birth, a Micmac or a Mohawk of the mixed Quoddy tribe.

"Either seals are increasing or your people are growing smarter. I never had such a big lot turned in at one time since I held the post, Brother. A dozen or so is a big record for one man in a season. Guess you're the first man ever had enough to warrant his coming on with 'em himself. See what industry does for us, Brother. Besides a snug sum of money to take home to the—er—wife, you've had the trip,—had a good time and seen a bit of the world."

"Me burn 'em for you?" never taking his eyes from the reeking heap. His interest was centered in seals' noses, rather than in the trip that was past.

"Yes, shovel 'em into the furnace, Brother. Ugh! It's deathly! I'll just step outside, to escape the odor."

Presently Soccotoma came out, the scent of burning sealskins following him, and John Ambrose Gray shook his stained hand.

"Good-bye, Brother. Be sure to send us another lot right away—they're ruining the sardine business, driving the herring all out the bay."

Economy suggested that Lewy send the next cargo, a hundred noses strong, by freight, saving the expense of the journey for himself. But anxiety for their safety and for their reception impelled him to accompany them.

"Why, Brother! Back again? I'd hardly missed you. Well, well, you are a worker! Ugh! You open the box. I can't stand over it."

Still, he came nearer, and examined the noses more closely than on the former occasion.

"I don't see how it was possible for one man to slaughter so many in so short a time. Did you—er—have help?"

"Yaas, Brother. Father, cousins, all help," Lewy answered.

No sign of his inward turmoil balked Lewy's glib tongue or stirred his granite features.

"Now, just how is a seal's nose shaped?" standing at arm's length and daintily forking the gory heap with a stick. "You pick one up, Brother. You're—er—used to it. Show me one, inside and out."

It was tough on Lewy, forcing him to dissect his own shams, but he felt that in his own hands artificiality might be concealed.

"Ah, those—er—whiskers—they look like horsetail," bethinking him of the Quoddy Indian Agent's recent letter. "Now, could you pull one out, Brother?"

"Nor—see—grow in tight," gently twitching a hair.

"And the inside? What does that look like?" determined to serve the government at the cost of his own squeamishness and his interest in Lewy.

"Why, those—membranes! How peculiar they are formed. They look like—er—stitches. Let me see," peering closer. "It is thread. Why, Dana, that's fraud! I didn't believe it of you! You've made—let me compute: I can't tell how many noses—false noses—you've made from a single seal's skin, and expected us to pay you bounty for kill-

ing a great many more seals than you have. Don't you know, Dana," here it occurred to the immaculate Mr. John Ambrose Gray to labor for the good of the Passamaquoddy Mohawk's soul. Possibly the good man's morals had been neglected.

"Me name Soccotoma," Lewy retorted, sullenly. He could toss politeness to the winds, now that all was lost.

"Oh, yes! Dana Soccotoma. I am surprised. How many of these bogus noses are there, Brother?"

"One ninety," Lewy confessed at a breath.

Now that this lily-fingered officer had begun his inspections he would never stop short of full exposure. The agony would better be ended at a pulse beat.

"I'm sorry, Dana, but—"

"Me no Dana; me Lewy," resentfully.

"I'm so sorry, Lewy, that I'm going to let you off light. I won't ask a word about the former lot. But I'm bound by oath to send you up for the trick I've caught you in."

Lewy hardly listened. He knew all about the crime and its penalty.

"Who tell?" he demanded, as one who claims a right. "White man know nothing. What Indian tell?"

"J. C. Hall, your agent, warned me by letter to be on the lookout for false noses."

"Hall white. Hall know nothing." Lewy was contemptuous. "Indian tell. What Indian tell Hall?"

Mr. John Ambrose Gray hesitated.

"One of your own people—say you won't do him any injury—so the letter says, put him on the track."

So it was Micmac against Mohawk again. Lewy had been sure of it, and he commented not.

The fine was heavy. Lewy could not pay it, and would not if he

could. The only alternative was jail.
* * * * *

It was a freezing autumn day, but Lewy was out in his canoe in quest of a seal. The fortunes of the Soccotomas had not bettered during the imprisonment of their head. All Quoddy Point had jeered at his failure, just as it would have applauded his success in passing off false news for real. In the face of their raillery he was out to-day, paddling for Carlos Island shores, the seals' local resort.

Skin and oil would yield a coin, and the nose, had he the bravado to present it to the government's representative, another.

Suddenly across the bay floated angry words. Into his sight shot a canoe, with two wrangling Indians aboard.

"Tight; been to the Pool," was Lewy's thought, his eyes reaching beyond them to the strip of blue marking the horizon, where his ilk went to Welchpool for fire water.

"Sit still," he hallooed, as they leaped up to clinch, and the canoe tipped, taking in water.

They sank back, the habit of a lifetime strong upon them, even in their irresponsibility. Absolute stillness of body is the only guarantee of safety in a canoe.

One shadowy face was toward him, and Lewy recognized Sopiell Sockabasin.

Jabbering in their own soft tongue, melodious even in madness, the drink-crazed men again came to blows, and again were upon their feet.

"Keep still," shouted Lewy, but his voice was drowned by theirs, as the canoe spilled them into the bay.

A third canoe came into view, sighted the accident, but kept to its way. Any seaman knows he takes

his life in his hands when, alone, he attempts to help a drunken man into an ordinary boat. But with a teetering canoe he hasn't a fighting chance. So the frail bark passed, its paddlers squatting on its floor, motionless but for their arms.

"Masdurandusock," Lewy blasphemed the Indian's giver of luck, dipping his paddles straight for the capsized canoe. With the swift current it drifted out to sea. One Indian went down with a good-bye, but Sock struck out for Lewy.

He gripped the quivering canoe-side with both drunken hands. Lewy rapped him over the knuckles, but the next instant he, too, was struggling in the water.

It was a wicked day. The stiff fall wind blew direct from shore, and now rain came with it. The canoe, now bottom up, seemed their only hope, and in desperation Sockabasin clambered upon it.

Lewy was a powerful man, and a swimmer such as only a coast Indian is born and trained to be. Looking landward, it appeared an easy matter to save himself,—but Sopi! In his condition he hardly knew land from sea.

Steadily the canoe was drifting oceanward, and both paddles were gone. While Lewy thought, he worked. It was easy enough to throw off his coat, but in the wrestle with rubber boots, with only the water under him to catch his tumbles, he more than half expected to come off second best.

At last the weights went to bottom without him, and Lewy groaned. Those hip rubbers meant the bounty on four seals' noses.

Unweighted, he could now swim like a dog—a numb, tired Newfoundland. Sock could only cling

to the upturned canoe and howl. Lewy tried to keep him still as to body, while he strove to push the boat to the shore.

The current took them past the first point where Lewy had hoped to land, but he felt good for another hour and the next jutting promontory. As his strength ebbed he sent his voice on ahead for help, and Sock lent his potent lungs for the success of the cause. Miles up and down the coast their cries woke distressed echoes in barnyards where farmers left their work to climb the nearest cliff and scan the bay.

Another hour went, and despite Lewy's frantic toil they floated past Point Bluff. If Lewy was tempted to let go the canoe and save himself, the sobering Sock never suspected it.

"One chance more—then the 'Odds 'n' the Dif'rence,'" gasped he, straining his tired sight past the one point left before reaching a channel where a swifter current ran between two islands, meeting this. If that bolder eddy struck them, they would be borne to an expanse where no Indian has ever paddled in his own guise.

Bravely he fought for a landing. He was too far from the coast line to swim in against wind and tide, propelling Sockabasin on his perch before him, steering the craft now with one hand, now with the other. But at uneven distances apart, angles of rocky land ran their apexes far down the bay, and Lewy tried to keep close enough to shore to strike one of these.

Just Point Dabster now stretched within apparent reach of his strength. Beyond that, two great islands left a wide channel, sending a counter current to meet this.

Could he make Point Dabster?

"A boat, bring a boat, a b-o-a-t, b-o-a-t!" he screamed as a small boy appeared on a rock, drawn by the long-continued shouts.

"Our boat's too small; you'd upset it gittin' in," wind-wafted the answer came. "Pa's gone for a dory," and the boy was lost.

Only Point Dabster's aid remained. His own voice, even, deserted him. He could only keep himself afloat and feebly steer the canoe. Pushing was at last beyond him. Still Sock shouted to the barren shore.

Point Dabster, was that? No, the shore-line was receding. A sudden gust struck him. Lewy felt a stouter wave possessing his limbs, and he let go the canoe, glad to go down.

He did not gasp as the water gurgled in his ears and flooded his lungs. No new ambition stirred him as he came up again to air and light. A watery tomb had no terrors for

him in his fatigue, but as he sank again he thought of the white squaw and French papoose.

"Takkare now; don't unset us!" Was it a bunch of seaweed or a mop of Mohawk hair? As he went down the third time Biah MacWilliams clutched at Lewy's black head. "Easy, easy, now, Brother; we've got yer! Don't squirm, or ye'll have us all overboard! All right; pull away, Sam."

Dried and fed and restored to his accustomed frame of mind, Sock found his way to Quoddy Point by bedtime, but for days Lewy raved in delirium, of noses and bounties, points and eddies, white squaws and French papooses.

Sock went not to his neighbor's hut. But when Lewy, wasted and weak, returned to his French Mohawk family, he found a seal on the doorstool. And every morning thereafter, for many moons, another fat seal stretched its nose across his doorway.

The Singers

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

ONE sang of love and happy hours,
Of vows exchanged amid the flowers;
I sought her face, and found it one
That Grief had set his seal upon.

One sang of pain and cruel Death,
And hands that lie the turf beneath.
When hers I sought, I found a face
Aglow with youth-time hope and grace.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind?

By ZITELLA COCKE

Oft have I heard in adage trite,
The world's terse logic, not too kind,
That dearest things when out of sight,
Most sure, alas, are out of mind!

For men are weak, and wont to prize
Full dear, the good, they easiest find,
And what is present to the eyes
Clamors for lodgment in the mind.

Those radiant windows of the soul
Look not on things which are behind,—
The vistas that before them roll,
They seize and paint upon the mind!

Yet high enthroned, there sits a queen
Whose might with golden chains can bind
And hold secure the things unseen,
Within the Kingdom of the Mind.

Goddess and Queen, dear Memory!
Nor time nor absence makes thee blind;
Thine is the fond heart's constancy,
And thine the empery of the mind.

And parted friends, though out of sight,
If on thy sacred altar shrined,
Still walk in robes of living light,
Through all the chambers of the mind.

And loved ones, gone from human gaze,
Thou hast so subtly intertwined
With Thought and Fancy's secret maze,
They never can be out of mind!

Nay, if the spirit's eye be clear,
Where'er life's devious pathways wind,
The forms and faces we hold dear,
When out of sight are most in mind!

The World-Constitution

By RAYMOND L. BRIDGMAN

BOSTON will be honored in the coming autumn by the presence of the International Peace Congress. Its meeting will be the second session it has held in this country, and Boston has been identified more than any other city in the land with this effort to promote the peace of the world.

But world-peace can be promoted most effectively by world-organization, and in that respect Massachusetts is again at the front. At the session of the Massachusetts legislature of 1903 the following resolution was adopted unanimously by the House of Representatives and by the Senate:

"That the Congress of the United States be requested to authorize the President of the United States to invite the governments of the world to join in establishing, in whatever way they may judge expedient, an international congress, to meet at stated periods, to deliberate upon questions of common interest to the nations and to make recommendations thereon to the governments."

In support of the proposition in that resolution, Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society, upon whose initiative, in part, the resolution was adopted, delivered an address entitled "A Regular International Advisory Congress," before the International Law Association at Antwerp, on September 29 last. On January 14 last Dr. Trueblood and others, before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs of Congress, spoke in support of the above resolution, and it now awaits Congressional action.

In the future, (whether near or remote is not specified or material to the plan of the petitioners for the resolution) there is expected to be realized the union of all nations as an organic political body. But such union implies a constitution, written or unwritten, just as truly as a nation must have principles of action and a form of government, written or unwritten. Formation of the world-constitution has actually begun and it is wonderful to see how far it has advanced. The demonstration is strong when the facts already established by international action are put together and interpreted.

Different things may be meant by the word "constitution," when applied to a nation. Fundamentally there are the inherent rights and relations of the people which may be termed the constitution given by nature. An individual may supply an illustration. A man's constitution is the organic total of the mechanical, chemical, vital, intellectual and spiritual principles which enter into his physical, intellectual and spiritual structure. So a nation's constitution consists of the organic total of the powers and rights of the people. Similarly, all the people of the world stand in some sort of relation to each other. They have their rights as against each other; they have their duties to each other, and the organic union with rights and duties is the natural constitution of mankind.

"Constitution" is the word applied also to the written efforts to express the natural constitution. These efforts are the bills of rights of different states and nations, which, in themselves, directly, do not determine a form of government.

"Constitution" is more popularly used to express the form of government adopted to secure the principles expressed in bills of rights. Over the natural constitution men have no control whatever, but must submit unconditionally. The second use of "constitution" shows men's efforts to comprehend and express the natural constitution. The third is a framing of means to attain the relations determined by the first and attempted to be expressed in the second.

In the nature of the case, the natural constitution is and must forever remain unwritten. Other constitutions may be written or unwritten, and may combine a bill of rights and a form of government in one document. A bill of rights is of more importance than a form of government, for it implies a perception of principles and tries to give them exact expression. To secure these principles the constitution which is a form of government is only a means. Hence the significance, in the case of over a score of the States of the United States, of the fact that they have each a bill of rights as a part of the constitution. To secure those rights is the purpose of that part of their constitutions which provides the form of government, and the form is wholly subordinate to the purpose. The rights of the state as a whole, and of the people personally as parts of the whole, are the fundamental part of these constitutions. The form of government is conditioned by them and the framework must be so

put together at every point that the rights and the prosperity of the whole shall be secured at every point, and that will carry with it the rights, security and prosperity of every part.

Public and private rights and relations are both comprehended in a bill, or declaration, of rights. For instance, among the thirty articles in the Declaration of Rights in the Massachusetts constitution are assertions that all men are free and equal, that religious worship is a duty, that the power of the people is sovereign, that public officers are accountable public agents, that private property must be protected, that the press must be free, that standing armies are dangerous in time of peace to the liberties of the people, that elections should be frequent, that the right of petition must be preserved, that there should be frequent sessions of the legislature, that soldiers must not be quartered upon citizens in time of peace, that the judiciary must be independent of all political or mercenary influence, and that each department of the government must be distinct and independent of both the others. That is, the Declaration of Rights concerns itself both with the whole political body and with the ultimate particles of which the whole is composed, recognizing rights and relations in both, and preserving the rights of both, amid their relations.

In the development of government in England and in the United States, demands for bills of rights have been more conspicuous than struggles over forms of government. This shows how the sense of the people has seen the truth that the natural constitution is supreme over all human documents or schemes, and that it is of the highest importance

that peoples should have a right understanding of the natural constitution. Following through English history from the charter given by Henry I. at his coronation in 1101, to the Magna Charta of John in 1215, the "confirmatio chartarum" of Edward I. in 1297, the legal forms and jury trials of Henry VI. in 1429, the petition of right under Charles I. in 1628, the agreement of the people in 1649, the instrument of government in 1653, the habeas corpus act in 1679, and the great bill of rights in 1689, it is seen that nearly every one of these vital steps toward liberty for the people concerns rights and relations, not forms of government. Given the right principle in the relations of the people and the upper classes and their sovereign, it seems to have been assumed that the form of government would shape itself to the desired end.

In the United States, though nominally there is no national bill of rights, yet really there is one. The Declaration of Independence has a passage which expresses truly, broadly, and grandly, rights and relations which go to the very heart of the form of government. It says:

"We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

There is the true spirit and a true form, brief though it be, of a genuine bill of rights.

At the end of the Declaration is a further passage which belongs in the same class:

"that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states and that as free and independent states they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do."

When we come to the adoption of the constitution of the United States, a few years later, though it seems to be occupied with the form of government, yet we find in the preamble a recognition of the natural constitution of the nation, made by the Creator, and also in the preamble the spirit of a bill of rights:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution of the United States of America."

Justice, unity and organic relations are all asserted in these words.

So we find on the part of the people a recognition of the natural constitution. Efforts to approximate to it have been made in bills of rights. It appears in the formal constitution, or form of government, whose purpose was to secure the rights and to maintain the relations asserted in the bills of rights. Englishman and American alike have shown this appreciation of the natural constitution. England's constitution is said to be unwritten. Yet the list given above of documents declaratory of rights and relations of the people shows that it is only the subordinate portion (the form of government) which is not put into the form of enactment by the popular will. The bills of rights of England are written, and they were secured only by terrible conflicts, amid the blood of martyrs for truth and country, representing the mass of the people against the few. The form of government of the United States, on the other hand, is written. Its bill of rights is short, compared with the written forms of England. But both of these countries, with this diversity of practice, have moved toward a

single goal,—security of the rights of every person in the nation, rich or poor, white or black.

We now return to the world-constitution, having seen by these illustrations the nature of constitutions and the different things meant by the same word. Though the world-constitution is unwritten, and must always remain so, yet it has been recognized by the world. This has been done specifically by civilized nations. It will surprise those who regard all ideas of world-organization as Utopian to see how far the world has already traveled along this road toward a recognized world body politic.

To make this clear beyond dispute, we need first to see just what is meant by international law and by world-constitution. International law is fitly named. It is law. It is not constitution. It is an expression of the intelligence and will of the nations upon certain subjects. The world-constitution is the union of the principles which determine the relations of the nations. Thus far the body of international law relates largely to the practices of nations in war. In a state or nation, law implies and reveals a constitution, written or unwritten, back of it and determining its form, and, in the same way, international law implies and reveals the world-constitution which lies back of such law and determines its form.

Though no nation has ever said a word about a world-constitution, and though the very idea may not have been in the minds of those who have given form to statements of international law, yet the existence of that constitution is implied and revealed in the international law regarding practices in war. What is

the chief burden of international law? It is that savage practices, that needless slaughter, that violations of humanity beyond certain limits must cease. This is the law of nations. But it depends upon the nature, the rights and the relations of men. It reveals the true natural constitution upon which all mankind is organized. Here, then, standing in the clear light of international law, asserted by all civilized nations, stands Article I of the world-constitution. To put it in words, we may frame it thus:

“Article I. All men are kindred; therefore nations must be humane.”

The international law which is based upon this principle illustrates, sharply and sadly, the contradictions and perversities in those who make the law based upon such a fraternal article. International law, affirming the kinship of mankind, says practically this: “Provided men are not too savage, all manner of robbery, injustice and slaughter may be perpetrated.” In order to formulate rules about killing each other, the nations have based their international law upon recognition of the universal brotherhood of man. Having asserted that fundamental position, they impose limitations upon the slaughter, but by no means try to prevent it. National rights may be invaded, impaired or completely destroyed; national existence may be ended by force of arms amid fire and rapine and horrible death; innocent people may be shot by the most diabolical inventions which modern ingenuity can devise, or butchered by cold steel without mercy, provided only that a certain boundary is not passed which the common conscience of mankind has recognized

as expressed in this first article of the world-constitution. So the great world-brute, on its upward development from brutality to spirituality, has seen and recognized, with its eyes bleared with sin and crime against what is the most fundamental truth of its very being, and has proclaimed, so that it stands evident to all the world, the sublime reality: "All men are kindred." Conscience-stricken, it issues its command: "Therefore nations must be humane."

This article is unwritten. So is the form of government of England. But the fact that England has no form of government ever adopted as such by the people by one act does not necessitate that England has no form of government at all. Neither does the fact that this article of the world-constitution has not been adopted formally weigh at all against the truth that, by the general recognition of international law, there is necessitated the establishment of this principle of humanity and kinship as the basis whereon it rests.

Right in line with international law, recognizing the kinship of all mankind and commanding the nations to be humane in their barbarities, is the action of the Geneva congress of 1864, which established the International Red Cross Society. But, further and stronger than this, as an expression of the judgment and will of the nations, is the action of the congress of St. Petersburg in 1868, which condemned the use of especially barbarous bullets, followed by the congress of Brussels in 1874 with a restatement of the laws of war and further affirmation of the spirit of humanity. By their acceptance of the world-legislation which was accomplished in 1874, the

nations have formally approved it, and that legislation is a distinct revelation of and affirmation of this so-called Article I of the world-constitution.

But the nations of the civilized world have tacitly recognized more than one article of the world-constitution. Other world-legislation than the general body of international law has been enacted. Repeatedly the nations have met in formal deliberations, have agreed upon conclusions, have accepted those conclusions and have declared that they would enforce them. They have established the Universal Postal Union. This includes all the nations of the world. It holds to one agreement the largest combination of different peoples and governments which has ever been formed. Formal action has been taken upon a specific matter which has been reduced to writing. Now the establishment of this Union by formal agreement of all the nations is an act of world-legislation. It declares the will of mankind. Being a law of the world, it postulates a principle which is a part of the world-constitution. That principle,—a recognition of relations,—joined with the accompanying obligation involved, stands clear in the light of the law and so we get what we may properly call a second article in the world-constitution:

"Article II. All men are social; therefore intercommunication must be universal, reliable and inexpensive."

This declaration, in effect, is necessary as a basis of the establishment of the Universal Postal Union, and since all mankind, practically, is embraced in the Union, all the world agrees to this statement of principle.

But there are other illustrations of

the recognition of the world-constitution by action of the nations. In 1875 there met in Paris the Metrical Diplomatic Congress. It prepared the international metric convention and provided for a meeting at Paris every six years, at least, of a general conference on weights and measures. Here is a precedent for the regular international congress which is proposed by the resolution adopted by the Massachusetts legislature. The difference is that the latter proposition includes all matters of world-interest, while the former includes only the subject of weights and measures. Now this action in 1875 was based upon recognition of something in mankind beyond what was recognized by the establishment of the Universal Postal Union. Nations all around the world must trade with each other, and it is a hindrance to trade if weights and measures, whose function it is to determine quantities of goods, are obstructed in operation by a confusion of standards. Here, then, in the international agreement regarding a common standard of weights and measures, the nations have promulgated a new law resting upon the recognition of still another principle in the bill of rights of mankind, and it may be formulated as another article in the world-constitution:

"Article III. Each part of the world needs all the other parts; unimpeded exchange of the world's goods promotes world-prosperity; therefore obstacles to such exchange must be removed."

Mankind being one and being organized, at least to some extent, the needs of the several organs for nutriment and strength should be satisfied in the quickest and least expensive way. If free circulation, within the human body, of the elements of food to the parts where they are

most needed promotes most the health of the body, and if it would injure the general health and weaken every part in detail to impede that circulation, then, by a like law, it promotes the health of the world-organism of mankind to establish free circulation of supplies to every part, and it injures the general health and weakens every part in detail to impede that circulation. Common weights and measures promote trade, and the vitality of the idea of a world-money illustrates the strength and the persistence of the demand for all possible facilities of trade. It foreshadows the success of the efforts to relieve trade of all removable restrictions.

But there has been recognized, tacitly, it is true, still another principle in the world-constitution. In 1885 was held in Washington, D. C., at the invitation of the United States, the International Prime Meridian Conference. Twenty-six nations were represented, and this large group, including the controlling nations of the civilized world, adopted the meridian of Greenwich as their standard meridian. Individual national standards were set aside, and the nations did not compromise by taking some new meridian hitherto unused by any nation, but they adopted the standard of England. By this action, which was another instance of world-legislation, the nations recognized still another principle in the world bill of rights. It may be put into the form of words as follows:

"Article IV. Mankind advances most rapidly by co-operation; therefore national pride and prejudice must be discarded in order that nations may work together."

In 1889 was held at Washington the Marine Conference, which is

said to have resulted in more quasi-legislation than any previous world-conference. This quasi-legislation related to the rules of the sea,—the establishment and regulation of practices of navigation by vessels under the flags of different countries. Its broad purpose was the development of commerce and the protection of property and life. This quasi-legislation involved still further recognition of the rights and relations of men, as contained in the bill of rights of the world-constitution. It is vital, for it goes to the very root of the existence of mankind as one. Recognizing the obligation which goes with the rights and relations, and putting the truth into words, we state as follows this hitherto unwritten principle which is back of the international law formulated by the conference:

"Article V. World-movements must be regulated by world-intelligence; the will of the people must be supreme over all the parts."

By the very establishment of world-law for the control of commerce, the supremacy of the whole for the good of the whole is plainly and powerfully asserted.

In 1890 the Brussels Anti-Slavery Conference, representing the civilized world more or less completely, agreed upon measures to suppress the African slave trade. This was an enactment of world-law by world-representatives (taking them as a whole), that slave-trading must stop. Again a further principle of the bill of rights of the world-constitution was recognized as the basis of this new law of the world. With the obligation it carries with it, the written form may be put as follows:

"Article VI. Every part of mankind is of right entitled to freedom; therefore every power which attempts to enslave men must be destroyed."

In 1892 and 1893, respectively, occurred the International Sanitary Conferences at Venice and Dresden, attended by delegates of fifteen and nineteen nations severally. Here was a wholly new subject of world-legislation and certain lines of action were agreed upon by the nations represented. Certain things must be done for the health of the world. Back of this agreement of the nations upon a new decree of international law, therefore, stands another article of the world bill of rights. With the obligation it carried with it, we frame it thus:

"Article VII. The ill health of one is the peril of all; therefore all must be vigilant for the health of each and of all."

In 1899 occurred the Hague Peace Conference, resulting in the establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration. Higher in rank than some of the congresses already mentioned, and of great and lasting importance in the history of the world, this conference is worthy of mention in some detail. In the first place, the last sentence of the czar's first circular, issued by Count Muravieff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, recognized the true bill of rights of the world-constitution, for it used the words: "the principles of equity and right on which rest the security of states and the welfare of peoples." This recognition the conference made its own by incorporating the words into the preamble of the immortal agreement. Further recognition was made in the preamble by the adoption of the clause which reads: "recognizing the solidarity which unites the members of the society of civilized nations." Article I of the convention contains, for our purpose, the substance of the whole. It reads:

"With a view to obviating, as far as possible, recourses to force in the relations between states, the Signatory Powers agree to use their best efforts to insure the pacific settlement of international differences."

The establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration was an act of world-legislation of supreme importance. Like every other instance of true legislation, it rests upon a principle. This world-legislation discloses another principle of the bill of rights of the world-constitution, recognized and affirmed by all the civilized nations when they signed the Hague agreement, yes, even by those which are armed to the teeth, ready to fly at each other's throats upon provocation. Sublime amid arms, peaceful amid portents of war, true in the midst of doubters, faithful amid the sneers of fighting men, it rises, a monument for all time:

"Article VIII. Mankind is intellectual and moral, not material and brutal, therefore differences between nations must be settled by reason and right, not by force."

With this great affirmation of the sober judgment and solemn purpose of the civilized world, we end this review of articles of the world bill of rights already established, noting the gratifying fact that the United States has been the pioneer in making this affirmation of vital force among the nations. Other congresses and the pan-American conferences are not of sufficient rank for mention here.

Now, where is the room for skepticism regarding the actual development of the constitution of the world body politic? The facts are sufficient demonstration, and the frequency of the dates in recent years shows how rapid is the momentum the movement has already acquired, even while most men deny

that it exists and while many who believe in the formal organization of the world say that the times are now inopportune and that it will be a hundred years before the idea is realized. To every skeptic the sufficient answer is: "Look and see."

But the case is much stronger yet. Look further. Take up the part of the constitution which follows the bill of rights,—the form of government. The skeptic is answered here as completely as in the case of the bill of rights. Every government must exercise the three functions of legislation, judicial determination, and execution of the legislation. The logical development of the three is in that order. There must be an expression of the will of the government, a determination whether the will applies to the case, and a carrying out of the will, if it does apply.

World-legislatures have sat repeatedly. World-legislation has been enacted repeatedly. It is in force in the civilized world today. Peculiarities which distinguish it from national legislation are that it is the enactment of bodies called to legislate upon one subject alone, that there has been no established basis of representation or mode of procedure as world-precedents, that the nations severally have claimed or have been conceded a right of veto upon the enactment, and that the application and enforcement of this world-law have been in the hands of the nations which have agreed to the legislation. But, for all that, the essence of legislation is there,—the expression of judgment by the delegates and the consent of the will of the ratifying nations. Sufficient illustration is given in the case of the establishment of the Hague

Court of Arbitration and the other agreements mentioned above, the agreements having binding force and therefore being a self-imposed law. Therefore Article I of the form of government of the world-constitution has been established by the civilized world. It stands as follows:

"Article I. There shall be a legislative department."

Elaboration of sections under this article remains to be made,—the establishment of times and places of meeting, the basis of representation, the rules of procedure, the determination of the validity of the enactments, and other details. But world-legislation, as an accomplished fact, began long ago, and the facts are a conclusive answer to all who doubt.

How about the world-judiciary? The Hague Court of Arbitration is solely for the settlement of differences between nations. The language of the convention seems to imply that only two nations will be parties to one proceeding. At any rate, the proceedings presuppose differences between nations, and the convention has no reference to a general body of law to be applied to all nations as the situation exists. But, as far as the convention goes, it relates to judicial procedure, to an appeal to reason for a determination of rights and duties in cases of differences between nations, rather than an appeal to force. It has to do with an application of the will of the nations,—that national differences be settled by reason and right,—to particular cases. The very name of "court," and the possession of judicial methods make it probable that broader judicial functions will be added. Here is the germ of a judicial department,

something out of which can be evolved, as necessity requires, a world-court to pass upon the application of world-law to any or to all nations. By establishing this court, the nations wrote the second article of the world form of government:

"Article II. There shall be a judicial department."

But there is no such office as the world-executive, the doubter may say. True, there is no world-president yet. It is true that the nations rely upon each other severally to carry out world-legislation. There is neither a world supreme court to issue an injunction against a nation disobeying the decision of The Hague Court of Arbitration, nor a world-marshal to insist that the disobedient power must obey, nor a world-police or a world-army to compel obedience. Each nation is today world-executive for its own territory. That is as far as the evolution has progressed.

But there is a very plain germ of a world-executive, for all that. Boards, commissions and bureaus are branches of executive departments. Officers of such organizations are executive officers. Now, the Universal Postal Union has a permanent secretary with an office at Berne, Switzerland. That Union is an executive branch created by the world-legislation which established it, as truly as the Massachusetts railroad commission, created by the legislature, is a part of the executive department of the state. Right at that point, the office of this secretary in Berne, then, we put the finger and say: "This permanent secretary is a true world-executive." It is not necessary to begin with a world-president. It is not to the point to say that the se-

cretary's duties may be few. He is the head of a permanent executive body established by the will of all nations of the world,—for this Universal Postal Union is peculiar in having the formal adherence of every nation on earth. Therefore the nations have established the third article of the form of government of the world-constitution:

"Article III. There shall be an executive department."

This is all accomplished fact. The world-constitution, unwritten, is growing by development, just as the British constitution has grown, and the essential truth of history can no more be denied in the case of the world than in the case of England.

Thus far we have noted what has actually been accomplished in the development of the world-constitution. In the world bill of rights we find that the nations have already asserted common kinship, social relations, organic unity, the supremacy of the good of the whole over the seeming good of any part, the supremacy of the intelligence of the whole over affairs which concern the whole, liberty common to all, care for the health of the whole, and the supremacy of reason over force.

Other points remain to be established, some of which are already recognized in certain localities and inhere equally in all mankind, some of which have been noticed above in the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights. In regard to the form of government the nations have already established the legislative, the judicial and the executive departments. These three cover all possible fields. It remains, therefore, to develop in detail the organism of the world body politic in these several depart-

ments, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that the nations are moving forward to that development.

If it were permitted to forecast the future regarding the world bill of rights, it might be noted that nowhere yet has there been an affirmation of equality. It seems to be a safe prediction that the Republic of Mankind will include in its bill of rights words like those in the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," or like those in the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights: "All men are born free and equal."

Nowhere yet has there been asserted the control of the property of the world by all mankind for the good of the whole, a power corresponding to eminent domain in nations and in states of the United States, a power to take private property for the public good. Nor is there exercised a power to control transportation for the good of the whole. No effort has been made internationally to prevent evasion of national laws by combinations of law-breakers in several countries, which is possible because present international law cannot touch them. It seems reasonable, then, to predict that articles will be added to the world bill of rights somewhat as follows:

"World-supplies are for the world; therefore world monopolies must be prohibited.

"World-transportation is for the service of the world; therefore the carrying business of the world is subject to the control of the world."

Following the common sense of the case, and basing the prediction on practice common in the nations of Germanic origin, it may be said that, sooner or later, the world bill

of rights will contain an article of this tenor:

"Each locality has its rights against and its duties to the whole; therefore local self-government and centralized power must everywhere be justly respected."

So, one after another, will be added to the world bill of rights affirmations of relations and duties until

a declaration is made which, with the world-laws based upon it, will secure the subservience of every part of mankind to the good of the whole, and will guarantee to every part, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," protected by the power of the whole.

A Relic

By EDWIN L. SABIN

SILK (now beginning to fray),
 As fine as the old-fashioned belle;
 Rose-colored (faded to-day)—
 The tint that was cherished so well;
 Heel midway set, like a boss—
 Three inches high, maybe more;
 Straps, o'er the instep to cross;
 The slippers great-grandmother wore.

Bought from the peddler who passed,
 His pack with deft cunning displayed;
 The latest of fashions, amassed
 To dazzle the eyes of a maid.
 She fingered the trappings, in doubt.
 "York has none better!" he swore.
 And her father the shillings laid out
 For these slippers great-grandmother wore.

Thus was she footed, to glide
 Through reel and through chaste minuet,
 Thus was she decked, as a bride
 (Her beauty is memory yet).
 Thus is she pictured the best
 In archives of family lore—
 While dream in the quaint cedar chest
 The slippers great-grandmother wore.

Where is the spectacle, all—
 Fashions far carried from town;
 Peddler and maiden and ball;
 Father and lover and gown?
 Soles slightly scuffed—to sweet strains;
 Stitches as good as of yore;
 Silk time-defaced; there remains
 The slippers great-grandmother wore.



"VICTORY." TONETTI, SCULPTOR

Sculpture at the St. Louis Exposition.



"PEACE." KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR.

Sculpture at the St. Louis Exposition.

Oliver Ellsworth

By ELIZABETH C. BARNEY BUEL

IN "Ancient Windsor" stands a house shaded by stately elms and having upon its venerable front the unmistakable hall-marks of a distinguished past. A house is like the human beings whom it shelters, whose life it expresses, and of whose spirit it partakes; like them it betrays its history in its features—whether it has been mean and ignoble, or whether it has been lofty and of good report. So this house in Windsor assumes the dignity and noble bearing of him who once paced its halls in the intensity of his thoughts—thoughts upon which, as upon a sound foundation, our country was upbuilt; it assumes even the air of royalty there in this New World namesake of the ancient dwelling of our former kings; it says to the careless passer-by—Pause here, and remember that this was once the home of a man greater even than a king, for, unaided by the kingly sword of conquest, he laid the foundations of an empire, and bound it firmly together by the sinews of wise statesmanship. Pause, for here lived Oliver Ellsworth and Abigail Wolcott, his wife. Ellsworth and Wolcott—two names forever joined together by marriage after marriage, and likewise as inseparably wedded before the altar of patriotism.

Oliver Ellsworth, framer of the Constitution of the United States, without whom that Constitution would have died ere it had birth, has yet to find a biographer. Lesser names than his shine brilliantly

forth from the pages of history; he, like the vital forces of our earth, worked silently and unseen, until from the underground darkness arose the completed fabric of our institutions like the full-blown glories of midsummer.

Oliver Ellsworth was born in Windsor on April 29th, 1745, the son of David Ellsworth and Jemima Leavitt, his wife. David was the grandson of Josiah, a native of Yorkshire, England, who settled in Windsor about 1654 and became the ancestor of all the Ellsworths in this country. In 1665 Josiah bought the property upon which the Ellsworth Homestead now stands, and it has remained in the family without a break until the recent generous deed of gift which constituted the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution his heirs and assigns forever.

The Ellsworths are of fine old Saxon stock—descendants of the men who flocked from the German forests to conquer England, who then swarmed across the Atlantic to conquer new lands, and the "freedom to worship God:" then once more conquered England and built up in this western world a second empire—a second living monument to the indomitable energy and all-absorbing vitality of the Anglo-Saxon race. Saxon, English, Puritan—we know the meaning of those names in the varied make-up of the American. A true scion of this stock was David, father of our Oliver. A

plain farmer was he, simple of manner, frugal of habit, deeply religious in spirit, without wealth, yet also without poverty—a perfect type of the hard-working New Englander of the early days. A strong, sturdy, independent race were the Ellsworths, limited in their horizon as was unavoidable in pioneer times, narrow and stern as the hard circumstances made them, but full of that intense energy directed by lofty virtues which develops nations.

Of such a race and in such surroundings was Oliver Ellsworth born. His was no soft feather-bed of luxury and ease. Conditions were hard, and from earliest years he had to meet them as best he could. He had no miraculous gifts of infant heroes; he was no infant prodigy, around whom gathers marvellous tales of early promise, the heralds of coming greatness. Young Oliver could not read Latin at the age of three, nor could he construe Greek strophes on his fifth birthday. He was just an ordinary little boy, such an one whose mind develops so slowly that despairing parents fear it is hopelessly stuck fast at two times one are two. His father wished the lad to be a minister, and placed him under Dr. Bellamy. At the age of seventeen he entered Yale College without as yet having astonished anyone during his simple education on the farm and in the Windsor school. After two years his career at Yale came suddenly to an end. One winter night he turned the College bell upside down and filled it with water; whereupon the water promptly froze, the bell was silenced, and young Ellsworth was asked to depart immediately from the sacred precincts of Yale. He retreated to Princeton, where we find another hopeful sign of boyish human nature

and also of the lawyer's ready wit. Oliver had violated the rule that hats should not be worn in the College yard. When brought before the faculty he advanced in his defense the plea that a hat was composed of two parts, a crown and a brim; his hat having no brim it was therefore not a hat, and he was not guilty of the offence. It is needless to say he was not punished. He did not tell them that he had but just before torn off the brim himself, to give point to his argument. He was graduated with the degree of A. M. in 1766, returned to Windsor, and, still obedient to his father's wishes, began studying theology under Dr. Smalley. But it was soon evident that Oliver would never realize his father's ambition that he should become a village pastor. The law pulled him too strongly from the gospel of peace towards the legal warfare of mankind, until at last his father allowed him to jilt theology in its favor, and in 1771 he was admitted to the bar.

His father gave him a small farm with which to eke out his few and slender fees; and to pay the debts incurred in his education he turned woodsman and felled and transplanted down the river to Hartford enough timber on some forest land owned by him to start him in life with a clean balance sheet. Then, undeterred by the fact that a single fee had not yet come his way, he married, in 1772, Abigail Wolcott, daughter of William Wolcott of Windsor, and settled down on his farm to the uphill work of making two ends meet which seemed hopelessly far apart.

Three pounds was the total income from his profession for the first three years after his admission to the bar. Then comes his oppor-

tunity; he gets a case of some importance, wins it for his client with such a display of ability that the eyes of his neighborhood are opened to his talents, and from that time on his rise was rapid and brilliant. His practice became so large and lucrative that he was soon one of the wealthiest men in Connecticut. He moved to Hartford, was appointed State's Attorney, and ere long was known as the most noted lawyer of his day.

Meanwhile the country was rushing on towards revolution. Without two thoughts on the subject, young Ellsworth, now a member of the Connecticut General Assembly, as a matter of course cast in his lot with his country. Together with William Pitkin, Thomas Seymour and Ezekiel Williams, he was appointed on a committee called the "Pay Table," whose duty it was to manage the State's accounts incurred for military expenses, and in October, 1777, he was elected a Delegate to the Continental Congress just as the decline in character and influence of that once eminent body had begun, and to it he remained faithful to the bitter end. In this we see the unselfish nobility of Ellsworth's patriotism. It is easy to serve one's country with the eyes of an admiring world upon one as a member of some bright and shining assemblage to which all men pay their tribute of respect. But it is sublime to struggle on in patient, persistent devotion to duty in that same assemblage which, having become powerless and decrepit, has deservedly earned the contempt of all mankind. This is what Oliver Ellsworth did. The Continental Congress was a legislative body trying to perform executive functions without the power to enforce its decrees

on thirteen sovereign States, each jealous of the other, and indifferent to every interest but its own. At first composed of the foremost leaders of the day,—of men like the Adamses, Jefferson, Franklin, Sherman, Richard Henry Lee, the Morrises, John Jay, and a host of others,—the Congress had sunk later on into a crowd of second and third-rate men, petty politicians, narrow-minded and incompetent wranglers, absorbed in their own ambitions, who attempted to run the affairs of a Confederation along the narrow lines of the town-meeting. It became the laughing-stock of the civilized world, a thorn in the flesh which goaded Washington into worse despair than any success of the British arms, and an object lesson to Hamilton and Ellsworth, who learned from its incompetency that sound finance and a pure and strong administration of justice and enforcement of law could never be expected from a body which had proved itself such a failure. In this almost worse than useless assemblage Ellsworth labored until the end of the war, warding off hopeless chaos, holding the members to their duty, keeping them from altogether deserting Washington in the field, and gradually maturing those great legal principles which afterwards resulted in our Federal Judiciary. His letters to Governor Trumbull and Oliver Wolcott at this period, show his active participation in every matter that came before the Congress. But peace came at last, and in the summer of 1783 Ellsworth returned to Connecticut. His service in the Continental Congress had been a fruitful training-school for the greater service of the immediate future.

The loose and rickety Confederation of States now began to totter to

its foundations. Held together during the war by the bonds of a common danger and the struggle against the common enemy, when those bonds were snapped by peace the States began to fall away from one another, and presented to the pleased gaze of Europe a scene of rapid disintegration and internal dissension. The strong united nation which had whipped England and secured the

the people. Until a strong sense of nationality should inspire the people from Maine to Georgia, irrespective of State lines, no American nation was possible. No such sense of nationality had survived the war; it is doubtful if even the common struggle for freedom was truly national in spirit, for the common object once attained, the national feeling vanished completely and the American



OLIVER AND ABIGAIL ELLSWORTH.

From a painting by Earl, 1792, now in the Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford.

alliance of France was falling to pieces, and each European sovereign watched greedily for the chance to pick up his share of the ruins. Another partition of Poland seemed about to take place in the New World. The situation cried out for a strong centralized government, a union in fact as well as in name, a union not only of the sovereign States as states, but of the people as

became once more the South Carolinian, the Virginian, the dweller in Massachusetts or Connecticut. The doctrine of State rights and State sovereignty, which we are accustomed to connect only with the war of secession, then ruled supreme, as strong in New England as in the South; nay, to the men of those days it was more than a doctrine, it was a truism, a self-evident fact, the only

system of government then known to the colonies and States; a consolidated nation was but a theory—the dream of a visionary, the nearest approach to which had been the loose Confederation, until now deemed all-sufficient by the general run of men. As colonies we had been bound together by our common allegiance to the British Crown; as independent States we had been bound together by the Congress of the Confederation, with its meagre authority delegated for use in the common service; but now the Crown had been hurled back across the seas; the Confederation had failed; we were bound together by no power under God. Ruin and chaos confronted the young republic at its birth. Then arose the men whose thoughts were national, and who, looking the crisis full in the face, proclaimed the necessity of a national government over all the people, acting upon the people individually, not upon the State governments, and with power to enforce its laws. The sovereign States at once raised the cry of dismay at what seemed an attempt to undermine the rights of self-government,—those rights which they had but just vindicated against Great Britain at the sacrifice of blood and fortune. But the need was desperate. Out of the strife of contending parties at last emerged the immortal Constitutional Convention, which met at Philadelphia in 1787, with George Washington in the chair.

Connecticut, where the State-rights fever burned as high as anywhere, was backward in sending representatives, but at last she despatched Roger Sherman, Oliver Ellsworth and William Samuel Johnson to uphold her interests and her rights in this movement for a closer union. It was a breathless

moment—a moment rife with direful possibilities. On the one hand was anarchy—on the other was our existence as a nation. Which would the Convention bring forth? Washington, rising from his chair, his tall form towering above the delegates with more than usual solemnity and grandeur, thus addressed them in tones of suppressed emotion: "It is probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

Thus did he strike the keynote of the Convention and brace it to its highest ideals. Never before had been gathered together such an assemblage of mighty minds to evolve a plan by which thirteen separate nations might think and act as one. And above them all rise Oliver Ellsworth and Roger Sherman of Connecticut, for without them the work of the Convention would have come to naught. Henry Cabot Lodge thus speaks of Oliver Ellsworth at this period:

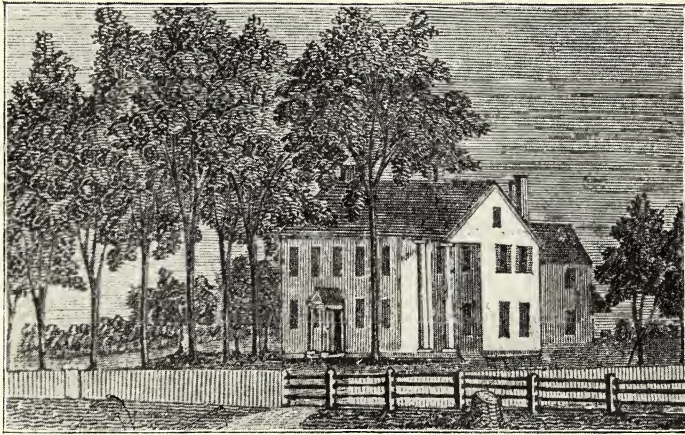
"We have now come to one of the three great events in Ellsworth's life—to an act which fastens his name in history and without which the story of that eventful summer cannot be told. To trace through the records of the Convention all that he said and did in the formation of the Constitution would be impossible and for my purpose needless, because before us there is now a single achievement which rises out of the current of events as distinctly as a lofty tower on a lonely ledge, and as luminous as the light which beams forth from it over the dark waste of ocean."

This great act was the Connecticut Compromise in the contest over the basis of representation in the projected national legislature.—the

Connecticut Compromise, the greatest of the three fundamental compromises upon which our federal constitution is built, for without it no constitution and no United States of America would ever have been possible. Thus spoke Mr. Calhoun afterwards in the Senate, the great Southerner giving honor where honor was due:

"It is owing,—I speak it here in honor of New England and the Northern States—it is owing mainly to the States of Connecticut and New Jersey that we have a federal instead of a national government; that we have the best government instead of the

The irreconcilable conflict over representation between the great States and the small States—therein lay the danger. On the one side stood men like Hamilton, Madison, Franklin, King, Wilson, and Gouverneur Morris, of the large States, contending for the principle of "a government for men and not for imaginary political entities called States." Representation, said they, should be based on, and be proportional to population, and the central government should act directly upon the individual people of the en-



HOME OF CHIEF JUSTICE ELLSWORTH, WINDSOR, CONN.,
AS IT WAS IN 1836.

From an old woodcut in the "Connecticut Historical Collections."

most despotic and intolerable on the earth. we are indebted for this admirable government? I will name them. They were Chief Justice Ellsworth, Roger Sherman and Judge Patterson of New Jersey. The other States further South were blind; they did not see the future. But to the sagacity and coolness of those three men, aided by a few others, but not so prominent, we owe the present Constitution."

Bancroft likewise says of Ellsworth's part in the Convention:

"There he, more than any other, shaped the policy which alone could have reconciled the great States and the small ones and bound them equally in the Union by reciprocal concessions."

tire nation; in other words, it should be National. On the other hand, the little States protested that they would be swamped by such a system; the large States would have it all their own way if population were the basis of representation in the legislature, and they contended for equal State representation—the principle of representing the States as such and not their people; only by having an equal number of delegates could a small State like Connecticut hold its own with New York.

Upon Connecticut, therefore, fell the brunt of the battle for the little States, and here, in behalf of State representation, Ellsworth and Sherman were the leaders. Things soon reached a standstill. Gunning Bedford of Delaware thus addressed the delegates of the large States: "*Gentlemen, I do not trust you. If you possess the power, the abuse of it could not be checked; and what, then, would prevent you from exercising it to our destruction?—Sooner than be ruined, there are foreign powers that will take us by the hand.*"

Rufus King jumped to his feet. "I am concerned," said he, "for what fell from the gentleman from Delaware,—*take a foreign power by the hand!* I am sorry he mentioned it, and I hope he is able to excuse it to himself on the score of passion." The Convention was on the point of dissolution. At this supreme moment of the fiery drama, Oliver Ellsworth and Roger Sherman step upon the scene; Connecticut suggests her compromise. "Yes," said Franklin, ever happy in his remarks, "when a joiner wishes to fit two boards, he sometimes pares off a bit from both." Yielding to the principle of representation according to population in the House, Ellsworth stood like a rock for the equality of the States in the Senate. Some time before he had moved to strike out the term "national" as applied to our general government, and which had aroused such antagonism among the little States, and to insert the proper title, "United States." A little later he had declared that "the only chance of supporting a general government lies in grafting it on those of the original States." This principle of the *United States*, each one represented equally in a federal, not

a national government, had been long before laid down by Sherman, and now these two colleagues from Connecticut stood shoulder to shoulder before the excited delegates and pleaded for this vital and fundamental principle of our national life. They fought against Hamilton, and Madison, Randolph, King and Morris for the federal principle in the Senate. Neither side would yield. When it came to the vote it was a tie, thanks to the noble patriotism of a young man in the Georgia delegation, Abraham Baldwin, also from Connecticut. Georgia voted last, and would have cast the majority of her votes against the compromise had not Baldwin seen the perilous consequences of rejection and against his private conviction voted in its favor, thus splitting his delegation equally and making the tie which saved the day. The rejection of the Compromise would have meant dissolution of the Convention with nothing done, and consequent despair and ruin to the country. The tie vote brought about a Committee of Conference, which reported in favor of the great Connecticut Compromise, namely—representation according to population in the House and equality of the States in the Senate, where each State, regardless of size, should be forever represented by two Senators. Thus was saved that marvellous feature of our Constitution, that system of our government never seen in the world before—the system whereby two distinct governments, the Federal and the State, act harmoniously, the one within the other, upon the same individuals.

Time forbids entering in detail upon Ellsworth's share in the other momentous questions which confronted the Convention. He took

part in every discussion, and his opinions helped to form every essential feature of our Constitution. He set his face firmly against allowing the Federal government to issue that inconvertible paper money which had wrought such havoc with our credit. In the words of Sherman it was "the favorable crisis for crushing paper money."

"This is the time," said Ellsworth, "to shut and bar the door against paper money, which can in no case be necessary. Give the government credit and other resources will offer. The power may do harm, never good." On no question was the Convention more "nearly unanimous," says Fiske, "than in its condemnation of paper money."

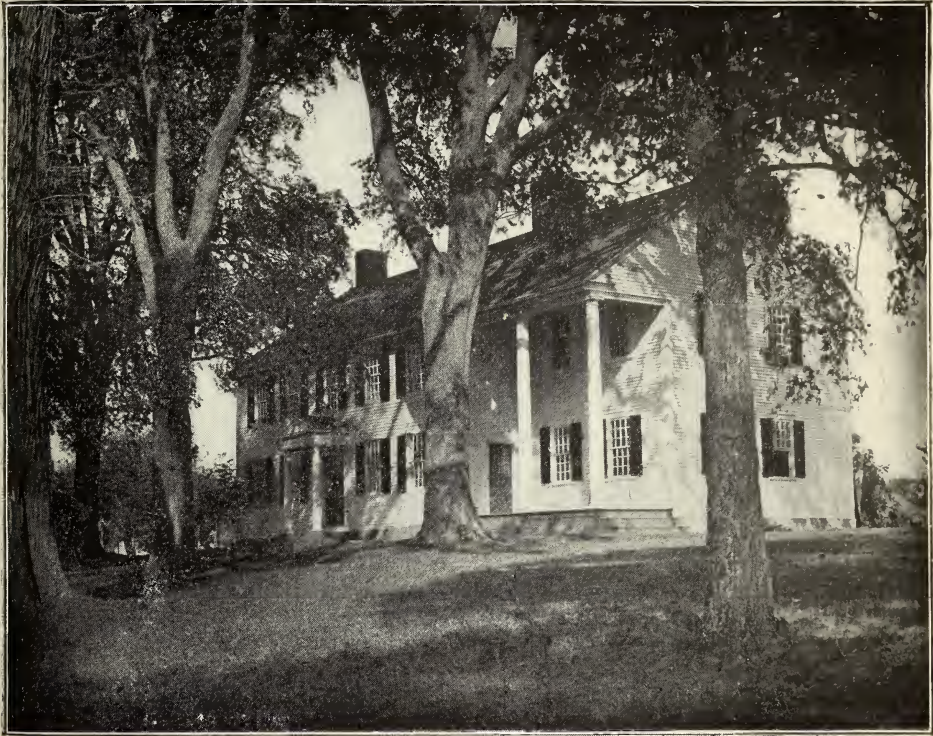
Ellsworth's attitude as to slavery was one of non-interference, "for," said he, "slavery, in time, will not be a speck in our country." In the controversy as to whether slaves should be classed as population or chattels in apportioning the basis of representation in the various States, he was in favor of the second great "compromise," which counted three-fifths of the slaves as population. When it was argued that representation would encourage the slave-trade, Ellsworth still would not intermeddle; he is reported as saying, "Let every State import what it pleases. The morality or wisdom of slavery are considerations belonging to the States themselves. What enriches a part enriches the whole, and the States are the best judges of this particular interest." The old Confederation had not meddled with this point. He did not see any greater necessity for bringing it within the policy of the new one. We must remember that all the States at that time, except Massachusetts where slavery had just

been abolished, were slave-holding States, Connecticut owning nearly three thousand slaves. This throws much light upon Ellsworth's conciliatory policy as to slave representation, and also upon his similar attitude on the third "compromise," by which New England agreed to postpone for twenty years the abolition of the foreign slave trade if South Carolina and Georgia would concede, in return, free trade between the States and grant to the Federal government full and unrestricted control over commerce. This "bargain," as Gouverneur Morris called it, between New England and the far South was approved of by Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, who saw more important benefits in the commercial concessions than harm in the prolonging of a trade which all believed was dying out along with slavery itself and to which the powerful slave-holding State of Virginia was so bitterly opposed that her delegates refused to sign the Constitution because of this very "compromise with this infernal traffic," as George Mason of Virginia called it in his bitter indignation.

Throughout the Convention, Oliver Ellsworth thus stamped his name on every page of our Constitution. He was one of the immortal Committee of Five appointed to draft it, and saw it pass the Convention almost without amendment as he had helped to frame it. Not waiting even to sign this document, this work of his brain and heart, he hastened back to Connecticut to constitute himself its champion, and ably seconded by Wolcott, led the party of ratification to a decisive and rapid victory. In the State Convention called to consider the new Constitution, of which the secretary

was Jedediah Strong of Litchfield, Ellsworth, with all the force of his great nature, poured forth a stream of eloquent appeal in behalf of the Union. The ringing words of his terse, all-convincing speeches fell like a resistless avalanche upon his hearers; every objection vanished before his relentless logic; every

by Mr. Ellsworth, a gentleman, sir, who has left behind him on the records of the government of his country proofs of the clearest intelligence and of the deepest sagacity, as well as of the utmost purity and integrity of character." Even a Webster could not, in very truth, "do better than" an Ellsworth in eloquent defense of



HOME OF CHIEF JUSTICE ELLSWORTH AS IT WAS OCTOBER 8, 1903, WHEN
FORMALLY PRESENTED BY THE FAMILY TO THE CONNECTICUT
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

honest doubt was hushed by the sound reason of his arguments. No better proof of the quality and power of his speeches in this body can be found than this testimony of Daniel Webster in his replies to Calhoun: "I cannot do better," said he, "than to leave this part of this subject [the Union] by reading the remarks upon it in the Convention of Connecticut

the Union! Connecticut took but five days to ratify the Constitution by a vote of 128 to 40.

When the Constitution was finally adopted by the nine necessary States, Connecticut chose Oliver Ellsworth as one of her first Senators in the new Federal government.

The first Congress under the new régime was called to meet in New York, March 4th, 1789, and there Ellsworth was among the first eight Senators to appear and wait patiently for six weeks before a quorum had arrived; there he took part in the inauguration of Washington and began his service of seven years as United States Senator from Connecticut.

John Adams says that "he was the firmest pillar of Washington's whole administration, in the Senate." To realize fully what that meant we must also realize that our new government had no precedents, no traditions, no long-established forms or formulas or rules to guide it in its work,—no well-beaten paths to follow. It was a new and untried system about to spread itself out over an unexplored region—to break its own trail over a pathless future, without guide-posts and without maps. How the delicate wheels and intricate machinery of this new car of State were fitted for this pioneer journey, no man knew; but the engineer was Ellsworth. He it was who not only powerfully influenced the large world-wide policies but also arranged all the countless little details of the every-day working of the government, and established the routine of habits, customs, forms of official address, enacting clauses of bills—in short, every little obscure matter which oils the wheels of State and without which the nicely adjusted machinery could not move at all.

Ellsworth was immediately made Chairman of the Committee to organize the Judiciary of the United States, and he wrote the Judiciary Act, which forms the basis of our whole Federal judicial system under which we live to-day. This alone

would have made his name famous in our legislative history.

To Ellsworth likewise belongs the credit of bringing stiff-necked little Rhode Island into the Union, against which she had set the full force of her small geographical person, the last to hold out against all the rest.

He thus writes to a friend:

"Rhode Island is at length brought into the Union, and by a pretty bold measure in Congress which would have exposed me to some censure had it not produced the effect I expected it would, and which, in fact, it has done. But 'all's well that ends well.' The Constitution is now adopted by all the States, and I have much satisfaction, and perhaps some vanity, in seeing, at length, a great work finished, for which I have long labored incessantly."

Well he might be allowed that indulgence in vanity! The measure in question was one which forbade "goods, ware and merchandizes" from coming into the United States from Rhode Island, which convinced the haughty little State that her choice lay between Union or extinction.

As the years went on the foreign relations of the young nation became more and more involved, and international questions of vast importance assumed threatening proportions. The Senate, as the treaty-making power, and as, in a sense, the Constitutional adviser of the Executive, was the arena of discussions on foreign affairs which meant life or death to the republic. In this field, also, Ellsworth was pre-eminent. Seeing as clearly as Washington, the vital necessity of neutrality for a weak and exhausted nation, bankrupt at home and despised abroad, he ever sought in the Senate to allay the hatred of the enemies of England and to restrain the enthusiasm of the friends of France who had hailed the French Revolution with all the ardor of the Red

Jacobins themselves. When war was declared between France and England, we ourselves stood on the verge of the bloody gulf which was to swallow Europe for well-nigh a quarter century. Resentment against England for her alleged bad faith in the fulfillment of her treaty of 1784, added to a romantic desire to help the ally which had helped us, would have thrown us irrevocably into the arms of France had it not been for Washington, who, immovable as Gibraltar, stood between us and Europe and kept us upon neutral ground. In this grave crisis, as in all others, Ellsworth was one of that small group of men upon whom Washington leaned for support and advice, and to his influence with Washington and his statesmanlike grasp of foreign diplomacy we owe John Jay's mission to England, and the consequent Jay Treaty which saved the country from war. One of his grandsons recounts the incident which led up to it, in effect as follows:

Goaded by party virulence and hatred of our recent foes, a strong majority in the House was, in 1784, about to declare war upon England, regardless of our defenceless condition. Ellsworth saw the disastrous consequences of such a war and felt that it could be averted. He discussed the question in private with Governor Strong, Mr. King and Mr. Cabot, who were then in the Senate, and concluded that a mission to England to settle the disputed points could alone save the country. They decided that John Jay and Hamilton, with a third, were the men to send, and Ellsworth was appointed to interview Washington. The President listened with deep concern to his account of their confidential conclave and said: "Well,

what can be done, Mr. Ellsworth?" Ellsworth answered that a Minister Plenipotentiary should be forthwith sent to England, and named the men alluded to by his friends. This was a new thought to the President. "Well, sir," said he, "I will take this subject into consideration."

The result of his consideration was the Jay Treaty, which, in spite of French intrigue and indignant opposition at home, was ratified by the Senate by a vote of 18 to 8, although bitterly opposed by a majority of the House. Ellsworth had saved the country from war. His letters to Oliver Wolcott, senior, at this period of his Senatorial service reveal his deep anxiety over the course of events set going by these French sympathizers and the intimate connection he had with all that was done to counteract the danger and keep the nation at peace. His estimate of Jefferson is worth a passing notice in view of the present day adoration of this statesman at the expense of many others. He was asked why he, and other Federalists, had regarded Jefferson's candidacy for the Presidency with such alarm since he was not an enemy to his country? Ellsworth replied, "No, it is not apprehended that Jefferson is an enemy to his country, or that he would designedly do anything wrong. But it is known he is a visionary man, an enthusiastic disciple of the French Revolution, and an enemy to whatever would encourage commercial enterprise, or give energy to the government. It is apprehended that if he were President, he would take little or no responsibility on himself. The nation would be, as it were, without a head. Everything would be referred to Congress. A lax, intriguing kind of policy would be adopted;

and while arts were practised to give direction to popular sentiment, Mr. Jefferson would affect to be directed by the will of the nation. There would be no national energy. Our character would sink, and our weakness invite contempt and insult. Though Mr. Jefferson would have no thoughts of war, his zeal in the French cause and enmity to Great Britain would render him liable to secret influence that would tend to the adoption of measures calculated to produce war with England, though it was not intended, and the nation might be plunged into a war wholly unprepared."

This acute estimate of the founder of the Democracy did not prevent Ellsworth from accepting his future election without complaint. According to the election returns published in the "Litchfield Monitor" for December 21, 1796, Ellsworth himself had nine of the Electoral votes in the Presidential campaign of Adams vs. Jefferson.

Ellsworth's friendship for the two Oliver Wolcotts, father and son, was both deep and strong. In 1783 the senior Wolcott had written to his son from Philadelphia, referring in these terms to the value of Ellsworth's good opinion:

"SIR:

Mr. Ellsworth says that you will succeed in the Business which you propose. I am very glad that he has a good Opinion of you, as there is no one whose Friendship will be more serviceable to you. And as he is a Gentleman of great Candor and Integrity, as well as in high Reputation in his Profession, you will, I doubt not, merit that Regard from him which I believe he is inclined to bestow.

Yours with the kindest Regard,

OLIVER WOLCOTT.

Mr. Oliver Wolcott, Jr."

Whatever the particular business referred to in this letter, we know that young Wolcott's subsequent career fully carried out Mr. Ells-

worth's prophecy of success in its regard, and was closely and firmly knit with his own by the bonds of friendship and common labors. Wolcott was associated with Ellsworth as a commissioner to settle the monetary claims of Connecticut against the United States, was a member with him of the "Pay Table," and afterwards became, in rapid succession, Auditor, Comptroller, and finally Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, as successor to Hamilton. While residing in Philadelphia during his Senatorial services, Ellsworth frequented Wolcott's house, which was the resort of the shining lights of the Federal party, the centre of a social circle of such distinction as has seldom been surpassed. Mr. Ellsworth's social qualities were the delight of these gatherings. The closeness of his intimacy with Wolcott is seen in the following playful letters from the latter to his wife "Betsey":

"PHILADELPHIA, June 18th, 1795.

Miss M. has visited me but once; I presume she is afraid Mr. Ellsworth will inform *you* if she comes while he is here."

On June 25th, when Ellsworth was going to Hartford, he writes again, referring to the Jay Treaty and its ratification:

"Mr. Ellsworth, however, has so far experienced your faculty of keeping State Secrets, that I doubt not he will tell you everything that you wish to know, and you have my consent to *tell others* anything that he *tells you*. . . . I am in perfect health, and Mr. Ellsworth will tell you how I behave."

He was not less intimate with Washington, who visited the Ellsworth mansion in 1789 when making his tour of New England, early in his first administration. After the fatal blow dealt to his family tradition on his knee, and reciting to

tions by Mr. William Webster Ellsworth in his address at the recent dedication of the Homestead by the Connecticut D. A. R., I have not the heart to recount the tale of the twins and the "Darby Ram!" I would far rather forget the cherry tree and bury the hatchet forever, than not believe that Washington at this time sang the "Darby Ram" to those Ellsworth twins, sitting on his knee! Even if the birth records state that the twins were not born until two years after he sang to them, the nursery was full of little Ellsworths and the great Chief's diary certainly testifies to his visit on October 21st, 1789:

"By promise," he writes, "I was to have breakfasted with Mr. Ellsworth at Windsor on my way to Springfield, but the morning proved very wet, and the rain not ceasing until ten o'clock, I did not set out till half after that hour. I called, however, and stayed an hour."

He stayed an hour, and did not sing the "Darby Ram" to those children? It is past belief! Let birth records preach as they may, there is nothing mythical about Washington. Senator Hoar, at least, believes in the twins, for in his "Autobiography of Seventy Years" he states that from his mother, who was Roger Sherman's daughter, he had the story of Washington taking one of the twin children of Justice Ellsworth on his knee and reciting to him the ballad of the Derbyshire Ram. Senator Hoar is not one to be lightly contradicted; but if Washington, in spite of this testimony, did not sing to the twins, he certainly sang to Frances, and possibly Delia, who no doubt enjoyed it just as much. Therefore let us always believe that he sang this song! Tradition is the life blood of history. Spill it not forth over the deserts of unbelief!

Eight years later, when his second Presidential term had just expired, Washington wrote Ellsworth, when Chief Justice, the following letter full of unwonted expressions of feeling:

"DEAR SIR:

Before I leave this city, which will be within less than twenty-four hours, permit me, in acknowledging the receipt of your kind and affectionate note of the 6th, to offer you the thanks of a grateful heart for the sentiments you have expressed in my favor and for those attentions with which you have always honored me. In return I pray you to accept all my good wishes for the perfect restoration of your health and for all the happiness this life can afford. As your official duty will necessarily call you to the southward, I will take the liberty of adding that it will always give me pleasure to see you at Mount Vernon as you pass and repass.

With unfeigned esteem and regard, in which Mrs. Washington joins me, I am always and affectionately yours,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

It was not everyone to whom Washington signed himself "affectionately yours." The following petulant remark of Aaron Burr, a political opponent and an embittered and disappointed man, speaks volumes as to Ellsworth's power over the Senate: "If he should chance to spell the name of the Deity with two D's," growled Burr, "it would take the Senate three weeks to expunge the superfluous letter."

This power was now to be directed to another field. Ellsworth thus writes to the senior Wolcott, then Governor of Connecticut:

"It is my duty, sir, to acquaint you that I have with some hesitation accepted an appointment in the Judiciary of the United States, which, of course, vacates my seat in the Senate. This step, I hope, will not be regarded as disrespectful to a State which I have so long had the honor to serve, and whose interests must forever remain precious to my heart."

The place so modestly spoken of as "an appointment in the Judiciary" was the Chief Justiceship of the United States. Ellsworth was sworn

in as Chief Justice March 8th, 1796, and held the office until he resigned it in 1800.

"The brilliancy of his Senatorial service," says Lodge, "and the great part he played in the formative period of our national government could not be equaled even by his service as Chief Justice. He came to his great office well qualified both by professional training and by experience as a statesman and law-maker. He served both well and efficiently and maintained and strengthened the character of the court. Yet it was not as Chief Justice that his best work was done."

He was not confronted by the great constitutional questions which the unequalled Marshall was called upon to meet; yet on the Supreme Bench of his country he served honorably and well, and had he been able to remain there would no doubt have made a distinguished reputation. But after four years of service as Chief Justice he was called to still more important work. This was his mission as Envoy Extraordinary to France.

Our relations with France had become more and more strained, owing to that country's increasing aggression, developing finally into intolerable insolence and open insult. We were engaged in actual hostilities, though war was not yet declared. Adams was for peace at any price. Against the wishes of his party, who felt our dignity lowered by further advances in negotiation, he appointed a special commission to treat with France. The Chief Justice was the guiding star of this Commission. At first opposed to it on political grounds and disinclined to it for every personal reason, Ellsworth reluctantly consented to his appointment, and obeyed the President's call as one bound to the highest sense of duty, though it involved him in his first difference of opinion with all his life-long friends.

The "Litchfield [Conn.] Monitor" for November 6th, 1799, has this entry:

"HARTFORD, Oct. 31st.

The Hon. Oliver Ellsworth and Gov. Davie, two of the Commissioners appointed by our Government to treat with France, left this place on Tuesday last, for Newport, where they are immediately to embark in the Frigate United States, Commander Barry."

It was March 2nd, 1800, before they reached Paris. The Directory had fallen, and Napoleon was First Consul and master of France. In the audience he gave to the Americans, this remarkable man, whose acute instincts never failed him in the reading of character, exclaimed when his glance first fell on Ellsworth: "I must make a treaty with that man." The treaty was made, but not as Ellsworth's countrymen had expected. Unable to wring from France the least satisfaction on the matters in dispute, Ellsworth, with true statesmanship, abandoned the old ground of controversy and made a new treaty covering like points in the future. France agreed to pay her debts to us, our commercial relations were satisfactorily arranged, and, more important than all, war was averted and an honorable peace assured. For the second time Ellsworth had saved his country from disastrous war. Yet he was misunderstood and villified at home. Even Wolcott thought him crazed by the inroads of disease, thus to have abandoned our original demands with seeming weakness. But the event proved him wise beyond his generation. He thus writes to the younger Wolcott, then Secretary of the Treasury, in a letter dated Havre, October 16, 1800:

"DEAR SIR:

You will see our proceedings and their result. Be assured more could not be done

without too great a sacrifice; and as the reign of Jacobinism is over in France, and appearances are strong in favor of a general peace, I hope you will think it was better to sign a convention than to do nothing. My pains are constant and at times excruciating; they do not permit me to embark for America at this late season of the year, nor if there, would they permit me to discharge my official duties. I have therefore sent my resignation of the office of Chief Justice, and shall, after spending a few weeks in England, retire for winter quarters to the south of France. I pray Mrs. Wolcott to accept of my best respects, and shall ever remain, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend,

OLIV. ELLSWORTH."

"Oliver Wolcott, Esq."

The postscript gives his high ideal of patriotic service. He says, alluding to Jefferson's intrigues against Wolcott:

"You certainly did right not to resign, and you must not think of resignation, let what changes may take place—at least till I see you. Tho' our country pays badly, it is the only one in the world worth working for. The happiness it enjoys, and which it may increase, is so much superior to what the nations of Europe do, or ever can, enjoy, that no one who is able to preserve and increase that happiness ought to quit her service while he can remain in it with bread and honour. Of the first, a little suffices you, and of the latter it is not in the power of malevolence or rapine to deprive you. They cannot do without you, and dare not put you out. Remember, my dear friend, my charge—keep on till I see you.

O. E."

We are now approaching the close of his quarter-century of just such self-sacrificing service as that described above. After a superb fête given by Napoleon at Morfontaine in honor of our Envoys and the Franco-American treaty, he left France and spent some time in England, where he was much benefited in health by the climate and the pleasant reception accorded him in London. In the spring of 1801 he returned to his home in Windsor, that home of which he wrote:

"I have visited several countries and like my own the best; I have been in all the

States of the Union, and Connecticut is the best State; Windsor is the pleasantest Town in the State of Connecticut, and I have the pleasantest place in the Town of Windsor. I am content, perfectly content, to die on the banks of the Connecticut."

Before entering that home, before greeting his wife and children, who streamed from the door to meet him, he stopped at the gate, and, bowing his head, he first thanked God for bringing him safely home. He was soon to be brought to a safer and a pleasanter home than even "Elmwood Hall" in the town of Windsor. Though suffering from repeated attacks of his disease, he, ever faithful to duty, resumed his old place on the Governor's Council, and in the reorganization of the State Judiciary he accepted the Chief Justiceship, ready to die in harness if only "on the banks of the Connecticut." But illness forced him to resign, and at last, on the 27th of November, 1807, he died at Windsor and was buried in the old cemetery on the Farmington River, where a simple monument marks his resting place.

I have not lingered over a formal delineation of this man's character. It is needless. His deeds and his words, what he wrote and what others wrote of him, are the best indicators of the kind of man he was. Incessant thought for his country's welfare was the keynote of his life, —thought which often kept him pacing nightly up and down his room talking to himself until at early dawn his conclusions would be reached and his mind be satisfied—thought so deep and constant that many a little personal habit grew out of his reveries. Often would his chair be surrounded by little heaps of snuff dropped absent-mindedly, the number indicating to his family the depth of his meditations. Thinking unceasingly he would go to table

when called and, with the solitary remark, "Who eats? Who eats?" he would often remain in profound thought throughout the meal, unspeaking and unspoken to. Once a young teacher, invited to call upon him, arrived, and being ushered in, remained in conversation with other members of the family, entirely unnoticed by the Judge. Suddenly Mr. Ellsworth saw him, and forthwith greeting him cordially, introduced him to those with whom he had been talking for some time past. Yet no one could be more sprightly or animated than he in the family circle or social gathering, where his conversation and bright charm of manner made him the life of every occasion. Let the historian Hollister's lines give us our final view of him:

"Ellsworth was logical and argumentative in his mode of illustration, and possessed a peculiar style of condensed statement through which there ran, like a magnetic current, the most delicate train of analytical reasoning. His eloquence was wonderfully persuasive, too, and his manner solemn and impressive. His style was decidedly of the patrician school, and yet so simple that a child could follow without difficulty the steps by which he arrived at his conclusions. . . . Add to these quali-

ties, an eye that seemed to look an adversary through, a forehead and features so bold and marked as to promise all that his rich, deep voice, expressive gestures and *moral fearlessness* made good; add, above all, that reserved force of scornful satire, so seldom employed but so like the destructive movements of a corps of flying artillery, and the reader has an outline of the strength and majesty of Ellsworth."

To this man, patriot and Constitution-maker, Senator and Chief Justice of the United States and Envoy Extraordinary to France, Connecticut owes more than she has ever yet paid, more than a simple family monument and a family portrait in her Historical Society. Upon the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution has devolved a sacred heritage. To them has been given the unique privilege of guarding forever his dearly loved home, the "pleasantest place in Windsor," and maintaining it as a perpetual memorial to him beneath the elms which he planted. May they never be faithless to this trust—to this sacred and honorable duty to keep in remembrance throughout all generations the name and deeds of Oliver Ellsworth.

Italians of New England

By AMY WOODS

SINCE the formation of the Government, there have been, in round numbers, twenty million immigrants admitted to the United States, of which eighteen million have come from Europe. Germany heads the list of nations which have sent immigrants to our shores with a record of five million, and Ireland follows hard on her heels with four

million; then England with two and three quarter million, while Norway, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia, including Poland, can each claim one and a half million. A greater portion of these twenty million immigrants come from English speaking or Germanic stock and the blending of the races has formed the American of today.

But now the tide of immigration has shifted, and a new problem has arisen of grave moment to the nation at large and the individual states.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, United States immigration increased to so great an extent that it exceeds, by nearly ten per cent., that of 1882, the year in which the highest previous record—788,992—had been reached, the total number of those coming in by the seaboard ports being 857,046, or over 200,000 more than arrived in 1902. Of these, more than two-thirds came from Italy, Russia and Austria-Hungary. The tendency to emigrate has been growing in the southern European countries for the past ten years, and whereas the record of the decade ending in 1890, (which gave the largest total of any decade), showed Germany to have been the mother country of one-fourth of the immigrants, the record of the decade ending 1900 shows her to have sent only a little over one-third as many as in 1890. On the other hand, Italy has doubled her numbers in the last decade, and is likely to quadruple them in the next, if her yearly increase continues proportionately. Not only has Germany fallen off in the number of immigrants she has given to the United States, but all the other Northern European countries have been outdone by the Latin and Semitic races of Southern and Eastern Europe. We have, then, a steady inpouring of races that fail to amalgamate with English-speaking people, and are totally at variance with our customs, habits, traditions and laws; that are illiterate, uninterested in the welfare of the government, and are here for the purpose of personal

gain, with no thought of making America a permanent home. It is a condition that cannot be regarded as otherwise than serious; and the question of immigration has become one of the most vital of the day.

The immigration from Germany into the United States from 1821 to 1902 inclusive is 24.98 per cent. of the total twenty million; from Ireland 19 1-3 per cent.; from England, 13½ per cent.; from Italy, 6 2-3 per cent., or 1,358,597. The immigration from Italy during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, was 230,622, which is nearly one-sixth of the total number arriving in the previous eighty-one years. Thus it is to be seen that this question now placed so often before the public is not a chimera of a morbid or pessimistic mind.

The total foreign-born population in the United States, as found by the last census, which was taken in 1900, was about ten and a quarter million, or 13 per cent. Of these, over four million, or two-fifths, were located in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Of the Italians, 73 per cent. were located in these States, while 11 per cent. were found in the north central region, and the rest had scattered too far to make an aggregate per cent. in any one place. As for the foreign population in the various States, 26 per cent. of the inhabitants of New York, or nearly two million, were of foreign birth; 15 per cent. of Pennsylvania, or nearly one million; 20 per cent. of Illinois, or nearly a million, and 30 per cent. of Massachusetts, or 800,000, were of like condition. Reckoning in those of foreign parentage, the percentage rises above the half-way mark, Massachusetts alone having 62 per cent.

of foreign birth or parentage. The large cities, especially of Massachusetts, have populations largely made up of foreigners or those of foreign parentage. Fall River, Holyoke and Lawrence each has a foreign element comprising from three-fourths to four-fifths of its entire citizenship. In Boston, the percentage of population that is of foreign parentage is 72.2, one-half of which is alien by birth.

The total immigration of 1903 gained admittance for the most part through the four following ports: New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, by far the greatest number coming to New York—the immigration there standing about ten to one with that of Boston. Boston officials, however, examined and passed into the country 62,838.

The following table will show the numbers by nationalities.

Scandinavians	18,715
Italians	16,859
Irish	7,964
English	7,188
Fins	4,957
Portuguese	2,219
Greek	1,277
Scots	952
Hebrews	764
Others	1,943

Total 62,838

To trace the course of each of these nationalities would be an interesting but too long process for a magazine article, so we will follow only the Italians, since they have so far outnumbered all other races in the past year.

For convenience in tabulating the locality from which the emigrating Italians came, an irregular line has been arbitrarily drawn across the central part of Italy between the

provinces of Tuscany and Emilia, on the one hand, and Latium, Umbria and Marches on the other. Immigrants coming from the territory above this line, and including natives of Switzerland and Austria, are designated as from Northern Italy, while Southern Italy embraces all below the line with the Islands of Sicily and Sardinia. It is to be regretted that comparatively few immigrants come from the North of Italy, since their standard of living is much higher than that of their Southern neighbors. In 1903 only 1,243 landing at Boston docks gave Northern Italy as their home. Of these 990 were males and 253 females—133 were under 14 years of age, 75 were over 45, and 1,035 were between 14 and 45.

These immigrants gave an unusually low percentage of illiteracy, as the following figures will show; only 220 could neither read nor write, one could read but not write, and 1,022 could do both. As for their pecuniary resources 203 had over \$30.00, 788 had less than \$30.00, and in all they brought \$28,083 into the country.

In juxtaposition with these there came from Southern Italy, 12,577 males, and 3,039 females, making a total of 15,616. Of these 1,716 were under 14 years of age, 970 were over 45 and 12,930 were of the so-called "working age" between 14 and 45.

Ten could read but not write, and the others were totally illiterate; 248 were debarred for various reasons.

Of those who were accepted, 852 brought over \$30.00—11,778 brought less than \$30.00 and the aggregate amounted to \$189,162, making an average of only \$12.11 per capita, as against \$22.59 per capita brought by

the Northern Italians. Although no monetary restriction is placed in gaining admittance to the United States, yet the ability to earn and save is shown by the capital that an immigrant is able to declare upon arrival.

The purpose of the statistician is often defeated by his own figures. Like the old school arithmetic problem which left the farmer with thirty-nine and a half living sheep, the result of his figuring cannot always be relied upon to coincide with facts.

On one ship this year there were eleven Russian Jews, ten of whom had no money and the eleventh had \$500. "Oh," said a man overlooking the record, "the Jews are a pretty thrifty class—they have an average of over \$45.00 per capita." So also perhaps the statistics in regard to the Southern Italians might be interpreted in several ways, but the fact remains that not even one financier has come during the last year to raise the per capita average from much above one week's wages of the day laborer.

Sometimes more currency is found in the steerage than in the second class, for the immigrant brings all his personal property with him and has no recourse to bank account when that is gone. One Irishman declared \$2,000. The examiners did not believe him until this unexpected wealth was disclosed at the bottom of his trunk. When asked how he dared to carry it that way he answered, "that no one would suspect an old trunk of so much wealth, but if he carried it about his person he might be robbed." He was perhaps wiser than he knew, for aliens arriving on the docks are easy victims of the fleecers, especially if they are wholly ignorant of the language.

More than four-fifths of the Italians entering the United States are unable to speak English and they acquire it very slowly, and often not at all even after years of residence in this country. This is due probably to their reluctance to mingle with other nationalities, which is also the reason why they withstand, to so great an extent, the influence toward Americanization.

When the Italian immigrant lands on the dock he is usually met by friends or by the agent of an Italian banker, and is taken directly to the bank in the Italian quarter of the city. Here he registers and deposits his money and if he has the name of a friend, he is sent to him, wherever he may be at work at the time.

The majority of this class of immigrants stay in New York, Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, not over 5 per cent. going to other states so that "Italians in New England" is very nearly synonymous with "Italians in Massachusetts," a few only coming via Portland. The following table is quoted from the census of 1900 to show how many Italians were settled at that time in each of the New England States.

Maine	1,334
New Hampshire	947
Vermont	2,154
Massachusetts	28,785
Rhode Island	8,972
Connecticut	19,105

Connecticut's nineteen thousand were employed in the textile mills. The number has increased in all the States since the census was taken and the greater part of them might be considered as more or less of a floating population, congregating in the large cities and sent from place to place by the banker to fulfill labor contracts.

When a contractor, say in Maine, is about to build a road or to dig a sewer, or start some other job that requires day laborers, he sends to an Italian banker, in one of the large cities. The banker picks out a gang of the required number and sends it at once to the contractor. He builds a shanty for the men and provides them with a cook. Each laborer pays his proportionate part to provide the mess, and twenty-five cents per day to the banker. What is left from his \$1.50 or \$2.00 he stores away for the time when he can go back to Italy with a few hundred dollars and live in idle opulence for three or four years until his wealth is gone and he is obliged to return again to accumulate a fortune.

In whatever locality a gang of Italian laborers is employed, there a camp is established. The typical Italian laborer's camp in America is a unique institution. It is a little community in itself. It is exclusive. It has its resources within itself. Here, should you look in in the early morning, you will find the men seated on wooden benches before the long table eating breakfast; the cook presiding over a tiny stove. The Italian is not a high liver or exacting and the ménage is not intricate. At evening you will see them lying about on the grass smoking and chatting. Sunday is the wash day and the ground is covered with drying garments, the bright red blazoning the fact to the outside world. They play at games too, for they are a light-hearted people, and their songs can be heard at twilight. They do not interfere with the nearby people and they will not brook interference. They have their own code of honor and the transgressor is summarily dealt with at the point

of a knife. To them the banker is autocrat. They look to him as the bestower of all good fortune. He has found them friends, provided them with work, and saved their money. The Italian immigrant is of a dependent nature. The character of his life at home has made him so. There he divides his scanty earnings with the land owner and is under his domination. Class distinction runs high in Italy, too, and the peasant makes obeisance to all of superior rank. Imprisonment is the penalty for numerous petty offenses, the stealing of wood being perhaps the most frequent.

In general, Italians are communicants of the Roman Catholic Church. There is, however, a church called the Free Church of Italy, established by non-Catholics. The two great functions in an Italian laborer's life are the funeral and the wedding. He may wander far away from his church in this alien land, but when death comes he turns instinctively to the priest, and the final rites for him seem quite out of proportion to the simplicity of his daily life. His wedding is a prolonged and ceremonious affair, made festive with laughter, music and bright colors.

Despite the fact that the immigrant has come from a land of bondage to a land of freedom, his greatest ambition is to get back to his homeland. It is cheaper to live in the warm climate of sunny Italy through the winter months, and pay the steerage passage both ways, than to winter in New England, and many, especially the farm laborers, when the harvesting is done in the fall, migrate with the birds. No record of emigration is kept, but about a thousand Italians went home by steerage last autumn from the port

of Boston. The practice is becoming more general each year, and while it continues, the possibility of increasing American citizenship is greatly diminished.

The White Star Line is the only steamship company running from Boston to Southern Italy. The lower decks of the outgoing steamers in October and November are well filled. Through the winter months the transportation either way is very small. The Immigration Commissioner recorded for the month ending December 31, 1903, from the North of Italy, only 8, all males; from the South of Italy, 15—11 males and 4 females. The 8 from the Northern Provinces and 10 from the Southern were between the ages of 14 and 45, the other five being children. But with March comes again the influx of these people to our shores.

During March, April, May and June, one-half the immigration of the year occurs. May brings the greatest number and April the second greatest, while July's numbers equal those of March, so that the four consecutive months beginning with April also cover one half the list of immigrants.

When the Italian is about to emigrate to the United States, he is examined by our Government physician at the sailing port. If he is successful in passing, he receives a certificate to that effect and has no difficulty in purchasing passage on the steamer. If, on the other hand, he is unable to obtain this certificate, the steamship company accepts the risk in transporting him. Word is sent to this side that he has not passed, and at the end of the journey he is again subjected to medical examination. If he is re-

fused a second time the steamer is obliged to take him back on the return trip.

Restriction for entrance into the United States is placed upon criminals, paupers, or those who are likely to become public charges, people affected with loathsome and contagious diseases, those who come in defiance of the contract labor laws, and women brought for immoral purposes.

The most serious of these causes for debarment is that of health. Two highly contagious diseases are prevalent among the lower classes of Italians—tracoma, which leads to permanent blindness, and favers, a disease of the skin. Despite the care exercised, many cases get into the country and a serious epidemic has been caused in the New York schools. Sometimes diseased persons are allowed among the steerage passengers by the steam boat company after a medical decision has been rendered against them. The disease is contracted by others during the voyage, but does not manifest itself in time to be detected by the examining physicians at the port of entry. There is another way in which the law is evaded, which is still more serious. The steamship company shifts the would-be immigrants who are to be deported, to the Liverpool line. From Liverpool they sail to Canada and from there slip across the boundary line at unguarded points into the United States. Not long ago a dressmaker was examined by an official and refused admission to the country; she was then brought before the board of examiners and the same decision was rendered. Five weeks later she was seen in the Italian quarter of Boston, and when

asked how she got here said she was admitted by way of Canada. It seems as if her persistency should have been rewarded but "it is cruel to be kind."

Only in January a sad little scene occurred on the White Star liner. An Italian had sent for his wife and little boy. The mother was admitted, but the child was excluded because of a serious case of tracoma and had to be sent back under the care of friends to his grandmother in the home country.

The proportion of Italian women who come as immigrants remains about one fifth of the whole, though there were 11,000 more in 1903 than during the previous year. Most of

them come as farm-laborers. All through the market gardening regions, they may be seen down on their hands and knees between the straight green rows.

Thoughtful minds see in the high yearly percentage of Italian immigration and in the well-known fecundity of the race, a cause for grave apprehension in its probable effect on future citizenship. Should immigration to our shores be checked in the hope of preventing a train of imagined or possible evils that have to do with posterity? Or should the United States continue to be, as heretofore, a haven of refuge for the down-trodden and oppressed of every land? This is the problem of the hour.

Jamey's Mother

An Irish Peasant Sketch

By CAHIR HEALY

THE train conveying Jamey's mother rushed along towards Dublin.

"Och, Jamey alannah, but it's mortal quick it goes—for all the worl' like th' winter win' comin' up over Fougherarty."

"Aye, mother, it goes pretty fast," Jamey replied, at the same time wrapping a woollen shawl closely around her bent shoulders. It had been a wearisome journey from the bleak mountain hut on the Donegal sea coast to Dublin, but (her sixty-eight years notwithstanding) she was proof against such petty

troubles as colds, and Jamey watched over her tenderly.

"'Tis th' sthrange thing out and out, Jamey. There do be a power o' great sights to be seen away from Fougherarty. 'Twould be a mortal length to walk home again if wan didn't care for th' ways o' th' Dublin folks."

"You'll not be goin' back that fast," he replied, laughing. "Dublin's a gran' place, and there's no batin' o' th' Dublin people."

Just then she caught a sight of one of the Dublin townships. "Oh, Jamey, dear!" she exclaimed, laying

her two hands flat upon the glass of the window, "an' is this th' town o' Dublin?"

"It's only th' end o' th' town," he said, pleasantly.

She continued looking out of the window as the train flew by the suburban streets—each of which contained more houses than the simple old soul had ever seen in all the years of her life. She was amazed at everything she saw.

"Och, weans, dear," she said every now and then, as some new object attracted her gaze, "an' 'tis th' Fougherarty people who are at th' tail end o' th' worl', sure enough, an' think o' them not knowin' it, too." She relapsed into silence for a minute or so, and again turned to her son with a puzzled expression.

"Jamey, avic," she said, "it's a great wondher to me where they iver got th' men to build all them gran' houses. What time Fougherarty Chapel was a-buildin' there was tradesmen from all arts and parts, an' it was nothin' at all compared wi' some o' th' places here."

The train drew up sharply at the Amien's street terminus, and Jamey and his mother and the little woman's luggage were soon rattling along the streets of Dublin.

"Oh, Jamey, agra," she said again, clutching him tightly by the arm, "it's only th' marcy o' Providence that them folks"—pointing to the crowds that filled the footpaths or dodged between the trams and cars—"escape wi' their lives. Or what big meetin's on in Dublin or where are they all a-hurryin' to?"

Jamey smiled good-naturedly—he had not spent ten years in the city for nothing—and began to explain that there were a great many people in Dublin and that they had to go

about to their work, and do their shopping, and the like.

"It's a great wondher to me," she went on, "that they don't loose themselves in sich a place, like what would happen to people whenever th' mists be low over th' Fougherarty moor. Jamey, asthore," she said tenderly, "an' sure ye wouldn't be so foolish as to let your own wee weans be runnin' out on them streets, an' th' wee craythurs in danger o' losin' themselves?"

Jamey tried to calm her fears in that respect by assuring her that the street in which he lived was a comparatively quiet one, and that the children were only allowed to go about when their mother could accompany them. In a short time they had reached the place, and the cab drew up before a plain two-story cottage in a workingman's tenement district.

Jamey's wife embraced Jamey's mother most affectionately, which was a great relief to the latter. In all the days since she had first heard of her boy's marriage to the little city girl one thought alone filled her mind: was Jamey's wife a proud, saucy damsel who would be ashamed of Jamey's old mother? From the hour she first looked upon her photograph she had had her doubts upon the matter. For one thing the girl in the picture was dressed up in fal-dhe-rolls and flounces, and ribbons, and an elaborately trimmed hat, the like of which had never been seen in Fougherarty. In that, however, she wronged the little daughter-in-law, who was really the homeliest and kindest creature to be found anywhere. Jamey's mother was agreeably surprised.

The two children, four and two years respectively, came romping in-

to the cosy sitting room where "Granny" was having her tea, and stared hard at her from behind their mother's chair.

"Come roun' here, Conor-a-has-key, an' kiss yer granny," the young mother said, gently pulling the sly rascal, Conor, from behind the chair.

"Arrah, Conor, me jewel," ex-Jamey's Mother..TWO..Ander claimed the other, laying down her cup and bending over the curly head. "Heart o' grace, Jamey," she added, holding the child at arm's length, "but he has yer father's eyes and his forehead—God's white light be upon him this day"—and then she kissed the child again.

Granny was greatly interested in Jamey's grand home and his furniture and piano. She praised everything she saw, and most of all Jamey's wife, whom she openly averred she could not have liked better if she were the child of her own bosom. Never did her eyes behold such grandeur before, and when at bedtime she ascended to the pretty back-room which they had prepared for her (she called it "the loft") she was still wondering at the new evidences of Jamey's comfort and success that were meeting her at every turn.

It was late next morning when she awoke; the journey had tired her, and Jamey's feather bed was an undreamt-of luxury to the simple soul. She would have gone down to the kitchen with her feet bare, as was her wont, (nobody in Fougherty wore boots in the house), but Jamey's wife gently insisted upon her wearing a pair of hand-embroidered slippers. Jamey's wife was an angel.

When she saw the breakfast table laid out, the eggs and ham and dainty tea rolls upon the snowy

cloth, she looked at the little wife in an embarrassed manner.

"Chil' o' love," she said, "ye'll be puttin' yerselves out o' house an' home wi' me. A porringer o' tay an' a bannach o' oat bread is what we ate in Fougherty, an' rale good it is."

"Oh, but mother, darling," said the other, laughing, "this makes for no extra expense. This is what we hev most ivery day o' the year, barrin' when we hev fish."

Jamey's mother was fairly amazed, and she ventured to remonstrate with her daughter-in-law upon this useless waste of hard-earned money; they could eat and live the way all the Fougherty folks did, and thus be in a position to buy out a farm of land in a few years.

All through the day she sat by the parlor window and watched the stream of people passing, going to and coming from their work. It seemed to her as if the crowd had some common destination in view—there was hardly a break in the human stream—and many and many a time she exclaimed to herself that Dublin was the quare spot entirely.

Several days wore by, and Jamey's mother began to get a little restless and fretful. It was Jamey's wife who noticed it first, and she spoke to her husband. The old creature had lost her appetite, and the window of the little parlor no longer claimed her; even the children failed to rouse her.

"Mother," said Jamey, slipping in upon her unawares one evening, "are ye not happy?"

"Arrah, Jamey, alannah," she replied, the tears starting up in her gray eyes, "sure 'tis I should be the happiest woman alive this day.

God's blessin' upon Maireen an' yourself, an' th' wee weans."

He knelt down by her side. "But there's somethin' else, mother," he said questioningly.

She looked toward the window. "It's only th' unusage of havin' so little to do,—no hins to be lookin' afther to see that they didn't lay away from home; no pig's mate to make, an' nothin' at all to throuble me. It's th' fool o' th' worl' I am to be troublin' me head about sich nonsense an' me so gran'."

Jamey knew there was no good in saying anything more upon the subject just then, but later on he told his wife where the trouble lay, and asked her to find a cure for Granny. Next day there were socks to be darned and a great many things to be seen to. It was a clever device, but Granny's troubles were of the heart. In a short time she was as silent and moody as before.

Jamey said he would take a cottage out in the country, and keep pigs and hens, the way she should have lots to engage her from morning till night. He would have two extra miles to walk to his work every morning, but he did not mind that; he loved his mother too much to consider a trifling inconvenience of that kind.

The red brick home out in the country, and the pretty garden, the hens and the pig delighted Jamey's mother at first. From morning till night she was looking after the hens, feeding them, fixing straw nests in those secluded nooks and corners that all hens love in the laying season, making up dainty morsels for the pig, and watching over its daily growth. She was always busy. Besides, she could take off her boots whenever she pleased in a quiet place like that and walk about upon

the green grass to her heart's content.

But this state of affairs only lasted for a very short time. Jamey's mother began dreaming again. Jamey's hens were as unlike the hens of Fougherarty as they could be, and the pig, for all its grunts and piggish ways, had just the ways of a city-bred porker about it. The little wife noticed the change at once.

"Surely, mother, you're not tired o' th' counthry so soon, an' th' hins an' th' pigs?" she said in a kindly way.

The old woman sighed. "I'm an oul' fool, God help me. Sure to anywan else it would feel like heaven to be here."

"Don't be talkin' like that," the other said, coaxingly. "It's th' loneliness that's doin' it; we'll take you out for walks an' drives."

She came over and kissed the little wife on the forehead. "God's grace be upon you and yours," she said fervently, "an' I'll niver forget your goodness to a poor, silly oul' woman. I'd hev worried th' life out o' anywan else, but you're an angel."

The daughter-in-law protested that she was a joy to them instead of a worry, and that if there was an angel in the house, outside of baby, it was surely baby's Granny.

Jamey's mother relapsed into silence for a moment, then she addressed the other again.

"It's just th' sorra o' a lonely heart that's on me. Livin' alone by Fougherarty, I thought I'd be happy up here wi' Jamey. It was jist an oul' woman's fancy—maybe th' ravin' o' death; but sure I got my way, an' ye hev all been that kin' to me that it cuts me to th' very heart to be lavin' ye. But ye're a mother yer-self now, an' ye'll be understandin'

a power o' things that seemed sthrange afore."

The little wife smiled, bent over her youngest and rained kisses upon its full red lips. She understood.

Granny went on. "It was to that wee hut on th' say beach by Fougherarty that I came wi' Jamey's father forty-eight long years ago. It was there that th' wee weans came to us, an' out o' its door again they wandered away into th' coul' worl' an' left us to ourselves. It's terrible th' heart hunger that comes on wan when th' childre go foriver an' th' house gets as quiet o' evenin's as a graveyard. Ye do be sittin' by th' fire dreamin' away, an' all th' past'll be comin' back, hauntin' ye like a ghost. An' sometimes ye'll be dreamin' o' seein' them again, an' that's th' saddest thing o' all, for th' weans change, an when they come back ye'll maybe be findin' that they're not th' weans o' yer dreams at all."

The wife came over and clasped the mother's hands tightly in her own. "Poor mother," she said through her tears.

"I'll be always prayin' for Jamey an' you," she continued, "for all th' love ye gave a poor worthless oul' craythur that can only think o' herself now. But at nights here, when

I do be lyin' asleep an' everythin' quiet-like, a great longin' comes on me for th' soun' o' th' say (sea) down by Fougherarty. It does be like th' laughin' o' wee weans, an' sometimes like their singin', an' again full o' messages from th' places over in Amerikey where some o' th' weans be now. I used to lie awake o' nights listenin' to it when th' childre an' himself left me. It a kin' o' aised me heart to go asleep to th' singin' o' th' say."

"Dear little mother," the other said, pressing one hand to her lips.

"An' there's Jamey's father, too, an' somehow it would seem a black sin to be leavin' Fougherarty now an' not goin' up for a spell o' an evenin' to say a word o' prayer over his grave. An' when my own time comes I could niver bear to be restin' away from him, an' th' soun' o' th' say, an' th' sough o' th' win' that comes up over th' Fougherarty hills."

And Granny rested her face upon her hands and cried bitterly as she rocked herself to and fro.

* * * * *

When the early train bound for Derry and Donegal and Fougherarty left the Amien's street terminus next morning it carried Jamey and Jamey's mother.

Concerning the Fowle Family

By EDITH A. SAWYER

NOWADAYS, through the search for genealogical details, there often come to light family records valuable not only to the individuals directly in line of descent, but also full of general interest as well as of fresh historical mat-

ter. Such are the chronicles of the Fowle family,—a family prominent in military, civic, intellectual and social events for more than a century, intimately connected, likewise, with many another family of note.

John Fowle, of Revolutionary

fame, was the sixth child and second son of Edmund and Abigail (Whitney) Fowle, of Watertown, Massachusetts, where he was born February 1, 1756, and where he retained his home residence throughout his life. Edmund Fowle, the father, was the first one of his name to settle in Watertown. In the town records mention is made of "Edmund Fowle, the son of Edmund and Mary (Smith) Fowle, of Newton, Massachusetts." The family tradition has it that the first Edmund Fowle came from England.

This John Fowle proved himself a worthy son of worthy people. In 1798, the *Massachusetts Mercury* said of him:

"Among the patriots of the Revolutionary Army was Capt. John Fowle. This officer served with credit and reputation during the whole of the Revolutionary war. At the time the Marquis de Lafayette was ordered to the southwest to oppose the progress of the army of Lord Cornwallis, Capt. Fowle was selected as one of the officers. Under that distinguished command he served, and endured all the dangers incident to that campaign. When the army under the command of General Washington formed a junction with the Marquis at Yorktown, Capt. Fowle continued to serve on the Light Infantry, and his company composed a part of the detachment under the command of the Marquis, which stormed Lord Cornwallis's advanced redoubts and enabled General Washington to advance and take such a position as compelled his lordship to surrender. After the glorious struggle terminated, Capt. Fowle, with his brother officers, retired to private life. He was one of the founders of the Society of Cincinnati, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts branch. In all his relations, public and private, he performed his duties with fidelity."

In 1781, Capt. John Fowle married Mary Cooke of Newton, daughter of Phineas and Abigail (Durant) Cooke. And another notable family connection comes in here, for Su-

sanna Cooke, sister of Mary, was married, in 1800, to Dr. Walter Hunnewell, a Harvard graduate of the class of 1787, whose son, Horatio Hollis Hunnewell,—born July 27, 1810,—became by his own marriage, in 1835, doubly related to one branch of the Fowle family, as hereinafter explained.

Tradition has it that Capt. Fowle and his wife were "the handsomest bride and groom ever married in Newton." They exercised a wide hospitality in their home, and were prominent in Watertown life. Eight children were born to them, six daughters and two sons; and the daughters were famed for their beauty,—indeed, throughout Middlesex County, a standing toast, originating with Robert Treat Paine, was the couplet:

"To the fair of every town
And the Fowle of Watertown."

As in their own lives, so in the lives of their children, Capt. and Mrs. John Fowle were honored in their generation.

Charlotte, the eldest daughter, in 1804 married Mr. Benjamin Wiggin, long a member of the well-known firm of B. & T. Wiggin, doing business both in this country and in England. From 1810 to 1845 Mr. and Mrs. Wiggin resided in London—except during the years from 1821 to 1826 which they spent in Boston, on Beacon street, in one of the houses built by David Hinckley, now next to the Somerset Club. In 1845 they again returned to this country, taking up their residence in Boston at No. 5 Pemberton Square. Mr. Wiggin died in 1849 and Mrs. Wiggin in 1853, leaving no children.

The second daughter of Capt. John and Mary (Cooke) Fowle,

Harriet, was particularly intellectual and well-read. In 1817 she married Mr. William Smith, a lawyer, of Hanover, New Hampshire, lived there a number of years and afterward successively in Lowell, Boston, and Wellesley. Mrs. Smith was the mother of four children,—the second of whom, as a young lawyer in Boston, to avoid confusion with another Henry W. Smith, changed his name from Henry Wells Smith to Henry Fowle Durant, thereby taking his great-grandmother's family name. Mr. Durant became widely known to the world as an able, brilliant lawyer, and as the founder, jointly with his wife, of Wellesley College. Mrs. Smith, who spent the last years of her life in the vicinity, lived to see Wellesley College arise in her son's mind, although not to see it assume tangible reality.

Maria, third child in the Fowle family, married in 1809, Mr. Abiathar G. Britton, a lawyer of Oxford, New Hampshire, a contemporary and personal friend of Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Britton.

Eliza Fowle, the fourth daughter, died in infancy. Two other daughters, a second Eliza and Adeline, were born, the former in 1795, the latter in 1799. When only sixteen, Eliza Fowle married Capt. Charles Smith of Boston, where the greater part of their lives was passed. The eldest of their four children, Charlotte, married a French gentleman by the name of Rouher, who was consul to Germany and a near relative of the talented Rouher of Napoleon's cabinet.

It was in the London home of Mrs. Wiggan, her eldest sister, that Adeline Fowle met Mr. Samuel

Welles, the then one prominent American banker of Paris, to whom she was married in 1816, at the American Legation in Paris. So widely extended were the acquaintance and influence of Mr. and Mrs. Welles, that few of their countrymen when abroad, failed to find the way to the Paris home on the Place St. George or to the old Welles chateau in Surenne, near Paris. Mr. Welles died at Surenne, in August, 1841, leaving his widow with one child.

Some years later, Mrs. Welles became the wife of Charles Jean Marie Felix, Marquis le La Valette, of the French court, who was soon after sent by King Louis Phillipe as consul-general to Egypt. After the revolution in 1848, the Marquis attached himself to the fortunes of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1851 he was sent by the emperor as ambassador to Constantinople, and in 1853 was made senator. He returned to his charge in Constantinople in 1860, and in 1861 was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the Papal Court. To all these posts Madame de La Valette accompanied her husband. For the next five years the Marquis was successively minister of the interior, member of the Conseil Privé, and minister of foreign affairs. In 1870 he was sent as ambassador to the Court of St. James, but this honor came too late for his wife to enjoy, as she died in March, 1869. In addition to the several offices which the Marquis held, he was promoted to Grand Officer of the Légion d'Honneur in 1853, to the Grand Croix in 1861, and was presented with the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle in 1866.

The son of Mme. de La Valette by her first marriage was adopted by the Marquis, receiving the name and

title of Count Welles de La Valette, —the title of Marquis being conferred upon him after his stepfather's death in 1881. This son married in 1863, Marie Sophie Léonie, daughter of M. Rouher who was known as "the Achilles of the French Cabinet and the most gifted orator of the Empire." The only son of this marriage met his death in the African war, with "the little prince," Napoleon's son.

Capt. John Fowle's sons were brave and intrepid, like their father. John, the oldest son, was born November 3, 1789, and Charles, the younger, February 7, 1793. One of the maxims which Capt. Fowle taught his sons—strange to these days but not uncommon then—was "never take the lie: decide it by sword or pistol." This may account for the fact that the younger son, Charles, who entered the Navy shortly before the War of 1812, when only nineteen, answered an insult with his life.

The older son, John when occasion arrived, like his father, took up arms for his country, and like him, also, achieved military fame. On leaving the Watertown schools, John Fowle the second entered the mercantile business in Boston; but when war with England became imminent, he enlisted, and on April 9, 1812, was commissioned second lieutenant, on April 16, 1813 first lieutenant, and on June 10, 1814, captain in the same company—the Ninth Regiment of the U. S. Infantry—which he accompanied to the New York frontier, serving there until the close of the war. This regiment was trained at Buffalo, in Scott's brigade—that corps whose influence was so potent in all the brilliant achievements of the campaign, and which won the laudatory

resolutions of our National Legislature at the peace of 1815.

On May 17, 1815, Col. Fowle was transferred to the Fifth Infantry, and on June 10, 1824, was brevetted Major, for ten years of faithful service in one grade. After the close of the war he continued in the army, and served at Forts Snelling, Brady, and Dearborn, all then on the extreme northwestern frontier, and in the Florida Indian wars.

In 1831, Major Fowle married Miss Pauline Cazenove, of Alexandria, Virginia, and with his bride, took a furlough to visit his sisters in London and Paris, and also his wife's relatives, the Cazenoves of Geneva, Switzerland—Hugenot branch of the Cazenoves of France, whose history dates back a thousand years. In the autumn of 1832, after the birth of his daughter, Pauline Adeline—who afterwards became Mrs. Henry Fowle Durant—he returned to the command of his regiment at Sault Ste. Marie.

In the spring of 1833, Major Fowle was ordered to Chicago,—which then had about three hundred inhabitants, including village and garrison. Major Fowle persuaded the Rev. Jeremiah Porter—the valued home missionary who had been with him at Sault Ste. Marie—to accompany him and his command to Chicago; and the post-carpenter's shop answered as chapel for these first services. Graphic accounts of the Chicago of those early days are given in the letters of Major and Mrs. Fowle, who accompanied her husband to his post.

On the fourth of March, 1833, Brevet Major Fowle was commissioned Major, and ordered to the military academy at West Point as instructor in tactics and commandant of the corps of cadets. On

Christmas Day, 1837, he received commission as Lieutenant Colonel in the Sixth Regiment Infantry. Early in the spring of 1838, the Colonel of that regiment having been killed in the Seminole Indian wars in Florida, Col. Fowle was ordered to take command. But on his journey thither, he was killed April 25, by the explosion of the steamboat "Moselle," opposite Cincinnati.

An officer who served with Col. Fowle during the war with England, and afterward, said: "I have always found Col. Fowle zealous in the discharge of his official duties, kind to the soldiers under his command, exceedingly courteous in his intercourse with his brother officers. He had few equals of his grade, and no superiors. As a disciplinarian and tactician he had not his superior in the army." And the *New York American* said of him, after his death:

"From his entrance into military life to the close of his earthly career, Col. Fowle was conspicuous for the diligent, faithful, and efficient performance of his official duties, for his unsullied honor and spotless purity of life."

The death of his only son, John Charles, two years after his own death, brought to an end the male line of this family around whom so much of incident and fame is centered.

Closely connected at several points with the history of the Fowle family is that of the Welles and Hunnewells. Horatio Hollis Hunnewell, cousin of Mrs Samuel Welles (Adeline Fowle) entered in 1826 the banking house of her husband, in Paris, and lived in the Welles home as a member of the family. Mr. Hunnewell—as before mentioned—was the son of Dr. Walter and Susanna (Cooke) Hunnewell; and Dr. Hunnewell, (born

in Cambridge August 4, 1769) was a descendant of Roger Hunnewell, who came to New England not long after the settlement of the Massachusetts Colony. In early records the name is spelled in various ways—Hunniwell, Honuel, Honywell and Hunnewell. Dr. Hunnewell was graduated from Harvard College in the same class with John Quincy Adams, William Cranch, Thaddeus Mason Harris, James Lloyd, Samuel Putnam, and other distinguished men. For many years he was the only physician in Watertown, and he had also a large practice in Newton and Cambridge. His devotion to horticulture was strongly pronounced, his fruit-trees—as was commonly said—being the best in the town. And here may doubtless be seen the fore-runner of the renowned taste, developed later through residence abroad, of his son Horatio Hollis, whose highly cultivated estate and Italian Gardens, in Wellesley, have so long been widely known.

Horatio Hollis Hunnewell married in Paris, December 24, 1835, Isabella Pratt Welles, ninth child of John and Abigail Welles, and niece of Samuel Welles the Paris banker.

Mrs. Hunnewell, later, inherited the Welles estate in that part of West Needham which was afterwards named "Wellesley" in honor of the Welles family. In the years following, Mr. Hunnewell made large additions to the property, forming now the vast estate or series of estates—occupied during the summer months by the Hunnewells, Shaws and Sargents—and situated on both sides of the broad avenue leading from the Wellesley College grounds toward South Natick.



MADONNA BY MARY L. MACOMBER.

(One of the Paintings at the Poland Spring Art Exhibition.)

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The Woman's Relief Corps Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic

By ELIZABETH ROBBINS BERRY

MASSACHUSETTS, the Mother Department of the Woman's Relief Corps, is to entertain her children during the week beginning August 15, 1904. They will come in vast throngs, for they number upward of one hundred and thirty thousand women. The annual conventions of the National society are always held at the same time and place as those of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which the Woman's Relief Corps is the only officially recognized woman's auxiliary.

To recount the actual beginning of the work of this society, it would be necessary to go back to the turbulent period through which the American nation passed in the years from 1861 to 1865. The work of women during the Civil War has never been fully estimated. It was not enough that some should sit quietly at home, with hearts almost breaking because of the agony of suspense; but in every city and

town, even in the smallest settlements, women were working earnestly to provide necessities for those who were battling for freedom and for the unity of a great nation. Even tiny school girls were pressed into the service, and little fingers were seen deftly picking lint during many of the half-holidays from school.

Delicately nurtured women willingly renounced the attractions of society, and gave their means, and, best of all, themselves, to the work. A conspicuous instance was that of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, a society leader at that time, who laid aside her beautiful gowns and costly jewels, and in simple alpaca costume devoted herself unremittingly to the superintendence of the work of collecting and forwarding hospital supplies.

Many there were who sacrificed all, risking life itself, going into the hospitals, and even upon the battle-fields, to minister to the sick, the wounded and the dying. A long list

of names of national reputation comes to mind in this connection, and there were many, too, who live only in the grateful hearts of those to whom they gave care and comfort. Many a soldier's mother, wife, sister or sweetheart will forever hold in tenderest remembrance the nurses who cared for their loved ones, and wrote the letters which conveyed messages of hope to their despondent hearts; or, as was so often the case, brought the last words of the young heroes, many of them cut off ruthlessly ere the full flower of manhood had been reached. And with the precious missives came the little trifles which had been fondly cherished by the dear boys so far away, to be henceforth of priceless value in the darkened homes. Perhaps a more eloquent tribute to the army nurses has never been given than that by Corporal James Tanner, who once said: "We did not have to die, to touch elbows with the angels. We found them upon every battlefield."

When the bitter conflict was over, the work of relieving suffering was by no means complete. Many who went out in the full power of physical perfection, returned crippled and broken. No longer able to pursue the avocations of peace, some provision had to be made for them and for those dependent upon them for support.

It was largely with this purpose in view, as well as to perpetuate the spirit of fraternity which originated in the presence of a common danger, and the share which all had in a great victory, that the Grand Army of the Republic was organized.

"As unto the bow the cord is
So unto man is woman."

It was, therefore, inevitable that

with the rise of that inimitable association of heroes, tried and true, there should appear societies of women with similar interests, to assist them in their work. The feminine ear is ever responsive to tales of distress, and feminine intuition, blended with the experience of generations of devotion to the welfare of others, has rendered the work of women, wherever relief is needed, especially valuable.

As early as 1869 auxiliary organizations of women were found working hand in hand with individual posts of the G. A. R. in most of the Northern and Western States. It remained for the women of Massachusetts, however, to formulate and carry into successful execution a plan for a State organization, which, because of its wider scope, should have a greater power for good than could be attained by individual societies.

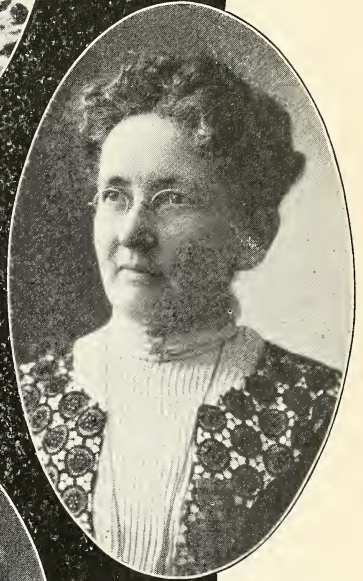
By the official advice and sanction of General Horace Binney Sargent, then Department Commander of the Massachusetts G. A. R., and his Assistant Adjutant-General, James F. Meech, a convention was held at the headquarters of E. V. Sumner Post No. 19, at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, Feb. 12, 1879, sixteen societies being represented by delegates, which resulted in twenty-three ladies signing a constitution and by-laws for a State organization, to be known as the State Relief Corps of Massachusetts, with Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller of East Boston as president. This little group of earnest workers proved to be the nucleus of the grand organization of to-day, the second in point of numbers of associations of women in the United States. Mrs. Fuller is likewise entitled to the honor of being known as the mother of this great instru-



MRS. SARAH D. WINANS,
National President, W. R. C.



MRS. SARAH E. PHILLIPS,
National Treasurer



MRS. URSULA M. MATTISON,
*National Senior
Vice President*



MRS. KATE E. JONES,
National Patriotic Instructor

ment of good deeds, and her continuous active work during the twenty-five years of life which the society has known, proves how fully her heart was in the work; and she would be more than mere woman did she not contemplate with pride the outcome of that little gathering at Fitchburg, which must far surpass her most roseate dreams at that time. It is also a subject for congratulation that such a woman as Mrs. Fuller should have held the leadership at that time.

Although from the first the new society received the support and encouragement of prominent comrades of the Massachusetts G. A. R., it was not officially recognized by the Department encampment until January, 1881, when the following resolution was almost unanimously adopted by that body:

"Resolved, That the Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., recognizing in the Woman's State Relief Corps an invaluable ally in its mission of charity and loyalty, hails them as a noble band of Christian women, who, while not of the G. A. R., are auxiliary to it."

During the year 1880, loyal women of New Hampshire decided to adopt the work of their Massachusetts sisters, and on Dec. 8 of that year their department officers were initiated at the headquarters of Hiram G. Berry Relief Corps, No. 6, of Malden, Massachusetts. At the same time they were invited to form a Union Board of Directors of W. R. C. work, with the Department officers of Massachusetts. The Board was organized, with Mrs. E. Florence Barker of Malden as president, Mrs. Kathrina Beedle of Cambridge as secretary, and Miss Keyes of New Hampshire treasurer.

Among the first to become an advocate of woman's work as an auxiliary to the G. A. R. was Rev. Jo-

seph Lovering, of Worcester, Massachusetts, then Chaplain-in-Chief. He sought, by correspondence with many who were actively engaged in the work, to bring about some united effort on the part of women which should be national in its scope. At the National Encampment of the G. A. R. held in Indianapolis, Indiana, in July, 1881, he presented the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"Resolved, That we approve the project of organizing a National Woman's Relief Corps."

"Resolved, That such Woman's Relief Corps may use under such title the words, 'Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic,' by special indorsement of the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic."

This indorsement proved an incentive to the extension of the movement, and in 1882 two corps were instituted in Connecticut, one in Illinois, one in Wisconsin and one in San Diego, California. Prominent women in several States urged the consolidation of effort, among them Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, of Toledo, Ohio, a pioneer in the West in work for the veterans. She had personally assisted in organizing nearly two hundred aid societies. A talented writer, she, by her graceful, eloquent pen, appealed to the women of the West, who, with the enthusiasm characteristic of that section, were not slow in responding, and have ever been most active in raising the order to its present numbers and efficiency.

During the administration of Comrade Paul Van Der Voort, of Omaha, Nebraska, as commander-in-chief, his attention was called to the good work being done by the women in various sections, and grasping the significance of the movement, with his characteristic



MRS. E. FLORENCE BARKER, OF MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS. FIRST
NATIONAL PRESIDENT OF WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, 1883-1884.
DIED SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

great-heartedness, he called a convention of the various auxiliaries in every State to meet in Denver, Colorado, July 23, 1883. Thirteen States responded, and of these Massachusetts sent three delegates and Ohio fifteen.

Mrs. E. Florence Barker, of Massachusetts, was elected to preside over the convention, with Mrs. Sherwood, of Ohio, as secretary. After

full and free discussion of the work, it was voted to form a national organization, with the ritual and regulations of the Massachusetts Woman's State Relief Corps, to be known as the National Woman's Relief Corps. There were forty-five signatures to the charter list and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. E. Florence Barker, of Massachusetts; senior vice-presi-

dent, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, of Ohio; junior vice-president, Mrs. E. K. Stimson, Colorado; secretary, Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, and treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, both of Massachusetts; chaplain, Mrs. Mattie B. Moulton, New Hampshire; conductor, Mrs. P. S. Runyan, Indiana; guard, Mrs. J. B. Beatson, Illinois; corresponding secretaries, Mrs. M. J. Telford, Colorado, and Mrs. Ellen Pay, Kansas. The question of eligibility was left open for a year, there being a difference of opinion; some insisting that it be restricted to relatives of soldiers and sailors, and others that all loyal women interested in the work should be admitted.

A formal report of organization was made to the National Encampment of the G. A. R., then in session, when, by resolution of Chaplain-in-Chief Foster, the following action was taken:

"Resolved, That we cordially hail the organization of a National Woman's Relief Corps, and extend our greeting to them. We return our warmest thanks to the loyal women of the land for their earnest support and encouragement, and bid them God-speed in their patriotic work."

At the fourth annual convention, at Minneapolis, Minnesota, it was decided that "All loyal women of good moral character should be admitted to the Woman's Relief Corps."

The objects of the organization, as set forth in the official Rules and Regulations, are:

1. To specially aid and assist the Grand Army of the Republic, and to perpetuate the memory of their heroic dead.

2. To assist such Union veterans as need our help and protection, and to extend needful aid to their widows and orphans. To find them homes and employment, and assure them of sympathy and friends. To cherish and emulate the deeds of our Army Nurses, and of all loyal women who rendered loving service to our country in her hour of peril.

3. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country among our children and in the communities in which we live; and encourage the spread of universal liberty and equal rights to all.

How well these principles have been maintained is shown by the returns, given in those characters which are said never to falsify. Since the organization of the order there has been expended for relief alone \$2,504,365.23, to June 30, 1903. Something over \$100,000 additional will be the report for the present year. In a single year (1902-03) 40,433 persons were assisted at an expense of \$136,196.69. The amount given above does not include donations of food or clothing. In addition, \$1,197.56 was expended for the decoration of the graves of Northern soldiers in the South; \$800 for the Kansas flood sufferers; \$1,000 for the McKinley memorial fund and \$30,380.83 was turned over to posts of the G. A. R. to assist them in their work. All this work is so quietly and unostentatiously done that few outside the societies interested ever hear of it. The Woman's Relief Corps has *no liabilities*.

Ever responsive to the call of distress, the Woman's Relief Corps has been a liberal giver when various sections of this country have been overwhelmed by disaster, notable beneficiaries being Johnstown and Jacksonville. While worthy individuals never go unaided, much of the work of the W. R. C. has been broader in its scope. It has proved its early faith by the work which has been accomplished. Since 1889, when it came into possession, by the liberality of the citizens of Madison and Geneva, Ohio, of ten acres of valuable land, with a large building formerly used as a female seminary, it has endowed and supported a Na-

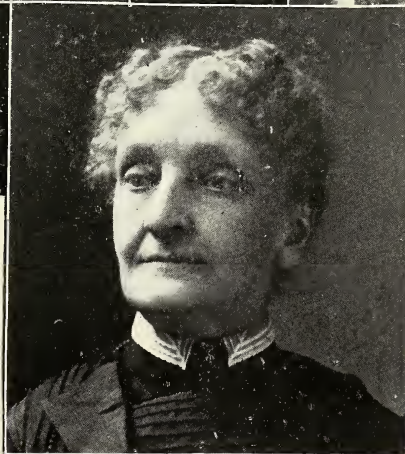
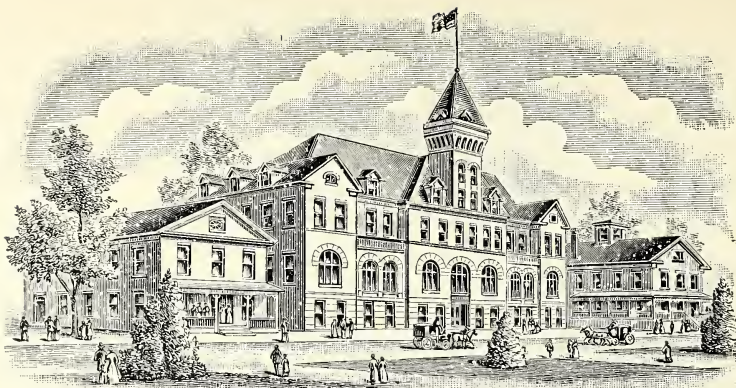


Photo by Chickering
 MRS. LIZABETH A. TURNER,
 OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Thirteenth National
President, 1895-6

MRS. HARRIET J. BODGE,
 OF CONNECTICUT,
Seventeenth National
President, 1899-1900

MRS. SARAH E. FULLER, OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Third National President, 1885-6
Photo by Chickering

MRS. CALISTA ROBINSON JONES, OF VERMONT,
Nineteenth National President, 1891-2



THE NATIONAL W. R. C. HOME, MADISON, OHIO.

tional Woman's Relief Corps Home at Madison for ex-army nurses and soldiers' wives and widows. At times there have been more than seventy inmates. The number in 1903 was forty-one. The value of the property is about \$40,000. In addition to the National Home, State homes are maintained by the Departments of New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, California and others. The Massachusetts department has been a liberal contributor toward the support of the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home since its beginning. By their united efforts at a bazaar held in aid of the home in 1885, \$4,189.25 was raised. Most of the rooms were furnished and are kept up by individual corps, and a large dormitory bears the name and has the perpetual care of the Department of Massachusetts. All the New England Departments and many others are liberal contributors to the soldiers' homes in their respective States.

In 1892 a great amount of work was done by the Woman's Relief Corps, to secure the passage by Congress of the Army Nurse Pension bill. Mrs. Sherwood, of Ohio, was chairman of the pension committee, and she, with Mrs. Harriette L.

Reed, of Massachusetts, spent six weeks at Washington at hard work in its interest. Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, National President in 1890, and herself a distinguished army nurse, gave her time and attention to the matter for five months, and Mrs. John A. Logan and Miss Clara Barton, members of the Order and residents of Washington, also gave much time and their great influence to the cause. On June 28, 1892, the House passed a bill, which the Senate would not accept. On July 28, the Senate passed a bill of its own. Later a compromise was agreed upon, accepted by both houses, and became a law. In this bill the lines of partisan demarcation were nearly obliterated, and eloquent tributes were paid to the work of women for the veterans of both Blue and Gray. By its provisions, army nurses "who rendered actual service as attendants upon the sick and wounded in any regimental post, camp or general hospital of the armies of the United States for a period of six months or more, and who were honorably relieved from such service, and who are . . . unable to earn a support," may receive a pension of \$12 a month. The law forbids any agent or attorney accepting a fee for the prosecution of any claim under the

act. This has resulted in many members of the W. R. C. working gratuitously as claim agents to assist army nurses to secure necessary evidence in support of their claims. There are, however, many nurses who are not eligible under this law, and such, when necessary, have been cared for by local corps, or in the National home, or in those of the several States.

In addition to the work of relieving suffering and necessity, the Woman's Relief Corps has erected many memorials to the heroes of the Civil War, monuments, urns, and even buildings. At Rockland, Massachusetts, is a building erected by the local corps, under circumstances which would have appeared insurmountable to women of less determination. A great number of flags and banners have also been presented to posts of the G. A. R. by their loyal auxiliaries. Of such work no record is separately kept, but it would amount to a considerable sum of money.

From its earliest inception, a sacred duty of the Woman's Relief Corps, second only to the work of relief, has been that of paying tribute on Memorial Day to the memory of the heroic dead. It is customary for corps to unite with the posts to which they are auxiliary in memorial services in churches or halls, also to assist the comrades in their observances, by twining garlands for the resting-places of the brave and for the decoration of monuments and tablets; and, in many cases, by furnishing refreshments for the wearied veterans after their labor of love is completed. Prominent members of the Woman's Relief Corps



MRS. FANNY E. MINOT, CONCORD, N. H.,
New England Candidate for National President,
W. R. C.

are also in demand as Memorial Day speakers. Considerable sums of money are yearly sent to posts in the South, to assist them in the work of decorating the thousands of soldiers' graves, many of them unknown, in that fair section of our land.

It is customary for the national presidents, and those who have the honor to preside over the various departments, to issue special General Orders for Memorial Day observances. Some of them have been gems of patriotic literature, and, if collected, would form a considerable volume of great interest and value.

A Commemoration service for the "unknown dead" is incorporated in the service book of the order, and it is given by a large number of corps each year. Mounds of flowers are usually constructed by the members of the corps, and children who assist them, and the simple service is very touching and beautiful. In

1902 a service commemorative of the soldier-sailor dead was instituted for the use of corps located near large bodies of water. It is also customary to include children in this service, and the spectacle of a large number of little ones, their tiny hands strewing the waves with flowers, is very touching and beautiful in its suggestiveness. The National Chaplain reported \$14,187.37 expended for Memorial Day in 1903.

In 1893 the field of patriotic teaching was entered upon, the incentive having been previously furnished by the Department of Indiana. Comrade Wallace Foster of that State had been an active promoter of the teaching of patriotism among the young. In that work he was intimately associated with Col. George T. Balch, of New York City, the pioneer in the work. (He it was who originated the Balch flag salute, so generally in use in the schools of the country: "We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country; one country, one language, one flag.")

Comrade Foster urged upon the W. R. C. of Indiana the importance of patriotic teaching. Mrs. Julia S. Conklin, then president of that Department, adopted his suggestion with such enthusiasm and so impressed it upon her associates, that at the next National Convention Indiana offered the following resolutions (drawn by Comrade Foster), which were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, It is essential to the future welfare and good citizenship of our country that the children of our land be taught to reverence the American Flag, the emblem of our liberty, and to respect the principles for which our veterans gave the best years of their lives—many of them life itself; and

"Whereas, The present system of foreign immigration, and the large per cent. of foreigners of all grades of society who are

admitted to citizenship in these United States, and the foreign ideas of government being promulgated throughout our country, are doing much to lessen the hold our institutions have upon the minds of the young; therefore,

"Resolved, That we strongly urge the adoption of some form of patriotic teaching in our schools, by which to counteract these influences.

"Resolved, That each Department President instruct the Corps Presidents in her department to appoint a committee of influential ladies belonging to her Corps, to petition the county and city superintendents and teachers to recommend the adoption of some form of patriotic salute to the American flag, to be introduced into the morning exercises of the public schools.

"Resolved, That we urge each member of the Woman's Relief Corps to adhere strictly to the patriotic teachings of our Order, and endeavor to inculcate lessons of patriotism and loyalty among the young in the communities in which they live."

During the three years following, bills were introduced into the Legislatures of many States, and resulted in the placing of flags over school-houses and other public buildings. In some States the last day of the school session before Memorial Day was set apart for patriotic exercises, and this custom is now almost general. Most of this has been brought about by the efforts of the G. A. R. and W. R. C.

Flags, patriotic primers, Declaration of Independence charts, oleographs of the Stars and Stripes and other patriotic pictures have been presented to thousands of schools all over the land, by the local organizations of the W. R. C. In 1895 the national convention voted to confer upon Comrade Foster the complimentary title of "Woman's Relief Corps Sponsor for the American Flag."

A work to which the W. R. C. has devoted much attention is the promotion of the observance of Flag Day, Peace and Arbitration Day, and Citizens' Sunday.



Photo by Chickering

MRS. MARIA E. DENSMORE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MRS. MYRA J. OLNEY, RHODE ISLAND.

MRS. CARRIE A. HOUSE, CONNECTICUT.

MRS. ANNIE M. WARNE, MASSACHUSETTS.

MRS. MARY BELL GOODWIN, VERMONT.

MISS JENNIE PIERCE WHITNEY, MAINE.

New England Department Presidents



Photo by Chickering
MRS. CLARA H. B. EVANS,
President of W. R. C. General Committee for National Encampment

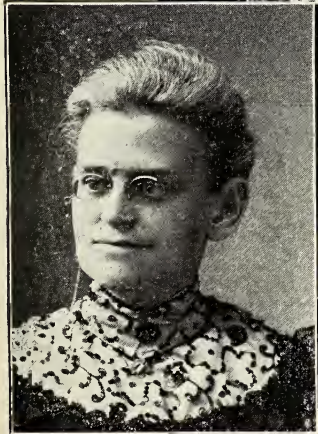
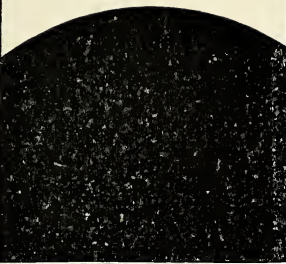
In 1896 a resolution was adopted approving the work of the American Humane Society, and recommending it to the order as part of the work of promoting good citizenship.

At the same convention it was voted that the Woman's Relief Corps join the National Council of Women. As each body associated with the Council has the opportunity to bring its special work before all the others, this move offered exceptional opportunity for the dissemination of ideas concerning patriotic teaching, as thus was secured the cooperation of 600,000 women.

During the first year this work was done by a committee, appointed by the national president, and known as the committee on patriotic teach-

ing. The convention of 1897 voted that an officer be appointed in each Department, to be known as the patriotic instructor, whose duty shall be to superintend all lines of patriotic instruction. Later, this move was amended to include, National, Department and Corps instructors, all of whom are now obligated with other officers of the Order, and are systematically and successfully working together in the interest of patriotic teaching. A flag salute is used at all gatherings of the Order, and all obligations, whether of membership or office, are taken under the folds of the American flag.

Probably the work which will longest stand as a memorial of the Woman's Relief Corps is the



MRS. MARY L. GILMAN
Chairman
(By courtesy of Elmer
(Chickering.)

Photo by Chickering
MRS. ANGIE A. ROBINSON,
2nd Vice-Chairman
MRS. FANNIE M. JONES,
Treasurer

MRS. MARY E. KNOWLES,
1st Vice-Chairman
MRS. MARIA W. GOING,
Secretary

OFFICERS OF W. R. C. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

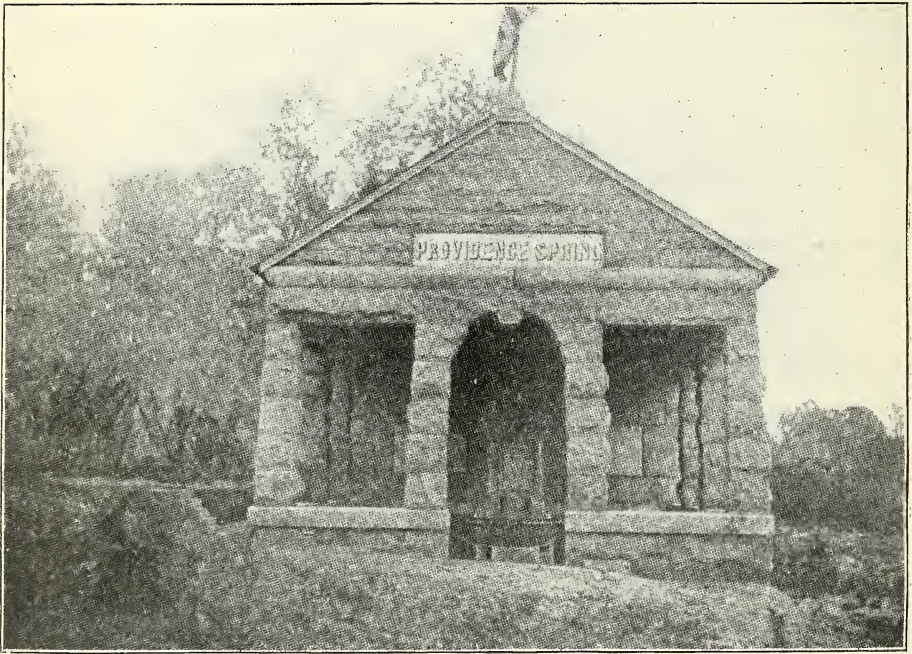
improvement of the Andersonville Prison Park property. Thousands of the survivors of the prison at Andersonville, Georgia, and their friends, who visited that memorable spot after the war, expressed regret that some steps were not taken to purchase the grounds and beautify them, as a perpetual memorial to the heroes who suffered there.

Action was first taken by the De-

partment of Georgia, G. A. R., and the land was purchased by them in May, 1890, the price paid being \$1,500, and a similar sum was expended in clearing the ground and making improvements.

that the property now consists of eighty-one and a fifth acres, including the stockade, or prison grounds, with all the forts and earthworks surrounding it, and a strip one hundred feet wide leading to the public roadway and railway station.

A substantial fence now surrounds the entire property and a nine-room residence has been erected, which is occupied by the care-taker, and is



PROVIDENCE SPRING, ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PARK.

At the annual convention of the National W. R. C. in 1896, that body accepted the deeds to the property, pledging themselves to care for it and improve it. Their first act was the purchase of additional land, so

also commodious enough for the entertainment of guests, several sleeping-rooms having been prettily furnished by various Woman's Relief Corps. Since the National W. R. C. has taken charge, the old stockade has been sodded with Bermuda grass, the creek bottom has been cleared of undergrowth, and a driveway laid out around the entire purchase, passing by all the old forts, with substantial bridges spanning

the creek on the east and west sides. A beautiful flagstaff, the gift of G. A. R. and W. R. C. friends of Georgia, has been erected near the north line of the stockade, and from it floats Old Glory. This was the gift of the Prisoners of War Association of Connecticut. A graceful arch, spanning the entrance, was presented by Corps No. 9, Department of Kansas, and No. 172, Department of Massachusetts, W. R. C.

"Providence Spring" is probably the feature of most interest. This name was given by the heroes of Andersonville. The story is familiar to many, but will bear repetition. The water of the creek had become so contaminated, that endurance on the part of the prisoners was almost exhausted. At this critical juncture, during a severe thunder storm, this living stream broke forth, pure and sparkling, bringing new life and hope. While the phenomenon could be accounted for by natural causes, it will always be recognized as an especial manifestation of the infinite power and mercy of Divine Providence. It was a singular fact that it came from within the "dead line," where, by prison laws, it was protected from being trampled and defiled.

Over this spring the National W. R. C. has erected a beautiful pavillion, tile-roofed and supported by granite pillars, with cement floor, thus perpetually preserving the spring from the elements. The waters flow from a tastefully carved marble fountain, at the spot where they originally burst forth. This fountain was the gift of the National Prisoners of War Association. What hallowed memories cluster about this spot! One who drinks the cool, sweet water should do so with the utmost

reverence, for it is a veritable shrine of American history.

All of the sombre features of the past have disappeared. Nature has been lavish, and has covered the hideous scar with a mantle of bright green. The soil is fertile and responds readily to cultivation. A vigorous growth of young forest trees affords grateful shade, and from the midst of their dense foliage mocking birds sing nightly requiems to those who suffered and died there. The historic creek no longer runs dark and murky, but sparkles and dances in the bright sunlight, and nothing remains to perpetuate the unpleasant memories of the past. Andersonville is now a patriotic object lesson, a tribute to the thousands of heroes who preferred to suffer and die rather than accept life at the price of dishonor.

It still remains for a grateful people to erect suitable monuments to the memory of all who were imprisoned there. The States of Ohio, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Michigan have already placed beautiful memorials within the grounds, and others are sure to follow.

The Board of Managers of the National W. R. C., of which Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner of Boston is chairman, propose to divide the prison ground into plats, with intersecting walks and drives. The elevated portion of the grounds is sufficiently extensive to admit of a large lot to be dedicated to each State which was represented by prisoners at Andersonville. A larger space, in the centre of the portion north of the creek, on the most sightly elevation, will be reserved for the National Government. Grouped around this will be State lots, which will be deeded to

the respective commonwealths, in the order of their application, immediately following legislative action granting an appropriation for a monument.

When the work as designed is completed, it will include a magnificent national monument erected by act of Congress, with the State memorials grouped around it. It is considered more desirable that these monuments should be placed within the stockade rather than in the National Cemetery near by. First, because those who suffered and lived are entitled to equal honor with those who were relieved by death; and also because the site is more imposing than any afforded by the cemetery, and more room can be allotted to each State.

The Andersonville National Cemetery is located about a quarter of a mile north of the park grounds. The cemetery proper contains twenty-five acres purchased by the government soon after the war, and includes all of the grounds in which the dead of Andersonville were buried. The remains were left undisturbed, but a marble headstone has been placed at each grave. The cemetery has been transformed into an ideal city of the dead. On Memorial Day of each year impressive ceremonies are conducted there by the posts of the Department of Georgia, G. A. R. Here rest 13,000 heroes of Andersonville, yet it is said that an unknown number still lie within the limits of the stockade where they died, and many more were removed by friends after the close of the war. The number who died in the prison is said to total 14,000.

Were it only to carry out these plans for the improvement of Andersonville, the Woman's Relief

Corps would deserve to live, but when the aggregate amount of the various forms of this society's activities are estimated, it will be seen what a tremendous power for good the Woman's Relief Corps has proved itself to be.

Subordinate to the National Society are thirty-four Departments in as many States and Territories, and sixty-three detached corps, scattered through the States and Territories of Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Louisiana, Maryland, New Mexico, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah and Virginia. In the various departments there are over 3,000 active corps.

The order has a ritual, with Rules and Regulations and By-Laws. It is secret in the same degree as is the Grand Army of the Republic. All of its business is given freely to the public through the medium of the press, but only those who can prove membership are admitted to its deliberations. There are no distinctions of creed or color. All loyal women of good moral character who are willing to perpetuate the principles to which the association stands pledged are welcome to its ranks. It is especially creditable that its growth has been continuous, notwithstanding the rise of an appalling number of woman's clubs and hereditary patriotic societies during the past fifteen years.

A careful study of the business methods of the Woman's Relief Corps will promptly refute the charge sometimes made that women are incapable of conducting great business enterprises. The system of reports is absolutely perfect. Secretaries and treasurers of subordinate corps are required to report quarterly to the Department to which

they belong, on forms provided for the purpose, the numerical and financial condition of their respective corps, and the amount of relief work accomplished. All treasurers must give bonds, before taking the obligation of office. All books are carefully audited quarterly.

Departments in turn must report every three months to the National body, also on suitable forms, and it is thus possible to file and preserve systematically all records, as long as it may be expedient so to do.

Memorial Day records are forwarded by corps chaplains, and the aggregate report given by the chaplain of the National body. No corps can be organized without the consent of the post of the G. A. R. to which it becomes auxiliary, and corps presidents must report quarterly to the post commander the amount of relief work accomplished.

Elections of officers occur yearly, at the National and Department conventions, and on the first meeting in December in subordinate corps. A rigid system of inspection is conducted, and also exemplifications of the ritualistic work, the result being a perfect semi-military system of discipline which often produces remarkable results in the conduct of individuals, transforming timid, shrinking women into self-reliant leaders, once they are inspired with a zeal for the work.

The Woman's Relief Corps has had but two honorary members, it having been voted in the early days that that number should not be exceeded. The first person to be thus honored was Past Commander-in-Chief Paul Van der Voort, of Nebraska, to whose individual efforts the National Society largely owes its existence. Comrade Van der Voort passed to the life beyond in

1902. The sole wearer of the honorary mantle at the present time is Miss Clara Barton, who will be the honored guest of the Department of Massachusetts during the week of the encampment.

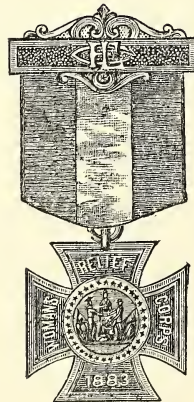
Extensive preparations have been made for the entertainment of the many guests who will be in Boston at that time. An efficient executive committee of sixty members, aided by numerous working committees, amounting in all to five hundred women, has been hard at work since the first of the year to perfect the numerous details of a great gathering. On the two convention days, luncheon will be served for twelve hundred delegates of the G. A. R., and five hundred of the W. R. C. On the day of the parade, a "living flag," in which two thousand school children will take part, will be placed on the Common, opposite Temple Place, and with the background of noble trees, will be a feature of great beauty. This work has been carried out by the W. R. C. committee on decorations. Receptions will be given by the National W. R. C., the Department of Massachusetts and some visiting departments. A monster campfire of the G. A. R. will occur on Tuesday evening, and on Thursday evening the Woman's Relief Corps will entertain. A harbor excursion, an outing at Plymouth and trolley rides to various points are planned. All of the expense for entertainment of the W. R. C. has been provided for by the corps of Massachusetts, who have raised the necessary funds by special entertainments, fairs, etc., for this purpose. In the meantime, the regular work of the society has not been allowed to flag in the least.

This will be the twenty-second convention of the National society.

The officers are elected annually, and no president has served more than one year. Of the twenty-two women who have filled the highest office, five have been of New England; three from Massachusetts, one from Connecticut and one from Vermont. This year there will be a New England candidate, Mrs Fanny E. Minot, of Concord, New Hampshire. Mrs. Minot is a woman of much ability, and New Hampshire, as one of the pioneer departments, should have had the honor long ago of filling the highest office in the gift of the National Woman's Relief Corps.

The present National president of the W. R. C., who will preside over the deliberations of the twenty-second convention, is Mrs. Sarah D. Winans, of Troy, Ohio. Other officers are: Senior vice-president, Ursula M. Mattison, Tacoma, Wash-

ington; junior vice-president, Mary J. Tygard, Denison, Texas; secretary, Jennie S. Wright, Troy, Ohio; treasurer, Sarah E. Phillips, Syracuse, New York; chaplain, Mary Lyle Reynolds, Covington, Kentucky; inspector, Lydia G. Hopkins, Detroit, Michigan; counselor, Sarah E. Fuller, Medford, Mass.; I. and I. officer, Jennie B. Atwood, Trenton, New Jersey; patriotic instructor, Kate E. Jones, Ilion, New York; press correspondent, Mary M. North, Snow Hill, Maryland; executive board, Sarah E. Fuller, life member, Medford, Massachusetts; Ada E. May, chairman, Stillwater, Minnesota; Clara A. Lukins, Mitchell, South Dakota; Mary I. Hayes, Pine Meadow, Connecticut; Emma C. Ewing, Boise, Idaho; Helen E. Cook, Lincoln, Nebraska.



How She Settled It

A Study in Divorce

By KATE GANNETT WELLS

WHEN Mrs. Delancey married early in life, she took it for granted that she should love her husband forever. But after ten years she had begun to question herself concerning the state of her affections, much to her husband's amazement and her own perturbations.

Whereupon she went off by herself to a remote summer hotel, where she had first met Mr. Delancey, "to think the thing out and have done with it," as she phrased the situation to her husband, who was too gentlemanly to do otherwise than to consent to what he could not prevent. To make sure of a certain degree of solitude she hired a boat for her exclusive use, thereby causing much comment among the guests, who, never invited to sail with her, argued she ought not to go out alone with the skipper.

Little cared she what was said if she could only decide whether to remain married or to be divorced on the ground of incompatibility; a needless problem, which she herself had created by adopting discontent with marriage as an up-to-date, intellectual process that would make her a broader woman, though so far it only had made her unhappy.

Unconsciously she was helped in her deliberations by the skipper's canny words in his spasmodic efforts to entertain her. "He ain't any church article, that man who lives

thar," he remarked one day, as they sailed past a solitary house set in a lonely cove.

"Why not?" she asked wearily.

"He ain't never done anything 'gainst the canon law,"—the skipper was a churchman—"but he's uncommon aggravating, he don't let her alone a day at a time. 'Twas her fault when they began; now it's his. You see she was young and spry when he took her home and she supposed she'd got an uncle in him, but he was just a husband, so she had to tend him. She spiled him first, and then he was at her, words, blows and things throwed. I heard her once as she jawed back. Then sudden she gave it up, for good and all."

"Why didn't you interfere?" demanded Mrs. Delancey.

"'Tain't safe when married folks is like fighting dogs."

"Let's land; I'd like to see her."

The skipper took Mrs. Delancey off in his dingy and she made her way up to the house and confronted a woman stringing herring. She could not have been more than forty, but she looked as if her patience were eternal. Somehow Mrs. Delancey drew from her hints of her life story, that she was never lonely when alone, that she was glad her children had died, as now she could hold communion with them unwatched, that she expected to live a great

many years and always to string herring.

"Your husband?" asked the city woman.

"He's off fishing mostly. When he comes home, 't isn't over pleasant, but we don't peck at each other as we used to."

"Why do you stay together?"

"'Cause we married for better or worse,—we've had the better, and it might be worser than it is,—it's weak not to keep a promise. Besides if I left him, folks would talk and p'raps leave their homes for less cause than I have, and then the village would go to the bad. You see marriage is an institution, like the church. You've got to have them both, else things would go to pieces. 'Tain't any use chipping off bits. I didn't begin right, that's all."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I hadn't growed to see a husband and wife ought to go shares. He had it all, comfort, clothes, food, money, and when I fell sickly and asked for a let-up, he didn't know how to take it. So we got going on one another, when sudden I thought if I wanted to see my children again in the next world, wherever that may be, I'd better put up with things. So I take him easy now; it's heaps better. And I can't say as I want for food. Won't you have a glass of milk?"—and they went up the path to the house. "That's him coming now 'cross the bay," she added, pointing to a distant boat.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Delancey after a while, as she turned to leave.

"Wait a bit," answered the fisherman's wife. "I told you 'cause I knew you when you was a girl,"—the lady started—"and used to come 'round here. I knew your man, too; he boarded down to my father's, in

the village, prospecting. He was a right smart man, a kindly gentleman, who did things; he hadn't much gift for talk." Mrs. Delancey flushed.

"Folks said you married him and 'twas heaven for quite a spell. Then I heard tell as how you wanted to keep going like as if you was young, and he was lonesome. I didn't let on I knew you when you got out of the boat, 'cause I hankered to see you ever sence I heard you was at the hotel. All I've got to say is,—it is better to put up with husbands than to get divorces, as you city folks call 'em. I ain't going to take the responsibility of mine, not to mention myself when Judgment Day comes, unless I keep 'round him."

"Are you Bessie Jones, that used to be?" said Mrs. Delancey, slowly.

"I be, and you're Lucy Triscom that was," and the two women shook hands.

"I'll bring my husband to see you some day," said Mrs. Delancey, as they parted.

"Much obleeged, but if it's all the same to you I'd rather you wouldn't."

That night Mrs. Delancey wrote her husband to come to her and then tore up the note and went out sailing again the next day. "Go the other way, towards Grindstone Cove," she bade the skipper.

"Queer how you nervous city folks like coves; kind o' quieting, like headache powders. We 'uns down this way like a stiff blow out to sea; makes you think of hidden troubles."

"Tell me who lives there?" she asked, as they sailed up into a sunny cove, on whose banks was a white-washed, clapboarded house.

"Chapman's folks; they're a mixed-up set; dunno 'zactly who belongs

to who. He done well fishing and treated his wife tol'ble, till some o' your discontented city folks came along, beg your pardon, ma'am, and made her think she was of more value than she really was, and had a stiffer time than she ought'er, and instead of telling them to mind their own business, she listened, and he took to drinking."

"Why didn't she get divorced?" interrupted the lady.

"We don't do that kind o' thing down here; we grin and bear it."

"She might get separated," urged Mrs. Delancey.

"Thar'd allers be sunthin' to put up with. I don't say men, 'specially husbands, aren't trying, but wimmen are, too."

"But," still urged his companion, "if a man doesn't treat his wife as a gentleman should, if he drinks, beats, scolds her, don't understand her, I'd get divorced a hundred times."

"Look you here, ma'am; you've said too much to let it pass. A man don't drink when his wife likes him. If he beats her, it's her fault for putting up with it; she can stop that without getting divorced. I dunno what you mean about understanding her, women are so mysterious; 'pears to me some on 'em get the sulks just thinking 'bout how bad things are. I grant you, ma'am, thar are some things can't be talked of, if that's what you mean by being a gentleman, that's yer word. Wa'al, we uns down here behave ourselves, and our gals know it when they marry us."

Silence fell between the skipper and Mrs. Delancey, for the wind had sprung up and the sails had to be lowered. As they turned the headland, another house came into view. "And there!" she said, pointing to it.

"That's mine and that's my little gal." The lady put up her field glasses to see better, as the skipper waved his hat, and was answered by a fluttering apron. "It's our salute, ma'am. She's most as old as I be, but she'll allers be my little gal. She likes me, and I'm mighty fond of her," and the man's bronzed face took a deeper hue.

"Tell me of it. Didn't you ever have any—fuss?"

"We did," and his jaw set. "I'll tell you, 'cause you're in trouble some way, p'raps,—beg pardon, ma'am, only you have the looks of it. 'Twas this way. We'd been married a couple o' years or more, and we had our two children and she didn't have any right hard work to do, 'cause I did it, when we took one o' your city artists to board, 'cause he wanted to paint the place. Wa'al, he made her believe she warn't appreciated,—that's *his* word, I ain't likely to forget it,—and she got moon-y and to correcting my ways till I jest hadn't the heart to stand it, and I told her so plump, and she said I wasn't as I used to be, and I told her as how I hated to see her getting old 'fore her time, 'cause she used to be so pretty, like as she is now,—and she lifted her hand to slap me, like as she never did before, and I put up mine. I never could tell,—I thought on it much,—whether I was going to strike back or jest not let her hit me. Anyway, our palms came flat together like children's slapjack, and she looked all of a sudden so handsome, 'cause she was so angry, that I just gave her a hug and wouldn't let her go till she got through crying, and then she wouldn't let me go till she'd done loving me. And the artist took another tack and skipped."

"Oh, if my husband would only do so!" almost sobbed Mrs. Delancey.

"You mean like that artist," (the skipper swore under his breath), "or like as she and I did? You ain't got any occasion to answer, and I oughter not to have asked you. Likely, ma'am, it's turn and turn about. This time it is he thinks he ain't appreciated, and it sours on him. Don't you set too much on yourself?—pardon, ma'am."

"He doesn't understand me!"

"Very likely not, ma'am. You be hard to understand. 'Pears to me my little gal's loving me helped me to understand her."

"But if she couldn't love you?"

"She needn't be dead set 'gainst trying. She needn't be turning herself inside out to find out,—jest take it nat'ral. The fog's coming in, ma'am, and we'll have to run in shore."

* * * * *

The next day Mrs. Delancey went home and soon after sent a box of Havanas to the skipper. As he enjoyed their fragrance, he chuckled, thinking to himself: "She'd have sent me tobaccy if things hadn't come out right. Being they're segars, it's her way of telling me she and her husband is friends again."

Paolo Toscanelli and the Discovery of America

By FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

IN the course of an hour's ramble through the famous Santo Spirito quarter of Florence, one can hardly fail to come upon the birth-place not only of Italy's great fourteenth century litterateur, Giovanni Boccaccio, but also of her equally illustrious fifteenth century astronomer and cosmographer, Paolo dal Pozzo Toscanelli. "Pozzo" in Italian means a well, and this feature of the Toscanelli family name is accounted for on the ground that not far from the ancestral house at the intersection of modern Via Guicciardini and Via de' Velluti there was once a fountain of sweet water, to which the whole city had recourse and which gave its name as well to certain families in the neighborhood

as to the much-traversed street subsequently closed by the enlargement of the Pitti Palace. The year of Paolo's birth was 1397—more than half a century before Christopher Columbus, with whose name his own, by a strange chance, was destined most frequently to be linked, first saw the light in the neighboring city-state of Genoa. The paternal purse was not always well filled, but it permitted the education of the young Florentine at the University of Padua, some time between the years 1414 and 1424, after which he returned to his native city to spend there practically all the remainder of his long life. Already he had won renown as a mathematician, and tradition tells us that the great Renais-

sance architect, Filippo Brunelleschi, humbly acknowledged himself the inferior of the young Paduan graduate and besought him to lend his assistance in preparing the plans for the cupola of the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. At any rate, certain it is that when one enters the *Capello della Groce* of the great Cathedral to-day he has pointed out to him by patriotic Florentines an exquisite marble gnomon, which is declared to have been constructed for the church by Toscanelli about the year 1468.

From the outset of his career the ingenious mathematician was favored with the companionship of great minds. It was his fortune to be contemporary with the flower of the house of Medici, and to be patronized successively by Cosimo the Elder, Piero, the gentle Giuliano, and the kind-hearted tyrant, Lorenzo the Magnificent. Leonardo da Vinci, the painter, though really belonging to a younger generation, was another of Toscanelli's brilliant fellow-townsmen and friends—the more congenial because of kindred zeal in the pursuit of mathematics and the sciences. Niccolò Machiavelli and Angiola Poliziano, also of the younger generation, were likewise neighbors and admirers. Leone Battista Alberti, the architect and painter, leaving Bologna soon after Toscanelli left Padua, joined himself in time to the Florentine coterie. Christoforo Landino, tutor of Lorenzo de' Medici and commentator on Dante and Virgil, was still another fifteenth century light of the favored city on the Arno. It is noteworthy that two of Toscanelli's most intimate friends were Germans—aliens in blood and speech, but brothers in the fast widening circle

of Renaissance scholarship. These were Johannes Müller, the Königsberg geographer and astronomer, and Nicholas de Cusa, a cardinal of the Church, but none the less a close student of mathematics and science. Toscanelli was essentially a home-stayer. It is known that he never set foot outside of Italy, rarely going even so far as Rome. That he was still able to draw the great intellects of his time so closely about him testifies the more convincingly to his widespread fame and the substantial character of his learning.

Unfortunately not one of the many books which he is known to have written on topics pertaining to geography, meteorology and agriculture has survived. We have, however, numerous contemporary references to his character and habits which leave us in no doubt as to the kind of man he actually was. Thus on the day of the great Florentine's death, in 1482, his good friend Bartholomew Fonzio, a professor of Eloquence, wrote in his *Annali*: "Paul Toscanelli, physician and distinguished philosopher, a great example of virtue, who always walked about with bared head even in the fiercest winter, . . . is dead on May 15, at Florence, his native place, aged eighty-five." Another writer informs us that Toscanelli "lived a life of extreme virtue, having no weight upon his conscience"; and still another, who knew the mathematician well, wrote of "Master Paolo, a Physician, Philosopher, and Astrologer, and a Man of Holy Life." He is declared to have been extremely devout, a lover of the Church, and much given to quiet works of charity—a scholar of the most pronounced type, yet not a recluse; a scientist, but also a man of

the strongest human instincts and sympathies.

Such was the man whom tradition has for more than three centuries represented as having been the real instigator of the Columbian discovery of America. Beginning with the Spaniard Bartholome Las Casas, who wrote his *History of the Indies* about the middle of the sixteenth century, a long line of historians reaching all the way down to the present have given implicit credence to the story. In one scholarly book we read that "Toscanelli decided the vocation of Columbus." In another we are assured that "Toscanelli led his age to the discovery of the transatlantic lands." A recent American writer declares that "this Florentine doctor was the first to plant in the mind of Columbus his aspirations for the truths of geography." And a brilliant Frenchman would have us believe that "Toscanelli was the inspirer of Columbus in the sense that it was he who at first indirectly, and afterwards directly, suggested to him the possibility of transatlantic navigation, and convinced him of it." During the past three or four years, however, there have arisen in some quarters grave suspicions that this view is simply one more of those strange delusions which insinuate themselves into our body of knowledge and pass unchallenged until some mind keener than the rest comes along to show them up in their true character. The genius of historical criticism is no respecter of traditions. Since the middle of the last century the critical historian—that arch-fiend of manuscripts and texts, heroic but thankless—has gone stalking through the fairy land which the earlier writers of history created for our enjoyment, striking fearlessly right and left, bedimming

haloes, throwing down crowns from their ancient resting places, and crushing treasured traditions at every step.

Thus, the strenuous Romulus and Remus of the story books are shown most likely to have been mere conveniences invented to vivify the humble beginnings of the city on the Tiber. King Alfred may have been guilty of allowing good cakes to be spoiled by the fire, but we are not to attribute to him conduct so unbecoming simply on the strength of the tale of Athelney. The Dighton rock inscription, so long an object of curiosity and awe among antiquarians, has been proved to be the work merely of some Algonquin Indians, not of Phoenicians who in primeval times sailed into Narragansett Bay and up the Taunton River. Oregon was indeed "saved," but not by the famous midwinter pilgrimage of the missionary Marcus Whitman. The cherry tree of the elder Washington went quite unharmed to its natural death. And now, in these latter days, there are those who calmly assure us that the whole story of how Columbus, about the year 1479, wrote to the Florentine geographer Toscanelli to inquire regarding the possibility of reaching India by sailing westward, and of how Toscanelli replied at length in terms which inspirited the Genoese navigator to his great task, is altogether apocryphal. One may well feel that in criticism of the "burned cakes" or the "cherry tree" type the game is not worth the candle. It makes no great difference whether the facts were one way or the other. But manifestly the Columbus-Toscanelli question is of another sort. The whole character of the discovery of America is vitally bound up in it. Neither the work of

Columbus, nor that of Toscanelli, nor the forces which led to the opening of the Western World to Europe, can be properly estimated until the Florentine be proved either to have played the part tradition ascribes to him or to have been only the subject of careless, if not wilful, misrepresentation.

The Toscanelli story as commonly accepted may be briefly rehearsed. By the third quarter of the fifteenth century the renown of the Florentine as a geographer had become so widespread that he was universally recognized as the highest contemporary authority on all matters pertaining to the size, shape and general configuration of the earth. In 1472 the Portuguese hope of finding a route to the Indies by circumnavigating Africa was shattered for a time by the return of two sailors, Santarem and Escobar, with the information that beyond the Gold Coast the African shore turned southward again and stretched away in that direction so far, apparently, as to preclude the possibility of ever being rounded by ships. The only alternative to the circumnavigation of Africa was the opening of a route directly to the westward—even as men as far back as Aristotle had persistently declared could be done. At the Portuguese court, where interest in the matter was greatest, it was understood that Toscanelli, like Pierre d' Ailly, Roger Bacon, and other later cosmographers, also believed in the possibility of westward navigation to India. Determined to get the Florentine's opinion at first hand, King Alfonso V., through the medium of a monk by the name of Fernam Martins, a canon of Lisbon, made earnest inquiry whether India could indeed be reached by sailing westward, and begged for all the in-

formation on the subject which Toscanelli possessed.

To the king's appeal Toscanelli made answer in a letter addressed to Fernam Martins, June 25, 1474. This letter is of the utmost importance, not merely because of the statement of Toscanelli's views which it contains, but also because a copy of it is said to have been sent to Lisbon for the guidance of Columbus at a later date.

"Whereas I have spoken with you elsewhere," writes the geographer, "concerning a shorter way of going by sea to the lands of spices than that which you are making by Guinea, the most serene King now wishes that I should give some explanation thereof, or rather that I should so set it before the eyes of all that even those who are but moderately learned might perceive that way and understand it."

He then goes on to affirm his belief in the sphericity of the earth and to explain a chart which he had made for the elucidation of his ideas, whereupon were shown

"your shores and the islands from which you may begin to make a voyage continually westwards, and the places whereunto you ought to come, and how much you ought to decline from the pole or from the equinoctial line, and through how much space, i. e., through how many miles, you ought to arrive at the places most fertile in all spices and gems."

Then follows a most extravagant description of the countries and cities of this far-away world—the port of Zaiton where "they say" that every year a hundred large ships of pepper were brought in, besides other vessels bearing other spices; a river on which alone were established about two hundred cities, with "marble bridges of great breadth and length, adorned with columns on every side;" and the noble island of Cipangu, "most fertile in gold and in pearls and gems," where the temples and royal houses were covered

with solid gold. There can be no question that this enticing picture of Eastern Asia was based almost entirely upon the still unpublished but generally familiar account of the travels of Marco Polo. The Indies were declared worthy of being sought by Europeans not only because of the gold, silver, gems, and spices to be obtained there, but also because of the "wise men, learned philosophers and astrologers, by whose genius and arts that mighty and magnificent province is governed." Most important of all was the assertion in a postscript that from Lisbon in a direct line westward "unto the most noble and very great city of Quinsay," there were twenty-six spaces marked on the chart, each corresponding to a distance of 250 miles. This total extent of 6,500 miles was conveniently broken by the interposition of the islands of Antilia and Cipangu, and as it comprised in all but one-third of the circumference of the globe, the ocean-way westward to the Indies was presented in a singularly attractive light. It was much shorter than the route by either the east or the southeast.

According to the results of recent investigations, it was not many years after Toscanelli's letter and chart are alleged to have been sent to the Portuguese court that Columbus abandoned his temporary island home on Porto Santo, three hundred miles out on the mysterious ocean, and took up his residence in Lisbon. The great project of reaching India by sailing to the west had for some time been taking shape in the navigator's brain, and apparently he was now about ready to begin his quest for royal patronage. He, too, had heard of Toscanelli's views, which, if correctly reported, coincided so

perfectly with his own, and, apparently without knowing that King Alfonso had taken a similar step, proceeded to appeal to the Florentine for an authoritative confirmation of the westward theory. As commonly represented, Columbus placed such implicit confidence in the infallibility of Toscanelli that he was willing to be guided almost entirely by his advice. A Florentine merchant by the name of Lorenzo Girardi (or Birardo), who had been doing business in Lisbon, was on the point of returning home, and to him Columbus entrusted his letter of inquiry. This letter has been lost, but the questions which it contained must have been substantially the same as those propounded a few years before by Alfonso. In the course of time—though at just what date cannot be ascertained—the geographer replied by sending Columbus a copy of the letter, and also of the chart, which had been transmitted in 1474 to Fernam Martins. This, it appears from internal evidence, was toward the end of the year 1479—at least after "the wars of Castille," which are generally held to have been terminated by the treaty of Alcantara, September 4th, of that year. The correspondence of the scientist and the prospective navigator is supposed to have continued for some time, though not a vestige of the several letters alleged to have been written by Columbus remains. There is one other extant epistle of Toscanelli—absolutely indefinite as to date, except as limited by the death of the author in May, 1482. It is as follows:

"To Christopher Columbus, Paul, the physician, health:

"I have received thy letters with the things thou didst send me, and with them I received a great favor. I notice thy splendid and lofty desire to sail to the regions

of the east by those of the west, as is shown by the chart which I send you, which would be better shown in the shape of a round sphere; it will please me greatly, should it be understood; and that not only is the said voyage possible, but it is sure and certain, and of honor and countless gain, and of the greatest renown among all Christians. But you will not be able to understand it thoroughly except with experience and discussion, as I have had most fully, and good and true information of mighty men and of great learning, who have come from the said regions here to the Court of Rome, and of other merchants who have long trafficked in those parts, men of great authority. So that when the said journey occurs, it will be to powerful kingdoms and most noble cities and provinces, most rich in all manner of things in great abundance and very necessary to us, as also in all kinds of spices in great quantity, and of jewels in the largest abundance. It will also be to the said kings and princes who are very desirous, more than we are, to have dealing and speech with Christians from our parts, for a great number of them are Christians, and also to have speech and dealing with the learned men and of genius from here, as well in religion as in all the other sciences, because of the great reputation of the empires and administrations of these our parts; for all which things and many others which might be mentioned, I do not wonder that thou who art of great spirit, and the whole nation of the Portuguese, who have always been men noble in all great undertakings, shouldst be seen with heart inflamed and full desire to put into execution the said journey."

Despite the affirmations of countless writers to the contrary, there is absolutely no reason for believing that it was from this or other similar letters of Toscanelli that Columbus derived his first idea of reaching the Indies by sailing westward across the Atlantic. In an era when that idea was as widespread as it undoubtedly was in the later fifteenth century it is invidious to accord the glory of originating it to any particular person. Both Toscanelli and Columbus must have been ardent champions of it long before the time at which their correspondence is supposed to have commenced. As Mr. John Fiske so well said, many years ago, "The originality of Columbus

did not consist in his conceiving the possibility of reaching the shores of Cathay by sailing west, but in his conceiving it in such distinct and practical shape as to be ready to make the adventure in his own person." At the same time, no one would deny that if Columbus actually received letters of the purport of those quoted, and from so renowned an authority as Toscanelli, the effect must have been greatly to encourage him in the enterprise upon which he had set his heart. It is therefore idle to inquire simply whether the Florentine's letters and charts contributed inspiration, if not ideas, to the navigator. The essential question is, Did any such letters and charts ever in fact pass between the two men? If they did, they must have been not wholly without influence.

The basis for an affirmative answer reaches back pretty far, but unfortunately not quite far enough to be conclusive. There has survived to this day a considerable body of the writings of Columbus, but nowhere in them is here the slightest allusion to the alleged correspondence with the Florentine geographer. The earliest extant mention of the Toscanelli letters is to be found in the *Historia de las Indias* written by Bartholome Las Casas about the year 1552. In the course of this book Las Casas, after telling of the inquiry made by Columbus, writes boldly:

"The said Master Paul [Toscanelli] having received the letter from Christopher Columbus, replied in a letter written in Latin, incorporating therein the letter he had written to Hernando Martinez, Canon, which letter I saw and had in my hands, it being translated from Latin into Romance [Spanish]."

Later he adds:

"The marine chart, which he [Toscanelli] sent him, I, who write this history, have in my possession."

Elsewhere we are informed that the author discovered the letter and chart among papers of Columbus which had been committed to his keeping. In view of such unequivocal testimony, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Toscanelli story passed so readily, and apparently so irrevocably, into the body of Columbian history. Many a favored assertion of generations of writers rests upon an ultimate basis not half so substantial. Then, in 1571, was added another testimony which for a long time seemed to lend the quality of absolute conclusiveness. In that year at Venice was published a life of Columbus, attributed to the navigator's son Ferdinand, in which the Toscanelli letter to Fernam Martins [later to Columbus] was given in an Italian translation and was expressly declared to have had great influence upon the discoverer's plans and undertakings.

For the most part, it was in this Italian form that the Toscanelli story was familiar during the next three centuries. Over and over again during this time it was rehearsed by the historians, though the more critically inclined sometimes appeared a trifle uneasy on account of the utter lack of contemporary documentary proof. But at last, in 1871, full three hundred years after the publication of the Italian biography of the discoverer, the long-desired evidence seemed to have been unearthed. M. Henry Harrisse, a nineteenth century explorer of archives, not a whit less indefatigable than the illustrious fifteenth century explorer of western

islands and continents, while delving in the treasures of the *Biblioteca Colombina* at Seville, came upon a text no less interesting than what appeared very clearly to be a copy in Columbus's own handwriting, in Latin, of the very letter which Las Casas declared that Toscanelli sent to Fernam Martins in 1474, and later to the discoverer himself. Curiously enough, the document was found on a blank page at the end of a book (the *Historia Rerum Ubique Gestarum* of Aeneas Silvius—later Pope Pius II.), which had long been known to have belonged to Columbus, and on whose margins numerous notes written by the owner had already been deciphered by the Seville librarian. Though M. Harrisse's discovery was the occasion of much controversy, and even unseemly diatribes by certain persons who came forward to assert that nothing had been revealed with which they were not already quite familiar, it became the consensus of opinion that full and final confirmation had at last been added to the Toscanelli chapter in American history. And though perhaps no very serious skepticism on the subject had ever as yet displayed itself, scholars experienced something of the pleasurable sensation of assurance which must ever follow the throwing of new and larger evidence about a fact hitherto half-suspected.

Thus matters stood until quite recently. It is impossible here to describe the intricate processes of criticism by which the whole Toscanelli story has once more been involved in extreme doubt. It may be of interest, however, to call attention to a few of the more pertinent charges which are being made against it, and in some respects surprisingly well sustained, in the court

of the critical historian. The most elaborate case of the sort is that which has been worked out by Mr. Henry Vignaud, First Secretary of the United States Embassy at Paris and Vice-President of the Paris Society of Americanists. In a recent book, Toscanelli and Columbus, together with certain supplementary letters and papers, this brilliant young critic has so far succeeded in demolishing the supposed connection of Toscanelli with the discovery of America that no adherent of the old view—not even a scholar of such ingenuity as Sir Clements Markham of the Royal Geographical Society of England—has been able to withstand the flood of arguments adduced. Over against the traditional Columbus-Toscanelli story has been set a body of evidence fairly bewildering in its variety and cumulative effect.

In the first place, we are reminded of the fact already mentioned that nowhere in his voluminous notes and correspondence does the discoverer refer in any manner to the Florentine, save in the supposed transcript letter on the fly-leaf of the *Historia Rerum*; and this despite the equally patent fact that Columbus habitually took pains to back up his own views with frequent allusions to those of his contemporaries. As Mr. Vignaud well says, "The great navigator was not one of those close spirits who work out in solitude their problems and who make a secret of their ideas. He was, on the contrary, a talker. He spoke and wrote much; and with respect to the origin of his great design, he has shown himself to be highly communicative in carefully recording every trifle which had been contributed to the formation of his plan." If Toscanelli had been "a source of

information and encouragement, he would certainly have been referred to by the discoverer along with Aristotle, Seneca, Strabo, Pliny, Pierre d'Ailly, and Roger Bacon. It is significant that all of the original texts of the alleged correspondence have disappeared. At the very least, taking the story at its face value, there must have been made not fewer than five copies of the geographer's two letters to Columbus. Of the first letter, for example, a copy is declared to have been sent to Fernam Martins, another to the discoverer, and a third must have been preserved by the Florentine if he was able after an interval of several years to transmit a duplicate; similarly there must have been at least two autograph copies of the second letter. Not only is there absolutely no trace of any of these among the papers of either party, but, as has been pointed out, not a vestige remains of the several letters which Columbus is assumed to have written. Las Casas doubtless had a letter of the sort he mentions, and one which he perhaps supposed to be genuine, but he might easily have been imposed upon, as we know that he not infrequently was in other matters. The testimony of the supposed biography by Ferdinand Columbus has to be thrown out of court entirely, not simply because there is serious question as to its authenticity, but the more because it was only an indifferent Italian translation of Las Casas and so adds no weight of authority whatever. Las Casas is thus left to stand absolutely alone as an authority for the Toscanelli story until M. Harrisse's discovery in the *Columbina* thirty years ago. The Portuguese writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries make no mention of the corre-

spondence of Columbus and Toscanelli, or even of the relations between the Florentine and Alfonso V. The custodian of the Royal Archives who wrote the biography of Alfonso evidently knew nothing of such relations. There is not even the slightest evidence that the king was at all interested in the project of westward navigation to India. Moreover, except for Toscanelli's alleged letter addressed to him, we should never have heard of such a person as Fernam Martins. He is quite unknown to the chronicles and other writings of the time. We have a list of the Lisbon canons about 1480, but there is no Fernam Martins in it. There was at the Portuguese court a Martyns called Estevam, but he was not a canon. This very fact points toward a forgery, in which just such an inaccuracy would be more than likely to occur. Furthermore, among all the archives of Italy, including the papers and correspondence left by Toscanelli, there is not a shred of evidence that the geographer had any relations whatever with the Portuguese court, or with Columbus. Although the geographer's Florentine friends made frequent mention of him in their writings, and of his scientific views and interests, they at no time credit him with having any correspondence with Portuguese royalty, or with the discoverer of the new lands in the West.

Still there remains the letter preserved by Las Casas, and found in the Latin form by M. Harrissee. Does not its existence invalidate, or at least render irrelevant, all the considerations which have just been noted? If it is what it purports to be, it unquestionably does. If the letter is a genuine translation of an authenticated document, the oppo-

nents of the Toscanelli theory have little left upon which to stand. Conversely, if it can be proved a forgery the view represented by Mr. Vignaud and his school must be voted a complete triumph. The entire issue thus narrows itself to a controversy regarding the authenticity of a single document a few hundred words in length.

As a result of scrutinizing comparison of the fly-leaf copy attributed to Columbus with writing known to be that of the discoverer, scholars who adhere to the traditional view declare that its authenticity is left without a shadow of a doubt. But there are those who are almost equally sure that the handwriting is not that of Columbus at all. Without entering into details the essential points in the new school's view are (1) that the letter attributed to Toscanelli comprises nothing more or less than the cosmographical system worked out by Columbus himself after his first voyage of discovery in 1492; (2) that it represents a forgery in the interest of the discoverer's good name and fame,—an attempt to invest his enterprises with the renown of the great Florentine,—probably the work of Bartholomew Columbus with the complicity of Las Casas, and (3) that the Latin text discovered by M. Harrissee in the *Historia Rerum* was the work of Bartholomew, who is known to have written a hand very similar to the discoverer's, and to have been the author of numerous notes intermingled on the margins of this and other books with those written by his brother. Every point in this chain of argument is more or less conclusively fortified with evidence, and if the half of what is affirmed be accepted as true, not only are

Bartholomew Columbus and Las Casas shown up in a pretty bad light but the illustrious Florentine geographer is completely eliminated from the annals of American history.

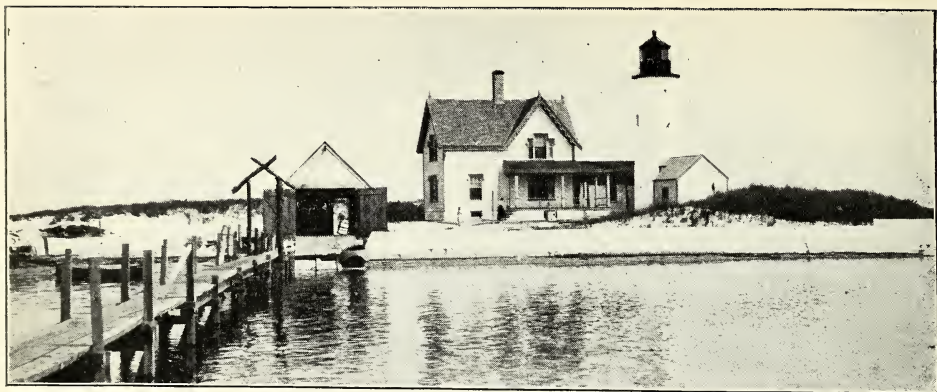
What the outcome of the controversy will be cannot be predicted with any degree of confidence. It is quite possible that new and decisive evidence on the one side or the other will yet be discovered, and the scale of debate be turned accordingly. For it must be confessed that, while the critics have succeeded in undermining the old representation of the subject to such an extent that it now appears very untrustworthy, they have nevertheless failed thus far to make out so clear a case on the new basis as to command instant and complete agreement on the part of cautious students. The facts which, despite all uncertainties, may be taken as permanently settled are (1)

Columbus drew his geographical ideas from a great variety of sources, not from Toscanelli or any other one person; (2) such of these sources as the discoverer expressly mentions contain more than enough information and suggestions to piece out such a geographical system as Columbus appears to have had before the first voyage in 1492; and (3) if Columbus actually received such a chart as that which has hitherto passed under Toscanelli's name, he manifestly showed no disposition to be guided by it in his crossing of the Atlantic. The meaning of all this is that, whatever the conclusion which may be arrived at regarding the authenticity of the alleged correspondence, Toscanelli can no longer be represented with justice as the teacher and inspirer of the Genoan, or in any real sense as the ultimate patron of the discovery of America.

Caged

By HELEN A. SAXON

BEHIND the bars with endless, even stride,
 Unknowing hope or fear, cadaverous, lean,
 Yet not without a certain royal mien,
 The captive paced, and with a mournful pride
 Gazed past his curious gazers in a wide
 Far look as one who sees his own between
 The bars—that dream-illumined “might have been”
 To him, alas, forevermore denied.
 And in among the gay, diverted crowd
 Stood one who, watching, marked the lissome grace,
 The powerful frame, the shapely limbs and proud
 High bearing made for freedom, fleetness, space,
 But wasting here in apathy; and in
 His heart he shuddered, knowing they were kin.



SANDY NECK LIGHT.

Yarmouth--A Typical Cape Cod Town

By ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS

"THIS is a glorious sunset," a visitor in Yarmouth once remarked to a native of the place. The man addressed gave a grudging glance toward the panorama of the heavens, radiant in violet, rose, and amber, and returned succinctly, "Don't think much o' 'em, seen too many of 'em."

But while this lack of appreciation is by no means common among the natives of Cape Cod, they perhaps by reason of lifelong association fail to see the quaint and picturesque charm in the towns and villages around them, which to visitors from other parts of the country is as distinctly characteristic as are the beautiful sunsets. Much might be written of Provincetown, so many of whose inhabitants are of foreign birth or parentage; of Hyannis with its fine harbor and attractive streets and the claim of being the only Cape town which now shows a steady growth; or of picturesque little Wellfleet, made famous by Marconi and his wireless telegraphy.

But each of these is, in a sense, an exception.

A town more nearly typical of Cape Cod villages as a whole, in past enterprise and present passivity, is Yarmouth; which, like the grandmother she is, after having sent her offspring out into all parts of the world, has settled down to the enjoyment of a serene old age. The earliest mention of this vicinity in history comes under the date of 1622 when, there being a dearth of food at Plymouth, Governor Bradford with a company of men sailed around the Cape and after stops at other places, bought at Nauset and Mattachiest (Yarmouth) twenty-eight hogsheads of beans and corn. The following year Miles Standish came to Mattachiest or Mattacheese to buy corn of the natives, and being forced to lodge in the Indian houses became convinced that there was a desire to kill him on the part of the Indians. Here also "some trifles were missed." These were only a few beads, but the little captain

with his usual intrepidity demanded restitution, which the sachem caused to be made, and then ordered more corn to be given the visitors by way of recompense.

In 1637 liberty was granted Mr. Stephen Hopkins to erect a house at Mattacheese and cut hay there to winter his cattle, provided that he should not withdraw from the town of Plymouth. Others soon followed in his footsteps and the permanent settlement of Yarmouth was made in 1639, and by October of that year so well established was the town that the court ordered "a pair of stocks and a pound to be erected."

Among the most prominent men of this period were Anthony Thacher, John Crow (Crowell), and Thomas Howes; descendants of whom, bearing the same names, may still be found within a few miles of this early settlement. The first of these, Antony Thacher (as he spelled his own name), was a man of education and refinement, for in records still in existence he is mentioned as curate for his brother, the Rev. Peter Thacher, rector of St. Edmunds, Salisbury, England, from 1631 to 1634. He had been with the colony at Leyden, and is said to have had almost as many adventures by land and sea as the hero of the *Odyssey*. In the "Swan Song of Parson Avery," the poet Whittier had told of the shipwreck off Cape Ann on the night of August 14, 1635, when twenty-one out of twenty-three persons were drowned, the two escaping being Anthony Thacher and his wife. Mr. Thacher's letter to his brother Peter, written a few days after the wreck; is remarkable for unaffected pathos and Christian faith. It begins:

"I must turn my drowned pen and shaking hand to indite the story of such sad

news as never before this happened in New England. There was a league of perpetual friendship between my cousin Avery and myself, never to forsake each other to the death, but to be partakers of each other's misery or welfare, as also of habitation in the same place. Now upon our arrival in New England, there was an offer made unto us. My cousin Avery was invited to *Marblehead* to be their pastor in due time; there being no church planted there as yet, but a town appointed to set up the trade of fishing. Because many there (the most being fishermen) were something loose and remiss in their behavior, my cousin Avery was unwilling to go thither, and so refusing, we went to *Newbury*, intending there to sit down. But being solicited so often, both by the men of the place and by the magistrates, and by Mr. Cotton, and most of the ministers, who alleged what a benefit we might be to the people there, and also to the country and commonwealth, at length we embraced it, and thither consented to go. They of *Marblehead* forthwith sent a pinnace for us and our goods. We embarked at *Ipswich*, August 11, 1635, with our families and substance, bound for *Marblehead*, we being in all twenty-three souls, viz: eleven in my cousin's family, seven in mine, and one Mr. William Elliot sometime of *New Sarum*, and four mariners."

After a vivid description of the storm and shipwreck, and the casting ashore of himself and wife upon an island, where provisions and articles of clothing were also washed ashore, Mr. Thacher's letter thus concludes:

"Thus the Lord sent us some clothes to put on, and food to sustain our new lives, which we had lately given unto us, and means also to make a fire for in an hour I had some gunpowder, which to mine own (and since to other men's) admiration was dry. So taking a piece of my wife's neckcloth, which I dried in the sun, I struck a fire, and so dried and warmed our wet bodies, and then skinned the goat, and having found a small brass pot we boiled some of her. Our drink was brackish water. Bread we had none. There we remained until Monday following, when about three of the clock in the afternoon, in a boat that came that way, we went off that desolate island which I named after my name 'Thacher's Woe,' and the

rock 'Avery, his fall,' to the end that their fall and loss and mine own, might be had in perpetual remembrance. In the isle lieth buried the body of my cousin's eldest daughter, whom I found dead on the shore. On the Tuesday following, in the afternoon, we arrived at *Marblehead*."

In the Massachusetts Colonial Records, under date of September 3, 1635, is the following:

"It is ordered that there shall be forty marks given to Mr. Thacher out of the treasury towards his greate losses."

And under date of March 9, 1636-7:

"Mr. Anthony Thacher had granted him the small iland at the head of Cape Ann (vpon wch hee was pserved from shipwrack) as his pp inheritance."

And Thacher's Island still bears his name.

From Marblehead Mr. Thacher went to Mattacheese (Yarmouth) and built a house—in which he died—near the salt marsh on the north shore of the town, and in the vicinity of that built by Stephen Hopkins. For eleven years Mr. Thacher represented the town of Yarmouth in the General Court at Plymouth. John, a son of Anthony, also held several public offices, being for nearly twenty years a member of the Provincial Council. He also held the rank of Colonel, and at his death in Yarmouth was buried with military honors. John Thacher married Rebecca Winslow, a niece of the first Governor Winslow, and the Thacher Genealogy furnishes this interesting anecdote concerning this couple:

"On his return to Yarmouth with his bride and company, they stopped at the house of Colonel Gorham, at Barnstable (town adjoining Yarmouth). In the merry conversation with the newly married couple, an infant was introduced, about three weeks old, and it was observed to Mr. Thacher that it was born on such a

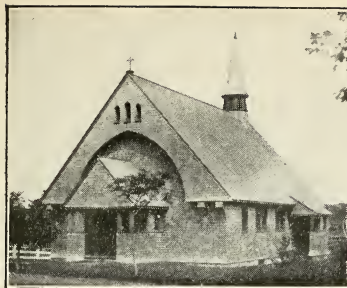
night, he replied that it was the very night he was married; and taking the child in his arms, presented her to his bride saying, 'Here, my dear, is a little lady born on the same night that we were married. I wish you would kiss it as I intend to have her for my second wife.' 'I will, my dear,' she replied, 'to please you, but I hope it will be a long time before you have that pleasure.' So taking the babe she pressed it to her lips, and gave it a kiss. This jesting prediction was eventually verified. Mr. Thacher's wife died, and the child, Lydia Gorham, arriving at mature age actually became his wife, January 1, 1684, O. S.

"Tradition also furnishes the following anecdote concerning the manner of obtaining the second wife. After the death of his first wife, John, while riding in Barnstable, saw a horse belonging to his son Peter tied to a tree in front of Colonel Gorham's residence, and as a thoughtful parent is inclined, he went in to see what his son was doing, and found that he had advanced considerably in a suit with Miss Lydia, whom the father had prophetically declared would be his second wife; and whether it was on account of that prophecy, or that he had had his attention called to the girl before, he took Peter aside and offered him ten pounds, old tenor, and a yoke of black steers, if he would resign his claims.

As to whether Peter was satisfied with this transaction, tradition sayeth not; but it was the father and not the son who married Miss Lydia.

Besides Mattacheese, the old township included Hockanom, Nobscusset, and Sursuit, (North and East Dennis); to which latter location Richard Sears of Leyden and Plymouth led a company in 1643, and many sons and daughters of Yarmouth today are proud to trace their ancestry back to "Richard the Pilgrim." In the ancient cemetery, not far from the site of the first dwellings erected, the descendants of Richard Sears have raised a fine granite monument to his memory.

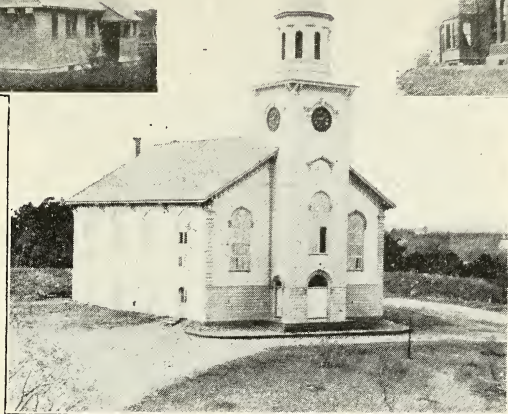
In common with all New England, at this period the church took precedence of the town; indeed no set-



CATHOLIC CHAPEL.



LIBRARY
PRESENTED BY
NATHAN MATTHEWS, SR.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Photos by Elmer W. Hallett

tlement was recognized as such until it had its church and minister. So in Yarmouth the church antedated the incorporation of the township by several months. The first church building undoubtedly stood on the spot known as Fort Hill, near the old burying ground—a log house, 30 by 40 feet, with oiled paper in place of window glass—and to this rude little building the faithful were called together on Sabbath morning by beat of drum. And it became all to be faithful in those days, for according to a record of 1655,

“If anyone denied the Scriptures to be a rule of life he was to receive corporal punishment at the hands of the magistrates.”

and two men were fined ten shillings each for disturbance at the Yarmouth meeting house, and others five shillings for smoking tobacco “at the end of the meeting house on the Lord’s day in time of

exercise.” The first minister was Mr. Marmaduke Matthews, the eloquent Welshman, who was matriculated at All Souls’ College, Oxford, 1623, and came to New England in 1638. Among his successors was the Rev. Timothy Alden, a direct descendant of John Alden, and who for nearly sixty years, from 1769 to 1828, occupied the pulpit. Several years after the building of the first church, a more pretentious place of worship was erected on the main street of the village. This in turn gave place to another and larger structure on nearly the same site; one with a high pulpit, sounding board, and square pews, which in course of time was remodelled to conform to more modern ideas. In 1870, however, the present place of worship was erected on the main street, but farther west than the old one which was sold and for a number of years used as a store and Post

Office, while the second floor, after being put to various uses was fitted up by the C. C. C. Club, (Cape Cod Central,) as their place of meeting. Unfortunately, however, during December, 1902, the old building, a familiar landmark for so many years, was burnt to the ground.

Rev. Timothy Alden has been described as "a little man with his antique wig, small clothes, and three-cornered hat, witty and wise." He lived to complete his ninety-third year. Among his writings is

town were nearly as numerous as the white people." And to the early settlers belongs the honor of fair treatment of these natives. In 1657 Messhatampaine acknowledged that he had been fully paid and satisfied for every parcel of land sold to Anthony Thacher, John Crowell, and Thomas Howes, of Yarmouth. Rev. John W. Dodge, for many years pastor of the first church (congregational), has preserved a number of interesting anecdotes of the native inhabitants. Among these is the



SANDY SIDE (SIMPKINS ESTATE), BUILT BY THE LATE RUTH S. SIMPKINS.

Photo by Elmer W. Hallett

much valuable information concerning the Indians. For many years the southern part of the town of Yarmouth was an Indian reservation, and mission work was at once begun by the church people. During the ministry of Rev. Thomas Thornton, 1667-1693, there were said to have been nearly two hundred praying Indians in town under two native teachers. Writing in 1794 Mr. Alden says, "Within the memory of some the Indians in this

story of Elisha Nauhaught, which Whittier has woven into verse in his poem, "Nauhaught the Deacon." The dwelling of this intrepid hero stood on the shore of what is now known as Long Pond, in South Yarmouth; and near this place a late owner of the grounds, Dr. Azariah Eldridge erected a monument formed of a pile of stone on the upper of which is the inscription:

ON THIS SLOPE LIE BURIED
THE LAST OF THE NATIVE INDIANS
OF YARMOUTH.

The town of Yarmouth extends from shore to shore across what Taureau has called "the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts;" but though incorporated as one township, it has several divisions with a Post Office in each. Thus there are: Yarmouth, Yarmouth Port, West Yarmouth and South Yarmouth; the two latter are villages by themselves, South Yarmouth being formerly known as Quaker Village, and still longer ago as South Sea. Between Yarmouth proper, however, and the Port there is no visible dividing line and both are commonly spoken of as Yarmouth, the two portions designated as "up and down street."

It is a proud tradition of the town that when, in 1776, Captain Joshua Gray had the drum beat to raise volunteers to reinforce Washington at Dorchester Heights, eighty-one men—one half the effective force of the town—were next day on the march. In the same year, when the towns were requested to express their opinion whether, if Congress should declare the Independence of the Colonies, the people would sustain them in the act, the town voted unanimously,

"That the inhabitants of the town of Yarmouth do declare a state of independence of the King of Great Britain, agreeable to a late resolve of the General Court, in case the wisdom of Congress should see proper to do it."

Common schools, next in importance to the church in the interests of the early settlers, were well founded here, and today compare favorably with those of New England cities. To the agricultural pursuits of the first white inhabitants was soon added another, that of securing the



THE LATE JOHN SIMPKINS,
*Representative to Congress from the 13th
Massachusetts District*

Photo by James L. Breece, N. Y.

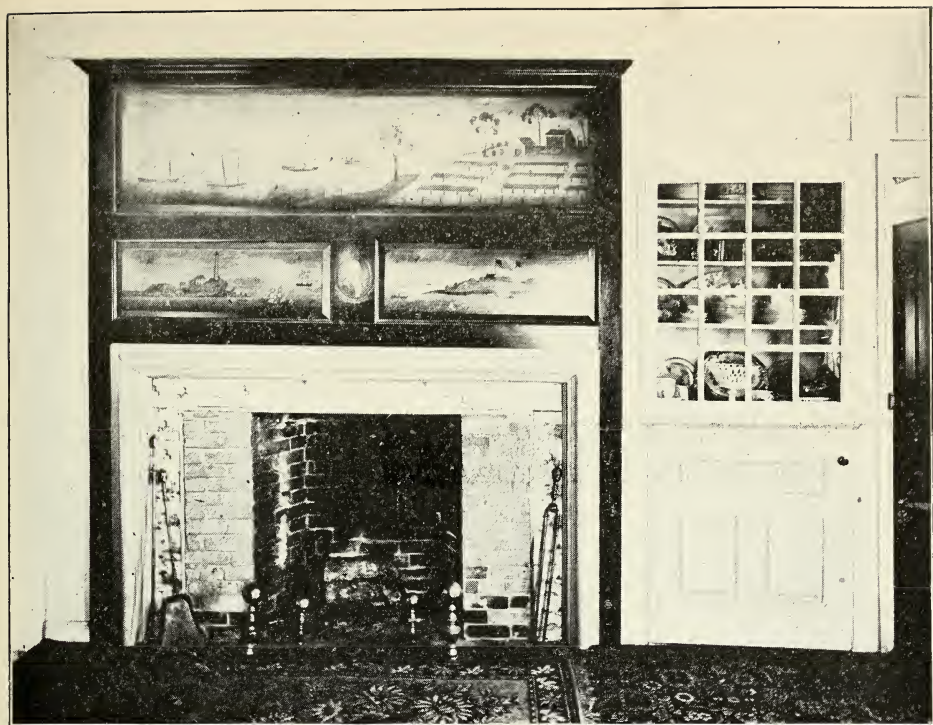
"drift" whales, which in those days were cast upon the shores within the bounds of Yarmouth. Later the business of whaling was originated, and for a hundred years proved vastly profitable. Previous to and immediately after the Revolution, cod fishery was extensively engaged in, and the coasting business to southern and European ports. During the Revolutionary war, owing to the high price of common salt, attention was turned to the question of producing salt from sea water through solar evaporation, and before the end of the eighteenth century a native of this vicinity had invented and perfected a set of contrivances by means of which this end was accomplished. This invention of salt works brought about a business of great profit to the town and vicinity for nearly fifty years and until through the abolition of duties on foreign salt and the development of

sources of supply in our own land, the business ceased to be of profit. Until within comparatively a few years, however, the remains of the salt works, with their windmills, formed a picturesque feature of the landscape in the southern part of the town. Between the years 1820 and 1861, when American shipping was at its height, Yarmouth furnished many shipmasters who had no superiors. Contemporary with this engagement in foreign commerce, mackerel fishing and ship-building were carried on nearer home and flourished for a while, but came to an end, practically, with the Civil war.

Between sixty and seventy years ago Henry Hall of Dennis discovered the art of cultivating the cranberry, thus making available the many swamps and marshes throughout the Cape towns. Yarmouth, in common with her neighbors, has found cranberry growing more lucrative than any previous branch of industry, despite the many enemies of the vines and berries in the way of insects and early frosts, and Cape Cod cranberries have acquired a reputation for excellence which extends beyond New England. As is often the case however with other industries, overproduction has of late years interfered somewhat in the way of profit. A ten acre bog in Yarmouth was bought a few years ago by a retired ship-captain for \$6,000, though the former owner was for some time reluctant to let it go at so low a figure. From this, in some seasons, four hundred or more barrels of berries have been shipped. When picking begins, the bog is lined off into rows a few feet in width and two pickers placed in each row, while the overseer looks out that no row is left unfinished. Dur-

ing the season, one who is up betimes of a morning may see cart loads of sunbonneted women and broad-brimmed hatted men en route to the cranberry bogs. Merry companies they are too, for there seems to be a fascination about the work difficult to understand by the uninitiated, especially when the pickers come home tired and lame after a day on their knees. They claim, however, that the lameness wears off after a few days—and one must believe it when told that during the noon hour, after the lunches are disposed of, the pickers sometimes repair to the cranberry house, where an accordion or harmonica is brought out and to their enlivening strains the young folks “trip the light fantastic toe” until the one o’clock signal is given, when work must be resumed.

The Yarmouth of to-day presents a long and broad main street, lined on either side by elms which form an arch high overhead as one drives through the Port, falsifying the assertion that nothing can grow from Cape Cod soil; though the early settlers evidently labored under a similar delusion, for in the belief that nothing else would flourish they set out numerous silver-leaved poplars, particularly in the lower (eastern) and older part of the village, and these continue to grow and increase notwithstanding the vigorous attempts to eradicate a second generation. A broad blue sweep of ocean is in sight from the streets of the Port, and glimpses of it may be had all down through the village; while away to the northwest Sandy Neck stretches out its barren length and supports its lonely lighthouse. For two miles or more an unbroken line of buildings extends on either side of the street, ending in the low-



FIREPLACE IN OLD THACHER HOUSE, NOW OCCUPIED BY J. G. HALLETT.

Photo by Elmer W. Hallett

er part of the village near a stream known as White's Brook, named for Jonathan White, a son of the Perigrine White, who was born on board the Mayflower while she lay at anchor in Provincetown harbor. Other reminders of this family may be seen in the old cemetery, where on more than one tombstone one may read, under a coating of moss, the name Perigrine White.

Among the buildings included in these two miles are five churches, a new-comer among these being the little Roman Catholic church of The Sacred Heart, dedicated in 1902. Nearly opposite the Congregational church is a large school house, containing rooms for all grades from Primary to High. A little farther up street is a modern and pretty public hall, a Public Library, Na-

tional Bank, and various offices and stores. Here, too, is a printing office, from which is issued weekly the "Yarmouth Register"; a paper now in its sixty-seventh volume and ably edited for more than half a century by the late Hon. Charles F. Swift, a man closely identified up to the time of his death in May 1903, with the best interests of the town and county. The literary work of Mr. Swift is of lasting value, his "History of Cape Cod" and "History of Old Yarmouth" being recognized as standard authorities. And to the latter the writer is indebted for many facts given in this article.

Leading off from the main street and on a slight eminence, is *Sandy Side*, the residence of the late Congressman John Simpkins, representative from the thirteenth Massachu-

setts district; a young man whose death in 1898 is still mourned throughout the town in whose public life he was so actively interested. *Sandy Side* is still the summer home of members of the Simpkins family, the house in its setting of green lawns being a prominent object as one nears the railway station. A little farther west is *Mattachese*, the summer residence of Dr. Gorham Bacon of New York, a connection, by marriage, of the same family. Another homestead, attractive in the midst of well kept grounds, was for many years the home of Azariah Eldridge, D. D., a native of Yarmouth, who, after spending the active years of his life elsewhere, came back to pass his declining days in the old town. For several years Dr. Eldridge was pastor of the American Chapel in Paris, France, and he has been honored by a memorial at Yale.

The Yarmouth Institute—a society for literary improvement—has existed with slight interruption since 1829, with a course of lectures or musical entertainments each winter. Later social organizations are the Colonial Club, C. C. C. Club (already referred to), the Woman's Clubs, and Village Improvement Society. About a mile from the village and on the road to Hyannis is the Yarmouth Campground—a fine oak grove covering more than thirty acres—where annual meetings have been held for the last forty-one years. The grounds are attractively laid out, with a small park near the entrance, and though not elaborate the cottages are pleasantly inviting. Near the centre of the grounds is the Tabernacle, with a seating capacity of seventeen hundred; and here some of the

ablest preachers of the Methodist Conference may be heard.

Yarmouth was the native place of the twin brothers, Edward and Nathan Matthews; the former the father of Prof. Brander Matthews, the well known writer, while a son of the latter is Nathan Matthews, ex-mayor of Boston. The Public Library of the town was a gift from Nathan Matthews, Sr. Here, also, was the early home of J. Montgomery Sears, the Boston multi-millionaire; and it is to the generosity of the father of this gentleman, Mr. Joshua Sears, that Yarmouth is indebted for her fine system of graded schools. Three Yarmouth ship masters have successively been in command of the missionary brig and steamer, *Morning Star*, namely: Captains Nathaniel Matthews, William Hallet, and Isaiah Bray. Indeed sea captains from this town have found their way into foreign ports the world over. One can tell of a visit to Pitcairn Island, that interesting and rarely visited community with its unique history: while others have romantic tales sufficient to make a volume in themselves; stories of travels in the Holy Land; of adventures in Chinese ports; of shipwrecks, of pirates and mutinies, thrilling indeed when heard at first hand. Few Yarmouth young men are now following a sea-faring life, but many of an earlier generation, now retired, contribute immeasurably to the air of prosperous content, which is as distinctly a part of the old town as that salt breath of the sea which is ever present. By far, the greater number of sea captains, however, have many years since gone out on a last Long Voyage.

In the lower part of the village stands a milestone still bearing in distinct characters the date of its

erection in 1720. For many years a touch of the picturesque was given by an old windmill standing a short distance back from the main street, but unfortunately its unappreciative owner allowed it to fall into decay; one by one its lofty arms weakened and fell, till now only the tower remains—a sombre reminder of other days. In September 1889, Yarmouth celebrated her quarter millennial, and, as was fitting from the fact that the church antedated the

Indeed, a small proportion of them have been built within the last fifty years. One of these old houses, which however does not show its age, is the Thacher homestead built in 1680; a large two story house on the main street. Another, nearer the northern shore, dates back from a hundred and fifty to two hundred years, though the exact time of its erection is not known. It is supposed to have been built by Judah Thacher, a grandson of Anthony,



CHANDLER GRAY HOUSE. TAKEN DOWN IN 1899.

organization of the township, the exercises were opened on Sunday, September 1, by union services at the First Church; on which occasion the pastor, Rev. Mr. Dodge, was assisted by Rev. Jeremiah Taylor, D. D., of Boston, a grandson of Rev. Timothy Alden. On the third of September, the anniversary of the town was celebrated by her sons and daughters from all over the country. Many of the residences on the long main street are very old.

and upon the death of its builder passed to his son, Hon. David Thacher. This house is today the home of Mr. James G. Hallet, and one of its rooms remains as it was left by Mr. Thacher upon his death in 1802, and as it is said to have been fitted up by him for the entertainment of his grand company. In this old parlor the woodwork extends to the ceiling, that over the fireplace being of polished mahogany and embellished with paintings of consider-

able pretention. The work is said to have been done by a French artist. The scene on one side represents the lights at the mouth of Boston harbor as they were at that time, and the other is a view of Fort Warren. The tiles around the fireplace are of porcelain, probably from Holland, and very quaint and curious. The painting on the fire-board itself shows an old fashioned house, (supposed to be the one of which this room is a part) with fish-flakes near by, and in the background Sandy Neck and the harbor, with several vessels in the curious rig of that day, while in the centre is an elaborate portrait of George Washington, and beneath it the words, "The President of the United States." This fact seems to show that the work was done during Washington's administration. Hon. David Thacher, whose taste was thus displayed, was a man of prominence during the Revolution, and one of wealth and influence. For twenty-seven years he represented Yarmouth in the state Legislature and was for two years senator for this county. At the election in 1798 he was re-elected Representative but declined, whereupon the following vote was passed:

"Voted, gratitude and thanks to David Thacher Esq. for the good service done the town for the number of years past, he being aged and declined the service any longer."

As the "Yarmouth Register" has remarked: "This is rather a contrast to the way ex-Representatives are treated in these days."

Another old house, in the upper part of the village, with a two story front and lean-to back, known to the present generation as the Chandler Gray house, is supposed to have been built about two hundred years

ago by Jonathan Hallett; passing from him to his son Thomas, who in turn left it to his adopted son Joshua Gray by whom it was bequeathed to his son Chandler Gray. Captain Joshua has already been referred to as the commander of the company of men who marched to help erect the fortifications at Dorchester Heights, and on the night preceding their march, the loyal mothers and daughters of Yarmouth gathered in one of the front chambers of this old house, bringing their pewter dishes and other articles, which they melted into bullets with which to supply their brave husbands and fathers. It seems unfortunate that so historically interesting a building could not have been preserved indefinitely; but grown feeble with age, the ancient house was torn down in May 1899, at which time workmen found reminders of the olden days in the presence of a few bullets around the capacious chimney.

Many another old house, in common with those all over the Cape, is rich in the product of foreign lands, for long before imported needle-work and bric-a-brac was common in the city stores, the wives, daughters, and sweet-hearts of Cape Cod sea-captains were in possession of rare and beautiful articles which might quite have turned the heads of some of their inland sisters: satins, pine-apple cloths, embroidered pongees and India muslins, as well as elaborate India easy chairs, huge palm-leaf fans, inlaid tables and boxes, and articles of exquisite carvings in rose-wood, ivory, and sandal-wood. One Yarmouth housewife has been seen rolling out her pastry with a rolling pin of polished rose-wood with ivory handles, while the wife



OLD HALL HOMESTEAD, NOW OCCUPIED BY HERBERT LOWELL AND FAMILY.

Photo by Elmer W. Hallett

of another sea-captain has a set of gray pearls from the Orient, rare and beautiful; and indeed it seems safe to say that there are today laid carefully away in chests of camphor or sandal-wood, dress patterns in silk, velvet or muslin, which have never known the touch of shears. Indeed some of these old rooms are literal curiosity shops, containing not only the products of lands from "Greenland's icy mountains," to "India's coral strands," but rich in many quaint articles of furniture and household adornment handed down from the early settlers.

Speaking from a more practical standpoint, however, it seems that unless some new industry is started to prevent the younger people from

going elsewhere, Yarmouth has seen her best days. To many it has seemed that the much talked of Cape Cod ship canal could not be undertaken at a better location than here, from the fact that a natural waterway extends nearly across the Cape at this point, this waterway being formed by Bass river on the south, and Chase's Garden river on the north; a tributary to the latter being White's brook.

As it is, however, many an old house is today closed and tenantless, or opened only during the summer. Many another has but a single occupant; but whatever her future may be, Yarmouth will ever be rich in memories of by-gone days.

White Phlox

By WINNIFRED KING

HALF-WAY up the attic stairs Ates's stockinged footsteps ceased, and a sheepish voice quavered down to the Bridges family below.

"Say, when you write to a lady is it proper to begin, 'My dear?'—oh, Willie, don't! Don't, I say! You leave me be."

Will Bridges, having dragged Ates down stairs by the coat collar, stood him, a dejected, petitionary figure, against the wall.

"Unfold the matter," he commanded.

"Hey?"

"Out with it!"

"I ain't got nothing to tell," Ates answered sulkily. "Do make 'em stop, Miss Bridges."

Aunt Esther was powerless to do anything but talk.

"Well, I never!" she said. "Is this what you've been setting up in front of the old Reed place for, Ates? If you're thinking about getting married, I shall—*quillwheel*." This was her direst and most mysterious threat, indicative of her own total annihilation, and of what other unknown horrors no man can tell.

Ates blushed so violently, and cast his eyes about so piteously at the mention of the Reed place, that at length Will, who carried a soft heart under his laugh, relented.

"Come, Kid," he said to his small brother, Henry, "stop dancing around him. You look like a puppy after a discouraged old cat. We'll let him go for to-night."

Ates gratefully picked up his shoes and climbed the stairs again, while Aunt Esther sank back in her chair quite overpowered.

"Well, I never!" she repeated, with an air of being unable to say any more. After protracted meditation, she added, "I have always said that what spoiled Ates was his birthday. If he'd picked out some other time he'd have been all right, but as 'twas, he was born in June, right in between hay and grass, and he ain't ever been either. Ates in love!"

The absurdity of the suggestion might have been felt by anyone who had seen Ates as the Bridges family saw him every night, when punctually at half-past seven he took down his rusty Bible and read aloud from it. With long legs twisted about the chair, and shoulders bent together until his coffee-colored whiskers brushed the page, he would thumb the leaves in anxious search. When he had made his choice he would bring the lamp close to his face and sit with arms outstretched over the table, embracing the lamp and the book behind it. Often, when he had raised his nodding head from the hard words and involved constructions, he would say with pathetic reverence,

"This's an awful good book, boys, but it's powerful hard to understand"

"He's been working for your father fifteen years, Will, and reading his Bible regular every evening without ever showing any signs of

being sentimental," Aunt Esther continued. "Now if it was you, Will, I'd be glad to hear of it."

Will laughed the laugh of the scornful and wondered in his presumption if the time would ever come when a woman meant half as much to him as the making of good, clear red and black lines on white paper.

"Not I, Auntie," he answered. "I've something better to do than that."

He delighted in making diagrams of strange engine-things, whereby he ate the sweet bread of independence during the days when he was acquiring Wisdom. Even vacations at home were thus occupied. In his practical scheme of life women were interesting but unnecessary phenomena.

The next evening in the democracy of the store Will told the joke about his father's hired man to an appreciative audience, who prepared torture against the coming of their victim. Ates stepped in quietly, and over in a dark corner of the store was looking at stationery.

"Can't I get any 'thout I get a whole boxful?" he inquired. "That blue's real pretty," he meditated ruefully, and brushed one finger lightly over the smooth surface; but a chorus of laughter behind made him start and face about.

"Going to write to her on store paper, Ates?"

"Cost too much; thirty-five cents a box."

"Two cents for a sheet of paper and an envelope. Pretty high, Ates! Just think of the tobacco you could buy with that!"

"And the peppermints!"

"Get out!" expostulated their victim. "I don't use neither—can't afford it."

He grew red and twisted his fingers nervously, swaying to and fro where he stood.

"Come, you quit, you fellows," he pleaded again, but his embarrassment was as fuel to their ridicule.

"Now, Ates, you may as well tell us all about it. You know you'll have to in the end. Out with it, old man."

"Is she light or dark?"

"Say, Ates, is she extravagant?" inquired another. "Because if she is, you know you don't want her. Oh, she's all right, is she?"—in answer to a mumble from Ates—"A regular gee-whizlicker, ain't she? A bouncing beaut, ain't she, now? That's right! A man of your age ought to have the right taste."

Ates pulled his left thumb spasmodically as he was accustomed to do when about to speak, and his interlocutors lined up in grinning expectancy, with an affectionate Damon and Pythias, the one fat, the other lean, in the front rank.

"Well, fellows," he began in a burst of confidence, "I'll tell you what she is. She's a—" He cast his eyes upward to the farther corner of the dubious ceiling.

The boys groaned in unison.

"Say, Dan, white-washed your ceiling lately? Ates seems to be noticing something up there," drawled a long-limbed member.

"Naw, it's the off corner of that piece of blue calico that he's got his eye on," corrected Damon.

Forthwith Pythias, climbing upon the counter, substituted a codfish for the piece of blue print and stood off for applause.

"Yes, fellows, she's a—" Ates repeated. Then he started out of his reverie, relaxed the grip upon his thumb, grinned sheepishly, and began to edge toward the door.

"No, you don't!" cried Pythias. "Come back here, I say. I'll give you some paper if you'll stay."

"And I'll give you George's piccy to stick on the envelope," volunteered the fat man.

Ates hesitated. "Will you give me some of the blue paper?"

"Sure!" And Ates remained.

Thus it finally came about that by means of the news currents emanating from the store, all Chase's Corner fell heir to the information that Ates was in love, and that Will Bridges had written for him a letter to the unknown sweetheart. Further than that, Chase's Corner was in ignorance. Hoarder that he was, Ates treasured up the secret of the lady's name. Aunt Esther Bridges decided that the unknown must live at Chase's Corner, since, true to his rigid honesty, Ates had refused the proffered stamp. The unmarried women of Chase's Corner were few, and conjecture settled down upon two or three; but conjecture was far wrong.

Half a mile north of the store and a mile cross-lots from the Bridges', was a white, phlox-encircled farmhouse, where lived Mr. 'Riah Chase, his wife, and his grand-daughter, Em'ly. The Chases were many at the Corner, but as for tracing relationships among the ramifications of the family, Miss Luny Chase and Aunt Esther Bridges could do it, but the uninitiated shunned the attempt.

Mr. 'Riah's granddaughter Em'ly was shut in her room with a letter. It read:

"My Dear Madam:

"It is with the greatest humility that I venture to address you, but your manifold virtues and your extraordinary charms have so wrought upon this poor heart of mine that I

cannot refrain from pouring forth my feelings in your adorable ear.

"I love you, that is all.

"If you can so far condescend as to forgive a presumptuous suitor, whose only excuse is his adoration of you, Madam, wear a piece of white phlox to-night. Yours forever."

The words were mostly Will Bridges', cribbed from various sources, but the white phlox was Ates's.

Doubtless any girl should have detected the bookishness of the letter and laughed at its affectation, but Em'ly had feasted on third-rate novels from the Library at the Street. Moreover, masculine attention had been a rarity to her. Twice, of a Sunday evening, had the long-limbed Pythias of the village committee, who figured in private life as Anson Barstow, hitched his white horse by Mr. 'Riah's neat fence, and sat up with Em'ly in the best room. But when he came a third time in the middle of the week, Rumor says that Mr. 'Riah appeared early at the parlor-door.

"Be you going to the Street to-night, Anson?" he had inquired.

"Yes," the young man had replied, eager to do an errand for Em'ly's grandfather.

"Wall, the sooner you go, the better," the voice from the doorway succinctly rejoined.

Anson picked up his hat and looked furtively at Em'ly.

"And the longer you don't come back, the better," the same incisive voice went on.

Anson betook his lank frame toward the door.

"'Bye, Em'ly," he said.

"'Bye, Anson," she replied.

"'Goodbye!" shouted the old man and shut the door.

"Wall, now I—guess won't any fellows be hanging round my—girl," and he wagged his old head with selfish satisfaction. "Think too much o' her myself to spare—*her*."

That was the end of the story, and the end of attentions for Em'ly, so said Aunt Esther Holcomb and other priestesses of Rumor.

Em'ly, however, continued to read novels from the Library and thus fostered in herself all the tender longings that were there by nature. She was altogether a very loving and lovable young person, the kind of woman that a man instinctively calls "little girl." With all her soft heart she craved such things as other girls had, beaux, rides and parties. Two of her friends were even married and had dear little children, who clung to Em'ly when she came to visit, as babies do to sweet, motherly girls.

The strange letter that she had found in the morning on her window-sill stirred all the romance in her nature. Having often read of such things in books, she did not reflect that they were rare and quite silly—in real life. That evening, as she sat in the doorway beside her grandmother, she wore in her pretty brown hair a spray of white phlox, gathered from the fragrant, many-colored masses about the porch; but nobody went by except Mr. Bridges' hired man, Ates.

The next morning, however, she found another letter, more ardent than the first: Will Bridges was drawing upon his imagination. Em'ly's imagination, too, was active and had flown by chance, or for other reasons, to that same collegian. When they were very little, he had always been her husband in the housekeeping set up by the

"eleven o'clock" tots. When they were older, he had once fought Asa Dean for calling her grandfather an "old curmudgeon," which was a long word and not pretty. But since they had grown up, he had kept his distance with the other boys, and was said to be too busy to notice girls. Still, that it was not pure fancy that turned her mind toward Will, there was the proof-positive of the handwriting formed in the old district school-days, when vertical writing was unknown, and each pupil followed his own bent. She knew Will's chirography by heart and could never forget the unfinished loop letters and a strange, sketchy slant, as if a wind had blown across the page.

However riotous her imagination might be, there was serious business on hand, for the second letter begged an answer. Em'ly's rather firm notions concerning propriety and the well-grounded teachings of a sensible grandmother were stronger even than her romance. "I can't speak of it to grandma without shocking her so," she told herself. "She'd probably have grandfather watching outside my window with a shotgun." Nevertheless, it happened that she yielded to the suggestion of the letters, in so far as to lay a head of white phlox on her window-sill, where she had been entreated to place an answer. The flower glimmered in the darkness, white as the soul of the girl who laid it there softly, with faint, maiden promptings of withdrawal and delicious throbs of shame-faced anticipation. Thereafter, through fear of herself, she kept away from the window.

The next evening, while the standing committee of the village was in session at the store, and Aunt

Esther Holcomb was holding Henry Bridges in durance vile, Ates, in a store-suit, with a sprig of white phlox in his buttonhole, crept along a lane that kept him out of sight of his tormentors at the store and brought him to Mr. 'Riah's gate.

"Evening, Em'ly," he chirped, without removing his hat, as the girl came to the door.

"Evening, Ates. Grandfather hasn't got in from the barn yet," she answered. She wondered what had happened to Ates to make him dress up so.

"I ain't in any hurry. I'll set down awhile, if you don't mind."

"Perhaps you'd like to leave a message for grandfather?" she inquired after a silence, during which Ates had nervously fingered the phlox in his buttonhole. Em'ly, with a spray of the same white flower in her belt, fingered that, too, and gazed wistfully down the road.

"No, I ain't got any message for your grandpa." He talked as if there were a weight on his mind.

"Grandfather hired the man that's been working for David Hopkins just to-day," she went on, partly to make conversation, partly to forestall any requests for work from Mr. 'Riah, who was likely to be bitter of speech on such occasions.

"That so? Well, it ain't work that I'm looking for this time. Got's good a job's I want over t' Bridges. Good pay and easy work. Say, Em'ly," he gasped, "got enough—saved enough—to hire old Reed place."

"Really?" she laughed—"You aren't thinking of getting married, are you, Ates? I'm surprised at you at your age. I don't love to see folks as young as you being so rash."

"I don't love" is New Englishish and euphemistic for I hate.

"Say, Em'ly," Ates drew himself stiffly over to her side of the steps. "Are you fond of phlox?"

Em'ly jumped. Despite herself, she felt her cheeks grow hot. The question might have been innocent enough, but the look which Ates bent upon her was sly and full of meaning. Her embarrassment lessened his nervousness and gave him a new and decidedly agreeable sense of advantage.

"Set down, and I'll tell you about 'em. Will Bridges wrote 'em," he confided. "But I brought 'em."

"Oh! Then it's true!" she gasped. Her dream was coming to pass. She was ashamed to let old Ates see how much his words had affected her. But what a strange messenger for Will Bridges to choose! Yet not so strange after all. No one, she thought, would ever suspect Ates of being Love's herald.

"Why didn't Mr. Bridges bring them himself instead of sending them by you?" she inquired, in a voice that sought to be indifferent.

Ates half rose in his surprise. "Wha-at?" he demanded.

"I say, why didn't Will Bridges bring his own letters?"

"Why, they wa'n't—" he began in perplexity, then he stopped.

"Ain't her cheeks pretty and red, and her eyes bright!" he thought. "My, how she's shaking."

Then something in his soul awoke. Somewhere in his meagre, badgered personality there lurked, however hidden, a sense of fitness, and he knew that her warmth and passion were not for him.

"Why—they—wa'n't—wa'n't—huh!—so likely to be found out if I brought 'em," he stammered. "So I

done it for Will—just for a favor to him, you see.”

“I see.” The girl nodded happily.

“Yes, I guess you see,” he said soberly. “Well, I must be going. Good night, Em’ly.”

“Good night, Ates, if you won’t wait for grandpa,” she answered, her young face rippling with pleasant thoughts. Even Ates was endurable.

At the gate he stopped and looked back regretfully.

“You’re a liar, but you ain’t so big a fool as you was when you come,” he said to himself, and dropped the bit of white phlox gently on the green turf.

* * * * *

A long time afterward, when, in the course of events, the struggle for a livelihood had lessened and life had grown broader, Will Bridges’ eyes wandered from the making of red and black lines and rested consciously on Em’ly Chase. At that

he suddenly realized a gap in his life that clean, honest work did not fill, and, by quite another way, with the help of no messenger at all, he made known to her his new-found love.

She broke a stalk of white phlox and held it out to him. “Why did you wait so long after those letters, dear?” she said.

“Those letters, little girl?”

“Yes, those letters that old Ates left at my window, and the white phlox.”

Remembrance smote the man.

Her hands fluttered and lingered on his coat like birds ready to be caught; her face was lifted trustingly. He crushed her close; then he departed from the truth. “I suppose a fellow goes mad once in a while, little one, but I had no home of my own to take you to.”

The indications were clear that the secret of Ates’s love dream was safe with Will Bridges.

In The Arnold Arboretum

By EMILY TOLMAN

FROM open ways where friendly roses smile,
 And sculptured chalices the laurels bear,
 Where golden orioles flash through orient air,
 The purling brook and fairy ferns beguile
 My lingering steps adown a dim, cool aisle,
 'Neath hoary hemlocks lifting hands in prayer,
 Where world-old rocks their Maker's might declare,
 Rearing majestic minster, pile on pile.
 On hallowed hush of this cathedral close
 There falls a sound like chiming silver bells:
 To listening laurel and to waiting rose
 The priestly thrush his lyric message tells,
 The sylvan secret that the hemlock knows,
 The solemn mystery of the woods and fells.

The Tales of Poe and Hawthorne

By GEORGE D. LATIMER

A COMPARATIVE study of the fiction of Edgar Allan Poe and of Nathaniel Hawthorne is naturally suggested by a certain basic resemblance, both in the personality of the men and in the character of their work. They were Americans, contemporaries, writers of fiction, men of fine imaginative power, whose tales have been widely translated, and each is recognized as a man of genius holding a permanent place in English literature.

Such a study is perhaps inevitable when the nature of their work is considered. They have had the same inspiration. It is the abnormal that has appealed to them, the abnormal in life and character. They have mined in the veins of the weird, the gruesome, the morbid, in those psychologically obscure strata of our personality. They had but slight interest in the delineation of open, cheerful, lovable characters such as Scott, Thackeray and Dickens chose to depict. If they represented a sunny nature it was to serve as a foil to some perplexed spirit around which their imagination played, as the radiant Hilda in *The Marble Faun* intensifies the shadow in which Miriam and Donatello move. Fiction is always in search of the exceptional in character and action. For these writers, it was the exceptional as regards certain abnormal mental states. A diseased imagination, some hidden crime, the fear that cannot be shaken off, gnawing remorse, delirium, expiation,—all this

obscure region of the soul they chose for their literary rambles.

There is an impressive scene in *The Blithedale Romance* where Miles Coverdale comes upon the magnificent Zenobia just as the egotistic philanthropist Hollingsworth has confronted her with her victim, the shrinking Priscilla, and has spoken the words that forever separate the proud woman from the man she loves. To Coverdale, whom we suspect to be a portrait of Hawthorne, the angry Zenobia says: "This long-while past you have been following up your game, groping for human emotions in the dark corners of the heart." Certainly that sentence describes the permanent interest of both Poe and Hawthorne. They were groping in the dark corners of the heart. And because they were exploring those recesses where even self-analysis is difficult, where instincts rather than reason are a guide, where human freedom and impersonal destiny are inextricably entangled, where the natural shades into the supernatural, they set their wretched victims in an external world of sympathetic gloom; sometimes it was a poetic, deepening twilight; sometimes, the denser shadow of midnight. They might be called the Rembrandts of literature, great artists of chiaroscuro.

This is the common ground upon which they stand. Their rare imagination found its challenge in the melancholy, the weird, the morbid, the horrible. Our hidden passions, our secret fears, our morbid desires,

our sins, our crimes, our remorse, our atonement—all this tragic aspect of life profoundly interested them. In their studies each showed himself a rare craftsman, an artist of the abnormal it is true, but certainly a man who knew and loved what was beautiful in literary workmanship.

Despite this basal resemblance, however, we could not mistake a tale of the one for a tale of the other writer. We have these two sets of studies in the abnormal. The fundamental likeness brings out the differences; with an equal inspiration and with equal art they produced widely contrasted effects.

Two of the short stories will serve us as an admirable basis for the comparison. In *The Lady Eleanore's Mantle* and *The Masque of the Red Death* the central incident is the same, while the treatment and final impression are radically different. Each tale is of the appearance of a pestilence among a gay company. In Hawthorne's story the plague is brought to the Province House in the gorgeous red mantle of Lady Eleanore, the young, rich, beautiful, titled ward of Colonel Shute, the governor of Massachusetts Bay. Soon after her arrival in Boston a splendid ball is given in her honor, when this proud beauty, resplendent in her scarlet attire, shows the first symptoms of the disease that a few days later ravages the community, and which disappears only when the richly embroidered mantle is burned.

In the other tale, Prince Prospero shuts himself, with a thousand guests, in the seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys—while his dominions are devastated by the plague. In idleness, provided with all the resources of pleasure, un-

mindful of the destruction that wasteth at noon day, the gay company pass the period of enforced seclusion. In the sixth month the Prince gives a ball of unusual splendor in the great suite of seven rooms with their bizarre decoration. It is a time of license and each comes in the costume his taste selects. But one guest has exceeded the license of the hour and personates *The Red Death*. While the terror-stricken company shrink from contact with the ghastly figure, the offended Prince pursues it from room to room until they meet in the last chamber. Then he raises his dagger and rushes upon the masque only to drop dead at its feet. Then the guests, forgetting their horror, throw themselves upon the mummer and angrily tear off the ceremonies of the grave and the corpse-like mask only to find them untenanted by any tangible form. It is the *Red Death* itself that has appeared in their midst, and "one by one dropped the revellers in the blood bedewed halls of their revels and died each in the despairing posture of his fall."

Each writer is aiming for the same effect. The lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life are set in sharp contrast with a ghastly, revolting, disfiguring death. It is a dramatic situation that constantly appeals to the author, one, we may be certain, that especially impressed these students of the morbid. When we analyze these characteristic tales the first and by far the most important distinction we note is that Hawthorne has given us a moral apologue, while Poe has simply painted an impressive picture. *The Lady Eleanore* is a haughty creature whose scorn has driven her humble lover crazy. The

scarlet mantle typifies her pride as well as enhances her beauty. It is made a righteous punishment that this magnificent garment should scatter the seeds of a disease fatal to herself and others. When her lover forces his way into the darkened room of the stricken woman, she tries to hide her blasted face and cries: "The curse of Heaven hath stricken me because I would not call man my brother nor woman sister. *I wrapped myself in pride as a mantle* and scorned the sympathies of nature; and therefore has nature made this wretched body the medium of a dreadful sympathy. You are avenged, they are all avenged, nature is avenged,—for I am Eleanore Rockcliffe."

Hawthorne has had another object as well as this dramatic contrast of life and death. He has made use of a ghastly incident to point a moral, as well as to adorn his tale. Sin and its punishment—that is the real motive for writing this story. He gives the sinner youth, beauty, rank, wealth, and then crushes her with a disfiguring disease that doubtless seemed to the wretched woman worse than death. We have been reading a sermon.

Turning to Poe's narrative, we find ourselves in another atmosphere. No moral effect is to be found in this work of pure imagination. It is a terrible picture of Death Triumphant. The careless, idle, happy and pleasure loving are its victims. Their luxurious surroundings only emphasize their revolting surrender. The tale is brief; there are no moral digressions, there are no historical references, there is not an unnecessary phrase. The description of the plague, the detail of the rooms, the appearance of the unwelcome guest, the pur-

suit, the horrible discovery, the consequent death and desolation,—all are stated in clear-cut, symmetrical sentences built up as one would lay the bricks of a mortuary vault. The language is the vocabulary of horror. "The Red Death had long devastated the country." Thus it begins in ominous words, and continues: "No pestilence had ever been so fatal or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal, the redness and the horror of blood." The end rivals the beginning. "And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all."

As a picture this is an extraordinary work of art. It is the more impressive because the artist makes his appeal to but one emotion,—that of horror. With great restraint he has excluded much that might well have been admitted,—for instance, a description of the country, the names of distinguished guests, the romance of a particular couple, some detail of the life of Prince Prospero. Definite information of this character would have given an air of probability to the gruesome tale. But all this adventitious and questionable aid he rejected, as easily as he would have sneered at the suggestion that the appearance of the Red Death in the castellated abbey be made the punishment for Prince Prospero's failure to undertake sanitary works in his dominions and send district nurses among the huts of the dying peasantry. The result of this concentration, however, is the greater work of art. "In his limitations the master shows himself," says Goethe. Hawthorne's story we should forget in time.

I suppose that has been our experience. We have read both of these stories in our youth and it is the one by Poe we remember in later years. It is more finished in its form, more poetic in its vocabulary, more impressive in its gloom, and remains fixed in memory like the sculptured head of Medusa.

This moral difference that separates the work of these two gifted men is profound. It is seen in their writings generally. The New Englander spoke as from a pulpit. Few indeed are the tales in which he did not wrap up some moral for his reading public. Poe, on the other hand, appears as the man of pure intellect. For his literary conscience, moral considerations apparently did not exist. He sets out to depict a character or a scene and his one thought is to fix our attention in such a manner that we shall never forget it. A part of his success is doubtless due to the horrible, sometimes revolting, subject he chose; but a larger part is due to this severity of description that suffered the entrance of no extraneous matter. In his critical writings he announced a theory, as new then as familiar to-day—"art for art's sake." We may say he was the precursor of the present day *conteur*. Like Daudet, Gautier, Coppee, Bourget and De Maupassant, he believed that the artistry of the workmanship was far more important than the subject matter. From psychological reasons, we must believe, he chose his characters most often from the ranks of those Nordau would call degenerates, men of diseased imagination and morbid feelings, slaves of passion, often criminals, and all haunted by unescapable fear. They are so many pathological experiments.

For a mature mind they form one

of the most remarkable and suggestive series of studies to be found in the literature of any country. These types of abnormal character, which we suspect, and not without reason, to be the secret emotions of their creator, are objectified, given a local habitation in Roderick Usher, William Wilson and the gloomy heroes of *The Tell-Tale Heart*, *The Black Cat*, *Berenice*, *Ligeia*, and many another analysis of morbid suffering. These victims of crime and terror and nemesis are exposed and dissected in a purely intellectual manner, and with something of that unemotional, scientific skill with which the surgeon does his work. It is a tremendous power he exerts. In this particular field he may be said still to lead, although such tales as Kipling's *The Mark of the Beast* and *At the End of the Passage* make the latter a close second in this pursuit of the gruesome.

To turn from these morbid sketches to such a collection of short stories as are found in *Twice Told Tales* or *Mosses From an Old Manse* gives the reader a little of the impression that he has entered the realm of Sunday school literature. Among American writers of the first rank, Hawthorne is the moralist *par excellence*. How many of the early tales frankly express this purpose! *Egotism* or *the Bosom Serpent*, *The Artist of the Beautiful*, *The Great Stone Face*, *The Snow Image*! These are typical; they are allegories pure and simple, written with that felicity of phrase of which Hawthorne was master from his first volume, beautiful as they reflect the lights of a delicate fancy, many of them works of rare imaginative power, but avowedly put forth for their moral instruction. Nor need it surprise us that in a community

still treasuring its Puritan traditions, the young Hawthorne should have found his keen insight, his poetic fancy, his imaginative reach, his quiet humor, most often, if not always, playing about moral problems. It seems as if he wished to propitiate those Puritan ancestors, to whose scorn for the story writer he alludes in the preface to *The Scarlet Letter*, by the ethical content of his fanciful sketches. It was the great day of "the New England Conscience" when he wrote. One is reminded of those early Italian artists, who, rejoicing in their new-found power of expression, found it wise to conciliate the Church by scenes taken from sacred history. Certainly that is a natural explanation of the fact that Hawthorne, with imaginative gifts equal to those of Poe and a similar tendency to the morbid, should have been so largely influenced by moral considerations, while his southern compeer shows only æsthetic influences.

It must be added that the former did not always wrap up a moral in fantastic garb to offer his New England constituency. There are a few tales, *The Birthmark*, *Rappacini's Daughter*, *A Virtuoso's Collection*, in Poe's own style; and on Poe's own ground the New Englander is at a disadvantage. Who remembers *Rappacini's Daughter*? There are other sketches, such as *The Celestial Railroad*, *Main Street*, *The Town Pump*, that are simply charming essays, delicious little vignettes of provincial life, after the fashion set by Addison, Lamb and Irving. These, however, are the exception. The primary and the permanent instinct was for the wholesome lesson, barely disguised, beautifully attired, with which he won and retains the affectionate interest of the great

reading public. As the southern writer excelled in the pure artistry of workmanship, so the northerner excelled in the happy power of presenting the familiar truths of experience in the richly decorated garb of fantasy and imagination.

This distinction applies equally to the four novels with which Hawthorne's fame is indissolubly bound. They are not merely studies of eccentric or morbid characters, but are primarily concerned with moral or religious problems. There is but one long story by Poe with which a comparison can be made, *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*. In these stories the characteristics of each writer appear. *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym* is the record of the shipwreck of a stowaway. It is a series of startling adventures, of ghastly experiences, of strange discoveries in Southern seas, all told in a realistic manner that leaves an ineffaceable impression. But for that very reason it fails as a work of art. Of the same style as his tales, wrought with his strict limitation of interests, with his heroic concentration of thought, its very length is fatal. The emotion he arouses cannot be prolonged beyond a certain limit. It is a psychological impossibility. There is the inevitable reaction. The novel-reader, like the victim of disease, becomes innured to chronic suffering; he may even be cheerful. Poe wishes to produce an impression of unmitigated horror when he sets his anæmic heroes in their desperate situation. In the short story his success is extraordinary. In the one long story he has written with a similar purpose and with similar method, he has failed, and inevitably failed. That intensity of emotion after which he aimed is, happily for the lover of

fiction as well as for the victim of disease, too short-lived. Nature herself has set a limit.

Of the four great novels by Hawthorne, three have a tragic character—*The Scarlet Letter*, *The Marble Faun*, and *The Blithedale Romance*. In the last one the dramatic conflict is between Culture and Reform, as represented by the mysterious, gifted, fascinating Zenobia, and the hard-handed, harder-hearted blacksmith-reformer, Hollingsworth. The tragedy ends in the ghastly death of the woman and the moral wreck of the man. An even darker picture is painted in *The Scarlet Letter*, the precursor of some modern theological novels. Was there ever, we ask ourselves, a more subtle, a more exquisite, a more suggestive portrayal of Nemesis tracking a clerical sinner! The same theme, self-knowledge through crime and moral expiation, is given an Old-World setting in *The Marble Faun*.

Murder and adultery, it would appear, are the favorite sins of Fiction. Yet these common properties of the novelist are seen in a new light as Hawthorne's imagination plays about their wretched victims. We do not condemn them, we feel an immeasurable pity for them. Like Milton's Satan, they cannot escape from their guilty selves, "Which way I turn is hell. Myself am hell!"

How terrible is this transformation of the thoughtless, happy Tuscan youth into weary and perplexed manhood through the commission of an impulsive crime! Hester Prynne's open ignominy seems far more tolerable than the hidden brand of her reverend lover. How vulgar and inadequate seems the justice of a criminal court in comparison with all this suffering of the inner life, whether in New England

or Italy! These are moral diagnoses. Miriam, Donatello, Hester, Arthur Dimmesdale,—they all have sinned, they have broken the laws of God and man; conscience-stricken they desire and yet dread to expiate their sin. Hawthorne painted this spiritual struggle with a marvellous skill. It was the awakened and imperious conscience that fascinated him.

The neurotic heroes of *The Black Cat* and *The Tell-Tale Heart* have also violated the laws of God and man, but their agony is merely the brute fear of detection and punishment. Poe's sole interest is in depicting that agony. No moral consideration enters into their suffering, any more than in those of the victim of the inquisition in *The Pit* and the *Pendulum*. We may say that all his characters are unmoral, whether they are murderers, insane persons, clever detectives or merely "peculiar"; they do not stand in any ethical relations. They have no conscience. To atone for this lack they are given an over-elaborated nervous system. Poe might as well have shown us the sufferings of animals, except that the vivisection of human beings is more appalling.

As Hawthorne never forgot that deepest of all conflicts, the tragedy of the inner life, his characters have a reality those of his rival do not possess. In the tales of the latter it is the situation that compels our attention, while in those of the former it is the personality that fascinates. However dramatic the situation may be, still the man or woman dominates it so greatly that we turn from the brilliant setting of the scene to the characters. That is, our interest in the chapter when Miriam and Donatello, after the murder of her insane persecutor,

wander through the blood-stained streets of historic Rome and answer to that tacit claim of kinship with all their known and unknown predecessors in crime. It is the inner agony and the momentary feeling of expiation of Dimmesdale that holds us in that wonderful picture of the midnight vigil on the scaffold, when the weak man, leaning for support upon Hester, holding fast by the hand of the child of their love, sees in the blazing heaven a vast scarlet letter, symbol of their sin and their suffering. It is the personality, and particularly the moral personality, that engaged Hawthorne's powers. The environment, whether in Rome or Boston, was a minor consideration. He might well have said with Browning—"the incidents in the development of a soul, little else is worth study."

This is seen also in *The House of Seven Gables*, where we have the smiles of comedy instead of the tears of tragedy. The crime was in the past; it is the after effects, the blighting influence of ancient wrong brought down to a later time that attracted Hawthorne. Poor homely old Hepzibah! Poor injured, bewildered Clifford! Eccentric figures, quaint, angular, "peculiar" as they say in New England, how pathetic they are! It is a study of provincial life, with crime in the background and personal idiosyncrasy in the forefront,—a study of heredity and ill-balanced character set off by the contrast of the love romance of two pleasing, but prosaic young people, and varied by charming little pictures of village life. But the moral lesson is as evident in this comedy as in the tragedy of the other romances. The death of Judge Pyncheon is the ripe occasion for some

vigorous preaching as well as some necessary explanations.

"It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehood or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold and dishonors the baser metal."

Such moralizing as this meets us continually in these tales and novels. His Puritan inheritance and environment gave Hawthorne his power, but they were also, certainly at times, an injury to him. They interfered with the artistry of his work. So intent was he upon impressing his homily that his last word was not infrequently an anticlimax. After we have followed Dimmesdale's expiation through some three hundred pages of subtle and painful analysis, it is surely unnecessary for us to be told: "Among many morals which press upon us from the poor sinner's miserable experience, we put only this into a sentence: Be true! be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred." After reading this, we are thankful for the "only." For this relief, much thanks! The moralist knocks the artist down and tramples upon him.

The same offence is repeated at the close of *The Blithedale Romance*. The tragic death of the gifted Zenobia, made more horrible by the brutal comment of the prosaic farmer and the æsthetic reflection of the speculative Coverdale, as the body of the suicide is taken from the water and the men try to straighten the limbs, rigid in the attitude of prayer, brings impressively home to us the danger of moral fanaticism. What can possibly be gained

by adding to this convincing scene an explanatory card for the New England conscience! "The moral which presents itself to my reflection," he begins; and closes, "I see in Hollingsworth an exemplification of the most awful truth in Bunyan's book of such; from the very gate of heaven there is a by-way to the pit."

The highest art teaches by suggestion. When the writer has expressed his thought clearly, further explanation only weakens it. If a picture conveys its truth, why append a description? Hawthorne's last chapter was apt to be an anticlimax. Who cares for Miles Coverdale's confession that he loves Priscilla! The Blithedale Romance really ends with Coverdale's visit to the unhappy Hollingsworth and his mournful reflection over the death of the brilliant Zenobia. In *The Marble Faun* it is not the love-making of Hilda and Kenyon we want to see fulfilled—in marriage: that we can easily infer in the unwritten sequel. This tragic story should end in the carnival scene when Hilda throws the white rose at her lover, while the gay revellers in the Corso whisper of the arrest of Miriam and Donatello, those mysterious figures of the contadina and peasant in their midst. In fact, I do not see the need of Kenyon in this story—except that four persons are a convenient number for a European party; for with Hawthorne's fondness for symbolism, Hilda represents light and Miriam darkness, while the Tuscan youth (innocence and animal joy) through the darkness of passion comes to find his soul. The story, a moral drama, is the change of this blithesome creature into a conscience—awakened and conscience-stricken man, revolt-

ing from the woman for whose sake he had committed the crime that had finally united them.

Even in that delightful *House of Seven Gables*, it would have been better if the tale had ended with the return to the house of their forbears, of the aged and fantastic old couple, after that remarkable railway journey, "for pleasure merely," as Clifford blandly told the conductor, where Youth and Joy, in the persons of Holgrave and Phoebe, were anxiously listening for the footsteps of the wanderers. Hawthorne's marriages, like his morals, are too showy, they are almost vulgar. At times, we seem to be reading the pages of a society journal.

I do not mean to say that tragedy should not be relieved by occasional comedy. In *Hamlet* we are permitted to smile over the ghastly jesting of the grave-diggers, and in *Macbeth* over the blasphemous humor of the drunken porter. But Shakespeare was too much the artist to end a tragic tale with the hackneyed words "they were married and lived happily ever afterward."

It was a blunder Poe never made. In his sombre pictures hero and heroine always wore the tragic mask and buskin. They did not look to have "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." They have no future, as they had no past. For one moment, the supreme moment, we see them in the grasp of bitter circumstance, wretched, despairing creatures, victims of their fierce passion, caught in the toils of their own weaving. But the hideous, at times revolting picture is a masterpiece, one of the immortal canvasses of literature.

Of a piece with this ubiquitous and oppressive morality in the *Tales*

of Hawthorne is that familiar incident in *The Marble Faun* where Miriam the cultivated woman, the connoisseur (?) of art, declaims against the nude in painting and statue. It is, of course, Hawthorne who speaks and very indignantly, suggesting the deacon's wife or the rustic youth in the picture gallery. Such lapses, more frequent than we would wish, help us to understand Mr. Henry James' final estimate of the New England novelist as "exquisitely provincial." If the adjective offends Hawthorne's admirers, the adverb may reconcile them.

This leads to the thought that the prurient never appealed to either Poe or Hawthorne. This is more surprising in the case of the former than of the latter, for he always depicted romantic, passionate love. In some respects he reminds us of De Maupassant, who also loved to study the abnormal, the morbid, the grotesque, but who, unlike his predecessor and perhaps teacher, was apt to show his heroines after they had undressed for the night. Poe's unhappy lovers are always decently clothed, if not in their right mind. This marked difference between French and American romance may be due to our national character or to the earlier period when Poe wrote, or to an innate delicacy of mind. Doubtless all these reasons must be taken into consideration. Passionately fond of beauty as Poe was, loving it in rich decoration as well as in female charms, apparently his æsthetic lover never gloated over the personal attractions of his mistress. It is not easy to imagine Hawthorne as ever under the slightest temptation to unclean representation. It is, on the other hand, a little surprising to note that Poe, writing without any moral

intention, delighting in beauty, portraying unrequited passion, was never led into prurient description. Leonore, Helen and Annabel are as chaste as the Venus of Milo. In his respect for woman he is as marked as his northern rival.

Another comment we make is that each cared more for his hero than for his heroine. It was a masculine interest that appealed to them. Their power of keen analysis and delicate imagination played around the fate of some tempted and tortured man.

With a moral to be rolled and fiction-coated for his readers, Hawthorne could not easily surrender himself to pure fancy. His sombre imagination, so intent upon the tragic aspects of character, naturally made much use of an historical background. Salem, Boston and Rome were not simply the residence of his personages, they had to reside somewhere we admit, but they were significant as a background; the local traditions affected the characters. And we know that no small part of his charm is in this influence of tradition, and in the vivid description of historic spots and far-away times. Most of all, he affected New England life and that earlier day of Puritan and Quaker, of witch and colonial governor. The descriptions of Roman art and architecture have been better done by many a less gifted writer. It is in the Puritan setting of *The Scarlet Letter* and many of the early Tales where his genius is most at home, for he is more convincing in those scenes where his own Puritan inheritance gave him an insight into that stern, joyless age from which his reason indeed revolted, but which his sympathy could recreate. The Gentle Boy, The Gray Champion, The Min-

ister's Black Veil, The Legends of the Province House,—such tales are representative. He wished to tread upon historic ground even while his imagination brought all manner of mysterious and subtle influences to bear upon his characters. He dwelt in the border land of history and fancy, where the natural and the supernatural are easily confused. Did the Faun have pointed ears? We shall never know. Did the minister really show a scarlet letter on his breast? We are purposely left in doubt. These are imaginative features in the tale of sin and expiation, those transfiguring touches upon a conventional theme that indicate the great artist.

When we turn to the tales by Poe, we observe that his fancy has a free flight, it scorns the prosaic earth. As he has no moral to inculcate, except in the rarest instances, as in William Wilson, only intellectual and æsthetic considerations counted. He sought to give the reader a dramatic, overpowering impression—usually one of horror, and he succeeded so well that we often seem to be in the agony of a nightmare. As his sole interest was in certain dark states of the soul, his background was simply a room, more or less richly furnished. He usually found his terror-stricken heroes in Europe, but this is only because it is the land of castellated abbeys, old families, ebony clocks and choice wines,—the scenic properties of his stage. He never betrays that historic sense which meets us constantly in the fiction of Hawthorne. His characters might have lived anywhere; those of the latter could only have lived where they did. His scenes are in the inner world of a diseased, introspective, appalled

imagination. This accounts for his restraint in narration.

Hawthorne was fond of the leisurely, digressive, illustrative, anecdotal fashion of story-telling. Even in the early tales, as—Lady Eleanore's Mantle, he continually wanders from the path of narration to gather the flowers of fancy and reflection; while in the four great novels we do not know whether we find more enjoyment in the central plot or in these literary digressions. When Donatello visits Miriam's studio he finds her engaged in the feminine task of mending a pair of gloves. That is a characteristic touch of Hawthorne. The mystic and symbolical are brought into intimate union with the simple and commonplace. We want to know if the ears of Miriam's boyish lover are pointed like those of the faun he resembles, and when we are hoping she will push back his curls and satisfy our curiosity we have a little essay upon the "very sweet, soft and winning effect in this peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing women from men." Personally, I cannot confess to any interest in needlework; but this is only one of innumerable digressions from which, as in a modern bazaar, we can take our choice. For the fact is that we do enjoy these little essays, whatever may be their subject, quite as much as the pictures of places and the frequent historical reference. They all have their charm, and as Hawthorne's plots are speedily resolved, or unimportant, we are in no haste to get to the end of the narrative. His method is that of the musician whose principal theme is very soon followed by subsidiary themes and the working out of them all in a rich and involved orchestration. One should read Hawthorne as one takes

a vacation trip to Europe—in no hurry to reach the journey's end, enjoying the novel scenes, the varied experiences, the special pleasure each day may bring the traveller. It is all delightful reading in Hawthorne—I forget myself! except the morals and the marriages and the needlework.

With Poe, there is no delay. We have taken the fast mail for Mme. Tussaud's chamber of horrors. Nothing distracts our attention, and the result is one overwhelming impression. We listen as if held by the glittering eye of the ancient mariner while he tells his sinister tale. As an illustration take *The Assigination*, one of those singularly beautiful tales of the inconsolable lover—a favorite theme. In one respect we may compare it with *The Marble Faun*. Each gave the opportunity for incidental description of a world-famous city. We know what use Hawthorne made of Rome as a background for his tragedy, and we take a solid pleasure in the picturesque descriptions of Colosseum, galleries, palaces, fountains and historic streets.

Poe's tale is laid in Venice, but he resists the temptation to wander through the palaces of that city by the sea, under the *Paradise of Tintoretto*, past the equestrian statue of *Colleon I.*, and concentrates our interest upon the reunion at day-break, through the poisoned cup, of the separated and unhappy lovers.

Or let us take *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The House of Seven Gables*. In these two imaginative works we have, perhaps, the perfect flower of each writer's art; certainly the artistry is as beautiful and characteristic as anything they have to show. Each is the picture of a ruined home, of a falling family.

Neither story, we perceive, could have been written by the other. Poe's tale is brief. Opening with a minor chord, each sentence leads up to the final crash of sound when lightning smites the gloomy castle and the insane Roderick Usher and the resuscitated body of his twin sister are buried amid the falling stones. It is a noble piece of workmanship. Mr. Lowell praised "its serene and sombre beauty." Its extraordinary power may be explained by its brevity, its concentration of interest, its poetic vocabulary, its appeal to one emotion,—that of horror. Expanded into a volume the length of Hawthorne's story, it would only repeat the failure of *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*.

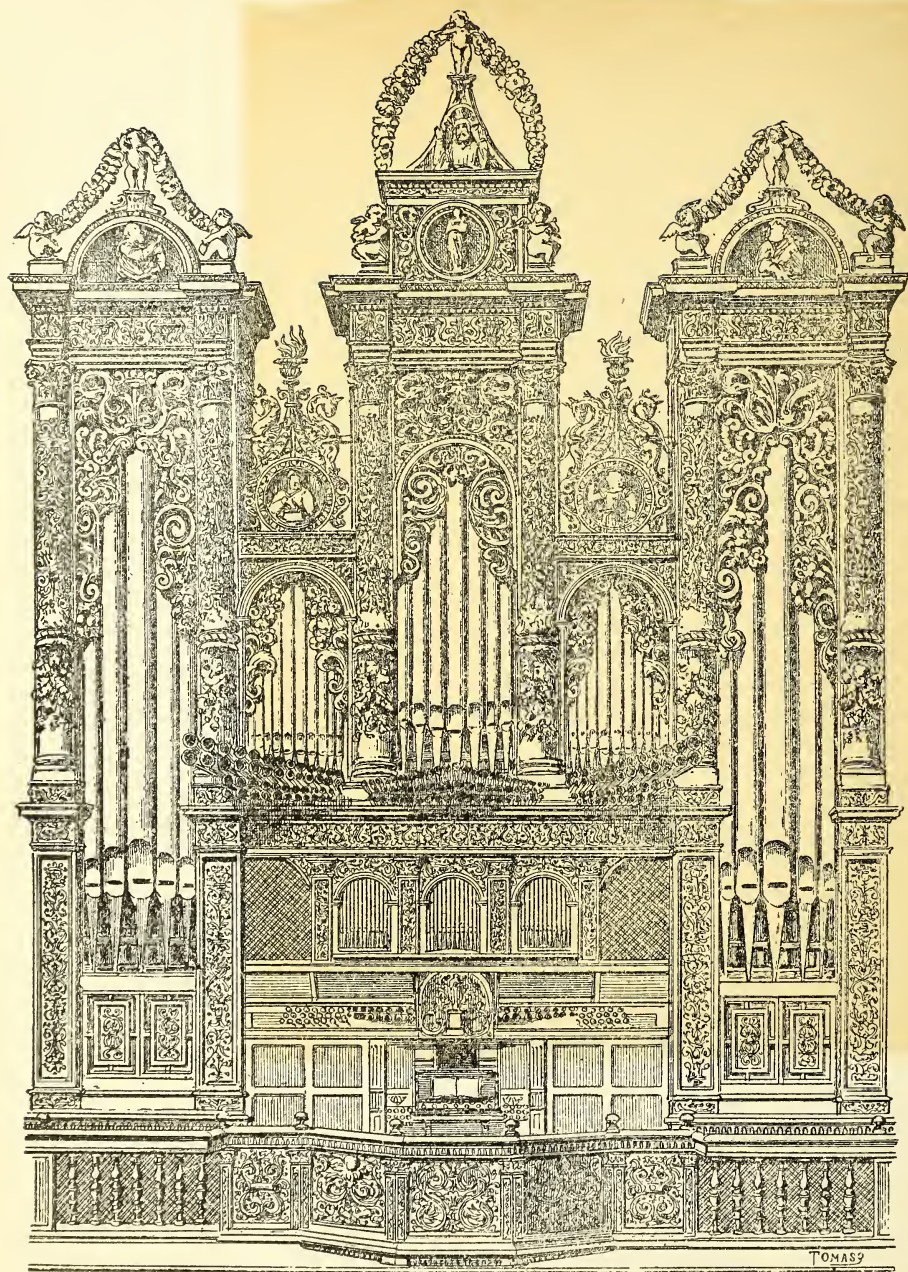
In the romance of *The House of Seven Gables* the melancholy impressions of the decaying family of Pyncheon, prolonged through so many chapters, is lightened up by quiet humor, by innumerable little descriptions of village life, and by the varied dialogue of half a dozen contrasted characters. We perceive that it would have been as great a blunder to try to condense such a picture of provincial life in New England into the compass of the short story as to prolong the darkening horror of Poe's tale. Each is admirable as a work of art, the one as a romance, the other as a tale.

There is another aspect of Poe's work, one which finds no parallel in the writings of Hawthorne. The detective stories are as unique and perfect in their way as the more familiar tales. His intellect delighted in its own ingenuity. Those who have once made the acquaintance of M. Auguste Dupin, most clever of logicians, will not soon forget him. *The Purloined Letter* has a long-lived interest. A very high Personage,—

Poe—is fond of personages,—with a capital P.— has had a love letter stolen by a minister of state who holds the exalted personage in his power as long as he retains the letter. Of course the secret police search the rooms of the thief, they even waylay and search him; but all in vain. Then Dupin, the amateur detective, enters upon the stage and finds the missing paper in a conspicuous place in the minister's cabinet—the result of very acute reasoning. The scene is laid in Paris, but that is only to give us the exalted Personage. It might as well, except for the more luxurious surroundings, have been laid in Baltimore or Boston. The two murder stories are also set in Paris, but there is no more historical than moral interest in them. They are merely a labyrinthine maze of crime which Dupin easily penetrates and whence he returns, leading the criminal by the hand. In all the other similar tales, *The Balloon Hoax*, *The Adventure of one Hans Pfall*, and *The Gold Bug*, we remark that clever, ingenious display of logical power. We can easily believe the anecdote, authenticated as it is, that from the opening chapters of *Barnaby Rudge*, as they appeared in serial form, Poe announced the logical and, as it proved, correct denouement.

The prose of Poe easily passes

over into verse. *The Island of the Fay*, *The Domain of Arnheim*, *Silence*, *Shadow*,—these are in fact prose poems. Therein, his work takes on another color from any we find in the writings of Hawthorne who was ever the prose writer; an exquisite, beautiful, artistic use of words he had indeed, but yet separated by the vocabulary as well as form from all claim to the rhythmic line. Of the verse of Poe it is not the intention of this sketch to speak, although the reader is inevitably led up to it. *The Raven*, hackneyed as it has become, may well sum up for us the highest reach of his genius, the climax of his imaginative work. Here we have the familiar theme—the inconsolable lover, all the richness of decoration of which Poe was so fond, and that deep-seated melancholy we associate with him, all set over against a sympathetic background of night and mystery. There are more beautiful things in his verse, but on the whole nothing that is so characteristic of his spirit and his art: and this applies equally to his verse and his prose. In our final estimate we would call Poe the poet and Hawthorne the moralist, each an honored name in American letters and a source of permanent enjoyment for all who delight in great literary art.



ORGAN IN THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DEL PILAR, SARAGOSSA, SPAIN.

Church Organs

By CLYDE ELBERT ORDWAY

WERE one to go in search of a subject that embodies the growth of human genius and possesses keen architectural and archæological interest and value, he could hardly find so good a one as "that wonderful outcome of human ingenuity and skill known as the organ." From the time when it was described as "a chest full of whistles" down to the latest magnificent instrument of the present day, the organ has been the object of great interest and admiration among all classes and the recipient of the attention and skill of not only musicians, but of architects, artists and mechanically minded artisans; musically, as the most remarkable of all instruments; architecturally, because of its prominent place as a feature and part of church and cathedral furniture; and mechanically, because of the variety and delicacy, the art and scientific skill combined in its construction. An eminent English authority, writing on the subject a few years ago, said, "There is nowhere to be found an instrument which creates so much enthusiasm among players as the organ. And the reason is simple. The organ, in its various capacities, far outstrips any single instrument of the modern orchestra. The enormous tonal compass from the grave thunder of the 32-foot pedal to the highest ranks of the mixtures; the majesty of its full power and the delicacy of its soft stops; the beauty of its mechanical contrivances; and last, though by no means least, the architectural mag-

nificence of the ancient examples which remain in many parts of Europe, all combine to make the organ a fitting object of admiration for every lover of music and archæology.

The earliest history of the organ cannot be easily traced, but enough is known to make it entirely safe to say that its predecessors were the bagpipes and Pan's pipes, and that the earliest form of it was the production of sounds by the forcing of air through a large tube or cylinder by means of water pressure. By the reference of Heron, a pupil of Ctesibius, an Alexandrian of 250 B. C., to the "*organ hydraulicum*," it would appear that organs were made in Greece and Italy at that early date, and that both bellows (air-pump) and water pressure were used. A description is extant of an organ that belonged to Julian, the Apostate, as early as the fourth century A. D. It seems from ancient accounts and reliefs that the instrument was known in the west even before Emperor Constantine sent a gift of one to King Pepin in 757 A. D. It is said to have been first employed in the church in the reign of Pope Vitalian I., in England in 666 A. D. But according to a noted bishop who flourished in 450 A. D., organs were in use in Spain two hundred years before the reign of Vitalian.

These early instruments were naturally very crude and simple, with no indication of the splendid artistic and architectural development that



ORGAN IN THE STADTKIRCHE, SCHAUMBERG-LIPPE (1613-18).

characterized the mediæval organ and the wonderful scientific skill that marks the great modern instrument. They seldom possessed more than eight or fifteen pipes and the keyboard consisted of small upright wooden plates, which were pressed upon, while the sound of the pipes continued until the pressure upon the key plates was removed.

In the eighth century the organ-builders of Venice were considered the best in Europe, but France and

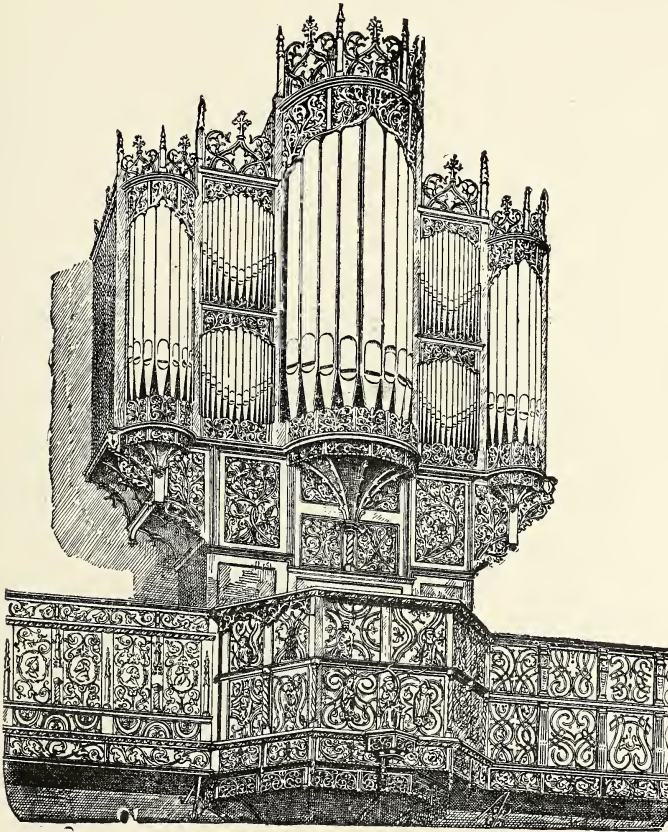
Germany had shown much interest and made a good beginning, and they progressed rapidly in the art.

The first organ of importance in England was that in the Winchester Cathedral, which is described as having been operated by "two brethren of concordant spirit," and its tone is reported to have "reverberated and echoed in every direction so that no one was able to draw near and hear the sound, but had to stop with his hands in his gaping ears."

The nature of the sounds produced by the early organs and their general effect on the people is well indicated by the name given them in the tenth century by the Anglo-Saxons, who called them "bumbulums."

Previous to the invention, or per-

strument and necessitated such large keys that they had to be struck with the elbows or fists, a performance that must have presented a ludicrous spectacle to the worshippers and greatly diverted their attention from things solemn and sacred. And yet when one comes to think of it more



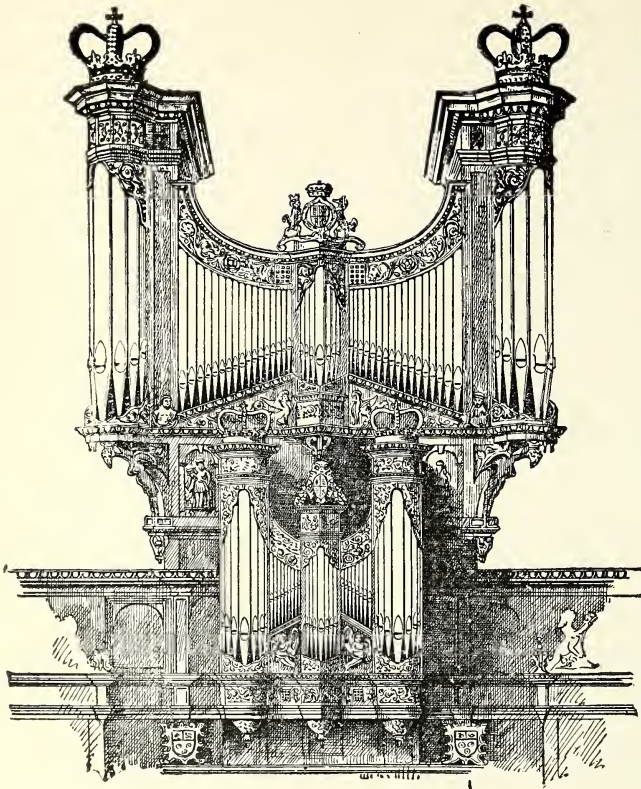
ORGAN IN THE MARIENKIRCHE, DORTMUND, GERMANY.

haps rather the perfection, of the modern keyboard, the organ was operated by a system of levers not unlike those of a railroad switchman of the present day.

In the twelfth century came the development of dividing into registers the pipe-work, a step that greatly increased the size of the in-

carefully, this scene does not much outdo that exhibited by some of the modern performers on the organ and pianoforte. Improvements were made in the keyboard a century or so later which enabled the fingers to be used instead of the fists.

Pedals were invented and adopted



ORGAN IN KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

in Germany in 1350, and reed pipes were first introduced in the fifteenth century. From this time on organ-building became a regular trade, a skilled craft, and its father, so far as there is any authority on the subject, was Albert van Os. The birth-place of the really modern organ may well be said to be Saxony, which, between the years 1359 and 1780, could boast of over two hundred organ builders, including some of the world-famous workmen in that vocation.

An interesting feature of the great organs of early days was the operation of their bellows: "blowing" them, as it is called,—a process said to have required from ten to seventy men. There were cumbersome and unique devices for accom-

plishing this task. One method was to have the bellows arranged in horizontal rows and fitted with an iron shoe, into which a man put his feet and operated two pairs at once, lifting up one at the same moment he pressed down the other. Twenty-four bellows would, therefore, require twelve men to work them, many organs having that number, and some double that. These men were called bellows-treaders, and were the direct fore-runners of our modern organ-blower. Another arrangement for the larger and less numerous bellows was to have a man climb a ladder and step on to the end of a board that projected from the organ frame and which descended, with his weight, between two guides. This was the way the old organs in Naumberg and Leipsic were blown in early times.

The great organ in the Winchester Cathedral was probably supplied with wind by the former method, as there is reference in one account of it to "the seventy strong men" required to operate it. The process of blowing this organ is preserved to posterity in a very complete and graphic description in verse, which is too good to omit:

"Twelve pair of bellows, ranged in stated
row,
Are joined above, and fourteen more below;
These the full force of seventy men require,



ORGAN IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

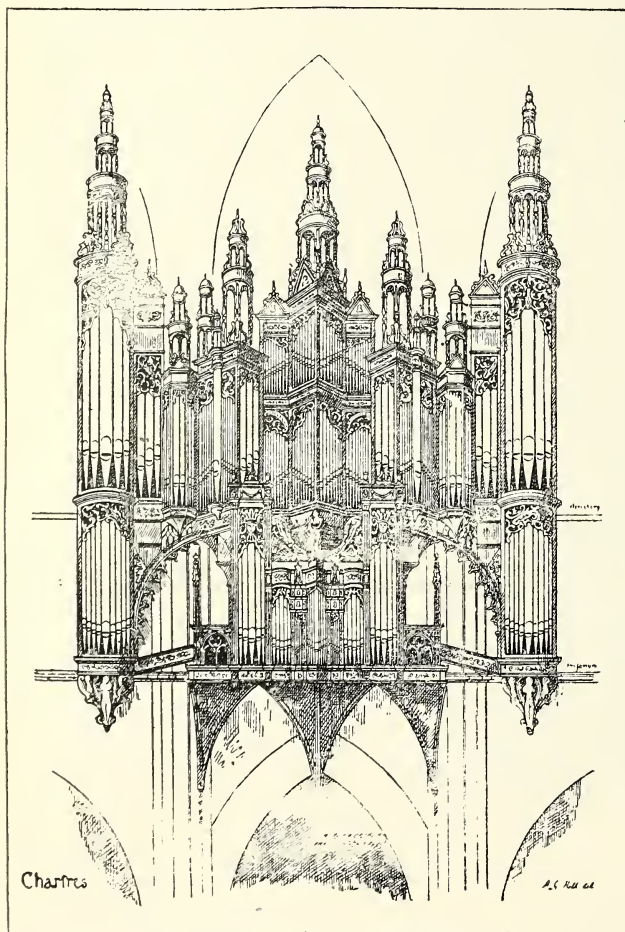
Who ceaseless toil and plenteously perspire;
 Each aiding each, till all the wind be prest
 In the close confines of th' incumbent chest,
 On which four hundred pipes in order rise
 To bellow forth the blast that chest supplies."

In the sixteenth century care began to be taken that the exterior of the organ should be attractive to the eye, and then arose that artistic and architectural development in organ cases which makes the organs of the Middle Ages such objects of beauty and wonder, even in these modern times, and which art and beauty is but feebly attempted and poorly imi-

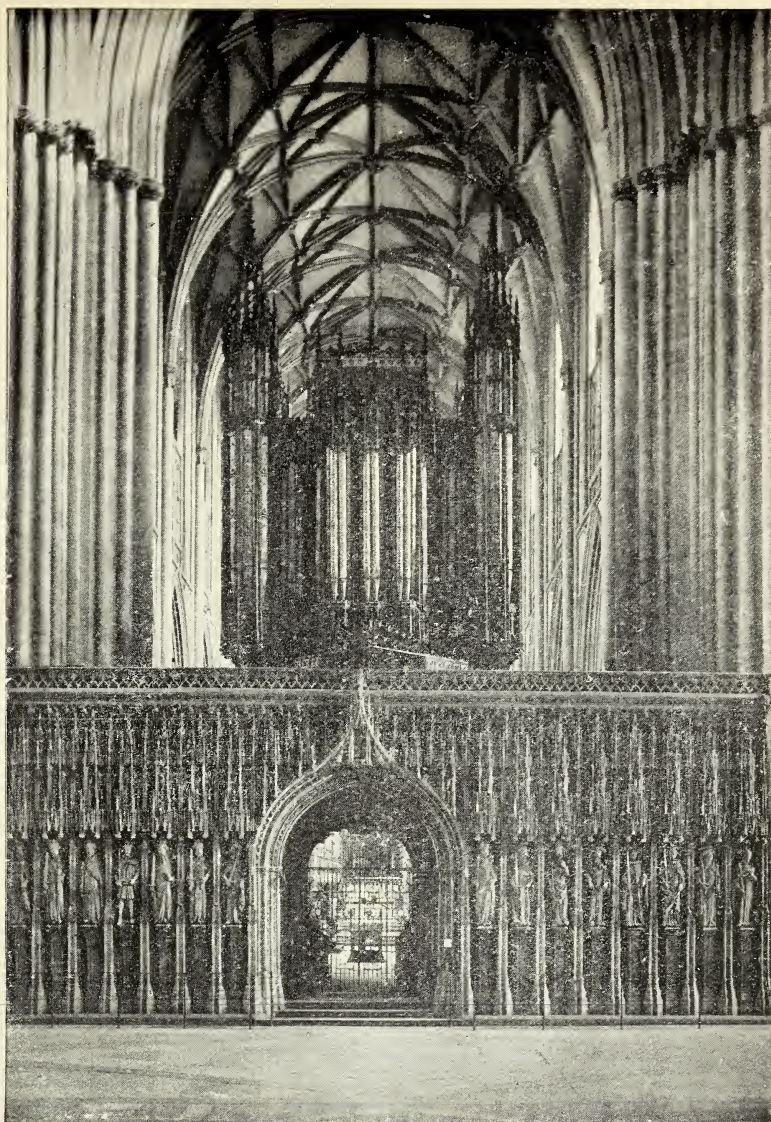
tated in the organ cases of to-day. The pipes were in many instances highly gilded and the cases were frequently covered with ornamental carved metal-work, such as can be seen in some Italian organs of to-day. One writer says that the workmen of the Middle Ages treated the organ as a necessary piece of church furniture, and lavished upon it, as upon all things, the highest arts of architecture, painting and sculptured decoration.

In one work on the subject, mention is made of a case that cost as much as the organ itself. It had

forty-two figures (twelve of which moved), and a crowing cock. In some instances the artistic and architectural degenerated into the ludicrous, fantastic and puerile under the influence of religious emotion, symbolism, and materialism. The firmament, the animal kingdom, and the heavenly sphere, with angels floating about in divine rapture, were represented. Pretorius mentions "various beautiful things" which were added to the organ case as ornaments and musical accompaniments. These included a tremulant, to imitate the sobs and tremors of men on funereal occasions and Good Friday services, revolving stars with cymbals attached, called bell-stars, a cuckoo, a



ORGAN IN CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.



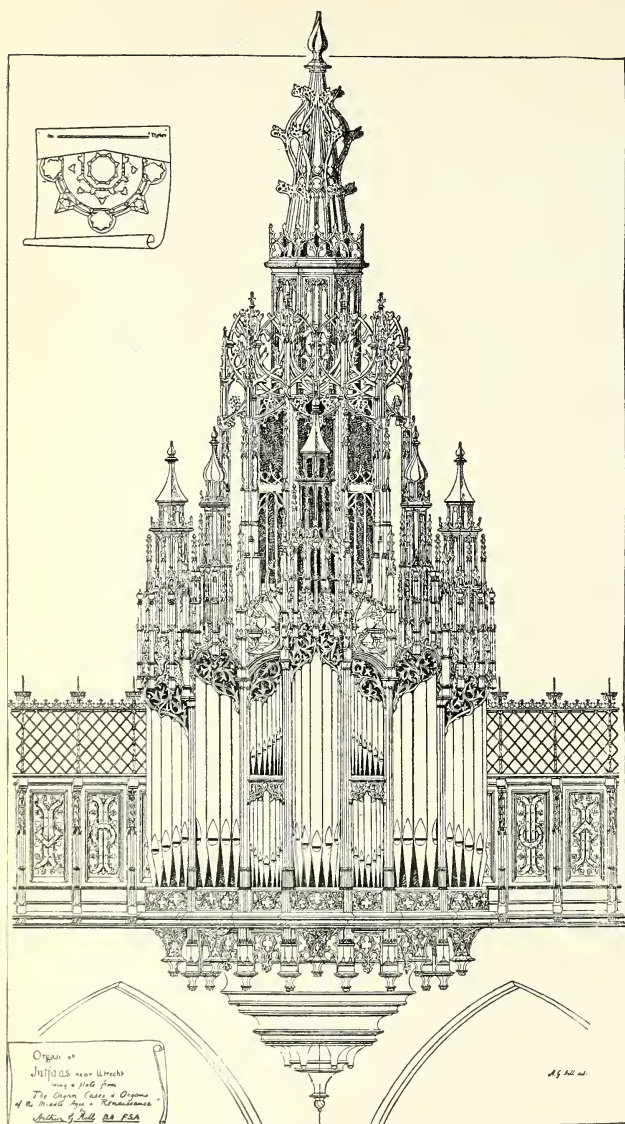
YORKMINSTER CHOIR SCREEN AND ORGAN.

bird's whistle, bagpipe, kettle-drum and goat's bleat. The climax of this phase of organ mechanism and decoration was the fox's tail, a device to keep away the curious who thronged around and troubled the organ-player. When they pulled a certain stop, out shot a fox's tail directly into the intruder's face.

On the exterior appearance of the

organ an early writer quaintly and naïvely remarks:

"The organ must be an ornament to the church and a help to godly singers. It must have suitable figures upon it, not trivial and ridiculous tricks, such as was made a few years ago in a Capuchin monastery, in which a large figure of a monk looked out of a window, rising as high as his girdle, and then suddenly disappeared, so that young and old, man and woman, were startled, and some began to laugh, others to curse. Monkey faces, and priests with mon-



ORGAN AT JUTFAAS, NEAR UTRECHT, HOLLAND.

key faces, with wide mouths, which open and shut, and with long beards, and that rattle money in their pockets, are things to be avoided. Also revolving stars with bells are things that belong not to the church but to the devil, who tries under the cloak of good works to fascinate people to do evil."

But in spite of these excrescences of bad taste, the organ cases of mediæval times reached a standard of architectural and artistic excellence

which nothing in this field in our own times can even nearly approach, much less equal.

Organ-players of early times constitute an interesting chapter in the history of the instrument. The old English cathedral statutes provided salaries for organ-blowers, but none for the players, the position of organist evidently not being recognized until comparatively recent times. It appears from the records that each of the lay vicars in the early days took his turn at playing the organ by the week. The first salary to be paid an organist seems to have been given in the eighteenth century, though their skill and service was recognized and appreciated much earlier.

In his epitaph, written by Sir Thomas More, Henry Abyngton is spoken of as "the best singer amongst a thousand, and, besides this, he was the best organist." Dr. Christopher Tye was a famous organist, the musical in-

structor of Henry VI. and organist to Queen Elizabeth in 1561. He also served in the same capacity, previous to that time, in the Ely cathedral. He is said to have been "a peevish and humoursome man, especially in his latter days; and sometimes when playing on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, which contained

much music, but little delight to the ear, she would send the verger to tell him he played out of tune; whereupon he sent back word that her ears were out of tune." Thomas Tallis, William Bird and Dr. John Bull were other famous organists of the early days. Tallis held this office to Royalty through four reigns; those of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. This record led to the suggestion that he changed his religion with the times, but it is more probable that his musical skill enabled him to escape persecution.

Some epitaphs of early organists are of humorous interest. The following is that of one Robert Parsons:

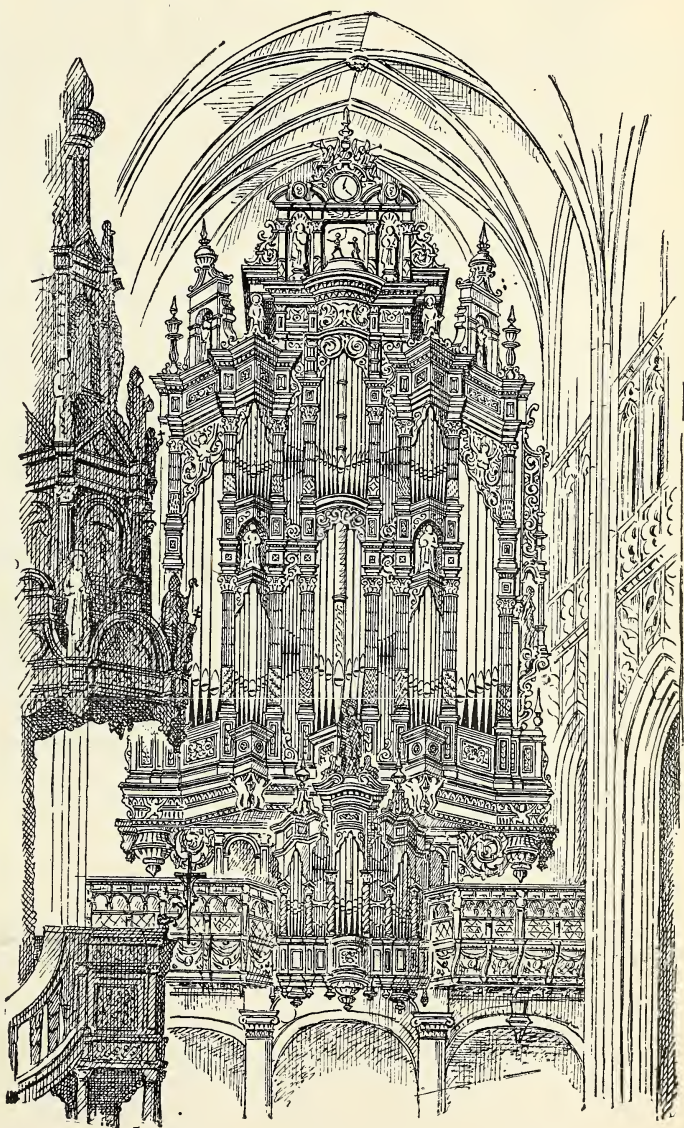
"Death, passing by and
hearing Parsons play,
Stood much amazed
at his depth of skill,
And said, 'This artist
must with me away,'
For death bereaves
us of the better still;
But let the squire, while
he keeps time, sing on,
For Parsons rests, his
service being done."

These lines commemorate William Blitheman, one of the organists to Elizabeth:

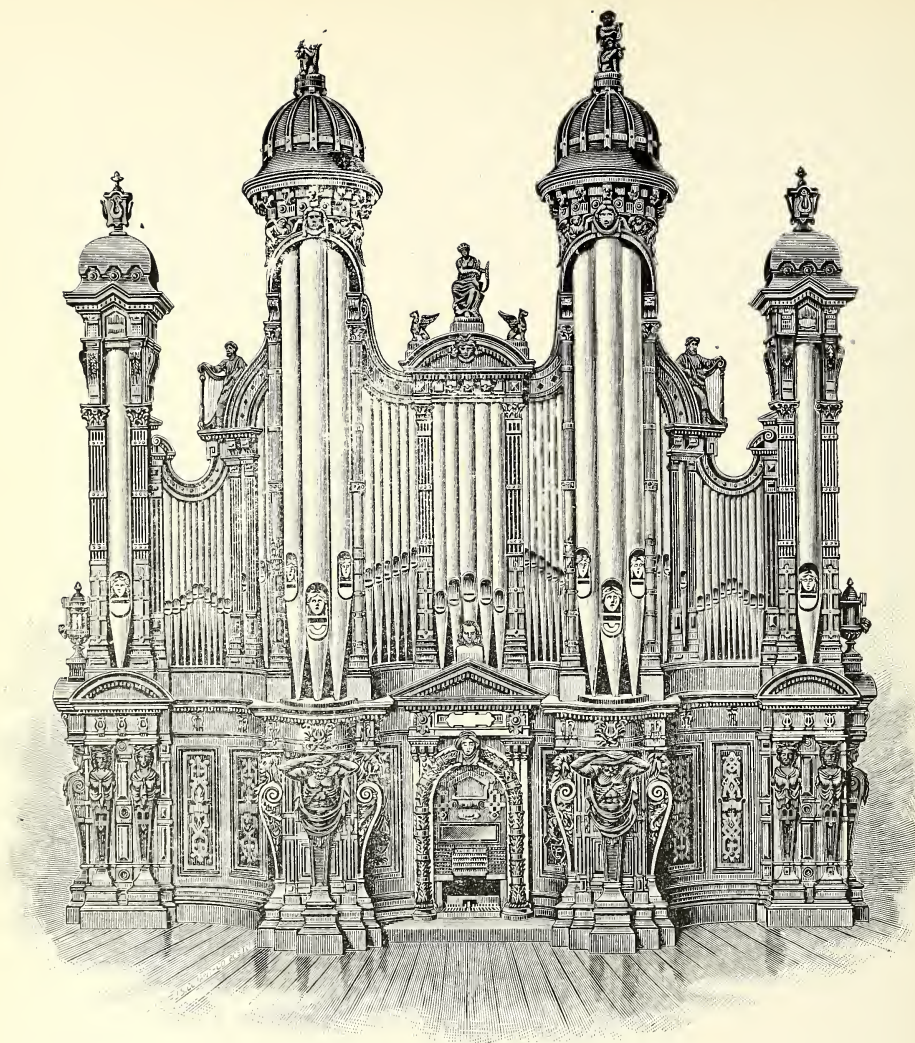
"Here Blitheman lies, a
worthy wight,
Who feared God
above,
A friend to all, a foe to
none,
Whom rich and poor
did love.
Of princes chappell
gentlemen
Until his dying day,

Whom all took great delight to hear
Him on the organ playe, etc."

Organ-builders, too, seemed to have been held in high regard and to have called forth the poetic impulse. The lines that follow are the epitaph of Christopher Shrider, organ-builder:



ORGAN IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, BOIS-LE-DUC, HOLLAND.



ORGAN IN THE OLD MUSIC-HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

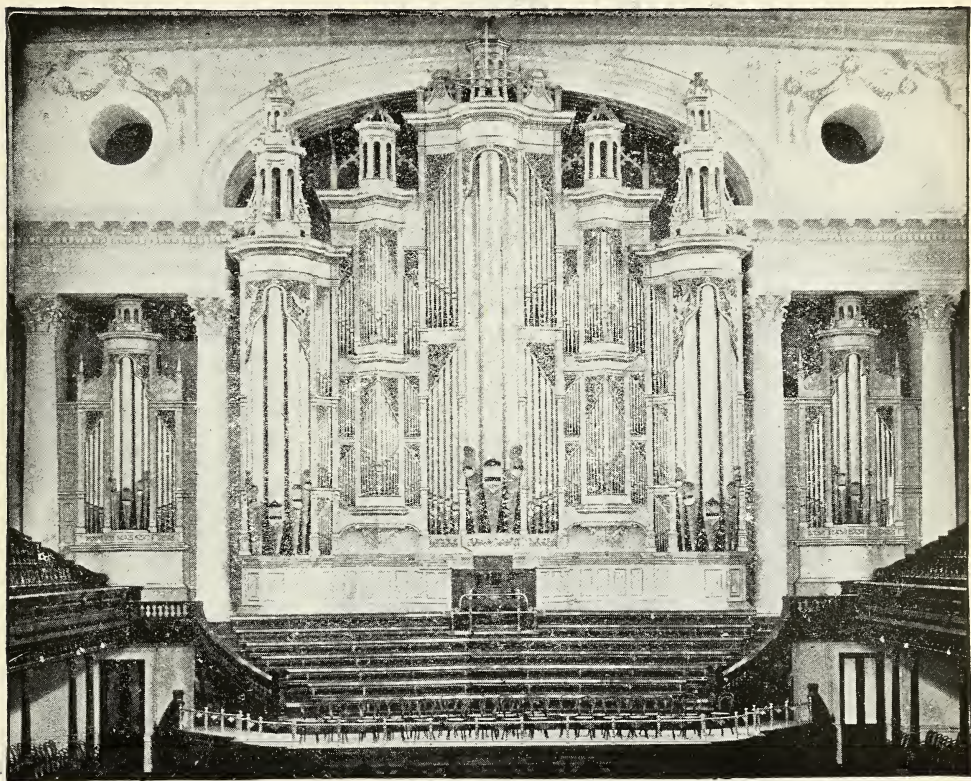
"Here rests the musical *Kit Shrider*,
 Who organs built when he did bide here:
 With nicest skill he tuned 'em up;
 But death has put the cruel stop:
 Though breath to others he conveyed,
 Breathless, alas! himself is laid.
 May he who us such keys has given,
 Meet with St. Peter's Keys of Heaven!
 His Cornet, Twelfth and Diapason
 Could not with air supply his weasand;
 Bass, Tenor, Treble, Unison,
 The loss of tuneful Kit bemoan."

Naturally enough, opposition to the organ arose in different quarters in connection with its use in church services. From the very first there

were some who objected to its use in the church, and that attitude has remained in society down to very recent years, if it is even yet wholly extinct. In the earlier days this opposition occasionally found expression in violent attacks on, and destruction of, organs by rabid and ignorant mobs. The objection was usually limited, however, to verbal and epistolary condemnation by prominent lay and clerical leaders in the religious bodies. Aelred,

abbot of Riedval, who died in 1166, found in organs a noise more like thunder than beauty of sound, and laughs at the voices "which sing now high, now low, divide and cut the notes, now strain, now break. Sometimes the singing sounds like the neighing of horses, and all this noise is ridiculous and damnable." A

introduced in spite of ecclesiastical decrees, for we find there was a mediaeval custom by which, whenever the priests thought they had been wronged, they caused the organ to be silent until the real or imaginary wrong had been redressed. The same authority says that Luther, who encouraged singing hymns in four



ORGAN IN CENTENNIAL HALL, SYDNEY, N. S. W.

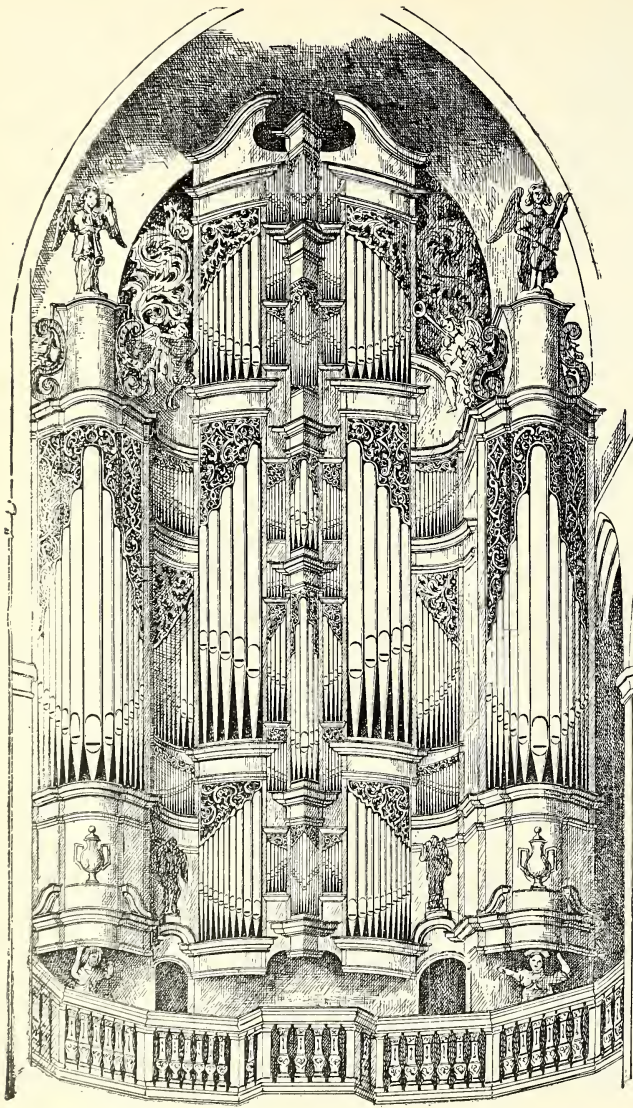
writer says, "Thomas Aquinas objected to the use of instruments, 'which,' he declared, 'served more to please the ear than to lead to piety.'"

A few of the most prominent churches have never had an organ, among them the Sistine Chapel. We are told the church at Lyons has always excluded organs, but they seem to have been

parts, objected to the organ, exclaiming, "You see Papistical work in organs, singers, vestments, etc."

A writer of the sixteenth century declares that the rendering of the service "is a violent noise of organs, nothing else," and says,

"we would relegate the organs and trumpets and flutes to the dancing theatres and the



ORGAN IN CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, STRALSUND, PRUSSIA.

halls of princes; for the house of God is not to be a house of noise, but of love. If, therefore, singing is to be used in the church it should be only in unison, that as there is one God, one baptism, one faith, so there should be one song. We admonish you in the name of God that the organs are never or most rarely heard, lest we relapse into our former errors."

In some instances the organ was mildly tolerated. Says one official

of the church, "Although the organ is new, and in the presence of the Pope is not tolerated, yet custom allows it on account of the weakness of some of the emotional believers." One worthy voices the modern idea of the use of the organ in religious services: "The sound of the organ encourages the troubled senses, anticipates the joy of the higher kingdom, encourages the industrious, moves the righteous to love, and calls sinners to repentance."

The behaviour of the choristers is one reason given for the disrepute of the organ in those early times, an objection we of today can well recognize as based on good grounds; for it would not be easy to find a more disturbing and desecrating performance than some that regularly take place in some of our modern organ or choir

lofts during the hour of service.

The culmination of this objection to the organ was reached in Europe in the violent outbreak at Zurich in 1527, when the cathedral organ was destroyed by a mob, and in England, in 1644, when, owing to the adoption and enforcement of a new form of

worship, a general crusade of organ destruction was instituted.

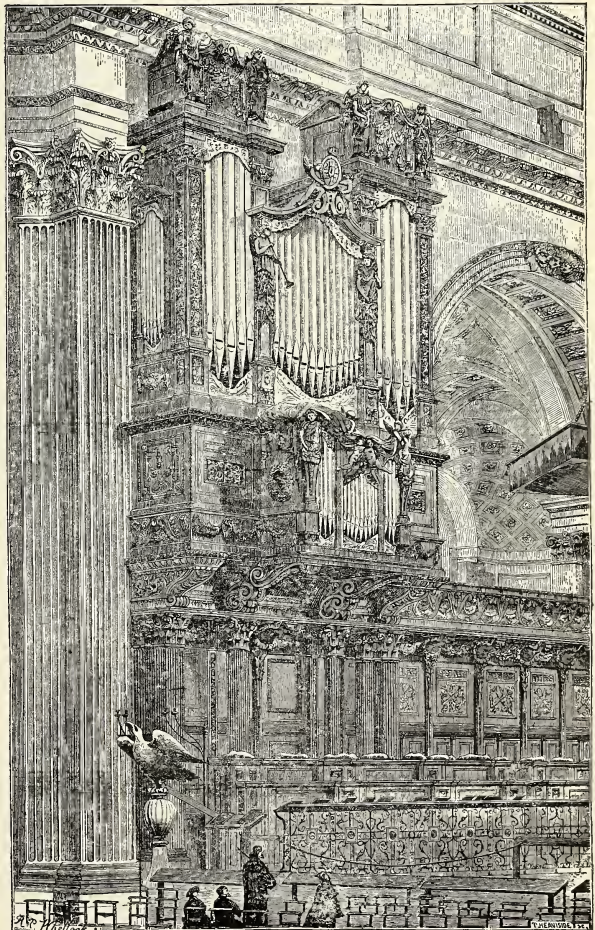
Since that time, however, the organ has steadily advanced in skillful construction and musical excellence, and increased in favor with all classes of people. The modern instrument is not an invention, but a growth; it is not the creation of any individual or of any age, but the result of many centuries of development and the embodiment of the genius of many minds and hands. In the progress of its development

there has been lavished upon it all the finest of the arts and costliest of materials, as well as a multitude of experiments. Organ pipes have been made of gold, silver, tin, lead, copper, iron, metal, glass, wood, stone, earthenware, feathers, horn, the bark of trees, and paper. An organ in the Bavarian Court Chapel is described as built of ebony and ornamented with precious stones, and one in the Escorial near Madrid is said to be of solid gold.

The art of organ-making has kept pace with the progress in its playing, so that now, as a writer observes, "Organ-building, once done by any monk of a mechanical turn of mind, or a clever blacksmith, or other artisan, has now developed into a science requiring the utmost skill and the greatest appreciation

on the part of its exponents." The three leading nations in the craft at the present are England, France and Germany. America is making rapid strides and may in the near future equal her rivals. Some American firms, it is said, employ so large a number of workmen they can execute an order in four or five days,—a remarkable feat when the immense amount of delicate machinery that has to be fitted into a modern instrument is considered.

In one respect, however—the more



CHOIR-ORGAN, ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

to be regretted because of the great advance in other particulars—the modern organ is very deficient. This is in its external appearance from an artistic and architectural standpoint. Many a professional architect and person of artistic taste will agree

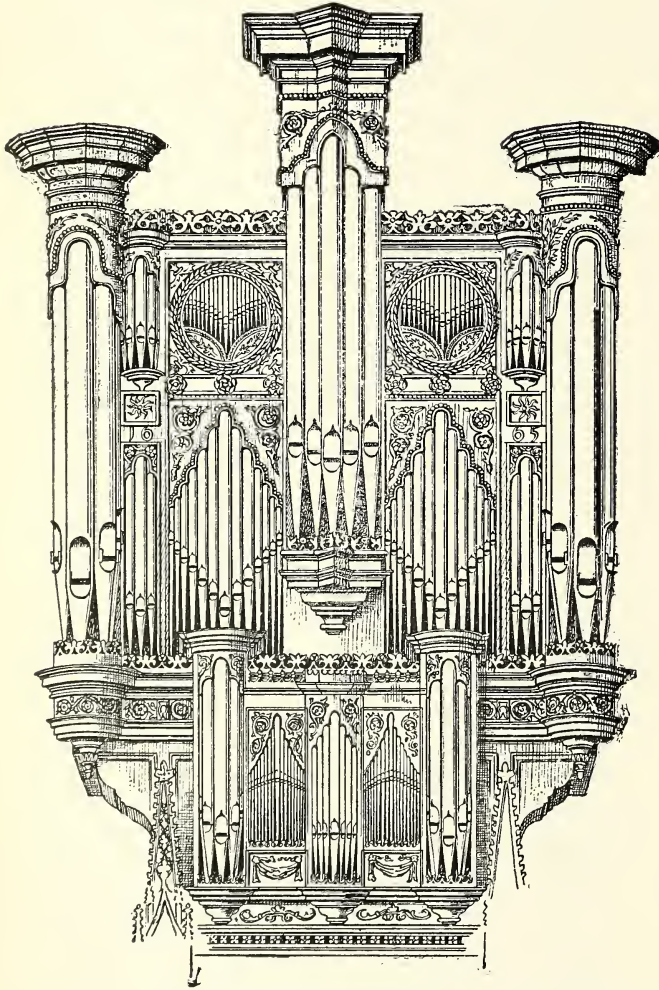
on the other hand, where exceptions occur, the architectural treatment of the wood-work is so utterly bad, that those who have studied the external features of ancient organs see nothing but the most painful vulgarity, or the most ludicrous embellishments, in an object so grandly treated by the craftsmen of old."

This deficiency, let us hope, is in a fair way to be remedied with the revivalistic tendency of ancient arts and crafts that now seems to be manifested in England and America.

Besides those already mentioned, some famous and historic organs are those at York-minister, the Winchester cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Exeter cathedral, Ely cathedral St. Lawrence Jewry in England; that in the Stadtkirche, Schaumburg-Lippe, built in 1613-18; the one in the Reformed Church, Emden, Hanover, erected in 1789; that in the Church of St. Williboard, Wesel, Prussia; that in Notre Dame, Valenciennes, Nord, France; that of San Domenico, Naples; that at Haarlem, Holland; and the really wonderful one at Weingarten in the Benedic-

tine Monastery. The one formerly in Music Hall, Boston, was also of wide distinction, while a good illustration of the best instruments of the present day is the new one in the church of the Immaculate Conception, in Boston.

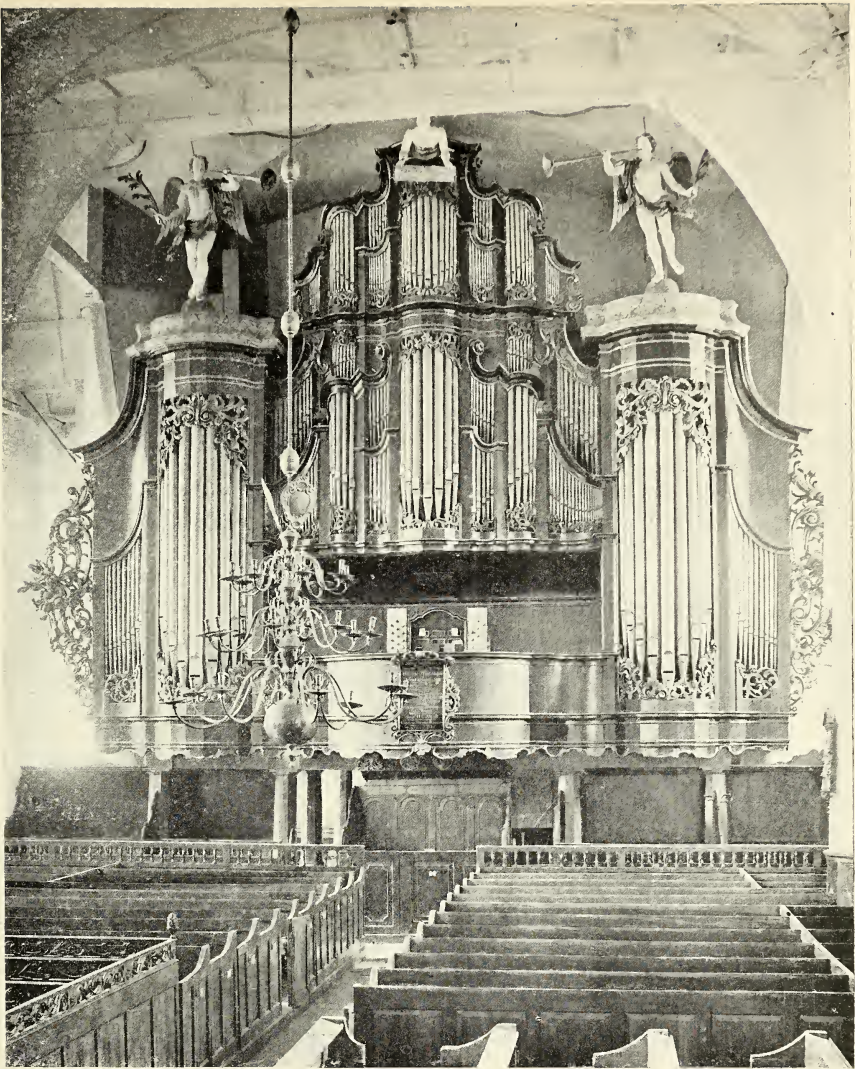
The organ has been called "the



ORGAN IN EXETER CATHEDRAL.

with the statement of an eminent English authority, who says:

"It is very remarkable that, of all objects in a modern church or music-room, the organ is nearly always the most ugly and meagre in its external appearance. Most modern instruments possess nothing at all which can honestly be called a case; while



ORGAN IN THE REFORMED CHURCH, EMDEN, HANOVER (1789).

king of instruments," and the appellation is a fitting one,—for the organ stands alone in its realm. Its nature, size and power are such that it cannot be imitated, and no other instrument can equal it in the qualities and characteristics which make it so distinctive. Its position in the world of musical instruments has long been recognized, and its place in the realm of religious worship has become indisputably and per-

manently fixed. And with the return to, and then advance upon, the architectural and artistic beauty that made magnificent its external form in the days of old, it will become a noble feature of church furniture and æsthetic beauty and value, as it is already the inspirer and ennobler of the human heart when a skilful hand makes it peal forth the lofty strains of the great masters of music.

The Evolution of the Telephone

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE

THIS is an anniversary year in the history of the telephone.

It was in Lowell, Massachusetts, in August, 1879, a quarter of a century ago, that the sound of the human voice was first transmitted from one city to another over a stretch of intervening country. The telephone, when exhibited at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, was regarded as a toy. Only here and there was a man to be found who recognized the new device as a factor in commercial life, and investors treated the proposition to enter into telephone enterprises much as the man, seeking a use for his money, might look to-day upon an offer to take stock in an airship navigation company.

There were exceptions to the rule, however, and in the three years following the Philadelphia Exposition telephone systems had been established in many towns and cities. Subscribers were few at first and the customers did not include many large commercial houses and manufacturing concerns. The managers of such enterprises still looked askance at the scheme of doing business by talking over a wire. Even after exchanges had been established, the service was one generally regarded as purely local in character, and this makes all the more remarkable the course adopted by the founders of the Bell telephone companies. Men who were in the business then and are in it to-day will tell you that the original members

of the company foresaw with wonderful accuracy the marvellous development of the telephone system. At a time when many were still obstinately clinging to the idea that the telephone was a plaything, these farsighted pioneers in the business were laying plans for connecting town with town, in the upbuilding of a national telephone system.

The time was ripe for the new means of communication. While the public generally had little faith in the possibilities of the telephone, the need of some means of communication better than that afforded by the ordinary service of the telegraph companies had been felt. Before the possibility of sending the sound of the human voice over the wires was recognized, it was natural that experiments should be made with an idea of extending the use of the telegraph, and in one notable instance telegraph lines were used in a manner similar to that which makes it possible for people to be put into communication with one another over telephone wires to-day. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, a Social Telegraph Company had been organized and was in operation in 1877. It connected business offices and houses, and the telegraph wires ran to a switchboard in a central station. When one member of the company wanted to talk with another he began calling in the usual manner, and the call was sounded on a key at the central office, where the operator saw that the connection

was made upon the board. It is said that at that time there were more telegraph operators in the town of Bridgeport than in any place of its size upon the globe. School children learned "to talk Morse." Clerks and bookkeepers in business houses were able to send and receive the messages of their employers. Had there been no telephone, the Bridgeport experiment might have been tried elsewhere, until to-day we should have been a nation of telegraphers. Mr. Thomas B. Doolittle, now an official of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, was one of the members of the Bridgeport band of amateur telegraphers. He saw the possibilities of the telephone, and, procuring a number of instruments, attached them to the wires of the Social Telegraph Company. Bridgeport people were thus among the first to become familiar with the modern use of the word "Hello." Then Mr. Doolittle acquired the control of the telegraph company, devised a telephone switchboard and prepared to make the invention something more than a toy in the town of Bridgeport. At the same time, an exchange was established in New Haven, and it has since been a matter of considerable good-natured controversy as to which of the two places is entitled to the distinction of having the first telephone exchange.

As the local exchanges multiplied during the next two years, the founders of the Bell company were laying their plans and were soon able to forecast with accuracy what has happened in the past twenty-five years. They saw that it would not be difficult to find people in every locality who would undertake to establish a local service, and consequently leases were given for the

formation of companies, the Bell reserving to itself the right to connect town with town. In 1879, just a quarter of a century ago, over an iron wire, a conversation between Boston and Lowell was found to be possible, and business was actually transacted over the telephone. The service was not very satisfactory, but there had been a general awakening to the utility of the telephone, and experiments were continued. Attempts followed to establish a workable line between Boston and Providence, but without much success, and it was soon realized that besides the adoption of a return circuit a better conductor than iron must be found. It was known that copper possessed the desired characteristics, but the copper wire of that day was so soft that to string it from pole to pole was impracticable.

Mr. Doolittle, whose interest in the telephone had led to its introduction in Bridgeport, had been in business connected with copper manufacture, and believed that with care the wire could be hard drawn and made to answer. At the works of the Ansonia Copper and Wire Company experiments were made under his direction, and soon copper wire was actually in use for telephone purposes in Bridgeport. But it was still thought by many scientific men that, while the wire undeniably worked well when first strung, it would rapidly deteriorate and require frequent renewal. It was not until several years after, when repeated tests had shown that the copper wire used in Bridgeport was still in as good condition as the day on which it was put up, that the directors of the company sanctioned its use to construct the long-distance line from New York to Boston. That was in 1884, just twenty years ago.

It was this adaptation of copper wire to the uses of telephony which has made possible the wonderful extension of the service. When you talk to-day from city to city, the sound of your voice being transmitted, perhaps, for hundreds of miles, the lines are of hard drawn copper wire. Had there been no improvement in its manufacture, 27 miles would still have been an approach to the longest distance possible of attainment in telephony.

The development of the system quickly followed the adoption of the copper wire, and in 1893 communication was established with Chicago, and since then the extension of the lines has been so rapid that to-day it is practicable to talk over telephone lines 1,600 miles in length. That is about the distance from Boston to Omaha, and messages are sent every day between the two cities. Conversation has been held over even longer distances, and it is a matter of record that two persons have conversed when more than 1,900 miles apart. The Bell system of telephones now reaches 50,000,000 of the 90,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, and it is predicted by telephone experts that the time is soon coming when every nook and corner of this great land will be at the end of a telephone wire. It is one of the most marvelous stories of modern industrial development, and not the least wonderful of its features is the fact that a group of Bell men 25 years ago looked ahead and accu-

rately outlined the growth of the business. They did not know how the scientific problems involved would be solved. They explained to the engineers whom they employed that the settlement of these questions was a task for the expert, but there were in those days no experts. No technical school had given a thought to the establishment of courses in telephony such as are now maintained by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University, but the companies were given the services of men who entered with enthusiasm upon this new and unknown occupation, and its fascinating mysteries and limitless possibilities. One by one difficulties were surmounted by these men who had no financial interest in the organization which they served. They have labored with zeal, born of love for the work, to develop telephony along the broad and comprehensive lines laid down by those who had at the start grasped the general, underlying principles, and they have contributed a remarkable chapter to the history of recent scientific and industrial progress. Many of them are still in harness to-day, working side by side with the graduates of the technical schools, and firm in the belief that, great as have been the achievements of the 25 years since city first talked with city, they are destined to be surpassed in the 25 years to come.

Keziah

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

“BUT, mother, dear, you actually need a new gown!”

“Yes, I know, but—there’s Aunt Keziah, Eunice; it’s nearly time to send money to her again.”

A rebellious light flamed into the girl’s eyes.

“It—it’s always Aunt Keziah!” she cried.

“Eunice!”

“I can’t help it, mother. It—it seems as if I just couldn’t bear it!” returned the girl, hurriedly, the words fairly tumbling over each other in the rush of a long-pent-up wrath. “I love Aunt Keziah, and I’m sorry for her, of course; and if she only seemed to care, or to—appreciate anything, even half way, I—why, mother, I’d be willing to work my fingers off!—I know I would.”

“But, Eunice,” remonstrated Mrs. Johnson, “Eunice, my child, your aunt is sick and nervous; she—”

“I know, mother dear, and I’m sorry—I said I was; but can’t you see what I mean? If she’d only appreciate things and be sorry, or—or anything, I wouldn’t mind so much. But here, month after month and year after year we’ve been pinching and slaving and giving up and giving up. It seems as if all the money we could scrape together went into a great big bottomless well, and—”

“Eunice—stop! You frighten me! I didn’t think you could talk so. Is this my Eunice?—my loving, kind-hearted daughter?”

Eunice burst into tears and flung her arms around her mother’s neck.

“No—no—no! I’m cross and ugly, and I know it. But when I see your poor tired face and your made-over gowns, and father’s old clothes, and Paul eating his heart out to go to college, and Jennie longing for a piano and lessons and—and everything, it seems as if I couldn’t bear it!”

Mrs. Johnson sighed, and the lines about her mouth deepened.

“Yes, dearie, I know; I understand. Paul and Jennie—I, too, wish that they—but never mind; perhaps it’ll all come in good time. You know there are the boarders this summer—they’ll bring in a lot!” she finished cheerily.

It was ten years ago that Caleb Johnson had first undertaken the entire support of his invalid sister, Keziah. Keziah Johnson was not only crippled, but was afflicted with a mysterious nervous trouble, together with “complications,” all of which rendered her a misery to herself and a helpless burden to her friends.

For eight years now, Keziah had been in a Home for Incurables, where she was given every comfort and attention, as well as the very best of medical care. The necessary expense of all this, however, had been a severe tax on the slender resources of Caleb Johnson. But willing hands had worked and willing heads had planned. Gowns had been turned, old clothes had been made

to serve double duty, and Paul had been kept at home to help. The hands had sometimes faltered, and the heads had grown gray with care; but bit by bit the money was raised and Keziah had been kept in the Home.

All that long summer many boarders came to the neat, white farmhouse on the hill, but it was Miss Barrington that quite won the hearts of the Johnson family. It was she that loaned books to Paul, and took Jeanie for long walks; she that taught Eunice how to fashion dainty stocks and collars from bits of lace and ribbon, and it was she that talked with the tired mother when the work was done at night, putting new hope and courage into her heart.

One day she said:

"Mrs. Johnson, you've a regular treasure-house of old rugs here; did you know it? Were your busy fingers the cause of it all?"

"'Twas Keziah, mostly — Mr. Johnson's youngest sister," returned the woman, quick pride in her voice. "Keziah was a master hand for rugs, Miss Barrington, and—poor child—it was the only thing I ever knew that she really loved to do—to hook in rugs."

In time, Miss Barrington came to know all about the invalid charge of the household; and what Miss Barrington was not told outright, she quickly divined—the pinching, slaving economy. It was on the day she was to return to New York that she said:

"Now that I know where your sister is, Mrs. Johnson, I'm going to call on her some day. She isn't far out from the city."

Thus it was that Miss Keziah Johnson received, early in September, a visitor.

"I've just come from your brother's house, Miss Johnson," began Miss Barrington, pleasantly. "I thought perhaps you'd like to hear from them."

"Hm-m," commented Keziah, with a keen glance that encompassed every tasteful detail of her visitor's toilet. "The folks are well, I suppose?—they generally are. Nothing ever ails *them*!"

Miss Barrington caught her breath.

"Why—yes, they seemed well," she murmured.

"Hm-m; I thought so. Ella's strong as a horse."

"Mrs. Johnson has been working very hard this summer," began Miss Barrington, with quick aggressiveness.

"Well—she's able to; isn't she? Likes it, too!"

"Yes, but—"

"Look a' here, just suppose she had to stay propped up in this chair—suppose she had!"

"Your sister is very sorry for you, Miss Johnson, and she does everything she can. Perhaps you do not quite do her justice. She—"

"Justice!" snapped Keziah, "justice!" My dear woman, there isn't any justice to it—she can walk, and go where she wants to."

"You are a little mistaken there," returned Miss Barrington, gravely. "To my certain knowledge, Mrs. Johnson wanted very much to come to New York for a few weeks' change—but she couldn't come."

"Hm-m,—why not?"—the sick woman's bead-like eyes wavered under the steady gaze bent upon them.

"She did not have the money, Miss Johnson."

"There—I thought as much! You meant that for a little hit on me; but it don't touch me at all. I know I

cost 'em some money, but—they're able to earn it, aren't they? See—it's like this," she continued, indicating with her finger two imaginary points in her lap.

"They walk. I sit.

"They're well. I'm sick.

"They can work. I can't.

"They earn money. I spend it."

Miss Barrington laughed in spite of the quick words of remonstrance that rose to her lips and clamored to be heard. She looked at the thin, drawn face and nervous fingers of the woman before her in silence for a moment; when she spoke, it was with a curiously abrupt change of subject.

"I saw some of your handiwork this summer, Miss Johnson," she said with a bright smile.

The invalid's face underwent an entire change.

"Rugs?—*did* you see my rugs?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, and I was much interested in them."

"Did you see the one with the roses and the flower-pot in the middle, and the one with a dog's head, and—Miss Barrington, *did* you see the one—the little one with my name in the corner?"

"Yes—all of them. You liked the work, I fancy, Miss Johnson."

"Liked it! Seems as though I could feel the hook in my hands now, and see the thing grow under my fingers!" The sick woman lay back in her chair and looked dreamily out of the window. "The little rug with my name," she continued, "that was me, Miss Barrington. I worked *me* into that rug. Funny, wasn't it? But I was just beginning to be lame and I was kinder worrying. I called the dark green my lameness; it's all through the rug—I couldn't keep it out. I kept get-

ting hold of it, and it almost frightened me, but I put it in. Some days I felt better—there were pinks and blues in the rug, then. There's white there, and some bright red, too. It looks sort of mixed up to other folks, I guess, but I put each day in just as it happened, and I can read it like a book. Sometimes the colors shade down pretty into just pale tints, and sometimes they stop right off short and sudden; but I know—I know what they all mean."

Miss Barrington was silent. She dared not trust herself to speak just then. By-and-by Keziah turned from the window.

"I did so love the pretty, bright strips that slipped along through my fingers, Miss Barrington, and this room is so bare and white!"

A sudden thought came to Miss Barrington.

"Why don't you make rugs now?" she cried. "Could you?—are you strong enough?"

Again Keziah's face changed, and that wonderful light shone in her eyes; but the light quickly fled, and the lips settled into the old querulous lines.

"Dear, dear, I'm strong enough—most days," she acknowledged wearily, "and the doctor has asked me over and over again if there wasn't something I could do to take up my mind. But how could I? I haven't any pieces—and who do you suppose is going to fetch their old clothes way here for me to make up into rugs? I guess, Miss Barrington, my rug-making days are passed!"

"Not a bit of it!" laughed the other, cheerily. "Just you wait and see!" And with that she went away.

Wonderful days came to Keziah Johnson then. In the somewhat unlovely patterns and crude colors of

Keziah's hooked rugs, Miss Barrington saw latent possibilities which Keziah's longing eyes and quaint fancies had convinced her might easily be developed.

New, all-wool material was dyed in the rich Oriental tones, and brought to Keziah. The room glowed dully with reds and browns and greens, and Keziah's eyes grew luminous. A new, original design—quite unlike the flower-pots and dogs' heads of the old days—was furnished, and under Miss Barrington's artistic direction, Keziah went to work.

Once more the many-hued strands slipped through Keziah's eager fingers, and when the rug—soft as silk and with a velvety sheen—lay before her in all its finished beauty, she drew in her breath with a gasp of delight.

"Oh, it is pretty—isn't it?" she whispered, almost reverently.

It was then that Miss Barrington told her that out in the world such rugs were valuable now—that rich women would pay good prices for them.

"Buy my rug? Pay money to me?" cried Keziah.

"Yes, gladly," returned Miss Barrington, almost frightened at the strange look in the cripple's eyes.

"And if I made another—would they buy that?"

"I think so."

"Miss Barrington,"—Keziah's long, thin fingers closed over her friend's hand convulsively—"do you mean that I can do something in the world—that I can be something—that I can take my share of living, and not be just a useless stick that nobody wants 'round? Miss Barrington—you're telling me the truth!—you're not playing with me!"

"No, no, dear—no!" choked the

lady huskily. "I am sure of what I say."

And Keziah lay back in her chair with a long, contented sigh which seemed to lift the weight of years.

Before a week had passed the rug was sold for a sum that to Keziah seemed fabulously large. With shining eyes and trembling fingers she started a new one, then another, and yet another. Time passed, and Miss Barrington brought orders to her for special designs and shapes. Crests and coats of arms were executed upon hall rugs, and charming jewel effects were introduced into the borders of portieres.

Keziah's room—no longer plain and bare—radiated warmth and color, and even Keziah herself was changed. The helpless limbs, it is true, still refused to bear her weight, but the days that were devoted to the "nerves" and the "complications" came to be fewer and fewer as Keziah's heart grew lighter and her eyes grew brighter.

It was in the early winter that she said to Miss Barrington:

"I want to send a Christmas box to my brother's family. Could you manage it—select the things for me, I mean?"

"Of course, I could! That will be delightful, I'm sure."

"I'll put in books and candy, and a new gown for Ella. Poor Ella—shut up in that farmhouse—she don't have many good times."

"Er—no—she doesn't," murmured Miss Barrington, with a sidelong glance.

"Do you know," continued Keziah, without seeing the glance, "when we were girls, Ella used to like to make rugs 'most as well as I did. I was thinking the other day that I didn't believe she got much chance nowadays to do it, and I was

kinder sorry for her—just think, I make them all the time! I'm going to send a box to her, but I'm not going to let them know where it comes from. You see, I haven't told them, yet, anything about my rug-making. I've got a scheme, Miss Barrington—a fine scheme; but I can't tell it—yet."

It was spring before Keziah's "scheme" was divulged. Then Caleb Johnson received a letter, the contents of which threw the entire John-

son family into a state of dazed wonder. It read:

"My Dear Brother:—You will shortly receive a piano which I am sending, with my love, to Jennie. I hope she will learn to play. It's been a good many years now that you've been sending money out here to me. My debt to you is a big one, and I can't ever hope to pay it; but, anyway, if things keep on like this, you won't have to send me much more. I'm making rugs. Folks buy them and pay me lots of money. Isn't it wonderful and—splendid? Lovingly,

"KEZIAH."

The Valley Road

By JAMES OWEN TRYON

At eventide I shade my eyes,
And peer into the West,
Where, winding down the shining plain,
And round each wooded crest,
The highroad goes the sunset way,
Upon the endless quest.

Full many a traveler I have seen
(And one was passing fair)
Go down the valley from my door,
And swiftly vanish there.
Some I have sped upon their path,
And lightened some of care.

One day I too shall take my staff
And down the valley go,
For one who went was passing fair,
And waits for me, I know.
And I shall find her—O, my Soul!—
Beyond the sunset glow!

Two English Viewpoints

By SARA GRAHAM MORRISON

I.

ON April 7th, 1796, Thomas Twining stepped ashore from the *India* and found himself at the end of a four months' voyage, in Philadelphia. He was one of the energetic Englishmen who laid the foundations of the Indian Empire. He had at this time been there three years, but, the state of his health rendering a voyage to England necessary, he determined to proceed thence by way of America. His two months' visit to this country at the beginning of our national existence was but an episode in his Indian career, and seems to have been solely a visit of curiosity.

He entered the country by sailing up the Delaware, and although the city of Philadelphia did not present the splendor, nor majesty, nor venerable antiquity of some cities he had seen, not exhibiting the palaces of Calcutta, the temples of Benares, the marble domes and minarets of Agra and Delhi, its appearance was most gratifying to him as the city founded by Penn, and as the seat of the American Government.

Upon his arrival he received an invitation from one of the ship's owners to stay at his home for the night, but finding that when a stranger was invited to pass the night with his host it was never meant to give him the whole of a bed, the next morning he "took a lodging" at the London Tavern. Finding this deficient in comfort—although the

leading hotel of the city—he asked a person in the streets where the Members of Congress put up, and on being told that many of them lived together in a house in Fourth street, kept by an old Frenchman named Francis, he finally gained admittance there, and to his great joy he dined day after day with the Vice-President and Members of Congress, which fact he records in his "Travels" with Pepys-like faithfulness.

As for the city of Philadelphia, he thought it laid out on a "simple but monotonous plan, all the streets being equidistant from each other," and thus forming the houses between them into "square masses of equal dimensions."

"The streets resemble many of the smaller streets of London, excepting that the foot-pavement on each side is of brick instead of stone. The houses also are built of red brick, and have generally a shop on the first floor, and two or three windows in the stories above. The streets and houses thus resembling each other, having scarcely any difference in their appearance, excepting the accidental dissimilarity arising from the shops, produces a sameness wearying to the eye."

The naming of the streets he thought particularly confusing, such as "Delaware First Street" and "Schuylkyl First Street," and to name the other streets for the principal *trees* of America he considered scarcely less whimsical.

The first day he was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Bingham, "the principal person in Philadelphia, and the wealthiest, probably, in the

Union." He took supper with the Bingham family his first evening, and among other guests present was Alex. Baring—the future Lord Ashburton—and at this time a "clever, well-informed young man." The next day he dined with the Members of Congress.

"Mr. Adams took the chair always reserved for him at the head of the table, though himself superior to all sense of superiority. He appeared to be about sixty years of age. In person he was rather short and thick; in his manner somewhat cold and reserved, as the citizens of Massachusetts, his native State, are said generally to be. His presence caused a general feeling of respect, but the modesty of his demeanor and the tolerance of his opinions excluded all inconvenient restraint. He was generally dressed in a light or drab-colored coat; and had the appearance rather of an English country gentleman who had seen little of the world than of a statesman who had seen so much of public life. . . . Indeed, to behold this distinguished man occupying the chair of the Senate in the morning, and afterwards walking home through the streets and taking his seat amongst his fellow-citizens, as their equal, conversing amicably with men over whom he had just presided, and perhaps checked and admonished, was a singular spectacle, and a striking exemplification of the state of society in America at this period."

Dr. Priestly, a refugee of the French Revolution, was then living in the city, and Twining describes the chief naturalist of the country as having a countenance "exceedingly mild and good-natured, his manner no less easy and conciliating. His person, short and slender, his age, apparently about sixty." Later, in Baltimore, he met M. Volney, also banished from France, but he was cold and satirical, "little pleased with America, and where not pleased he expressed himself with much severity."

After a week in Philadelphia, he decided to go via the mail wagon to the latter city.

"The vehicle was a long car with four benches. Three of these in the interior held nine passengers, and a tenth passenger was seated by the side of the driver on the front bench. . . . There was no place nor space for luggage, each person being expected to stow his things as he could under his seat or legs. The entrance was in front, over the driver's bench. Of course, the three passengers on the back seat were obliged to crawl across all the other benches to get to their places. There were no backs to the benches to support and relieve us during a rough and fatiguing journey over a newly and ill made road."

Upon leaving the city they entered immediately upon the country, the "transition from streets to fields being abrupt, and not rendered gradual by detached houses and villas, as in the vicinity of London. The fields had nothing pleasing about them, being crossed and separated by the numerous intersections of the intended streets, and surrounded by large rough-hewed rails, placed zigzag, instead of hedges." About a mile from the city they crossed the Schuylkill on a floating bridge,

"constructed of logs of wood placed by the side of each other upon the surface of the water, and planks nailed across them. Although this bridge floated when not charged, or charged but lightly, the weight of our wagon depressed it several inches below the surface, so that a foot-passenger passing at the same time would have been exposed to serious inconvenience. The roughness and imperfection of this construction on the principal line of road in America, and not a mile from the seat of government, afforded the most striking instance I had yet seen of the little progress the country had hitherto made in the improvements of civilization."

This instance of backwardness is mentioned

"not as a reproach to America, but as a singular fact exemplifying the difficulties and necessarily slow advancement of a new country."

However, he believed that there was no nation that would have done more in so short a time, and most

nations would assuredly have done infinitely less.

When he got into the hilly country, which presented some steep declivities, the wagon descended at a great rate, "for not only was it improvided with a drag to keep it back, but it seemed to be the principle of American driving to go as fast as possible down hill in order to make up for the slowness inevitable on all other parts of the road." Another thing which he noted with surprise on this trip was that mere clumps of houses, the bare beginnings of villages, bore the names of the great towns or cities of England, but it did not occur to him to berate us, as so many of his successors have done, for not keeping the original Indian names. He also thought it would have been an easy and cheap embellishment of the country if a few of the fine trees of the ancient forests had been allowed to remain at least in the line of future hedgerows, if not in the fields, and he announced that in his opinion it was extremely unpicturesque to cut down *all* the trees about three feet above the ground.

But when crossing the Susquehannah near Havre de Grace he contemplated, with peculiar pleasure, the ancient woods which still threw their broad shadows upon its surface and was greatly struck with the wild poetic cast of the enchanting spot, all the features of which were as Indian as its name, excepting, indeed, the new-built town, where white houses on the southern shore had supplanted the wigwams of the Susquehannah tribe, and interrupted the magnificent line of foliage.

At length they arrived at Baltimore, having travelled from 10 A. M. Friday until 4 P. M. Saturday—spending the night (until 2:30 in the

morning) at Head of Elk, where he was compelled to sleep in the same room with nine other passengers, on "rude, unfurnished bedsteads, without curtains, ranged one close to another, like cots in a soldiers' barracks."

At the hotel where he stayed in Baltimore he found the party assembled at the table to consist "almost entirely of travellers and lodgers in the house, and not of residents in the town, for anti-Britannic as the Americans are in their political feelings, they have the domestic propensities of their ancestors, every man dining with his family, if he has one." This city he found to lack the symmetrical regularity of Philadelphia, and striking difference in the moral aspect of the two cities, Baltimore not having the dull uniformity which the dress and manners of a Quaker population gave to the metropolis.

Ten days later he took a day's journey to Washington, where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Law, the latter being the "granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, the President's lady." He started out from Georgetown to find Washington, whose discovery he describes as follows:

"Having crossed an extensive tract of level country somewhat resembling an English heath, I entered a large wood through which a very imperfect road had been made, principally by removing the trees, or rather the upper parts of them, in the usual manner. After some time this indistinct way assumed more the appearance of a regular avenue, the trees here having been cut down in a straight line. Although no habitation of any kind was visible, I had no doubt I was now riding along one of the streets of the metropolitan city. I continued in this spacious avenue for half a mile, and then came out upon a large spot, cleared of wood, in the centre of which I saw two buildings on an extensive scale, and some men at work on one of them. . . . Advancing and speaking to these workmen, they informed me that I was now in the centre of the city, and that the building before me

was the Capitol, and the other destined to be a tavern. As the greatest cities have a similar beginning, there was really nothing surprising here, nor out of the usual order of things; but still the scene which surrounded me—the metropolis of a great nation in its first stage from a sylvan state—was strikingly singular. . . . Looking from where I now stood I saw on every side a thick wood pierced with avenues in a more or less perfect state. These denoted lines of the intended streets, which already appeared in the engraved plans, with their names. The Capitol promised to be a large and handsome building, judging from the part, about two-thirds, already above ground."

While the guest of the Law family he visited Alexandria, which, "situated lower down on the Potomac and enjoying the advantage of a greater depth of water, would, in commercial competition, not improbably prove a formidable rival to Washington."

On the 13th of May, Mr. Twining called on General Washington at his home in Philadelphia, having been given a letter of introduction by his late host. "He lived in a small red brick house on the left side of High street. . . . There was nothing in the exterior that denoted the rank of its possessor. Next door was a hair-dresser. In the drawing-room there were no pictures on the walls, no ornaments on the chimney-piece." Mrs. Washington he describes as a "middle-sized lady, rather stout; her manner extremely kind and unaffected." When the General entered, they both rose, Mrs. Washington said, "The President," and the two men were introduced.

"Never did I feel more interest than at this moment, when I saw the tall, upright, venerable figure of this great man advance towards me to take me by the hand. There was a seriousness in his manner which seemed to contribute to the impressive dignity of his person, without diminishing the confidence and ease which the benevolence

of his countenance and the kindness of his address inspired. There are persons in whose appearance one looks in vain for the qualities they are known to possess, but the appearance of General Washington harmonized in a singular manner with the dignity and modesty of his public life."

After sitting about three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Twining rose to leave, but this private intercourse with one of the most unblemished characters that any country has produced formed one of his most memorable days in America. "The moment when the great Washington entered the room, and Mrs. Washington said, 'The President,' made an impression on my mind which no subsequent years can efface."

On May 18th, he started for New York. Just after leaving Newark the horses became unmanageable on a steep hill, and Twining, with others, jumped out in order to save their lives and lighten the load. In so doing he cut his right leg, probably on a stone in the road. He suffered from this accident the remainder of his visit, and while in New York was able to do very little sight-seeing. But he mentions the fine view from the Battery, notes that New York possesses an evident superiority over Philadelphia, Baltimore, Alexandria, and Washington for maritime communication, and may be considered the first port of the United States. In fact he recalled no city, in his recollection of the principal cities he had seen, whose situation was at once so advantageous and beautiful as that of New York. He was told that Broadway extended two miles, but as it was usual in America to reckon *as streets* such as were only *contemplated* and not yet begun, it was not easy to know how much of this great length was imaginary.

"Although the beauty of New York is for the present confined to its position, it possessing no very good street but Broadway, and no pre-eminent building, except the Federal Hall, it is, upon the whole, the most agreeable as well as the most flourishing city in the United States, combining the cheerfulness and commercial activity of Baltimore with the extent and population of Philadelphia."

The first days of June found him preparing to sail for England, and in his diary he writes: "So ended my successful and agreeable visit to the United States of America, a great and fine country, destined henceforth to hold a conspicuous rank amongst the nations, and to take an important part in the transactions of the world."

II.

In September, 1896, G. W. Stevens, an English reporter, landed in New York. His object in particular for the next two months was to write letters for the "Daily Mail," telling how we elect a ruling officer; but his general observations are more interesting.

As he steamed up New York harbor, he was surprised to see New York standing out clear and smokeless against the blue of the heavens, expecting, no doubt, to discern only a few ghost-like spires glimmering in a vast canopy of smoke—the view of London as approached from the Thames.

Brooklyn, he noted, combined into a "fairly even mass of buildings, half yellow-gray, half chocolate, with a fringe of masts along the water, but New York combined into no color, and no sky-line.

"Here is a red mass of brick, there a gray spire, there a bright white pile of building—twenty storeys of serried windows—there again a gilded dome. Gradually they disengage themselves as you pass up the river in a line apparently endless. The rest of

the city lies huddled beneath them—these buildings, too, many colored, all uneven, each one seemingly struggling to shoot up alongside of the giants at its side. That is the first impression of New York, if impression it can be called. The truth is that New York yields no impression; the big buildings and the little buildings will not come into the same view. It dazzles, and it astonishes, but it does not make a picture.

"Never have I seen a city more hideous or more splendid. Uncouth, formless, piebald, chaotic, it yet stamps itself upon you as the most magnificent embodiment of titanic energy and force. The very buildings cry aloud of struggling, almost savage, unregulated strength. No street is laid out as part of a system, no building as an architectural unit in a street. Nothing is given to beauty; everything centres in hard utility. . . . Seeing it, you can well understand the admiration of an American for something ordered and proportioned—for the Rue de Rivoli or Regent Street.

"Architects here appear far more awake to what is beautiful than ours. . . . You will hardly find an eyesore like the new Admiralty in New York. But too many of the best buildings are half wasted for want of space and place. . . . Each for himself is the motto of New York building. . . . No man could do its architecture justice unless he had a pair of eyes in the top and the back and both sides of his head, with a squint in each of them."

The whole city, thirteen miles long and three miles wide, he says, is plastered and painted and papered with advertisements. To the European mind at first the numbering of the streets is a most hateful device. "What possible individuality can you associate with 69th Street?" But after two days he begins to appreciate the convenience of this system. But, although "the pavements are atrocious," and the place "if possible worse lighted than London," he thinks the County Councillor has still something to learn from New York, and if New York is the worst governed city in the world, he for one could make himself fairly comfortable in the best; however, if one is thinking of living in New York, it is well "to take the precaution of being a millionaire."

From New York he went across New England to Boston. Both the metropolis and the New England villages he thought wore "a German rather than an English face"; but as soon as he entered Boston he was "immediately struck with its decent, comparatively English air. . . . The houses are not shot up and gone to seed; they preserve an even sky-line, and you see whole terraces built on a single plan." He could find but one fault with the Public Garden and the Common, which he mentioned for fear he would never have an opportunity to use the word again in America. He thought them "just a little too small." He was told that Boston was the most cultivated of American cities, but to him its true merit seemed rather its cleanness.

But Portland he found enchanting. "It was like a canto of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' brought up to date." Then from the far East he skipped over to Buffalo, and to that Mecca of all English tourists, Niagara; and then down to Washington. To him it was an obvious inconvenience to have several capitals to a country—New York for a business capital, Washington for a political capital, and Boston for an intellectual capital, even though the latter is denied outside of the city itself. In England or France if you want to find a man of mark in any line you find him at the Capital; in America, look for him in one and he has just gone to another.

"But when you reach Washington you forget everything in delight at the charm of the place. There is an impression of comfort, of leisure, of space to spare, of stateliness, that you hardly expected in America. It looks a sort of place where nobody has to work for his living, or, at any rate, not hard. If Washington were in Germany, instead of a fair-sized slice of

Germany being in Washington, it would be called a '*Residenz Stadt*.'"

For interest and effect, he would ten times rather look at New York in its vigorous uncouthness; but Washington, with its fine streets and wide prospects, so splendidly planted with trees, with its chaste and classic public buildings, instinct with dignity and refinement, afforded a most comfortable recoil.

Like Twining, he found the star of the city to be the Capitol.

"It would be a king of a building in any city: it is doubly regal in Washington. For plainly the capital is built for the Capitol; not the Capitol for the capital. . . . The whole city is the setting for this shining jewel."

While at the capital, Bryan passed through the city on his Presidential canvassing tour. Steevens describes him as having a

"compact, black-coated figure, a clean-shaven, clear-cut face, a large, sharp nose, and a square mouth and jaw. With the faint blue stubble on his face, and his long grizzly hair, he suggests an actor to the English mind. . . . He is the very type of a great demagogue . . . from the crown of his thinning hair to the dust of travel on his boots."

September 24th found him in Wilmington, North Carolina, having spent a few hours in Richmond en route, which latter place he would not call in any sense a "fine place," but it was "decently clean and wore a look of industry and thrift. It was not finished yet, of course, nothing is on this side of the Atlantic except poor Wilmington and some politicians."

In Wilmington he found

"the true Southern atmosphere—the sun and dirt, and the imperative necessity to saunter. Along the principal street stout brick buildings elbowed little one-storeyed wooden shanties, slowly dropping to pieces. Most of the houses were of wood—the bet-

ter sort painted, the worse going to be painted some day, if there was any of them still left, when somebody felt equal to it. Even the finest houses, with green blinds rigidly shut on the sun, with shady trees, palms, and olives planted about them, with cool rocking chairs in the freshness of the verandahs—even these would betray their Southern nature by a ragged fence of unpainted rails, reeling and staggering in the lightest breeze, because somebody was still thinking about knocking in a nail."

The last of September he was in Philadelphia, which he pronounced the most English of all the Eastern cities in the circumstances of its growth, and the life and the character of the people. There he found less luxury than elsewhere, but more comfort, and comfort extending deeper down.

"New York is the city of offices and palaces; Boston of parks and villas; Washington of public buildings and houses let for the season. Philadelphia is a city of homes. It strikes you as beyond all things a civilized city—a city where people sometimes have a little leisure, elsewhere they do business or seek pleasure; here they live. The very names of the streets—Chestnut, Walnut, Vine, Spruce, Pine,—have a fresh and wholesome breath about them. It may be fancy, but the women here seem prettier, and the men better set up. The New Yorker takes a tram-car to go a quarter of a mile, and grows fat; here the physical type is more athletic. . . . The typical American woman's face—long, thin, pale, pure-eyed, like an early Italian Madonna—is here richer and less austere. Middle-class you may call the place, with its endless rows of sober red brick; but middle-class with little of dowdiness, and much of rational stability. . . . If few people are very prosperous, few are very wretched. In sum, Philadelphians get more happiness per head out of their city than any other townsmen in America."

In Philadelphia, he thought he had found a city where somebody sometimes was not in a hurry.

On his way from this city to Canton, Ohio he encountered McKinley's brother.

"In the spectacle of that brother in the smoking-compartment, American democracy was writ so large as few people have

the luck to see it. He was not unlike the picture of the candidate. He was stout, and his trousers were tight; so very obviously were his boots. . . . He talked quite freely about his celebrated brother, and he talked to everybody who liked to talk with him. The waiters in the dining-car slapped him on the back. This morning I met him again in a Canton newspaper office; he was diverting his mind with a little larking among the reporters. Now, do try to imagine it. When you can conceive the brother of the man who has more than an even chance of becoming the first citizen among 60,000,000, larking with provincial newspaper reporters and slapped on the back by the conductor of a railway-train—why, then you will be a good step on towards the comprehension of the United States of America."

He visited McKinley at his home in Canton. The President-elect reminded him of Charles Bradlaugh, with his clean-shaven face, lofty and massive forehead, and mastiff power of chin and jaw. His clear eyes, wide nose, and full lips, in fact all his features he thought suggested dominant will and energy rather than subtlety of mind or emotion. "He is gifted with a kindly courtesy that is plainly genuine and completely winning . . . his personality presents a rare combination of strength and charm."

Early in October he reached Chicago,

"queen and guttersnipe of cities, cynosure and cesspool of the world. Not if I had a hundred tongues, every one shouting a different language in a different key, could I do justice to her splendid chaos. The most beautiful and the most squalid, girdled with a two-fold zone of parks and slums; where the keen air of the lake and prairie is ever in the nostrils, the stench of foul smoke is never out of the throat; the great port a thousand miles from the sea; the great mart which gathers up with one hand the corn and the cattle of the West and deals out with the other the merchandise of the East; widely and generously planned with streets of twenty miles; where it is not safe to walk at night; where women ride straddlewise, and millionaires dine at mid-day on the Sabbath; the chosen seat of public spirit and municipal boodle; of cut-throat commerce and munificent patronage

of art; the most American of American cities, and yet the most mongrel; the second American city of the globe, the fifth German city, third Swedish, second Polish, first and only veritable Babel of the age; all of which twenty-five years ago was a heap of smoking ashes. Where in all the world can words be found for this miracle of paradox and incongruity?

"Here and there, among the castles of the magnates you will come on a little one-storeyed wooden shanty, squatting many feet below the level of the road, paint and washed-out playbills peeling off it, and the broken windows hanging in shreds. Then again will come a patch of empty, scrubby waste, choked with rank weeds and rubble. It is the same thing with the carriages in which the millionaires and their families drive up and down after church on Sunday. They are gorgeously built and magnificently horsed, only the coachman is humping his back or the footman is crossing his legs. These are trivialities, but not altogether insignificant. The desire to turn out in style is there, and the failure in a little thing betrays a carelessness of detail, an incapacity for order and proportion, which are of the essence of Chicago.

"Chicago is conscious that there is something in the world, some sense of form, of elegance, of refinement, that with all her corn and railways, her hogs and by-products and dollars, she lacks. She does not quite know what it is, but she is determined to have it, cost what it may. Mr. Phil Armour, the hog king, giving a picture to the gallery, and his slaughter-house men painfully spelling out the description of it on Sunday afternoon—there is something rather pathetic in this, and assuredly very noble. Some day Chicago will turn her savage energy to order and co-operation. Instead of a casual horde of jostling individuals she will become a city of citizens. She will learn that freedom does not consist solely in contempt for law. On the day she realizes this she will become the greatest, as already she is the most amazing, community in the world."

While there Mr. Steevens called on the "strongest man in America," Mr. Hanna, who was then busy at his headquarters in the Auditorium building. He describes him as "merely short, ruddy, not thin, with firm lips and a twinkle in his eye, and short side-whiskers that make him look almost like an Englishman."

After a brief sojourn among the

enterprising farmers of Wisconsin, he started for Denver and the Coast. The "Queen City of the Plains" seemed to him more plain than queenly, but he complimented her upon having risen superior to American carelessness in at least one respect, having put boards at each street corner with names, "but many of the corners have the brackets and no boards."

He raved over the matchless situation of Salt Lake City, where the "gray mountains keep off the winds, the emerald lake gives health, the cloudless blue gives life and activity." The passing impression of Nevada he summed up in the one word—"dust." And then he arrived in California, "the most versatile State of the Union, . . . a country that has very manifestly ways of its own and a will of its own," and the people have adapted themselves to their environment. What it seems good to them to do, that they do, whether it is to wear a black shirt or hold up a train. And San Francisco he flatteringly remarks is the one city of America where you can maintain a semi-official wife without the least prejudice to your position in society.

Early in November he sailed for England, having recrossed the continent via the Canadian Pacific Railway. At the end of his two months' "scamper" in "The Land of the Dollar," he was ready to testify that England had not yet learned the A B C of railway travelling. He could not say whether it is because of business, pleasure, or habit, that America is well equipped for travel, but she is. In his opinion, the country is a credit to the American, and he is to the country.

"You may differ from him, you may laugh at him; but neither of these is the pre-

dominant emotion he inspires. Even while you differ or laugh, he is essentially the man with whom you are always wanting to shake hands."

III.

This, then, is the America of yesterday and to-day. What a difference a century has made! The population has increased from 4,000,000 to 60,000,000. The metropolis is no longer Philadelphia, but New York. And the best hotel of the metropolis is no longer described as "deficient in comfort," but as a "palace of marble and glass, gold and greenery."

If the educated and genial Twining found no difference between an American and an English fireside one hundred years ago, and found that the Americans possessed the same domestic propensities as their ancestors, the keen-sighted journalist of to-day finds that the Americans talk a great deal about home—

"man never builds himself a house: he builds himself a home. But you cannot call a people who will never be happy ten years in the same place, who build themselves houses with the view of shortly moving them bodily somewhere else, who often voluntarily live in public and comfortless hotels—you cannot call them home-loving in the English sense."

Yesterday we read that almost every one was engaged in politics or speculative enterprise, and again that the object of almost every American of the period was to make a profitable speculation. To-day we are called the keenest business people in the world. The American "who fails in business has failed in the one thing there is to do. The one test of worth in business is to make money, for that is the object of business. Failing in that, his failure is absolute;" however, "it is not the dollars they worship, but the faculties that get them."

Courteous as Mr. Twining was, he could scarcely keep from writing after every journey that it was the roughest that he had ever had. Evidently we had much to learn which either England or India could have taught us. To-day it is we who know how to travel with ease and comfort, and the mother country has yet to learn the alphabet.

New York is still the most attractive of all the American cities. It has grown from a questionable two miles in length to a giant of thirteen miles' extent. And if Twining were to walk down Broadway to-day, he would no doubt be as much surprised at the twenty-storied buildings as the New Yorkers would be to see him with his powdered hair and ruffled shirt front.

To this early traveller, the order and system and sameness of Philadelphia was "monotonous." To the later tourist the "even sky-line," the "whole terraces built on a single plan" of Boston, appeal as something "comparatively English." Has the English viewpoint changed, or is this the personal bias? And is it the same bias that makes "Chestnut Street" sound "whimsical" to the one, and "fresh and wholesome" to the other?

In the nineteenth century Alexandria was not visited as the "formidable rival to Washington," but Chicago, undreamed of in Twining's time, had outclassed even Philadelphia and Baltimore. But if his Alexandrian prophecy has failed, what of his forecast of the future Washington? "The capitol promised to be a large and handsome building." And of the country? "America, a great and fine country, destined henceforth to hold a conspicuous rank amongst the nations."

The Poland Spring Art Exhibition

AN art critic, writing in 1901 of the development of American art, declared that there were far too many artists in the United States to admit of a healthy condition of the national art, and furthermore, that the quality of the work put out by the majority of these painters was decidedly inferior. As a matter of fact, there is a recorded list of about 3,000 artists, including painters, sculptors and illustrators, residing for the most part, in the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Whether or not we agree with the art critic's conclusions, it is certain that a nation that can produce and maintain so large a number of artists is not so wholly given over to a crude materialism and so lacking in aesthetic ideals as it is the fashion in many quarters to assume is true of the United States. And if there be wanting additional proofs that the fine arts in America are not being permitted to languish, it might be said that there are at present over 150 organizations for the encouragement of art, including art galleries, museums, libraries, arts and crafts societies, and leagues for civic improvement, 50 of these societies being located in New York City, unquestionably the art centre of the country. There are about 230 schools of art, including schools and colleges that have an art department, and 41 art magazines. For the season of 1903-4, 55 art exhibitions were scheduled to take place.

It also may be interesting to know in connection with this subject that

for the years 1900-1901-1902-1903, 111 paintings were sold in America for \$5,000 and over, the highest price being \$50,000, which was paid for a "Holy Family" by Rubens. A Titian drew the next lowest price, \$42,000. These figures are given as representing the high-water mark of American appreciation of art—not native, however, be it noticed.

Undoubtedly, the most hopeful sign in connection with the art development of America is the increasing number of art exhibitions and the generally high quality of the work shown. Surely, if the masses of our people are to be educated to a love, or at least an appreciation, of the ideal and the beautiful, there is no more fruitful way of accomplishing this result than by the frequent exhibition of the best work of our modern sculptors and painters.

Winter and spring exhibitions held under the auspices of art societies and institutes are of frequent occurrence in our large cities. There is, however, with an unimportant exception, only one annual summer exhibition of art held in the United States, that at the gallery of the Maine State Building at Poland Spring, South Poland, Maine.

A summer exhibition of art is so great a rarity as to have sufficient distinction for that reason alone, but that held at Poland Spring, from June to October, is unique in many ways, and of an artistic importance equal if not superior to many metropolitan exhibits. First, it is the only exhibition ever held in the State of Maine. Second, it is the only ex-

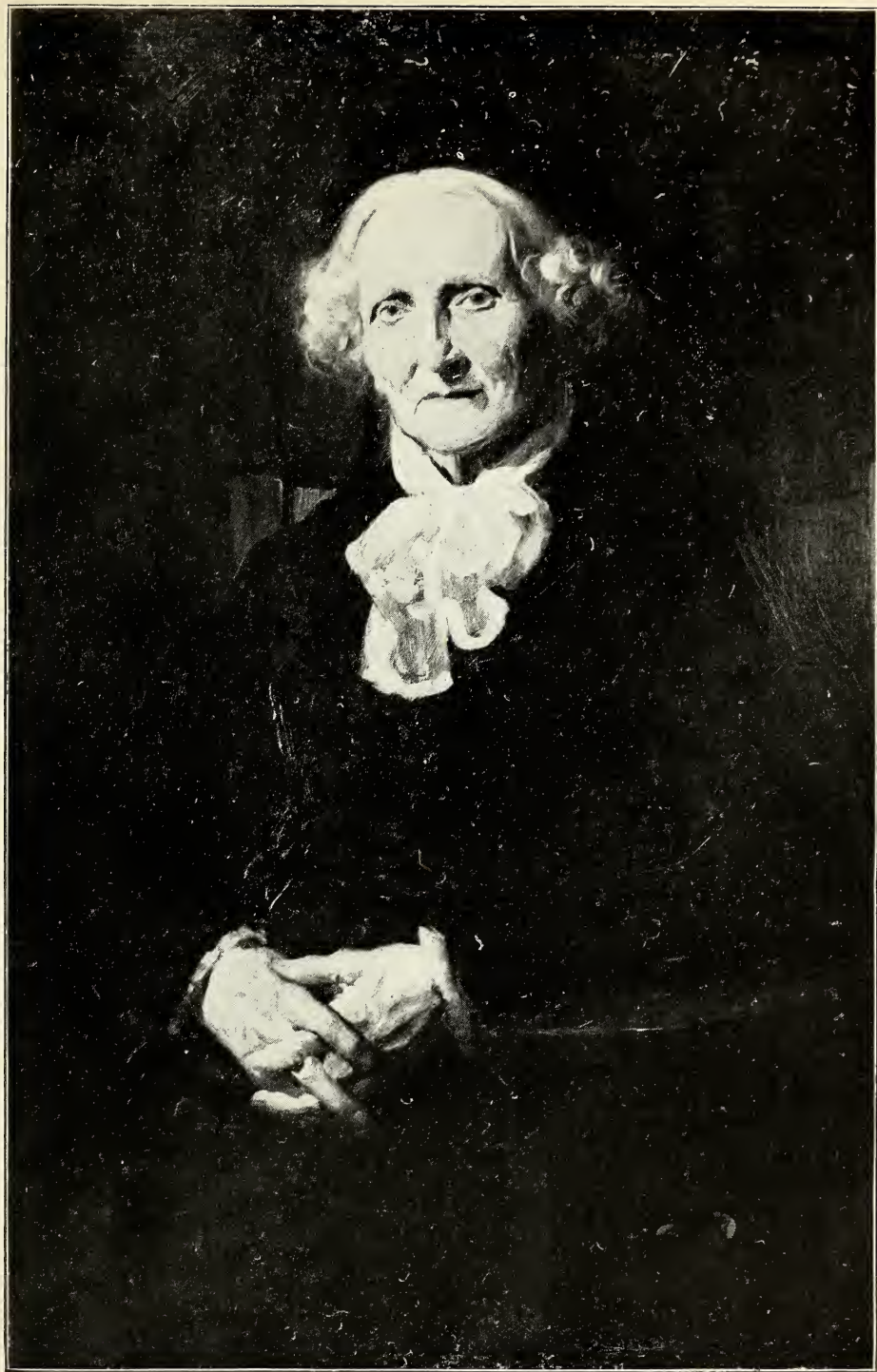
hibition which is a permanent feature in connection with a large summer hotel; and third, it is maintained under unusual difficulties in the way of transportation, and at great expense. Imagine an exhibition of the representative work of New York and Boston artists being held for ten consecutive seasons on the top of a hill "way back in the woods," remote from cities, and removed from the railroad station by several miles! Furthermore, it is a strictly private enterprise—and all the more creditable on that account—an inspiration of the Ricker family, proprietors of one of the most important hotel interests in the United States. And because of the generosity and the high ideals of this family, a collection of the best examples of modern American art is yearly made accessible not only to the wealthy patrons of a fashionable Spa, but to the people of rural communities within a radius of 30 or 40 miles, into whose restricted lives it brings perhaps their single note of aesthetic pleasure, and an influence that cannot fail to be educational and uplifting.

In size and attractiveness, in the quality of the work shown, and the prominence of artists represented, the exhibition of 1904 is regarded as the culmination of all previous efforts. This has been due almost wholly to the energy and rare good judgment displayed by Miss Nettie M. Ricker, the prime mover in the undertaking. It was Miss Ricker who personally visited the studios of New York and Boston artists, soliciting their participation and selecting their work, an arduous undertaking attended by many trials and vexations, and calling for unlimited patience and an enthusiasm such as is only felt by a true art amateur.

It will thus be seen that the Poland art exhibition is unique in still another respect. It has been collected by one individual, and has not suffered from the disadvantage of a jury of selection. There is no work exempt because its creator is "on the jury." There are no pictures hung advantageously because a certain man's work is always well hung owing to his position in the world. There are no dreary portraits accepted because the sitters are important people, not to be overlooked—in a word, there is absolutely no special favor shown to any one person or picture. The carping outsider who says he can tell exactly who the jury and their friends are by looking at the pictures "hung on the line" has no chance in this particular case to make so spiteful but ordinarily true a remark.

The exhibition has the further distinction of being in the midst of delightful, romantic and historic surroundings. To reach it, the transient visitor, who alights from the train at Danville Junction, must take an exhilarating five-mile drive up-hill, over a beautifully diversified and picturesque country. The magnificent panorama of lake and meadow and forest and mountain that lies outspread before him at the top of the hill will so distract the visitor's attention that he will temporarily forget that he climbed it primarily to view works of art rather than the work of nature; and if it should haply be at the sunset hour, the glories of distant sky and mountain will surely complete the charm.

Having feasted his eyes on the beauties of nature, the visitor turns his steps toward the Maine State Building, in which the exhibition is held. This edifice, standing at the edge of a beautiful grove, is most



PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER,
By Scott Clifton Carbee.

unique and interesting on its own account, and one of which Poland Spring and its proprietors are justly proud. For it was the Ricker Brothers, who, after it had done its duty as Maine's contribution at the World's Fair of 1893, purchased it, had it taken apart, shipped and rebuilt here, as a "valuable State relic, and dedicated for a Library and Art Building, and as a Centennial Memorial of the original settlement of Poland Spring farm by the Ricker family."

It is an imposing structure of granite and wood, consisting of a central tower and corner turrets, with numerous balconies and projecting bay windows. The interior is in the form of a large central rotunda, finely lighted and reaching almost to the roof. The first floor is used for library, reading room and museum purposes. On the third floor is the art gallery, divided into numerous alcoves, in which the pictures have been appropriately grouped and hung, under the personal superintendence of Mr. Frank Carlos Griffith, the director of the gallery, and librarian.

A hasty look, comprehending the entire collection, will at once disclose the fact that it is of surprising attractiveness and interest; while a glance at the catalogue will reveal a list of very famous names in the world of art, such names, for instance, among painters as J. Alden Weir, John W. Alexander, Ben Foster, Louis Loeb, Childe Hassam, Frank W. Benson, F. Luis Mora, Charles H. Woodbury, Charles C. Curran, Carroll Beckwith, H. Bolton Jones, Louis Kronberg, Colin Campbell Cooper, H. H. Gallison, J. G. Brown, F. H. Tompkins, Abbott Graves, Mary L. Macomber and many others; while Bela L. Pratt,

Samuel J. Kitson, Herbert Adams and others are in the list of sculptors represented.

The exhibition comprises in all 144 works, of which 119 are pictures, and the rest are sculptures and miniatures.

In a miscellaneous collection of paintings, the critic does not often find it a difficult matter to single out examples of superior workmanship. In this instance, however, space forbids the giving of particular mention to all deserving of it, and much really meritorious work must be apparently overlooked. The pessimist, quoted at the beginning of this article, might be tempted to reverse his opinion could he take a look at this gallery of recent specimens of American art.

The element of "human interest" is curiously apparent here—that is, figure paintings and portraits seem to predominate over landscapes, and with the effect of a more immediate and stronger claim on the attention of the visitor. Indeed, the gallery seems alive with human presences.

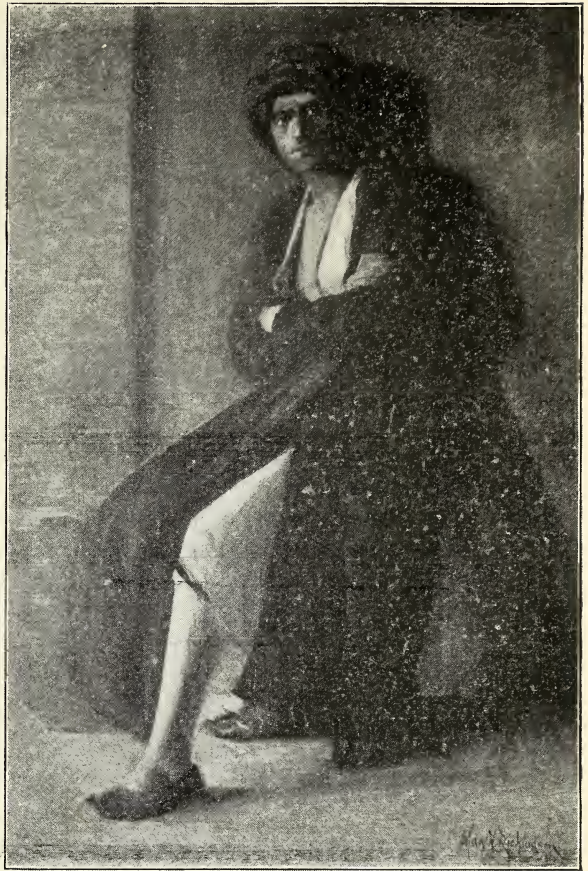
One of these paintings, instant in its appeal to the cosmopolite and the rustic, to the connoisseur and the unlearned in art alike, is F. Luis Mora's "Twilight." A young girl with a poetic, lovely face is sitting in an arm-chair, as if just aroused from a reverie, while the maid lights the lamp on the table at her side. The picture is full of romantic suggestion—the observer may see in it as much or as little as he likes; the pinkish glow of the lamp-light falling on the neck and diaphanous gown of the sitter has a startling effect of reality, and altogether the painting has a charm and a distinction which places it far above the ordinary.

THE POLAND SPRING ART EXHIBITION

Another very striking contribution is a full-length portrait of a young lady in black by E. L. Ipsen. The subject is most attractive and is painted with a great deal of spirit, and an evident enjoyment. There is nothing in it to suggest the hard work of "making a portrait," but the thought comes to mind that in his desire to avoid anything suggesting "mere prettiness," this rising young artist has perhaps sacrificed some real beauty in the original.

Still more striking is a picture conceived in quite a different vein, adding a vivid note of color to the gallery, Mr. Arthur M. Hazard's large canvas, "Fantasia." It is the life-size portrait of a blonde young woman in a light blue gown. She is rather petite, and charmingly plump, with a vivacious face; and the whole composition is brilliantly painted, the flesh tones especially carrying the effect of firmness and substance quite unusual. Seldom has Mr. Hazard given a better example of clever brush-work.

Mr. Scott Clifton Carbee, like Whistler, has made the portrait of his mother his masterpiece, and it occupies a prominent place in this collection. Showing in its execution not only the technique of a skilful artist, but the understanding, sympathy and enthusiasm of a loving son, the result is a strong, dignified and faithful representation of serene and lovely old age,—a composition



A PERSIAN MERCHANT,
By Mary N. Richardson.

which, in its seriousness of purpose and tonal quality, conveys a suggestion of Rembrandt.

Mr. F. H. Tompkins's well-known portrait of a distinguished brother artist, J. J. Enneking, also has a place here. Without ever having seen the original, the observer realizes that the artist has caught and reproduced with telling effect, the leading traits in his character and disposition. It is an interesting character portrait.

Still another "character portrait" which stands out with peculiar prominence is Mr. Carroll Beck-



MOTHER AND CHILD,
By Eva D. Cordery

with's boldly painted likeness of President Fellows, of the Maine State University in his academical robes.

Charles S. Parker's interesting head of Elbert Hubbard is also a good specimen of accurate portraiture, while a remarkably effective and well-executed painting of an attractive subject is Mrs. Catherine D. Wentworth's portrait of a handsome young lady arrayed in gray furs.

One of the choicest and cleverest pieces in the exhibition is Mr. John W. Alexander's "The Green Gown." Like Whistler, Mr. Alexander seldom aims to produce a likeness; he concerns himself chiefly with colors and textures, and in his knowledge of values, and the delicacy of his methods, he very often suggests Whistler, in his work. This figure of a girl with a rather subtle face, posing in a thin, black and green

striped dress, is a good example of Mr. Alexander's very individual type of cleverness.

Next to the "Green Gown" hangs a picture by a promising young Boston artist, Miss Pauline McKay. It is a portrait conceived in a rather sombre tone, of an earnest-faced young woman in white, and it possesses a great deal of quiet force and individuality.

Miss Mary N. Richardson, also of Boston, shows a half life-size picture of a Persian merchant in the picturesque costume of his country—a very interesting piece of work, painted in a strong, broad manner, and showing a good knowledge of drawing and *clair obscur*.

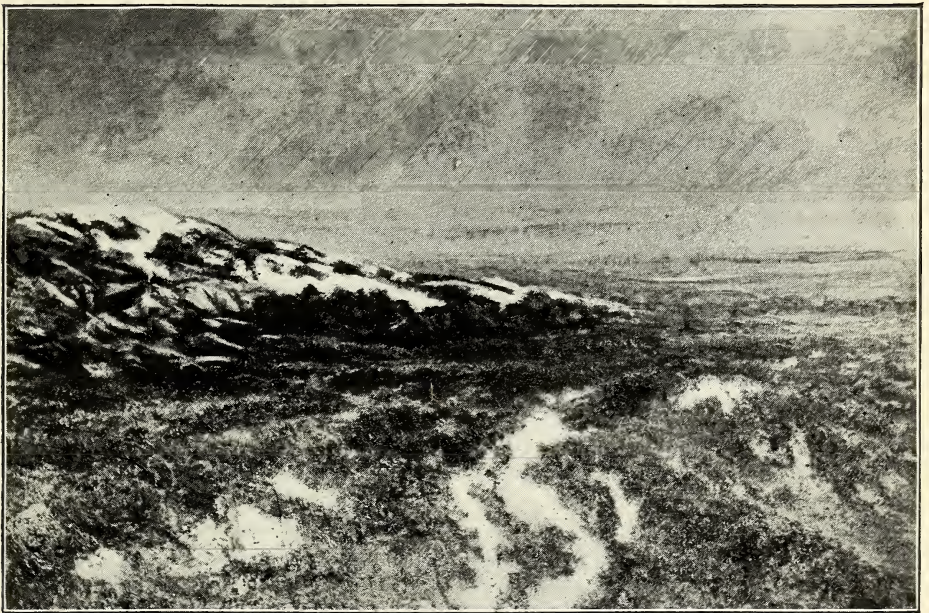
Indeed, a surprising fact in connection with this exhibition, is the numerical force of Boston artists, and the good work which they have sent. Among those represented by

portrait or genre canvases may be mentioned Louis Kronberg, Mary L. Macomber, Eva D. Cowdery, Marcia Oakes Woodbury, I. H. Caliga and Ernest L. Major.

Mr. Kronberg is a young artist of more than ordinary cleverness, his specialty being the portrayal of theatrical life, ballet dancers, etc., and his conceptions can always be relied upon to have originality and force. In his "End of the Ballet," at Poland Spring, two charming young ladies,

ers in that she depicts the ideal and the symbolic, rather than nature and life. All her paintings have a religious or spiritual significance, and in imagination and creative ability she has often shown something akin to genius. This Madonna is painted in her earlier manner, and while by no means one of her most effective works, it is, in composition and quiet harmony of color, singularly felicitous.

Mrs. Cowdery's contribution is



LANDSCAPE, BY H. H. GALLISON

seated in a box at the theatre, are silhouetted in the shadowy foreground, as they gaze with rapt attention on the curtain descending upon the final ballet. It is a difficult composition, but Mr. Kronberg's sense of values and perspective has enabled him to solve its problems successfully.

Miss Macomber is represented by a Madonna. This young woman is unique among New England paint-

ers in that she depicts the ideal and the symbolic, rather than nature and life. All her paintings have a religious or spiritual significance, and in imagination and creative ability she has often shown something akin to genius. This Madonna is painted in her earlier manner, and while by no means one of her most effective works, it is, in composition and quiet harmony of color, singularly felicitous.

Mrs. Marcia Oakes Woodbury's well-known triptych, "Mother and Daughter," which was awarded a prize at the Boston Art Club a few years ago, gives an added distinction to the Poland Spring Exhibit. It is a study, in a subdued harmony of

tone, of the Dutch peasant woman, finely conceived, and executed with unmistakable fidelity.

Mr. Frank W. Benson of the Boston Museum School of Art has sent his familiar picture, "Summer Sunlight," representing a child in white standing in the full light of outdoors. Mr. Benson's sole aim in this peculiar and charming picture is evidently the effect of sunlight and color, and he has gained it by methods peculiarly his own. Mr. Benson's work is nothing if not individual.

But the Poland Spring collection does not consist entirely of figure paintings and portraits. Some of its choicest contributions are landscapes and marines, the place of honor being given to Mr. H. H. Gallison's mammoth canvas, depicting the sand dunes of Annisquam. This has been termed Mr. Gallison's finest painting, and well it might be, for the artist has caught the very spirit of the open. Sky and sea and breezy upland are here presented with a freedom and breadth of spirit, a boldness of technique, and a truth and richness of color that make it a truly impressive picture.

John W. Alexander has sent an oddly charming sketch, a group of tall, slender birches standing in relief against a clear sky. J. Alden Weir is also represented by two compositions, very poetic in feeling and satisfying in color, "Autumn," and "Spring, Windham, Conn."

Mr. Ben Foster's "Glimpse of Lake Ontario" is a particularly well-made piece of work; and Mr. H. Bolton Jones's "Spring" and "An Afternoon in Summer" are especially delightful. Mr. Dwight Blaney sends two paintings in his characteristic, impressionist manner, "October," and "Toward the Sand Dunes."

Two other young artists who paint in a somewhat impressionist style, are also represented; Mr. Wilber Dean Hamilton by a study of the Public Garden, called "Arlington Gate," a very attractive bit, full of atmosphere and subtle color; and Mr. Herman Dudley Murphy by a small canvas, "The Strand, London, England," a difficult composition, successfully handled.

Among the marines, Mr. Charles H. Woodbury's "Ogunquit" and "After the Equinox" take first rank. Mr. Woodbury shows the ocean in its moods of sublimity and cruel grandeur, as few artists have succeeded in doing, and his work is more individual than that of any marine artist before the public. By what process of magic brush-work he gets his results is a mystery, but his surging billows express all the restless sweep and power of the ocean, and his wonderful color effects, while always true to nature, could never be attributed to any other artist. Boston claims Charles H. Woodbury with pride.

Walter L. Dean has also sent two characteristic marines. Those who are acquainted with their Gloucester know how well he has caught and imprisoned its spirit in his charming painting, "Gloucester Harbor." His other work is the well-known picture of two fishermen lost in the fog, a painting that never fails in its appeal to the imagination. For the "story" element is strongly in evidence, and though the lovers of art "for art's sake" may rail at "literary purpose" in a painting, such compositions as this one of Mr. Dean's hold a rightful place in the world of true art. Would that more of our modern painters would deign to inject a few ideas into their "pictorial" but empty canvases!



EWE'S HEAD,
By J. A. S. Monks.

Two other marines, very distinctive and marked by local fidelity, are Mr. W. J. Bixbee's "After the Storm, Marblehead," and Carlton T. Chapman's "Fishing Boats, English Channel."

"Sunrise" and "sunset" paintings have a never-failing charm for the popular mind, for, next to pictures with the "something happening" implication, those that reproduce, or attempt to, nature's own wonderful color effects as seen in the morning and evening sky, have a peculiar attraction for the unpretending lover of art. Perhaps in no kind of painting is there a wider scope for the imagination to get in its work than

in a "Sunset." A wonderful dreamy and poetic charm may be expressed or suggested in its subtle variations and nuances of color. On the other hand, it may easily degenerate, under an unsure brush, into a ludicrous or painful travesty. Mr. W. P. Burpee, in his two paintings at Poland Spring, "Sunrise at Capri" and "Sunset," and Mr. H. W. Faulkner, in his "Sunrise in Venice, Salute," have each expressed, in his own individual way, much of that ideal charm and satisfying color relation that I have in mind.

Of paintings of animals there are few at Poland Spring, chiefly for the reason that the painters themselves

are rare. To paint animals acceptably implies a very unusual order of talent.

Mr. J. A. S. Monks is a Boston artist who has made the painting of sheep his specialty. His landscape with sheep and his "Ewe's Head" at Poland Spring justify the high rank he has attained in this line of work. They are realistically and finely painted, and betray a surprising knowledge of his interesting and difficult subjects.

In the midst of this collection of large and striking canvases that insistently claim the attention, the small, delicate and unobtrusive art of the miniaturist which also has a place here, is in danger of being overlooked. But not by the discriminating critic. It is noticeable that most miniature painters are women. Those represented here include Ethel Blanchard, Sally Cross, Jean N. Oliver, Lizzie Frances Waite, Elizabeth Taylor Watson, Nellie L. Thompson, Emma G. Moore and Ava D. Lagercrantz. All have contributed work of high quality. Miss Blanchard's three miniatures, including a portrait of Roswell M. Field, should be especially commended, as also Miss Cross's charming "Portrait of Miss L." Very noticeable, too, are Mrs. Watson's "Suggestion of a Flower," Miss Wait's portrait of "Elmer Wait" and Miss Oliver's head of a lovely child.

A word or two must be said regarding the exhibit of sculptures, a relatively small but creditable showing. Bela L. Pratt has sent four bas-reliefs, including his already well-known reliefs of Dr. Shattuck's children and the Herbert Sears children, singularly charming and faithful representations of childhood. Herbert Adams's "Figure of a Bather" is fine



MINIATURE (PORTRAIT OF MISS L.),
By Sally Cross.

in sentiment and execution. Samuel J. Kitson is represented by a bust of E. S. Converse and one of Col. Henry Walker, and Thomas Brock by a bust of Henry W. Longfellow, all excellent and characteristic work.

In a final summing up of the Poland Spring Art Exhibition of 1904, it cannot be said that it contains no work deserving of unfavorable criticism, and no work that does not add distinction to the gathering. Mistakes will creep into the best regulated art exhibitions. Yet it must be said that the mistakes hanging in the gallery at Poland are few indeed. It has been the present writer's task to praise a small part of what has seemed worthy of praise, leaving much meritorious work perforce unmentioned.

Art, as somebody has said, is, after all, a personal matter. Every eye forms its own beauty, every mind its own criterion, and the question of what is good in art will always be

determined by individual standards, within the limits of certain broadly accepted ideals. But there is much room for latitude, for good art is as broad and all-embracing as creation itself.

When the world was younger, its wise old Mother, the Church, made art the instrument of her own ends. She raised up a brilliant progeny of painter sons, who nobly served her in interpreting the Bible for the unlearned majority. Art is no longer the expression of a religious sentiment, and the world has lost its un-

questioning faith in theology and the Scriptures. Yet art, many-sided and individual as it has become, has not lost its potency as a refining and spiritualizing influence. It is a corrective of public taste—with which morals are inextricably intertwined—the bearer of sweetness and light to the multitude. It is not a luxury for the rich, nor a fad for the few; and the Gospel of Art cannot be, and is not being, preached in any better way than by such exhibitions as those held annually at Poland Spring.



MINIATURE,
By Jean N. Oliver

The Home Path

By FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

I CHOSE from many paths an August way
 Because I knew the wild fern made it sweet,
 Because I knew old fields of corn and wheat
 Safeguarded it through all a summer day,
 Till, of a glorious twilight, it should stray,
 Dappled and dimpling to my eager feet
 Unto a garden-path that soon should meet
 A doorstep where my memory-children play.
 The August way persuades me when the year
 Grows fragrant with the feasts of aftermath;
 Calm voices murmur on my August path,
 And through the turmoil of the town I hear
 The whispering of leaves, the splash of rains,
 The soothing symphonies of orchard lanes.

Joe Veltman's Moving Day

By A. L. SYKES

HISTORY does not tell us that the place of Joel Veltman's birth was a moving-van, but it is well known that his father had the moving fever in a no less violent form than he bequeathed to his son, and that Joel's memories of boyhood must have been vivid pictures of strange new places; of exhilarating journeys perched beside eloquent drivers on the high seats of vans; of feasts fit for a king, spread upon barrel tops and trunk lids, and of entries, palpitant with expectation, into towns, filled, for him, with boys whom he would conquer or by whom he would be conquered. Age could not vanquish him, for in the lifetime of his first wife he moved a dozen times, and his friends and relatives unanimously agreed that "the poor critter was hauled about from pillar to post till she had to die to get a good rest."

At the end of a lonely year he moved back to his native town with a newly-acquired wife,—a handsome, buxom, black-eyed woman, who could work all day and be as fresh as a daisy at night, in contrast to Joel, who was as lean as a herring, liked dreaming better than doing, and had the face of a fifty-year-old boy, and wistful blue eyes that seemed always to gaze into vast distances.

The feel of spring was in the air; the voices of the first frogs were like little silver bells ringing in the distance, and Joel Veltman, sitting com-

fortably on the step of the back door, felt stirred by a vague unrest. He could hear the happy voice of his wife as she sang softly over her work, and presently she called him.

"Time for bed, Joel, if we're going to get the pease in to-morrow, and I want to get my flower seeds in, too; it's most too late for 'em, but I'm bound that nobody'll have a prettier front yard then mine *this* summer."

He went in with his mass of fair hair mixed with gray fluffed out about his head in the semblance of a halo, and his eyes shining with excitement, and silently entered the little sleeping room, where presently she followed him and proceeded to brush her hair vigorously before the old-fashioned bureau. Reflected in the low mirror she could see his face on the pillow. Once she caught his eyes fixed eagerly upon her, and finally he spoke:

"Rilla, it's most Movin' Day, and I've about decided to go to Ayretoun."

"For the summer?" she asked sarcastically, her heart beating furiously with the painful thought of leaving the little place she called "home;" the garden ready for planting, and the new friends who had grown dear to her.

"Now, Rilla, you don't need to get riled. We've been married six months and not a word yet. Just because I haven't been suited is no sign I can't be. I'd like to settle

down, but somehow I can't *get* suited."

"I hear from your folks that you stay suited all right till spring comes around; it's in your blood, I reckon, like love of drink or wantin' to kill people, and if I was you I'd try to get rid of a bad habit before I died. I promised to be your faithful wife, but I didn't calculate to marry a gypsy, and I'm not goin' to live with one."

"Rilla, ain't you *willin'* to go to Ayretoun?" he asked, half querulously.

She looked like a splendid Valkyrie maiden, as she stood in the light from the dim lamp, with her firm white throat, and the dark splendid masses of her hair outspread.

"I'm *willin'* to live in Millville, and I'm *willin'* to live in Bridgeton, and I'm *willin'* to live in Ayretoun, but I'm not *willin'* to be yanked back and forth from one to another as long as I live. I don't want to rake up no past dead leaves on your family tree, Joel Veltman, but if you want *me* to live you've got to let me have a home and get rooted-like."

"Seems to me I'd kinder hate to get rooted," he said meditatively.

"I know you would, but you've got to if you live with me. I'll go this once, but you must promise never to ask me again. I've got a hundred dollars saved of my own, and there's fifty more in the box, so we could make a payment on this little place, and own it before long, if you wasn't like a tramp,—always a-wanderin'."

"There's no use in talkin', Rilla; it seems best to me, and I can't see it no other way."

"I believe you, Joel; the trouble is that it always seems best to you about the first of every May, and

sometimes at the beginnin' of September."

"Well, well, let's not argufy any more about it. It's settled that we move to Ayretoun, and stay there," and the man gave a little sigh of satisfaction and relief, and fell asleep as quickly and quietly as a child.

Moving Day came, warm and hazily fair; the roads were white with dust, and the air sweet with the fragrance of blossoms and the fruitful earth. Joel was in his element, tying the household goods firmly in their places in the van, and exchanging jocular remarks with the driver, who lounged on the porch, flicking the flies from his boots with his long whip, or lazily rising now and then to lend a hand with the heavy pieces of furniture.

The capable wife, for the first time since her marriage, felt strangely useless and out of place. She wandered from house to garden, dropping hot tears on the rich brown earth of the flower beds, where enticing unknown growths of another's planting were pushing their way into the sunlight, and from garden to house again, walking through the rooms, so clean, so bright, so pleasant, but alas! so empty.

"Load's ready," called Joel at length, and, dusty and warm but triumphant, he helped her into her chair in the wagon, where she was to sit, as it were in a little room enclosed by walls of bedsteads and bureaus.

"I'll come back for the other load while you are fixin' the house at Ayretoun," said Joel, cheerfully, but the woman's eyes were blind with tears, and she could not see the little house as she turned her face for the farewell glance. The great van creaked lazily along, and the dust enveloped them in a gray mist,

through which could be dimly seen the young shimmering green of the fruit trees, and the pale yellow and pink and silver of oak and elms and maples, and the faint blue sky, looking never so high and deep.

Frequently they met other moving-parties,—the children running bare-foot beside the vans and the women sitting contentedly in their rocking chairs, while the men of the family were always ready to stop and exchange greetings with Joel and his driver.

"Hello, Joel, got it again?" they would cry, with a wink, or "Joel, where are you goin' to hang out now?" One driver, who had moved his goods many times, called, "Wal now, Joel Veltman! Hain't you never goin' to get settled?"

Every word fell like a stone on the wife's heart, and finally, as one jeering party became lost in the dust, she pulled the furniture about so that she could not be seen, but she could not shut out the sound of the mocking voices calling after them:

"Good-bye, Joel; see you next spring," and "Make it September, Joel; you don't want to get moss-growed."

They jogged along and Rilla from her hiding place could see only the monotonous bulge of the driver's jaw as he chewed industriously, and her husband's pale head and face in its coating of dust, looking like a clay bust against the blue background of the sky. Busy with her thoughts, she paid little attention to the conversation of the two men, but presently the horses stopped, for other travellers were to be greeted, and at length these words forced themselves upon her ears:

"Ever been to Bellview?" asked a strange voice.

"No, but I've heard it's a fine place," said Joel.

"'Tis that. Trolleys, electric lights, sewage system. What's your trade?"

"Wagon painting."

"Jest the place for you, then. Try it next movin' day."

"Well, p'raps,—no, I've got to settle somewhere, and I guess Ayre-toun'll suit me."

"Well, if anything happens and you should change your mind, let me know. I want to rent a part of my shop cheap to a good man."

"Of course," said Joel, "if anything should happen, I might—" and then he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder at his wife, who was apparently absorbed in her thoughts. Joel clucked to the horses, and the stranger, being an astute man, called after him encouragingly, "See you later?"

"Mebbe, mebbe," grumbled Joe, and as he looked off toward the smoke of Bellview's factories his face wore an expression such as might have been upon the face of Rasselas when leaving the Happy Valley he looked down upon the narrow wandering current of the Nile.

The young wife caught the look and when they stopped at the little inn where the sign-post told them that their journey was half done, she climbed up on the driver's seat and held the reins while the men stood about the pump and talked. The landlord stood with them, and presently she heard the word "Bellview," and the two walked out of sight around the corner of the house, and the driver winked his eye knowingly and climbed to his seat.

"He ain't scarcely out o' one fit before he's into another, is he?" he asked, with a sardonic glance.

"It pays to mind a body's own business," said Rilla stonily. "You're paid to drive, so you jest turn the horses around the other way."

"Why, what for? I jest wouldn't da'st, ma'am."

"Who's goin' to pay you if I don't? Here's the money in my hand now, and if you don't obey orders you sha'n't see a penny of it."

The driver swung himself down from his seat to the ground and scuttled fearfully around the corner of the inn, saying: "Now, ma'am, jest be ca'm a minute till I speak to Mr. Veltman."

His minute stretched to five before he found Joel Veltman and the landlord sitting comfortably on the chopping block, discussing the varying advantages of adjacent towns.

"Well, I guess Ayretoun will have to do for me this time," said Joel rising, as the appearance of the driver recalled him to the duties of the present flitting.

"I reckon your wife has something to say to you about that. 'Pears to me that she's worse than you are, and wants to move back to Bridgeton already," said the driver.

"Women's kittle cattle," laughed the landlord, and the three men sauntered around to the front of the inn. Joel found no wife and no van, and far down the broad white road travelled a cloud of dust that could conceal nothing but Rilla and her household goods, drawn by two galloping horses.

"Galloping them horses, by the jumping Jehosophat!" gasped the driver.

"There ain't no team to be got here, nor anywhere else to-day, so we might as well foot it," said Joel, doggedly, and off they started, ploughing through the dust and heat of the country road.

"Women is deceiving critters," so liloquized the driver, after the first mile was covered, "but they's two sides to most questions. You've moved more'n your share. Folks say worms will turn, but I kind o' think, Joel Veltman, that your worm is a kind of a sarpint. I wouldn't allow no woman to fool me twict."

"Now see here," said Joel mildly, as nearly angry as he could be, "I done what I thought was best. Rilla ain't no fool; probably she done the same. It's awful irritatin', and goin' to make lots of extra work and trouble and expense, but I ain't asking you to worry about it, and when we get back to Bridgeton we'll know what struck Rilla so suddent like, and made her act like a crazy woman."

"She wa'n't pleased with your waverin' ways about Bellview, and so she put on the breeches, and drove home," said the driver, but Joel gave no reply, and in silence they trudged the remaining eight miles back to Bridgeton.

As they neared the little house, Joel saw that the familiar white curtains fluttered at the windows; smoke ascended from the chimney, and the savory smell of a good dinner was wafted to the nostrils of the tired and hungry men. The team was tied before the gate, and the driver, after a pitying examination of his horses, climbed triumphantly to his seat, vowing to himself that no woman should ever so much as touch those reins again.

Joel went, tired and hungry, and white with dust, around to the back door. Here stood the tubs, the mops, the brooms, all in their accustomed places, and wonder of wonders! as he looked into the pleasant kitchen everything was as usual: bright shining tins on the racks;

flowers and curtains at the windows; the polished range in its place, and Rilla cooking away in neat print dress and white apron, as though she had never thought of moving. She turned; saw him, and said brightly:

"My, Joel! You're jest a pillar of dust. Dinner's most ready; hadn't you better wash and change? I've laid your clothes out on the bed."

Joel was too stunned to reply, and into the bedroom he went, to find everything as usual, from his toilet necessities, laid in their places, to the bed in its neat white coverlet, and even his slippers in their place at the foot.

He came out pink and shining, his pale hair bright with cleanliness, and found dinner on the table: chops done to a turn; feathery mashed potatoes, asparagus cooked in the way he liked it, and, to cap the climax, his favorite pie.

"Sit down, Joel, and eat while it's hot, and I'll pour your coffee," and he sat down, too humbled by this latter-day magic to ask a question, and only Rilla knew how the women of the neighborhood had turned out in a body, and how hard twenty pairs of hands had worked to put the house in its usual order.

The dinner was good and Joel ate with appetite, and afterward took his pipe, and went out to speak to the driver. In his bewilderment he had not thought of him before. No driver was to be seen, and Joel, doubly bewildered, sat down under the wistaria-laden porch to solve, if possible, this puzzling problem.

Presently Rilla came out and sat beside him. She rolled her arms nervously in her apron, and tears were in her eyes.

"Now see here, Joel," she said. "I jest can't rest till we have an under-

standin'. I know you ain't mad or sulky, but you don't say nothin', so I'll have to. I saw you weren't goin' to be satisfied at Ayretoun, even till we got there, so I made up my mind that I'd have a home even if you didn't want one. I stopped and paid a hundred dollars on the house, and I guess it will be ours before long, if we try. I won't bind you none, Joel, but I want us to live here jest as long as we live. I jest can't think of livin' without a home."

"Where's the driver?" asked Joel irrelevantly, for he had not yet recovered the power of thought.

"I paid him, and paid him extra, and gave him enough to buy his dinner besides."

"Well, it beats me," said Joel, "but somehow I can't be mad; p'raps I'm too tired to feel, or p'raps I'm goin' to be sick, and mebbe I ate too much dinner, but I never felt this way before."

"How, Joel?" she asked fearfully.

"Oh, kind o' quiet and dead-like, as if there wasn't anything in the world for me to do."

"But there is, Joel; more orders than you can fill in a month. That was one reason why I didn't want to leave here," and with this suggestion she left him and went back to her work, half happy, yet half afraid when she thought of her daring deed.

As the man worked in his little shop that afternoon the sound of his wife's voice came to him from the garden, where she dug and planted to her heart's content, and a strange new feeling of happiness crept into his heart, and a curious sense of pride filled him as he looked about his neat little shop, and over the garden-ground to the pleasant little cottage which was to be theirs some day.

It was not until night, though, that the last hold on the old life was gone. Once more he lay in his comfortable bed watching his wife's face as she combed and brushed her splendid hair.

"I hope you untied all them strong strings careful that I tie things on loads with, Rilla," he said.

"I didn't, Joel. I cut 'em all to pieces with the carving knife, when I took the things off, and burned 'em afterward."

"All them good strings?"

"Yes, for remember, Joel, you won't never need 'em again, but re-

member, too, I ain't bindin' you none. When you feel as if you must wander, you jest wander, but don't forget that I'm waitin' for you, faithful and true."

"I feel kind o' strange and queer-like. Mebbe I'm not goin' to be over-particular about wanderin'," he said, drowsily, and then sleep took him as it takes tired children.

The woman leaned long from her window in the fragrant dark, and again her tears dropped upon the green growing things that grew beneath her window, but now they were sweet tears of joy.

The Beginnings of American Science

The First Botanist

By JOHN H. LOVELL

TWO hundred years ago, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, North America, with the exception of a narrow fringe of English settlements along the Atlantic seaboard and the French colonies in Canada and Louisiana, was an unexplored wilderness. Philadelphia, which more than any other city enjoys the honor of being the birthplace of American science, was not founded until 1683, and the sources and course of the Schuylkill were then unknown. The early settlers, too often pressed by famine and the severities of winter, and in constant fear of the Indians, had neither the time nor the inclination to study the natural productions of the New World. It was not possible for them to explore the forests of the south, or to traverse the illim-

itable plains beyond the Alleghanies. As to the great rivers and lofty mountain ranges of the west they were scarcely more than myths. The early voyagers record with delight the luxuriance of the vegetation, the greenness of the forests, and the abundance of the flowers. Even the rugged coast of New England appeared to Bartholomew Gosnold like an extensive park. A few travellers had carried back to Europe scattered collections of animals and plants, but at this period no production of the new continent was rarer than a native naturalist.

During the eighteenth century the chemical and physical properties of the earth's crust, and the forms of life which it supports, were for the first time carefully studied. Chemistry, geology and biology were

placed upon a scientific basis. The ill-fated Lavoisier laid the foundations of modern chemistry by the introduction of the balance and the demonstration of the principles of combustion. Werner in Germany and Hutton in Scotland investigated the origin and structure of rocks and their formation into strata, while William Smith of England made the first geological map. But the most progressive science of the age was biology. The reason for this is not far to seek. It was due to the rise of the spirit of geographical discovery and the immense collections, which were brought home to Europe. Jesuit missionaries and adventurous travellers penetrated the hidden parts of Asia and Africa, while numerous expeditions were dispatched by England and France for the exploration of the Pacific Ocean. Of these the most famous were the three voyages of Cook. Many new islands were brought to light, and among them the island-continents of New Zealand and Australia. There will never again be an opportunity in the world's history to investigate the flora and fauna of a new continent. But at this time the natural history of the great islands of the Pacific, as well as of Africa and the two Americas, was almost wholly unknown.

Numerous private and public museums were formed at great expense; the splendid collections of Sir Hans Sloane, representing an outlay of over 50,000 pounds, became, after his death, the basis of the British Museum, while the museum of John Hunter, the first comparative anatomist, cost him over 70,000 pounds. Public botanical gardens were established at London, Paris and Vienna. A wide popular interest in the distribution and life histories of animals was created by the

writings of Buffon. Hundreds of students came to Sweden to listen to Linnaeus, and, filled with enthusiasm by the teachings of the great reformer, departed to explore every quarter of the globe. Sparrmann visited the Cape of Good Hope, Thunberg accompanied the Dutch embassy to Japan, Fabricius explored Greenland, Osbeck worked in Java, Solander sailed with Cook to the south sea, Gmelin long remained in Persia, Kalm collected in North America, Mutis in South America, Koenig found many new things in Tranquebar, while Forskall died a martyr to science in Arabia. Of the French botanists, Joseph Jussieu remained an exile for thirty-five years in Peru, and Adanson deliberately risked his life for the exploration of Senegal, a land wholly unknown to naturalists because of the unhealthiness of its climate. Never was there a period of equal activity in collecting. Daily the number of known animals and plants increased; but there was no recognized system of nomenclature, description, or classification. Further progress in the descriptive sciences became impossible, until this enormous mass of material was reduced to order. In Linnaeus biology found its great organizer, and with the publication of the *Systema Naturae* entered upon a new era. The little town of Upsala became the scientific centre of the world.

The enthusiasm and activity with which scientific investigation was pursued in Europe was soon felt in this country. Naturally attention was directed chiefly toward the exploration of our fauna and flora, though singularly enough the physical sciences yielded the greatest triumph. The difficulties to be overcome appeared almost insurmount-

able. The work was carried on by a few farmers and physicians amid the active duties of their trade or profession. After travelling through New York and Pennsylvania, Dr. Garden declared that he knew of only three botanists, Colden, Bartram and Clayton, on the continent. From Charlestown, South Carolina, he writes to Ellis, "there is scarce one here that knows a cabbage stock from a common dock, but when dressed in his plate, by his palate." As they were without books, instruments, or organization, they were dependent largely upon the assistance of the naturalists of the Old World; and in their correspondence they repeatedly acknowledge their obligations. Without the aid and encouragement of Collinson, Ellis and Fothergill in England; of Gronovius in Leyden; and of their common master, Linnaeus, there would have been no American science. Neither should their isolation and the difficulties of communication be forgotten. So uncertain and so ill-managed was the post from the northern provinces, says Dr. Garden, that all mercantile correspondence was obliged to be carried on by sea. "I have never yet," he writes, "received one letter by post from any of my acquaintances in Philadelphia or New York, though in some letters by vessels they often tell me they have frequently wrote to me by post." Communication by sea even was often precarious, and many letters were lost, and in time of war practically it ceased.

The pioneer, or colonial period, of American science occupied the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, when its progress was checked by the outbreak of the revolutionary war; and later, in common with Europe, it suffered from the

upheaval of the French Revolution. But a beginning had been made and results of permanent value achieved, which soon led to scientific independence.

In physics and astronomy two men gained eminence and enjoyed a European reputation. They were Benjamin Franklin and John Winthrop. Franklin is now universally recognized as a man of genius who would have acquired fame in any age. The American Philosophical Society, The University of Pennsylvania, the first public library and the first hospital were instituted at his instance and with his aid. Mirabeau styled him as "one of the greatest men who has served the cause of philosophy and liberty." His lasting rank as a natural philosopher rests upon his discovery of the identity of lightning with electricity. He sent an account of his electrical experiments to his friend Collinson, who brought them to the notice of the Royal Society. This seems to have been regarded as a piece of presumption in a colonial printer, for the Society laughed at his experiments and thought them not worth publishing. In France, where they were successfully repeated, the "Philadelphia experiments," as they were called, met with a better reception and their value was generally recognized. When this was learned in England the Royal Society, Franklin tells us, made him more than amends for the slight with which they had before treated him. They voluntarily elected him an honorary member, and ever after sent him their Transactions free.

A few years after the invention of lightning rods, in 1755, an earthquake terrified the superstitious people of New England. A Boston minister suggested that Franklin's "iron

points" might have caused the earthquake by drawing the electricity from the clouds and concentrating it in that part of the earth. The cause "of those injured and innocent iron points" was fully vindicated by John Winthrop, for forty years professor of mathematics and physics in Harvard College. Winthrop was accounted the finest scholar of his day in the colonies, in which he had no equal as a mathematician and astronomer. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and many of his astronomical observations were published in its volumes. His salary was eighty pounds a year, on which, he states, he was unable to support his family.

In geology and zoology, beyond a certain amount of collecting, very little was accomplished, and the occasional notes which have come down to us in the various publications of the time are of biographical rather than of scientific interest. Franklin made some slight observations on the origin of springs and the elevation of the Appalachian Chain. John Bartram sent to Europe several small collections of minerals and fossils, an account of which was published in the second edition of the *Index Lapidæ* of Gronovius. Bartram regarded fossil shells as an evidence that the sea had once overflowed the land. He also sent abroad a few specimens of turtles, birds and insects, but he declares that he was so affected by their mortal pains that he could never willingly deprive them of life. Dr. Garden, of South Carolina, procured as many fishes and reptiles as possible, which he sent at his request to Linnaeus for description; and John Lawson, Surveyor-General of North Carolina, published a *Description and Nat-*

ural History of that province, which passed through many editions.

Much more attention, indeed, was given to American zoology during this century in Europe than in this country; and descriptions of many endemic species of animals, especially of birds and insects, are to be found in the writings of Buffon, Linnaeus, Edwards and others. By far the most important contribution was the *Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands*, by the English naturalist Mark Catesby, which was completed in 1748. The work was the result of years of actual observation in the field, and the splendid plates, with which it was illustrated, were drawn and engraved by the author himself. It gained a deserved celebrity, and was influential in popularizing and extending a knowledge of the different forms of life in the southern provinces. A large number of birds, fishes, animals, insects and plants are described in this work; but it has been severely criticised for its want of attention to details, as, for example, some species of fish are portrayed without the pectoral fins. But as the first book on American zoology it will always have a permanent value.

No branch of the natural sciences received so much attention during this period as botany. This was due largely to the influence of English horticulture, for the science at first was almost wholly practical. Plants remarkable for the beauty of their flowers, or valuable for their fruit, fragrance, foliage, or medicinal qualities were chiefly desired. The inconspicuous smaller forms of vegetation were almost entirely passed over. The advent of the Linnaean classification, which was eagerly welcomed in America, at once led to

greater attention to systematic botany. But as there were neither large libraries or named collections, it was necessary to send both specimens and descriptions to Europe for revision and publication.

Great enthusiasm prevailed in the pursuit of gardening and horticulture in England during the eighteenth century, and large sums were expended in importing showy plants from America. To meet this demand expeditions were made to distant mountains and rivers to procure rare species, while herbaceous plants were multiplied by culture. Many of the English nobility laid out gardens on a very extensive scale. In a single year Lord Petre planted 10,000 American species, which at the time being mixed with about 20,000 European and some Asian made a very beautiful appearance. Great art and skill were shown in their arrangement and in contrasting their colors. So fully was his nursery stocked with flowering shrubs that 20,000 were hardly missed. When I walk amongst them, writes Collinson, I cannot help thinking I am in North American thickets, there are such quantities. He had also extensive green-houses in which were raised, in great plenty, pine-apples, guavas, papaws, limes and ginger, besides a magnificent collection of West and East India plants. Peter Collinson, a London merchant, and Dr. Fothergill, a wealthy physician, were likewise very active in bringing rare plants and seeds from the colonies. The latter declares that it is acknowledged by the ablest botanists that there is in Great Britain no bit of ground richer in curious American plants than his garden. The Prince of Wales is described as having a

all others. To such an extent did the desire for rare plants prevail that gardens were ravished by night of their choicest treasures, and it became necessary to enact a law inflicting severe penalties for this offense. Near the middle of the century horticulture suffered the severest loss it ever felt in England, in the death of Lord Petre, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Richmond. To the last two their love of gardening probably proved fatal. The Prince of Wales undoubtedly lost his life from the effects of a cold contracted while watching the transplanting of some trees in very wet weather, "but the good thing," exclaims Collinson, "will not die with him."

The first American botanist and the founder of the first botanical garden on this continent was John Bartram, the grandson of John Bartram, who came over to Pennsylvania with William Penn. Like his father, he was a plain farmer, and all his life was partially dependent on his farm for the support of his family; but by indomitable industry he rose to be, in the opinion of Linnaeus, "the greatest natural botanist in the world." He was born on March 23, 1699, near the village of Darby, in Delaware (then Chester) County. He received such education as the country schools of those primitive days afforded, that is, he barely learned to read and write. Later in life he acquired sufficient knowledge of Latin to read to some extent descriptions of plants in that language. In a letter to Dr. Solander he frankly declares that Latin is too hard for him. He became a great reader of books relating to natural history, but for religious literature, except the Bible, he cared little. A present of Barclay's Apology from

laudable and princely desire to excel

Collinson he receives coldly; adding, however, that he will take care of it for his sake. He had several books on medicine and surgery, and in many instances prescribed for his poorer neighbors who were unable to apply to the physicians of Philadelphia. His son says that he gave them great relief, and, as his remedies were mostly medicinal herbs, we have no doubt they fared quite as well.

At the age of thirty he possessed sufficient property, inherited from his father and uncle, to purchase a tract of land on the Schuylkill at a distance of about three miles from Philadelphia, which was well adapted in fertility and exposure for growing all kinds of vegetables. Here, says his son, he built with his own hands a large and comfortable house of hewn stone, and laid out a garden containing about five acres of ground. Bartram was evidently a skillful stone-mason, for he built four houses, all of hewn stone, which he himself split out of the rock; and was accustomed to make stone steps, door-sills, window-casings and troughs. His dwelling house is still standing, but is now included within the city limits. It has undergone but few changes, except that the large fire-place has been filled up. A stone set in the wall bears the inscription, "John Ann Bartram, 1731." In the wing there is an apartment with large windows looking southward, where plants too tender to endure the rigors of a Pennsylvania winter were protected. The garden contained a great variety of shrubs and trees, as well as herbaceous plants, raised from seeds and roots collected during his numerous journeys, or received from his European correspondents. There was a greenhouse, also built by Bartram, over

the door of which was inscribed the lines:

"Slave to no sect, who take no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's
God."

The methods of husbandry practised by Bartram were well in advance of his time. Like his neighbors, by diking and ditching he reclaimed a portion of the rich bottom lands overflowed by the highest tides of the Schuylkill. His meadows, stimulated by high fertilization and irrigation, and recruited by being occasionally sown to clover, yielded the greatest crops of the best hay and grain. His orchards were luxuriant and laden with fruit, though planted on what was formerly a barren sandy soil. After his death the garden was inherited by his son John, and, in 1891, through the efforts of Mr. Thomas Meehan, it became the property of the city of Philadelphia, to be preserved as a public park.

Born in a land which less than a generation before was covered with virgin forest, and with a natural taste for the study of botany, Bartram very soon became familiar with all the plants to be found in his immediate neighborhood. "I had always," he writes to Collinson, "since ten years old, a great inclination to plants and knew all that I once observed by sight, though not their proper names, having no person or books to instruct me." The turning point of his life was the offer of Joseph Breintnall, a Philadelphia merchant, to convey to England to Peter Collinson a portion of his observations and a collection of specimens. This led to a long correspondence between the two Quaker naturalists, and resulted in a warm friendship which lasted until Col-

linson's death. They never met. Bartram never went to England, he says, because he had a large family of small children and his servants could not be trusted to carry on the work of the farm in his absence.

That eminent naturalist, John Bartram, says Dr. Fothergill, may almost be said to have been created such by Collinson's assistance. He first recommended the collecting of seeds, and afterward assisted in disposing of them in England, and constantly excited him to persevere in investigating the plants of America, which he has executed with indefatigable labor through a long course of years, and with amazing success. Collinson was a wholesale woolen merchant in London, and for nearly half a century was prominent in England for his interest in all branches of natural history. He was a benefactor of the Philadelphia public library company, and it was with a glass tube presented to it by him with some account of its use that Franklin made his first experiments with electricity. Collinson was long a correspondent of Linnaeus, who has bestowed his name on a labiate plant common in New England, *Collinsonia Canadensis*. After 1749 he possessed an extensive garden at Mill Hill, where he introduced many new and interesting plants, chiefly from North America. He died in 1768, after a short illness, of an affection of the bladder, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, "in the full possession of all his faculties and of all his enthusiasm for the beauties of nature." His garden, unfortunately, was twice robbed of many of its most valued acquisitions. After his death it became the property of his only son; subsequently it fell into a state of great neglect, and in 1821

was almost entirely stripped of all its chief curiosities.

Their voluminous correspondence, which lasted for thirty-four years, has been edited by Darlington, and presents an extremely interesting picture of the condition of botany and horticulture in the times of the colonies. With what delight they hailed each new discovery, and how carefully they cultivated rare species and patiently waited for them to bloom. "Oh, Botany, delightfulest of all the sciences!" exclaims Collinson, "there is no end to thy gratifications." The earliest extant letter is from Collinson, and is dated Jan. 20, 1734. It contains a list of plants which he wishes to obtain, and in reply to a request of Bartram's for botanical books he writes: "Indeed, I am at a loss which to recommend, for, as I have observed, a complete history of plants is not to be found in any author. For the present I am persuaded the gentlemen of the Library Company at my request will indulge the liberty, when thee comes to town, to peruse their botanical works." Later in the month he writes again: "I am very sensible of the great pains and many tiresome steps to collect so many rare plants scattered at a distance. I shall not forget it, but in some measure to show my gratitude, though not in proportion to thy trouble, I have sent thee a small token; a calico gown for thy wife and some odd little things that may be of use amongst the children and family." At another time he sends Bartram sixty-nine different kinds of seeds and a good suit of clothes. A part of the collections sent over by Bartram were presented by Collinson to Lord Petre, who in return sent him eighteen pounds, and subsequently became greatly interested in his botanical excursions.

Bartram now suggested that he should receive some compensation for his labors, and should make the attempt to penetrate to the sources of the Schuylkill. This proposal met with the approval of his friends in England, and they agreed to pay him annually the sum of twenty pounds, ten of which was subscribed by Lord Petre, five by the Duke of Richmond, and five by Philip Miller. "This, we think," writes Collinson, "will enable thee to set apart a month, two, or three, to make an excursion to the bank of the Schuylkill to trace it to its fountain. We shall send thee paper for the specimens and writing, and a pocket-compass,—expect thee'll keep a regular journal of what occurs every day." In a word, in addition to seeds and plants, he was directed to collect birds, turtles, river-shells, land-shells, minerals, and all curious objects with which he might meet. "My inclination and fondness to natural productions of all kinds, is agreeable to the old proverb: Like the parson's barn, refuses nothing." Fossils, according to Collinson, were regarded as evidences of the deluge. The journey was successfully performed, and a map of the river and an itinerary were duly forwarded to England. Collinson says that the map was very prettily done, and that Lord Petre was much pleased with the journal.

No little enthusiasm was required to overcome the difficulties attending the pursuit of botany in colonial days. Bartram complains that he could not find anyone to accompany him in his rambles after plants, and that there is not zeal enough among his countrymen to encourage any discoveries of this kind. "Therefore, I am often exposed to solitary and

difficult travelling, beyond our inhabitants, climbing over mountains and precipices, amongst the rattlesnakes, and often obliged to follow the track, or path, of wild beasts for my guide through these desolate and gloomy thickets." Once he fell from a tree and was severely injured, "in a dark thicket, no house near, and a very cold wind, and above twenty miles to ride home." At another time, when "far beyond the mountains, as I was walking in a path with an Indian guide, hired for two dollars, an Indian met me and pulled off my hat in a great passion and chawed it all round,—I suppose to show me that he would eat me if I came in that country again."

In order that he might learn the names of described American plants, Bartram was wont to prepare two sets of specimens, similarly numbered, one of which was sent to some distinguished European botanist for determination. One of these lists, which had been prepared by Dr. Dillenius of Oxford, amounted to upwards of two hundred names. The only books on botany which could then be readily obtained were Philip Miller's Dictionary and Parkinson's Herbal. Collinson assures him that they contain the whole system of gardening and botany as known in 1737. The first edition of the Gardener's Dictionary, the most celebrated work of its kind, was published in 1731, and is said to have laid the foundation of all the horticultural taste and knowledge in Europe. Its author, Philip Miller, was superintendent of the Physic Garden at Chelsea, belonging to the Apothecaries' Company, a position he retained until an advanced age. In one of his letters to John Bartram he states that his herb-

arium contains ten thousand specimens. Parkinson's *Herbal* or "Theater of Plants" was published in 1640, and contained about two thousand engravings. Its author was a London apothecary and herbarist to the king.

Bartram also desired to obtain Tournefort's *Institutiones Rei Herbariæ*, a descriptive work on plants, published in 1700. The cost was fifty shillings, and Collinson writes: "Now I shall be so friendly to tell thee, I think this too much to lay out. Besides, now thee has got Parkinson and Miller, I would not have thee puzzle thyself with others; for they contain the ancient and modern knowledge of botany. Remember Solomon's advice: in reading (?) of books there is no end." To this Bartram very pertinently replies: "I take thy advice about books very kindly,—although I love reading such dearly; and I believe if Solomon had loved women less, and books more, he would have been a wiser and happier man than he was." Later he received a present of this work from Lord Petre.

In 1738 Bartram made an autumn journey through Maryland and Virginia as far as Williamsburgh, then up the James River, returning home over the mountains. He was absent five weeks and travelled 1,100 miles, a no inconsiderable distance, when we remember the rough means of conveyance. Collinson gave him letters to all of his acquaintances. Among these was Colonel Byrd, who was reputed to have the best garden in Virginia, and a very pretty greenhouse well furnished with orange trees.

He did not meet John Clayton, the most distinguished of the Virginia botanists, as he was absent in the mountains. Clayton's name is made

familiar to every botanist by that delicate spring flower *Claytonia Virginica*, or spring beauty. It was from dried specimens and detailed descriptions furnished by him that Gronovius, with the aid of Linnaeus, prepared the *Flora Virginica* published in 1739 at Leyden. This will always be historically of interest as the first systematic work published on American botany. Prepared with the assistance of Linnaeus, who was then in Leyden, it introduced his classification into America, and marked the beginning of the scientific study of our flora. Clayton died in 1773 at the advanced age of eighty-eight, during the first years of the Revolutionary War. So vigorous was his health the preceding year that he made a botanical tour through Orange County. He left a large herbarium and two volumes of manuscript nearly ready for the press, which were unfortunately destroyed by an incendiary fire.

Another of his later correspondents was John Mitchell, a botanist and physician, who resided chiefly at Urbana, a small town on the Rapahannock. He proposed a number of new genera of Virginia plants; and his name has been commemorated by *Mitchella repens*, or the partridge berry, a common woodland perennial with red berries. Bartram collected numerous seeds and specimens, which, with a map and journal, were dispatched to England. But what was chiefly wanted was shrubs and trees, as laurels, *Viburnums*, *Magnolias*, and especially evergreens. Collinson is astonished at the number of flowers and writes, "Surely your woods and thickets are all flowers."

Some years later a great misfortune befell Bartram and the cause of Botany as well. On July 2, 1742,

Lord Petre was carried off by small-pox in the thirtieth year of his age. "All our schemes are broke," writes Collinson, "all is at an end." Lord Petre was a tall, handsome personage, with the presence of a prince. The affability and sweetness of his temper were beyond expression, without the least mixture of pride or haughtiness. "Few or none could excel him in the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences. He was a great mechanic, as well as a great mathematician; ready at figures and calculations,—and elegant in his tastes. For his virtues, and his excellences and his endowments I loved him, and he me, more like a brother than a friend."

In the autumn of this same year Bartram made a trip to the Catskill Mountains, where he obtained many new and rare seeds. On this journey he was entertained by Dr. Cadwallader Colden, another early colonial botanist, and a man prominent in the politics of New York. Dr. Colden resided for a portion of his life at Coldenham, about nine miles from Newburgh, in Orange County, a lonely, solitary, and not very pleasant spot, in the midst of the wilderness and exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians. Here he divided his time between cultivating a small portion of the large tract of land (for which he had received a patent), and scientific pursuits. His *History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada*, first published in 1727, and afterwards reprinted in London, was the first literary production of an English writer in New York. He was a correspondent of Linnaeus, to whom he wrote that previous to meeting with his books he had become so much discouraged in his attempts to determine the many unknown plants that he had laid aside all attempts in

that way for nearly thirty years. He became very influential in introducing the Linnaean system into America; and a paper describing some four hundred plants growing wild in the vicinity of Coldenham, which he sent to the Swedish naturalist, was published in the *Acta Societatis Upsaliensis*. This was the first treatise on the botany of New York, and also of America, prepared wholly by a native botanist. In one of his letters to Linnaeus, Dr. Garden speaks of meeting John Bartram at Coldenham. "Here, by good fortune, I first met with John Bartram. How grateful was such a meeting to me! And how unusual in this part of the world! What congratulations and salutations passed between us! How happy should I be to pass my life with men so distinguished by genius, acuteness and liberality, as well as by eminent botanical learning and experience." Later in life Dr. Colden was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the province. When the British troops took possession of New York, in 1776, a fire broke out which destroyed a large part of the city. Dr. Colden, then in his eighty-ninth year, was so much agitated by the sight that he died in a few hours.

His daughter, Jane Colden, was his devoted assistant in the study of plants, and was the first woman in America to gain distinction as a botanist. Peter Collinson, writing to Linnaeus, says that "she is perhaps the first lady that has studied your system. She deserves to be celebrated." She wrote descriptions of many of the plants to be found near Coldenham, using English terms. John Ellis, who discovered the animal nature of corals, proposed that the goldthread, first sent to Europe by her father, should be

named in her honor. Linnaeus, however, referred the plant to his genus *Helleborus*, "and when," says Darlington, "it was subsequently ascertained to be distinct, *Salisbury*, regardless alike of gallantry and justice, imposed upon it the name of *Coptis*."

Bartram received many expressions of the honor and esteem in which he was held by his European correspondents. In October, 1740, Collinson writes that Gronovius proposed to call a new genus of plants *Bartramia*, and that the name would appear (as it did) in the next edition of the *Flora Virginica*. This attempt to commemorate his name, however, did not succeed, as the plant was finally referred to the genus *Triumfetta*. The name is at present borne by a small genus of New England mosses. Dr. Dillenius, for whom he collected mosses, sent him his *Historia Muscorum*, a work which long remained the chief authority on these humble plants. "I take it to be," remarks Bartram, "the completest of that kind that ever was wrote. Before Dr. Dillenius gave me a hint of it I took no particular notice of mosses, but looked upon them as a cow looks at a pair of new barn doors." Of Bartram, as a collector, Dillenius declared that he was the only man who ever did things to the purpose, and Collinson adds, "Nothing can well escape thee." Sir Hans Sloane, president of the Royal Society, sent him his *Natural History of Jamaica* in two sumptuous volumes, and a silver cup. Queen Ulrica of Sweden wrote him a letter, and he was elected a member of the Academy of Science at Stockholm. From Linnaeus he received his *Characteres Plantarum*, "with a very loving letter desiring his correspondence."

In 1743 Bartram accompanied the interpreter of Virginia, who had been sent on a mission to the five nations of Indians near the fort of Oswego, on Lake Ontario. His journal, which was published in England, contained a particular account of the soil, vegetation, mountains and lakes, and also of the daily proceedings of the Indian chiefs. A copy of this rare work was recently offered for sale for thirty-eight dollars. Some twenty years later he made a second trip westward, going to Pittsburg and the Ohio River.

Linnaeus was now rapidly rising into prominence; and the system of binomial nomenclature, which in Germany and England met with many criticisms and censures, was everywhere in America received with delight and approval. Among his principal colonial correspondents were Clayton, Colden, Garden, Bartram, Mitchell and Dr. Adam Kuhn, who completed his botanical studies at Upsala and became the first professor of botany in this country. One of the most important qualifications of a great reformer is the ability to impress his views upon his followers. This power Linnaeus possessed in an eminent degree. Not only did American naturalists promptly accept his reforms, but they labored incessantly to send him new and rare specimens of our flora and fauna. Nearly a thousand of our plants were named by him, besides many insects, fishes, birds and mammals. Finally, by his advice, his pupil, Peter Kalm, came to America in 1748, and spent three years in exploring New York, Pennsylvania and Canada. He is the most famous of the early botanical explorers, and the narrative of his travels, which was translated into English and several other languages, is the first

work to give an extended account of the botany of this continent. His discoveries afforded much pleasure to his old teacher, who, as a reward for his industry, bestowed the name *Kalmia* on that most beautiful genus of shrubs, the laurels.

The only naturalist in the southern provinces was Dr. Alexander Garden, who was both a delightful companion and an enthusiastic student of nature. In 1760 he received a visit from John Bartram. In a letter to Ellis, Dr. Garden writes: "I have been lately in the woods with John and have shown him most of our new things, with which he seems almost ravished of his senses and lost in astonishment." After receiving an education at Edinburgh, Dr. Garden came to Charlestown, South Carolina, where he married and practised medicine for thirty years. Overwhelmed by the exacting duties of a large practice, often for weeks without an hour he could call his own, confined in a town, and sickly in health, it is astonishing that he found time and strength to make large collections of plants, fishes and reptiles. His specimens were carefully preserved, their characters were noted and they were then sent to Ellis and Linnaeus. He had been on the point of giving up botany in despair, after vainly and at great labor endeavoring to determine many unknown species of plants by the aid of the works of Ray and Tournefort, when he met with the writings of Linnaeus. These awakened in him an ardent admiration and a lifelong zeal and enthusiasm for the natural sciences. His sympathies during the Revolutionary War were with the mother country, and, in consequence, he suffered the loss of nearly all of his property by confiscation. Near its close he went

to London, where he resided until his death some years later. He was cordially welcomed in scientific circles, and became a fellow and, later, vice-president of the Royal Society. His person and manners were peculiarly pleasing, and his correspondence reveals a man of much benevolence and sincerity.

His name was given by his friend, Mr. Ellis, to *Gardenia jasminoides*, or the Cape Jessamine. This plant was introduced into England in a very singular manner. An East India ship, the *Godolphin*, Captain Hutchinson, put in at the Cape of Good Hope. While on shore the captain was attracted by the fragrance of a shrub bearing large, waxy white flowers. He carefully transplanted it with the earth into a tub, and succeeded in carrying it safely to England. As it was supposed to belong to the jasmine family, it was called the "Cape Jasmine." Subsequently Linnaeus discovered that the species was indigenous in China. The Dutch, who were famous florists, had exclusive intercourse with China, and had in some way brought this plant to the Cape, which was then in possession of one of their colonies. From four cuttings James Gordon, a prominent London nurseryman, and a correspondent of Bartram, raised and sold in a few years plants to the value of 500 pounds.

Bartram now prepared, though sixty-six years of age, to make the most important expedition of his life. One of his neighbors, William Young, sent to the king a few plants, which seem to have been regarded as new discoveries, though they had been known for many years. So successful did the venture prove that provision was made for him to go to England and devote himself to

botanical study. Naturally Bartram, who for thirty years had laboriously explored the woods and mountains with great danger and peril, felt himself neglected, and by the advice of his friends determined to send to court a box of rarities never before sent abroad. At the repeated solicitations of Collinson his services were recognized and he was appointed botanist to the king of England, with orders to search for the sources of the St. John's River. His salary was fifty pounds a year, which continued to be punctually paid until his death. He had now the opportunity, for which he had long planned and hoped, to make a journey through the sub-tropical land of Florida. As he was too old to travel alone, he was accompanied by his fourth son, William, who, to his love of nature, united great skill in drawing and painting. William at this time was an unsuccessful merchant at Cape Fear, North Carolina. After journeying through South Carolina and Georgia to St. Augustine, they proceeded to Picolata, where they embarked in a boat and ascended the beautiful St. John's River to its sources. They attended carefully to the various branches and lakes connected with it, and then descended to its confluence with the sea.

An accurate draft and survey were made of the different widths, depths, and courses both of the main stream and its branches. The quality of the soil and the vegetable and animal productions were also carefully noted. Many strange plants were discovered and a large collection was made of seeds and specimens. During this long journey of several thousand miles John Bartram suffered constantly from ill health, but never permitted himself to lose an

hour's time. His journal, with an accurate map of the river, was sent to the Board of Trade and Plantations in England, by whose directions it was ordered to be published for the benefit of the colony. It finally appeared in an account of East Florida, London, 1766, by William Stork.

His son William decided to remain on the river, at a place about thirty miles from St. Augustine, and try his fortune as an indigo planter. No spot could have been more unsuitable for the attempt. The land was flat and low, extremely hot and unwholesome, surrounded by stagnant water and swamp, and either barren and unproductive or thickly wooded. His crops failed to grow, his slaves were too few, and one of them was insolent and threatened his life. Without money and almost without food, alone and far from society, a more forlorn condition for a mild and gentle young man without great physical strength can hardly be imagined. The undertaking was wisely abandoned and he returned home. Though himself unambitious, William Bartram exerted an important influence upon the early history of our science. For five years he travelled in Georgia and Florida at the expense of Dr. Fothergill, to whom his collections and drawings were sent. He published a narrative of his experiences in these provinces which enjoyed much popularity. Without his encouragement and assistance Wilson, "the father of American ornithology," would never have produced his celebrated work on birds. His great facility in drawing was placed also at the service of Professor Barton while he was preparing his *Elements of Botany*. Frequent intercourse with his botanical friends and the pursuit of his favor-

ite science formed the solace and delight of his old age. Death found him busy in the study of nature. He had just completed the description of a plant, when the bursting of a blood vessel in the lungs terminated his life at the age of eighty-five.

The outbreak of the Revolutionary War put an end to the colonial period of American science. For more than twenty years, (from the second edition of the *Flora Virginica*, which was consolidated in one volume in 1762 by Laurence, the son of John Gronovius, to 1785), nothing was published on the botany of America, except a small German book on North American shrubs and trees, printed at Goettingen in 1781. The entire energies of the colonies were absorbed in the struggle for liberty. All communication with the mother country was broken off, and it was no longer possible to send abroad specimens of natural history. Dr. Fothergill, in his last letter, expresses the hope that after the war, in which he foresees many lives will be lost and the labor of ages ruined, correspondence may be resumed. But when this time came he was no longer living and many others of the early workers of this century, among whom was "the immortal Swede," were dead. Early in the war an incendiary fire swept away the manuscript of John Clayton, the results of many years of patient labor, but happily the author never knew of its loss. The burning of New York at the time of the British occupation caused the death of Dr. Colden in a few hours. Near the close of the war Dr. Garden retired to England; but during the voyage he suffered so severely from seasickness that a consumptive tendency was confirmed, from which he died a few years later. The approach of the royal

army after the battle of Brandywine, and the fear that his darling garden would be despoiled, was believed by his granddaughter to have hastened the end of John Bartram. The paralyzing influence of war, which checked the Italian Renaissance in mid-career, and after the Reformation turned Germany into a desert, was now again felt throughout Europe. The revolt of the colonies was followed by the French Revolution and the campaigns of Napoleon; and amidst the clash of arms and the downfall of ancient institutions a mystical nature-philosophy replaced observation and experiment. Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, perished under the guillotine. The republic, it was declared, had no need of scientific men. The idea of revolution pervaded science as well as politics. "Everything," says Marcou, "was revolution and catastrophe." Terrible convulsions were believed to have repeatedly swept away all life upon the earth, which had again been repopulated by special creations during the following periods of quiescence. A whole literature sprang up, of which the watchword was revolution. It was not until nearly a quarter of the nineteenth century had passed away that these ideas began to be discarded and correct methods of investigation were re-established.

From the records of the American Philosophical Society, of which John Bartram was one of the original members, it appears that he died at the age of seventy-eight years and six months. "He never coveted old age," says his son William, "and often observed to his children and friends that he sincerely desired that he might not live longer than he could afford assistance to himself. His wishes in these respects were

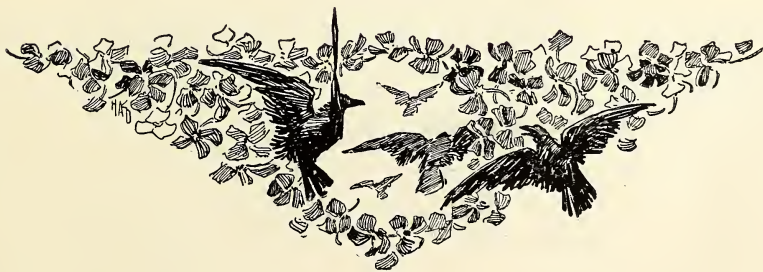
gratified in a remarkable manner; for though he lived to be about eighty years of age, yet he was cheerful and active to almost his last hours. His illness was very short. About half an hour before he expired, he seemed, though but for a few moments, to be in considerable agony and pronounced these words, "I want to die."

No portrait of him is in existence. His stature, says William, was rather above the middle size, his visage was long, and his countenance expressive of a degree of dignity, with a happy mixture of animation and sensibility. He was modest and gentle in manner, frank, cheerful, and of great good nature; a lover of justice, truth and charity. He was an opponent of slavery and gave liberty to a most valuable male

slave, then in the prime of life, who had been bred up in the family almost from infancy. He was active and industrious both in body and mind, and was astonished to hear men complaining that they were weary of their time and knew not what they should do.

He was a member of the Society of Friends, from which, however, he was excluded because of the liberality of his religious views. His creed, says William, may perhaps be best collected from a pious distich, engraven by his own hand, in very conspicuous characters, upon a stone placed over the front window of the apartment which was destined for study and philosophical retirement:

"'Tis God alone, Almighty Lord,
The Holy One, by me adored.
JOHN BARTRAM, 1770."



A Word to our Contributors

We take this occasion to correct an evident misunderstanding as to the style of fiction desired for the New England Magazine. There seems to be a widely prevalent notion that stories deemed most acceptable for our pages are tales of New England rural life. This is an erroneous idea. What we do want is good stories of every variety—the scene may be laid in Africa or China, provided the story *be* a story, and worth the telling.—[The Editors.]

ERRATA:—The Editors desire to correct two unfortunate typographical errors that occurred in the June issue of this magazine. In the article "New England in Contemporary Verse," in a quotation of Mrs. Higginson's delightful poem she was made to say "dead love." The stanza should read:

"The forest birches wave and gleam
Through boughs of feathery pine,
Ah, no dear love! 'tis not a dream;
This fairy home is thine."

Mr. Trowbridge in a quotation from his poem, "Mount Desert," was made to say:
"Town of hops and chops and show:"
The line should read:—
"Town of hops and shops and shows."

